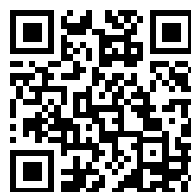


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# CONTENTS

TO THE

## NINETYSEVENTH VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1890, INCLUSIVE.

HERTZ  
JUN 1894

A Great Reformer—By Sarah Powel ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	33
A Love and a Passion—By Ella Higginson.	441, 535
A Magnificent Marriage—By Lucy H. Hooper, - - - - -	68, 172, 245, 343
A Noble Woman—By Harriet Latham, -	351
An Unmatched Remnant—By Harriet Francene Crocker, - - - - -	242
A Picture from Italy—By Garrett Foster ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	237
A Railway Episode—By Miss Lee McCrae.	158
A Romance of the Big Horn—By Howard Seely, - - - - -	45, 151
A Seal Ring—By Miss Ruth Hall, -	439
A Self-Exile—By Jonas Jutton, -	360
A Tell-Tale Window—By Alice Maud Ewell, 337	
Children's Fashions, 104, 206, 298, 394, 488, 586	
Dr. Paxton's New-Year's Call—By Mrs. Irene Foster, - - - - -	65
Editorial Chit-Chat, 98, 200, 293, 388, 482, 581	
Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc.—By Emily H. May ( <i>Illustrated</i> ),	88, 191, 285, 378, 473, 572
Fashions for January ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - -	102
Fashions for February ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - -	204
Fashions for March ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - -	297
Fashions for April ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - -	391
Fashions for May ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - -	486

Fashions for June ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - -	584
For Right's Sake—By Frank Lee Benedict ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	548
Frank Raymond's Faith—By Anna M. Dwight ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	525
Gardening-Hints for May, - - - - -	460
Girl-Life in China—By J. H. Ryder ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	427
Her Real Object—By Frank Lee Benedict ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	453
His Cousin Ethel—By Georgia Grant ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	139
His Mistake—By George T. O'Daniels, -	256
How to Measure for a Bodice—By Emily H. May ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	577
In One Morning—By Frank Lee Benedict ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	353
In Spite of All—By Frank Lee Benedict ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	180
Madame de Longueville—By Imogen B. Oakley, - - - - -	169
Mademoiselle de Scudéry—By Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley, - - - - -	76
Miss Garth—By Robert C. V. Meyers, -	432
Mothers' Department (New Series)—By Abram Livezey, A.M., M.D., 101, 295, 485	
Mr. Miffin's Theories—By Rebecca Harding Davis, - - - - -	52
Mrs. Mason's Boarders—By Clara Augusta, 556	

Ninon de L'Enclos—By Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley, - - - - -	253
Notices of New Books, 99, 201, 294, 389, 483, 582	

Our Arm-Chair, - 100, 202, 295, 390, 484, 582	
Our New Cook-Book, 101, 202, 296, 390, 485, 583	
Our Paris Letter—By Lucy H. Hooper, 205, 393, 585	

Rescued by Custer's Men—By Anna Latham, 161	
---	--

Some Hardy Plants—By Joyce Ray, - 545	
Some Outdoor Plants—By Ray Joyce, - 451	

Talks by a Trained Nurse—By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil:	
Broken Bones, - - - - -	189
Dislocations—Sprains—Bruises, - - -	190
Emergencies, - - - - -	570
Poisoning, - - - - -	471

The News He Brings—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	265
---	-----

The Professor's Boys—By Clara Augusta, -	263
--	-----

The Story of a Model—By Elizabeth Phipps Train, - - - - -	39
---	----

The Story of Dagma—By Miss Alice Bowman, - - - - -	272, 363, 461, 559
--	--------------------

Things Worth Knowing:	
An Invaluable Box—By Annie Curd, - 472,	
Easter Eggs, - - - - -	376
Insomnia, - - - - -	571
Our Young Children—By Ellen Aldrich, 190	
Reform in the Kitchen, - - - - -	284
The Industrious Clothes-Moth, - - -	377
The Linen-Closet—By Isabel R. Wallach, 283	
The Need of Arm-Exercise, - - - -	87
The Possibilities of the Chamois-Skin—By Annie Curd, - - - - -	86

Through an Accident—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	78
--	----

Tildy Grace's Temptation—By Marion E. Pickering, - - - - -	145
--	-----

What Easter Brought—By Katharine Allen ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	331
--	-----

What Susan Did—By Elva J. Smith, . -	374
--------------------------------------	-----

When Did Uncle Philbroke Die?—By Charles Richards Dodge, - - - -	531
--	-----

With the New Year—By Katharine Allen ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	59
--	----

SUPPLEMENTS.

(*Illustrated.*)

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Bodice, - - - - -	576
Boy's Suit, - - - - -	289
Coaching-Cape, - - - - -	195
Leg-of-Mutton Sleeve, - - - - -	92
Over-Jacket, - - - - -	477
Walking-Jacket, - - - - -	382

WORK-TABLE DESIGNS.

(*Illustrated.*)

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Alphabet in Cross-Stitch, - - - - -	480
Baby's Toilet-Case, - - - - -	386
Bed or Wall Pocket, Ornamented with Peacock Feathers, - - - - -	291
Bellows, - - - - -	97
Book-Cover, - - - - -	292
Border in Cross-Stitch, - - - - -	578
Butterfly Wall-Pocket, - - - - -	385
Button-Hole Embroidery Design, - - -	385
Cigarette-Case, - - - - -	96
Corner for a Luncheon-Cloth, in Outline, -	386
Crocheted Edging, - - - - -	94
Design for a Mat, - - - - -	195
Design for Dessert-Cloth, - - - - -	476
Design for Dusting-Apron or Bag, - - -	289
Design for Embroidery, - - - - -	386
Design for Pillow-Sham, - - - - -	198
Design in Braiding or Stem-Stitch, - -	291
Design in Embroidery, - - - - -	580
Design in Cross-Stitch, - - - - -	387
Design of Acorns, in Outline, - - - -	480
Design of Running Greyhound, - - -	479
Dinner-Table Cloth, - - - - -	385
Draped Looking-Glass, - - - - -	580



Embroidered Parasol, - - - - -	481	Shell-Shaped Needle-Case, - - - - -	578
Embroidered Sash-End, - - - - -	384	Sofa-Scarf, in Embroidery, - - - - -	383
Embroidery, - - - - -	387	Spider-Web for Corner of an Apron, -	91
Embroidery-Pattern, - - - - -	382	Suspension Pincushion, - - - - -	93
Fan Wall-Pocket, - - - - -	199	Tea-Table and Cover, - - - - -	386
Fashionable Lamp-Shade, - - - - -	578	Threefold Lamp or Candle Screen, - -	290
Glove-Sachet, - - - - -	198	Traveling-Bag, for Shawls, Wraps, Umbrel- las, etc., - - - - -	96
Hanging Pincushion, - - - - -	383	Umbrella-Case, - - - - -	384
Hanging Pocket, - - - - -	579		
		BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.	
Insertion and Corner, in Drawn-Work, -	387	Book-Cover, - - - - -	194
Ivy-Leaf Design, - - - - -	577	Mouse Pen-Wiper, - - - - -	93
Japanese Design for Chair-Pillow, - -	476	Photograph-Holder, - - - - -	381
Knitted Lace Pattern, - - - - -	480	Postal-Card Holder, - - - - -	575
Knitting Bag, - - - - -	478	Ribbon Tidy, - - - - -	197
Lily for Table-Fall, in Outline, - -	575		
Music-Case, - - - - -	477		
		POETRY.	
Name for Marking: (Alice), - - - - -	95	A Dreamer's Dream—By Maude Meredith,	255
(Annie), - - - - -	381	A Loyal Little Lover—By Lillian Grey,	150
(Marie, Emilie), - - - - -	481	A Memory—By Agnes L. Pratt, - -	558
Names for Embroidery (Annie—Marie),	97, 199	At Death's Gate—By Florence R. Bacon,	450
Neck-Tie Case, - - - - -	579	A Woman's Heart—By Agnes L. Pratt,	342
New Stitches in Embroidery, - - - - -	478	Death, - - - - -	179
Nut-Pattern for Dessert-Cloth, - - - -	196	Deeds, Not Years, - - - - -	373
Orange-Blossoms, Leaves and Fruit, -	92	Drifting—By Lilla Price, - - - - -	150
Parasol-Shaped Lamp-Shade, - - - - -	479	Duty, - - - - -	431
Patterns for Drawn-Work, Suitable for Towels, Table-Cloths, etc., - - - -	290	Forgetfulness, - - - - -	44
Photograph-Frame: The Interior, - -	91	Gertrude—By Kate Auld Voorhees, - -	282
Piano-Back for Upright Piano, - - -	94	"Give Us This Day—"—By J. T. Burton Wollaston ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - -	252
Pillow-Sham, - - - - -	95	Humility—By Henry A. Parker, - - -	271
Pocket for Evening-Dress, - - - - -	95	If We Knew—By Genesee Richardson, -	157
Pocket for Slippers, - - - - -	292	In the Portrait-Room—By Arthur Lewis Tabbs ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	144
Pocket Pincushion, - - - - -	196	Jealousy—By Gertie Vivian Guernsey,	534
Portfolio for Drawing and Photographs,	198		
Portière of Velours, for Bed-Room, - -	197		
Rose, Iris, and Golden-Rod, in Embroidery,	289		

Life's Events, - - - - -	75	STEEL AND PHOTO ENGRAVINGS.
Life's Wanderer—By Zola May Boyle, -	544	

Martha Washington's Watch—By Minna Irving, - - - - -	58
Michael Widman—By Isaac B. Choate, -	262
Mizpah—By L. O., - - - - -	188
Moonlight and Music—By Harriet F. Crocker, - - - - -	160
My Soul's Mate—By William W. Long, -	470

Noblesse Oblige—By Minnie Palmer, -	168
-------------------------------------	-----

Our Deeds, - - - - -	85
----------------------	----

Rest, - - - - -	244
-----------------	-----

Spring Sunshine—By Gertie Vivian Guernsey, - - - - -	438
--	-----

The Cost—By Ella Higginson, - - -	188
-----------------------------------	-----

The Passing Bell—By H. D. Castle, - -	64
---------------------------------------	----

The Pitiless Weaver—By William W. Long,	168
---	-----

The River and I—By Eben E. Rexford, -	75
---------------------------------------	----

The Silent Harp—By George Frederick Park, - - - - -	534
---	-----

To a Friend on Her Wedding-Day—By Mrs. Pidsley, - - - - -	362
---	-----

To-Day and Yesterday—By Carrie F. L. Wheeler, - - - - -	67
---	----

True Manhood, - - - - -	359
-------------------------	-----

Two Hearts—By W. J. Clodfelter, - -	544
-------------------------------------	-----

Watching—By Agnes L. Pratt, - - -	160
-----------------------------------	-----

## FULL-PAGE WOOD-ENGRAVINGS.

Under the Birch-Trees.  
A Belle of the Last Century.  
A Troubled Hour.  
"Give Us This Day—"  
Starting Off.  
"I will not help you," she said.  
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A June Twilight.

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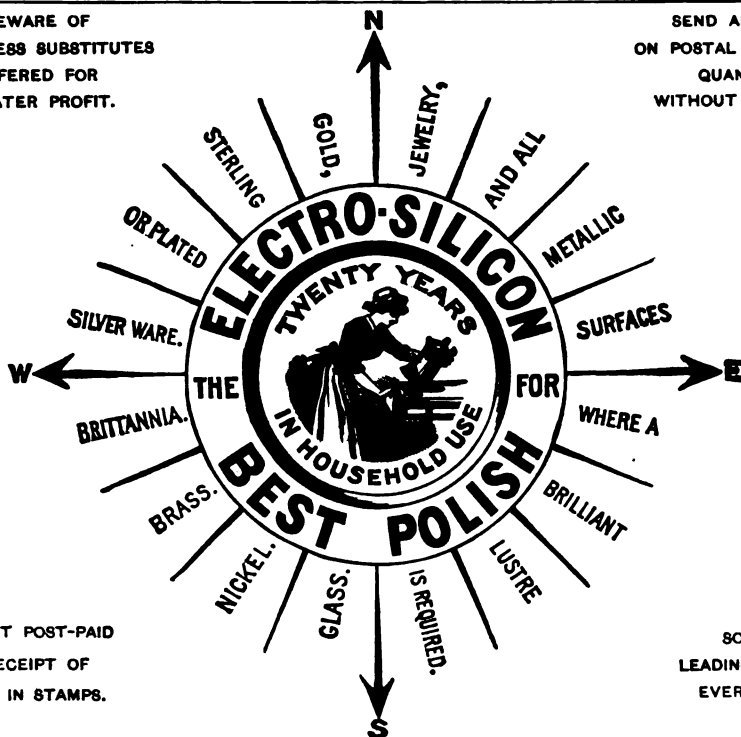
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1880.

A Great Reformer. By Sarah Powel (Illustrated), . . . . .	33	The River and I—A Poem. By Eben E. Rexford, . . . . .	75
The Story of a Model. By Elizabeth Phipps Train, . . . . .	39	Life's Events—A Poem, . . . . .	75
Forgetfulness—A Poem, . . . . .	44	Mademoiselle de Scudéry. By Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley, . . . . .	76
A Romance of the Big Horn. By Howard Seely, author of "A Nymph of the West," etc., etc., . . . . .	45	Through an Accident. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	78
Mr. Mifflin's Theories. By Rebecca Harding Davis, . . . . .	52	Our Deeds—A Poem, . . . . .	85
Martha Washington's Watch—A Poem. By Minna Irving, . . . . .	58	Things Worth Knowing:	
With the New Year. By Katharine Allen, . . . . .	59	The Possibilities of the Chamois-Skin. By Annie Curd, . . . . .	86
The Passing Bell—A Poem. By H. D. Castle, . . . . .	64	The Need of Arm-Exercise, . . . . .	87
Dr. Paxton's New-Year's Call. By Mrs. Irene Foster, . . . . .	65	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . . . .	88
To-Day and Yesterday—A Poem. By Carrie F. L. Wheeler, . . . . .	67	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	98
A Magnificent Marriage. By Lucy H. Hooper, . . . . .	68	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	99
		Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	100
		Mothers' Department. By Abram Livezey, M.D., A.M., . . . . .	101
		Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	101
		Fashions for January (Illustrated), . . . . .	102
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . . .	104

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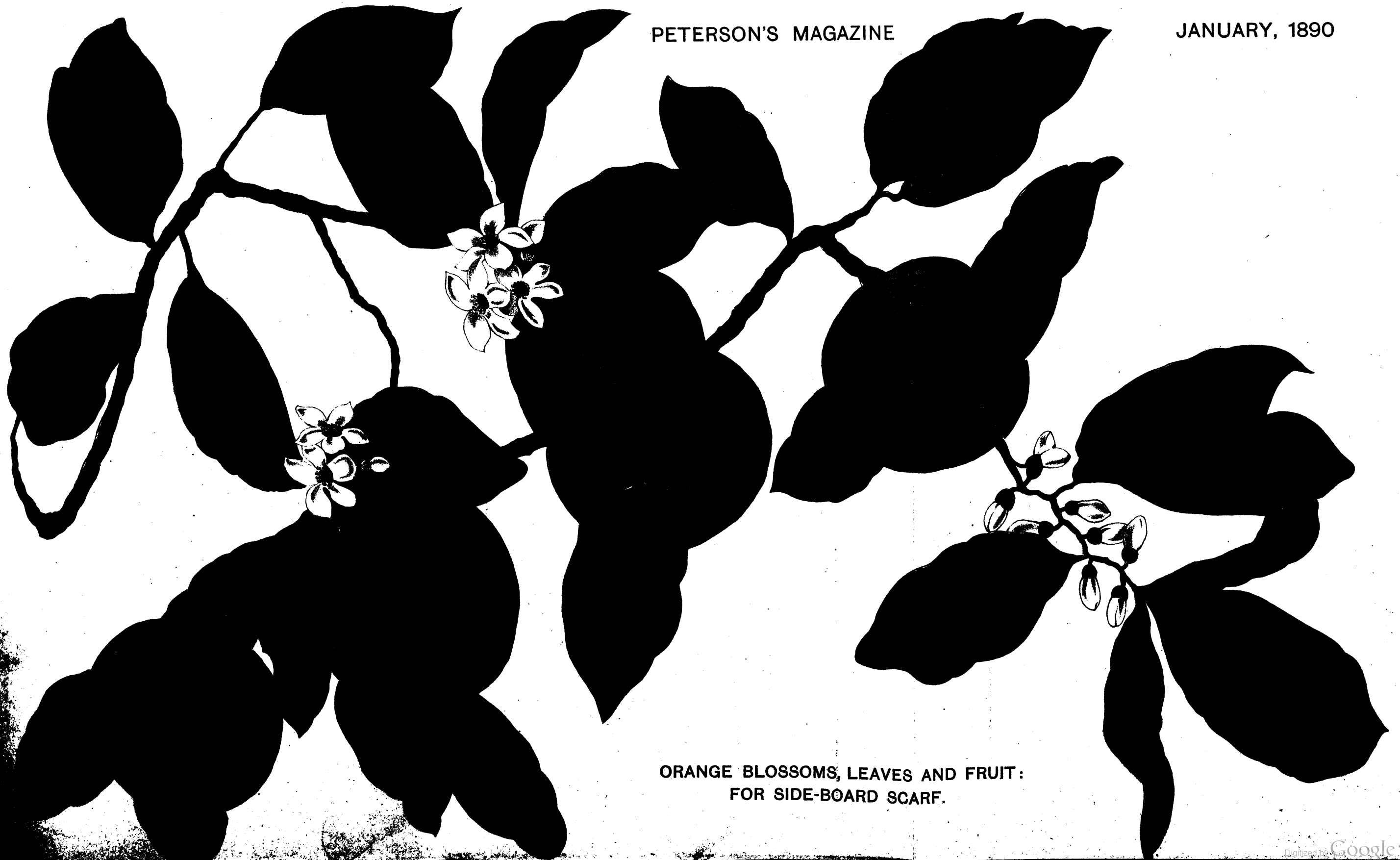




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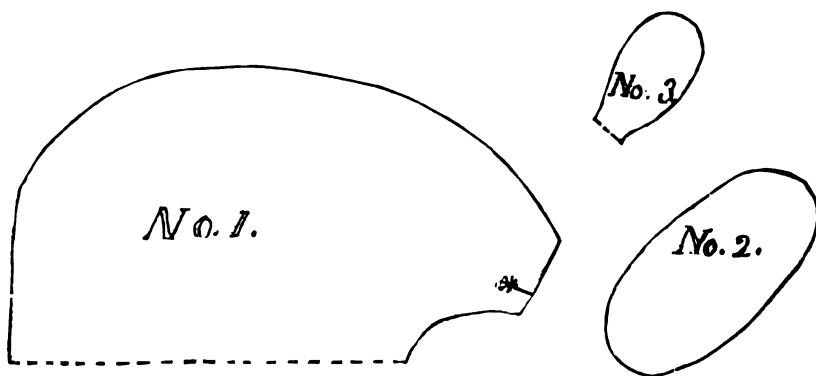


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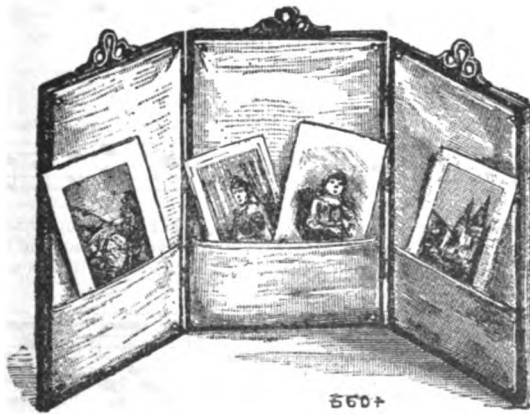
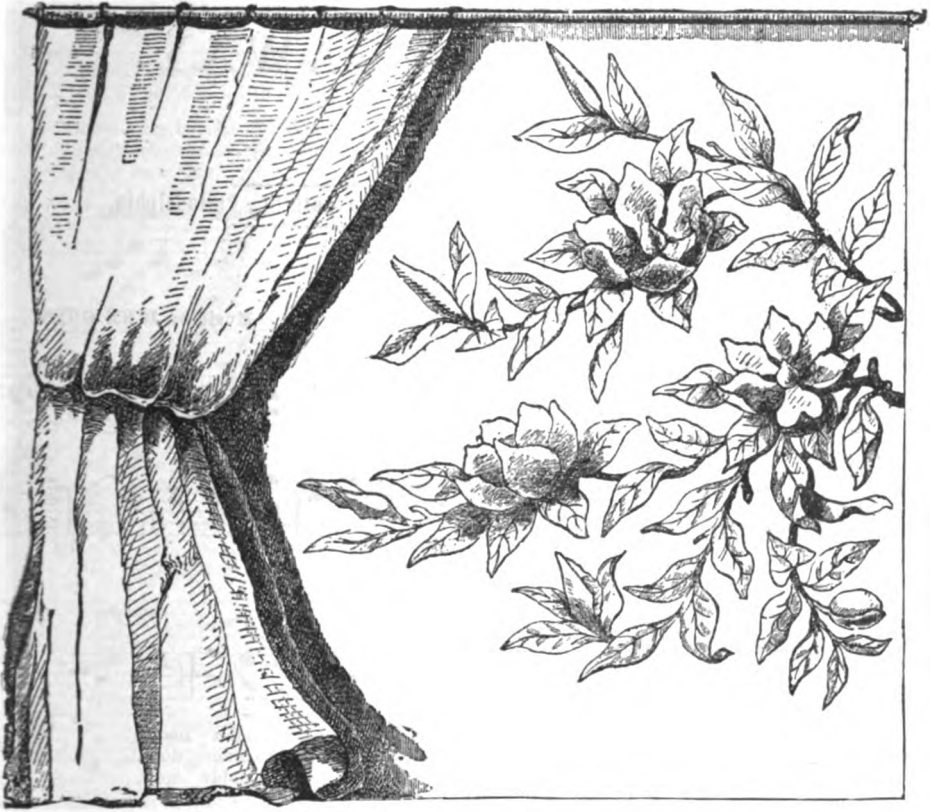
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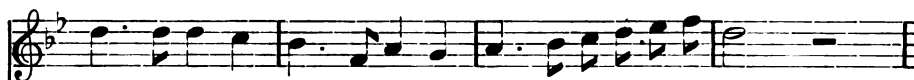
PIANO-BACK. PHOTOGRAPH-CASE.

# I'M CALLED AWAY.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by **HARRY HUNTER.**

Music by **JOHN GUEST.**



1. By a cot-tage in the twilight, Stands a soldier and a maid;
2. Next the tramp of mar-tial footsteps Pass-ing by that cottage door,
3. There has been a fear-ful con-flict, Vic-t'ry has been nobly won,



*ritard.*



Sol - emn words are be - ing spo - ken, For his country needs his aid.  
And the sol-dier, smil - ing brave - ly, Leaves her whom he'll see no more.  
And a youthful sol - dier's dy - ing, Ere his life has well be - gun;



# I'M CALLED AWAY.

*tenderly.*

Down her cheeks the tears are coursing Trem - blingly she bids him stay;  
Though she shall in bro - ken slumber, Ev - er af - ter hear him say,  
"Com - rade," he is fee - bly say - ing, "I shall nev - er live till day,"

*ritard.*

Firm - ly, sad - ly comes the an - swer, "An - nie, dear, I'm call'd a - way."  
In a ten - der, mourn - ful whisper, "An - die, dear, I'm call'd a - way."  
If you're spared to see my darling, "Tell her I am call'd a - way."

"Good - bye An - nie! good - bye darling! Though I fain would with thee stay,

*ritard.*

'Tis decreed that I must leave thee, An - nie dear, I'm call'd a - way."



WALKING-COSTUMES.

*Ref. Am. Lit. - Chicago  
Via Roman. Both sides*

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 1.

## A GREAT REFORMER.

BY SARAH POWELL.



IN the 10th of November, 1483, Martin Luther was born in Eisleben, in what is now Prussian Saxony. The event might have attracted more attention among the stolid burghers of four hundred years ago, could they have foreseen that, owing to it, their little town was to become famous throughout the Christian world.

John Luther, the father of the great Reformer, was a poor miner, but a hard-headed, industrious, energetic man, and his wife was a plain pious woman of the most exemplary character. Luther, in his trenchant style, says: "I am a peasant's son; my grandfather and all my forefathers were genuine peasants. My father was a poor miner, and my mother carried the wood on her shoulders; and after this sort they supported us, their children." John Luther, who had removed to Mansfield when Martin was only six months old, was undoubtedly a stern but loving man, for, though he frequently whipped his son severely, he also tenderly cared for him, and was in the habit of taking him to and from school in his arms with a woman's tenderness and solicitude.

Luther, with his strong will, was no doubt a trial to his schoolmasters; they lived in a rude harsh age, and, believing too often that "might makes right," carried things with rather a high hand. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was the doctrine of the day. At school, the boy was once flogged fifteen

times in a single afternoon. He calls the German schools of the time "purgatories, and the teachers tyrants and taskmasters."

This may have nourished all the natural rugged vigor of his character, but left him totally without the graces and polish which often do so much to influence men.

While at school in Mansfield, young Luther frequently earned his bread by singing from house to house in the neighboring villages with his companions. At fourteen years of age, he started with his friend John Reineck for Magdeburg, where it is probable the boys endured a good deal of hardship. After passing one year at Magdeburg, Martin was sent to the Latin school at Eisenach. He had still at first to beg his bread by singing hymns in the streets, and felt frequently so discouraged that he was inclined to give up study altogether. But Ursula Cotta, a pious lady who had become interested in the boy from his great devotion in the church and his wonderful musical talent, took him to her home and supported him till, at the age of eighteen, he was prepared to enter the University of Erfurt.

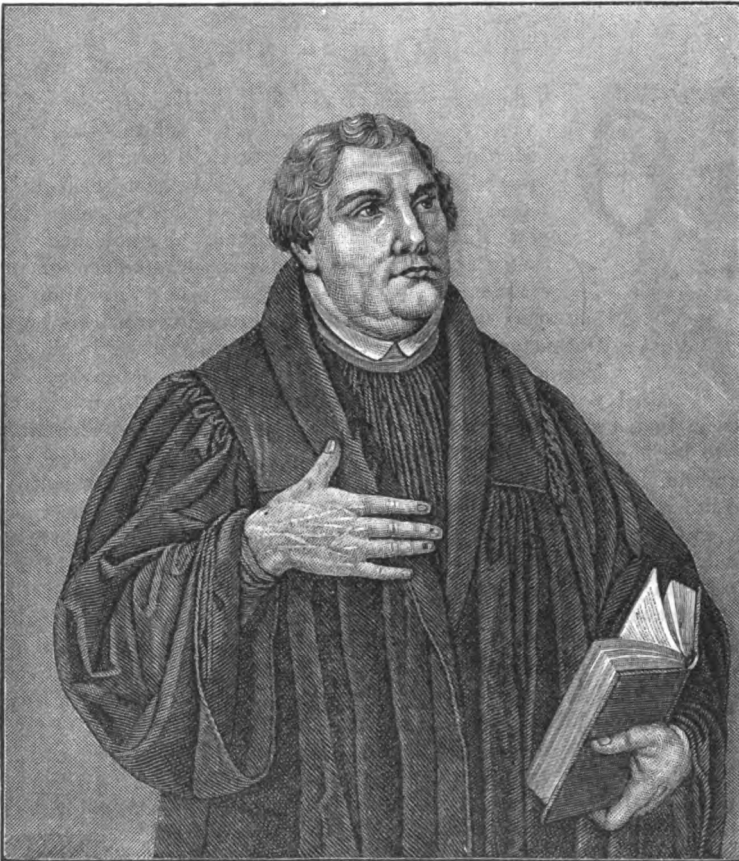
Here Luther went through the usual studies in the classics, intending to become a lawyer. But, chancing one day to discover a Bible in the university library, he read it with delight, but was astonished to find that there were more Gospels and Epistles than were read in the services of the Church. His heart was deeply touched by the contents of the newly found treasure, and he resolved to enter a monastery and devote himself to a spiritual life, though the carrying-out of his design was for some time deferred.

John Luther, in the meanwhile, had become very proud of his son, and pictured him to

himself as certain to become a great light in the legal profession, and the husband of a wealthy bride. In 1505, Martin went home for a visit, and, before he returned to Erfurt, he was deeply moved by hearing of the sudden death of a friend; his solemn feelings were intensified during his journey by a violent storm, which so profoundly affected him that he sank to the ground, crying: "Save me, sweet St. Anne, and I will become a monk."

that he had entered the Augustinian convent, determined to take orders.

In 1507, Luther was ordained a priest, and in the following year he removed to Wittenberg. Three years later, he was sent to Rome in the interest of his order. While there, he devoutly ascended on his knees the Scala Sancta, the holy steps, opposite St. John Lateran, although an inward voice, he tells us, kept repeating: "The just shall live by faith."



MARTIN LUTHER.

The storm ceased, the vow was made, and Luther waited not for his father's consent. Those incidents had so strongly excited his religious feelings and filled him with so vivid a sense of the vanity of the world, that he resolved at once to forsake it. He gathered his friends about him one evening, and music and conversation beguiled the hours as usual; but he said nothing of his plans. The next news his companions learned of him was

He calls himself at this time "a most insane papist"; but what he considered the abuses of the papacy were beginning to trouble him. The system of selling indulgences by greedy churchmen had reached a scandalous height. The idea that it was in the power of the Church to forgive sins had gradually grown into the notion that the Pope could, of his own free will, issue pardons which exonerated the faithful from the consequences of





LUTHER AND HIS FRIEND STARTING FOR MAGDEBURG.

their transgressions. The sale of these pardons had become an abomination in the eyes of nearly all devout Catholics.

One Dominican monk, named Tetzel, traded in these indulgences to such an extent that many persons openly called it "nothing less than profane." Luther was still a monk and a devout son of the Church, but his indignation at the shameless traffic became irrepressible. "God willing," he exclaimed, in his belligerent fashion, "I will beat a hole in his drum." Against this profanation of holy things, Luther raised a bold protest in the ninety-five theses which he nailed up on the gates of the church of Wittenberg, and which he offered to maintain in the university against all opponents.

The general purport of them was to deny to the Pope all right to forgive sin. Luther

said that "if the sinner was truly contrite, he received complete forgiveness." This bold step was all that was necessary to awaken a wide-spread excitement. It kindled a fire through the entire Catholic world of Europe. Luther was still a monk. Pope Leo X was at first disposed to treat the whole matter lightly as a mere monkish quarrel between the two orders of Augustinians and Dominicans, but at last he felt himself compelled to issue, on June 20, 1520, the bull of excommunication against the dangerous German heretic, who by his pen had shaken the Church to its very foundation.

The papal bull had no effect on Luther; he summoned his students and colleagues, and, in the presence of the assembled multitude of citizens, burned it at the Elster gate of Wittenberg. This bold act was the fiery

signal of a separation from the Church of Rome.

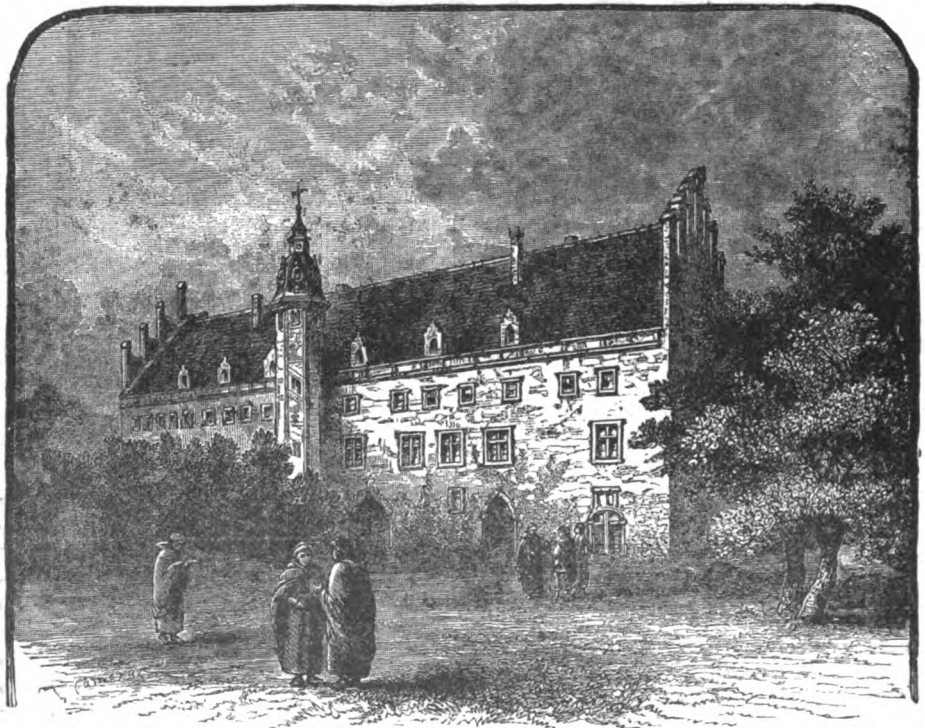
The Diet of Worms met the next year. An order was issued for the destruction of Luther's books, and he himself was summoned to appear before the diet. This was exactly what he desired—to confess the truth before the assembled powers of Germany. He resolved to obey the summons, come what would. All Germany was moved by his heroism—his journey was triumphal; the threats of enemies and anxieties of friends failed to move him. "I am resolved to enter Worms," he said, "although as many devils should set at me as there are tiles on the house-tops."

The diet subsequently pronounced the ban of the empire against Luther, and he was now an outlaw before church and state. The Elector of Saxony, who had always been Luther's friend, knowing the danger he was in, had him seized on his return from Worms and safely lodged in the old castle of Wartburg in Thuringia. The affair was made to look like an act of violence, but was designed in reality to secure him from

the destruction which his conduct at Worms would certainly have provoked. In this romantic solitude of Wartburg, Luther passed nearly a year, in the disguise of a knight, in the varied occupation of hunting, praying, issuing tracts, and translating the New Testament into German. But he injured his health by his hard study; his imagination became morbidly excited, and he thought he saw the Evil One mocking him while engaged in his work. It was at this time—as tradition tells us—that Luther hurled his inkstand at the devil, who hastily made his retreat.

That Luther, great and earnest as he was, possessed a violent temper, cannot be denied. His treatment of his friend Erasmus can scarcely be excused; in the heat of discussion, he was led to make various assertions which he could not substantiate, and he indulged in the wildest abuse of his opponent's character.

In June, 1525, when in his fortysecond year, he married Katharine von Bora, one of the nine nuns who, under the influence of his teachings, had emancipated themselves from their religious vows. This he did, he said,



MONASTERY AT MAGDEBURG.



"to please his father, tease the Pope, and vex the devil." Katharine was a plain sensible woman, who scarcely understood her husband, but loved him dearly and believed in him implicitly. He speaks of her as an obedient, pious, good wife, whom he prized

of heaven, "full of sweet flowers and music and all things lovely, but where there is room for little children."

Luther thought that music was one of God's best gifts. He considered it an effectual weapon against the Evil One, and in this



LUTHER'S WIFE.

"above the kingdom of France and the state of Venice."

This marriage not only contributed to Luther's happiness, but it served to strengthen and sweeten his character. All the most beautiful glimpses we get of him hereafter are in connection with his domestic life. It is touching to read of his devotion to the child whom he lost, and his tenderness of heart is shown in a letter to his little son "Johnny," written from Coburg in 1530, during the important proceedings of the Diet of Augsburg.

Putting aside the cares of state and church, he wrote the boy about the beautiful garden

spirit he wrote "A mighty fortress is our Lord."

Luther had a wonderful faculty for expressing the deepest thoughts in the plainest and most popular language. He was a leader of men, and therefore a reformer in the highest sense. Whatever he said or did, he said or did with all his might. His virtues and faults lay on the surface. Dissimulation and cowardice were unknown to him, but he never acquired a control over his violent temper and fierce passions. He was one-sided, domineering—to use his own graphic language, he was "rough, boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike, born to fight innu-

merable devils." But we must take into account his vast energy, the semi-barbarous character of his age, and the rough work he had to do.

Then, too, it should always be remembered that, beneath his rugged exterior, Luther possessed a warm generous heart. If he was a lion in public life, he was a very lamb at home. He was an affectionate husband and father, of a most social disposition, and a great lover of poetry. He liked to play with his children and to be a child himself again around the Christmas-tree and in all their childish games. In his letters to his wife and intimate friends, he opens his whole heart and gives free vent to his harmless humor and his childlike playfulness and drollery.

His later years were frequently darkened

followers, and there were warlike prospects for Germany. He wrote to a correspondent: "I am worn out and discontented; that is, I am an old man and no more of any use. I have finished my course; there remaineth only that God gather me to my fathers, and give my body to the worms."

In January, 1546, he left Wittenberg and went to Eisleben. Though in poor health, he endeavored to perform many ministerial duties, and wrote serious as well as humorous letters to "the profoundly learned lady, Katharine Luther, his gracious housewife," and much enjoyed renewing his acquaintance with the place of his birth.

On February 17th, he was seized suddenly with pain, accompanied by a sense of oppression. Thrice those around him heard him say: "Father, into Thy hands I commit my



LUTHER TEACHING HIS SON TO READ.

by sickness, death of friends and relatives, gloomy spirits, and irritable temper. Moreover, he felt dissatisfied in regard to public affairs; there were differences among his

spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, Thou faithful God." Quietly his eyelids closed, his hands folded themselves across his breast, and the great, loving, fiery heart was still.

## THE STORY OF A MODEL.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.



YOU ask if I get interested in my models? Well, yes, occasionally; I have had some rather unusual specimens." And the speaker flicked the ash off his cigar, while a little look of retrospection crept into his handsome gray eyes.

The scene was the smoking-room of a well-known club; and Vinton Graham, an artist of good repute, whose name was as familiar in European as American salons, was replying to the questions of a man with whom he had been chatting since the now half-consumed cigar had been undergoing the accomplishment of its destiny.

His expression, perhaps more than his words, awoke his companion's curiosity.

"You have some special affair in your mind?" he observed, with a suggestive inflection that hinted the desire he scarcely liked to word.

"H'm! Well, yes," returned Graham. "In the mood for a somewhat lengthy yarn? Light a fresh weed, then. Try one of mine—good ones, honestly. Well, let me see—" He paused a moment, to marshal his reminiscent forces into proper order, and then commenced his narration:

It is just about twenty years ago that I was one day sitting at work in my studio, sketching in the outlines of a picture I had had some time in contemplation. The subject was Tennyson's Elaine, and the scene that in which the dead, steered by the dumb, floats upward with the flood to Camelot. I had progressed pretty fairly with the preliminary work; had a most excellent model for the dumb servitor, but was all up a tree for a satisfactory Elaine.

Among my regular models, none seemed to fit my ideal, and I had been obliged, *faute de mieux*, to fall back upon a girl who did not suit me at all, but whom I had begun to sketch in because I could do no better. I was working away in rather a discouraged despondent frame of mind, when there came a rap at the door. "Come in," I called out;

and, as the door swung slowly back upon its hinges, as if pushed by a timid hand, I felt that the god of art had been moved to pity my dilemma and had sent me the realization of my dreams.

A woman, or rather girl, stood upon the threshold; and a sunbeam, slanting across the floor, chanced to fall full upon her and threw into startling radiance the exquisite purity of her delicately-molded face and the glory of her golden hair. I had supposed the knock heralded the arrival of some fellow-artist or model, and had not taken the trouble to rise in response to it; observing, however, how great had been my mistake, I sprang to my feet and went forward.

"Pardon my unceremoniousness," I said. "I had not expected to be so honored. Pray be seated."

The beautiful face, which had been so pale, flushed hotly as I spoke, and I could see that the stranger was quite overcome with confusion. She took no heed of my invitation, but clasped her hands nervously together and said in a low tremulous voice:

"You are Mr. Graham, the artist?"

I bowed.

"I have come," she began, with downcast eyes, then paused, pressed her white teeth hard into her under lip, drew a long deep breath, advanced a step or two into the room, and then, as if some thought had given her sudden courage, raised her eyes, and, as she gazed full at me, said: "Sir, do you want a model?"

If she had asked "Sir, do you want a laundress?" I could not have been more astonished. Ever since my eyes had first rested upon her, my one thought had been how to induce her to sit for me. I had never doubted but that she had come to order the execution of some commission; never suspected that she, whose whole appearance breathed the utmost refinement and breeding, could have come to offer her beauty for sale.

Undoubtedly I showed my surprise and thereby added to her distress, for I observed that an ominous quiver was troubling her

lips and that there was a suspicious moisture gathering in her eyes. I hastened to reassure her, and felt that a matter-of-fact business-like tone might be the easiest method of effecting my purpose.

"A model?" I said. "Indeed I do! And, if you will step this way, I can show you in a moment how much I need your services, and how grateful I should feel if I could secure them."

She followed me to the easel, and I showed her the sketch, pointing out the shadowy Elaine and explaining to her wherein the present model disappointed me. I rambled on for some moments to allow her to collect herself, and, when I finally paused, I saw that I had succeeded in setting her comparatively at her ease.

"You are really willing to engage me, then?" she asked. "And may I come at once—to-morrow?"

"The sooner the better," I replied. "And I thank you more than I can express, for the great favor you are conferring upon me. Before you go, you will take a glass of wine to ratify our engagement? For I assure you I cannot quite believe in my good-fortune, and fear even now that you may escape me unless you hallow the bond by breaking bread with me."

While I spoke, I opened my buffet and set out wine and biscuit. These I offered her as a mere form of politeness, but I was startled and shocked to see the avidity with which she devoured the slight refreshment. She had not seemed eager to respond to my hospitality; but, with the first mouthful, her formality and reserve appeared to vanish, and she dispatched the dozen or more wafers with the eagerness of a starving person. When the last crumb had disappeared, she seemed to realize what she had done. A hot wave crimsoned her face; she covered her eyes with her hands and burst into a fit of bitter weeping.

I drew a chair up to her and begged her to sit down and calm herself; but she did not seem to hear me and continued to stand, while her slight frame shook and shook with the violence of her sobs. Finally the storm spent itself, as storms will; and presently, as I was pretending to occupy myself with some work in the back of the studio, so as to leave her free to collect herself, I heard my name called and went forward to where she stood.

"You have been very kind to me, sir," she said, brokenly; "so kind that I feel I owe you an explanation of what must have seemed a singular exhibition of greediness on my part. I had not realized I was so hungry until I tasted your biscuit. You will perhaps pardon my fierce attack on your supplies when I tell you that for two days I have lived upon weak tea, which, as you may imagine, is scant nourishment for a naturally excellent appetite."

She smiled, but I could not see the joke. My God! To think of such privation was horrible—to realize it, impossible.

"Great heavens!" I cried. "You must be famished. Wait just one minute, and I'll get—"

"Nothing else," she interrupted. "I have had an excellent meal—more than you think, perhaps, for I have had my craving for employment also satisfied. I regret, sir, that I have so troubled you, and am more mortified than I can express; but—but your unexpected kindness and consideration are to blame for my conduct. Good-morning!"

"Stay!" I exclaimed. "You cannot go yet. It is my custom invariably to pay my models in advance. Yes, it is," I protested, as I saw an incredulous smile dawn upon her face. "I have found it the best way, as it is a hold upon them. Before I began this system, I was subjected to many disappointments in the matter of broken appointments; now I rarely suffer such annoyance. Each day, I pay for the next sitting."

She suffered me to press the silver upon her, although I fear my ruse scarcely imposed upon her credulity; and, as the door swung to behind her, I went back and seated myself before Elaine, not to increase but to diminish its growth. And, as I carefully rubbed out the semblance of my former model, my whole mind was occupied with speculations upon the history of the woman whose beauty was bound to make the work a masterpiece.

My lovely model fulfilled her promise and gave me a sitting the next day, and then on alternate days for a week. This was her own suggestion, as she explained that she had the sole care of an invalid and that such an arrangement would be more convenient to her. On the days when she was absent, I worked on the other figure, the model for which was an old fellow who had posed for me for years.

By Jove! I cannot understand how I escaped falling in love with that girl! Her beauty, winning manners, and apparent loveliness of character would have fascinated most men, I think; but there was something about her which, while it permitted me to admire and to like her immensely, forbade my making a fool of myself—as I should have done, had I fallen in love with her.

I have a strong prejudice against showing any of my work until it is completed, and so it happened that my fair model never looked upon her counterfeit presentment; for, as bad luck would have it, after she had given me four sittings and I had almost finished her figure, she suddenly and without warning vanished from my sight, and all my endeavors to trace or discover her proved vain. I was utterly chagrined, for I had grown to feel a warm interest in her and had flattered myself she returned my genuine attachment.

My picture was too well along to suffer by her defection, and, after I had fairly completed it, I was too fond of it to sell it. Therefore I gave it a place in my parlor, where it served me as a study of the deceptiveness of human appearances; for a circumstance connected with my model's disappearance obliged me, much against my will, to suspect that her lovely face was but the fair mask of a dishonorable and ungrateful soul. It seemed impossible to associate such qualities with her apparent nobility of character; but let me tell you the circumstances, and see if you too would not have made out a case against her.

My studio in those days represented a collection of exceedingly valuable trinkets. I have always had money enough to gratify my hobbies, and I had picked up many really costly curiosities. My new model had, one day, after the sitting was over, admired my collection and had asked—as I then thought, carelessly—what I considered my most valuable possession. I took from a small cabinet, which I kept locked, a very singular bracelet.

It was a narrow iron bangle, perhaps a quarter of an inch wide, set with what appeared to be bits of dull glass, but which in reality were diamonds in the rough, set so as to form three words, "Amor, Amor, Amor," the Latin for love. My model took the curious and unprepossessing article between her slender fingers, and examined it with little apparent admiration.

"It is certainly a singular-looking affair," she remarked; "but pardon me if I confess that I fail to recognize wherein its value lies."

"Chiefly in its history, to a collector," I replied, "although the stones themselves are of no small worth. The romance attached to it is as follows: Many years ago, a young Brazilian of noble birth fell violently in love with the wife of a man of the middle classes. The merchant discovered the young fellow's infatuation for his lovely wife, and taxed him with it in such violent terms as to arouse all the hot blood in the young noble's nature. In a fit of ungovernable rage and passion, he drew forth the small dagger which he wore at his side, and, with a quick sudden thrust, sent it with direct and deadly aim through his accuser's heart. He was arrested for the crime, stripped of his rank, and sent to the diamond-mines for life, to labor as a common convict. The memory of his love remained with him and became in some sort a monomania. After long weary years, he succeeded in carrying out his one desire—to send to the fair cause of his downfall a souvenir which should remind her of their once happy associations.

"With this aim ever in view, he, with infinite cunning and diligence, accumulated and secreted a sufficient number of precious stones to form the inscription which characterizes the bracelet. Having set them into an iron band, he awaited patiently an opportunity of forwarding it to its destination. This was soon forthcoming. It seems it is the custom in Brazil to reward the slave who is fortunate enough to find a seventeen-carat diamond with his liberty. One of these lucky devils was a man with whom the unhappy lover had contracted a warm friendship. He willingly assumed charge of the bracelet and promised to send it to the lady.

"He had but little difficulty in discovering the address of the woman, who had become a fairly notorious character. She received the gift with no emotion and small gratitude, little realizing its value; and, at her death, it was sold at public sale with her other effects, many of which were highly entertaining in character. I happened to be in South America at the time the sale took place, and, hearing that it would include some articles which would repay my attendance in the character of collector, I presented myself

upon the day named, and secured several objects, among which was the bracelet, which I bought for a mere song. Its real history was unknown to the woman's heirs, else I had not gotten it so cheap. It was afterward related to me by her maid, whom I took the trouble to hunt up. Ugly as the bracelet is," I concluded, "I suppose it is worth at least a couple of thousand dollars."

My lovely model expressed much interest in my romance of the bracelet, and shortly after arose to depart. I was going out myself, and offered to escort her a little way, first excusing myself a moment to speak to the old fellow who posed for the dumb servitor, and who had been for some time awaiting me in an inner room. He had probably grown tired of waiting, however, for he had disappeared; so I at once returned to the lady, and we set out.

When I came back, after a very brief absence, I noticed that I had forgotten to lock my little cabinet. As I was about to remedy my omission, I observed that the bracelet was not in its usual place. The most careful search failed to discover it, and I finally concluded that the lady must have forgotten to take it off her arm, whereon she had slipped it to get its full effect. Quite comforted in the thought of regaining possession of it in a couple of days at farthest, I ceased to fret about it, and soon almost forgot about the matter in the interest of my painting, which was fast reaching completion. But, when the fact dawned upon me that my beautiful model had departed, never to return, I think I felt as most men would have done, that the value of the bracelet had tempted her to make herself scarce.

His listener nodded.

"Yes," the latter replied; "but how about your dumb servitor? Might not he have abstracted it?"

"That seemed scarcely probable, for he appeared as usual at his sittings and seemed as poor and unprosperous as ever. Whereas, had he stolen an article worth fully two thousand dollars, he would hardly have needed to pursue such a poor trade as his. I confess I thought of him, but circumstantial evidence was all in his favor. He had left the rooms before me, by his own confession and the evidence of my senses; he had been frequently exposed to temptation, for I am naturally careless and had often left him

alone with money and valuables lying about and had never missed a thing; and, besides, there was the fact of his evidently unchanged condition."

"Strange indeed; and yet I hardly like to think any woman could have been so base."

After a pause, the narrator resumed:

The sequel is quite the strangest part of the story. About five years later, I pulled up stakes and left America for Europe, determined to exhibit, if I had good luck, in the Paris Salon, and breathe for awhile the inspiring art atmosphere of the older world. I had been abroad a couple of years and had been very fairly rewarded for going, when, one spring, I bethought me of my Elaine and that I would send for it and offer it for exhibition at the coming Salon. It came, was seen, and conquered the critics, and I was delighted to find that it had secured an excellent place "on the line." I had a real fondness for the picture and was glad to find it appreciated.

On the opening day of the exhibit, I gave a dinner to some fellows and took them afterward to hear Patti at the Grand Opera. During one of the acts, as I was glancing casually about the theatre, my eyes happened to fall upon a hand and arm that were resting carelessly upon the edge of a neighboring box. Both were exquisitely modeled and cased in soft pearl-colored *Suède*, but, while these members would at any time have attracted me by their symmetry, they possessed upon this occasion an extraneous fascination which held me spell-bound.

Half slipped down upon the hand was an ornament—if such it might be called—which was as familiar to me as my own face. Nothing less, in truth, than my iron bracelet. I felt that I must see the woman who wore it, and, with a hasty excuse to my guests, passed out of the box and gained the opposite side of the auditorium, whence, with my strong opera-glasses leveled at her, I discovered the woman, whom, despite the change of dress and surroundings, I at once recognized as my beautiful model. Immediately I determined upon a bold stroke. Drawing out my note-book, I tore out a leaf and wrote upon it: "Vinton Graham, artist, begs to renew his acquaintance with the Lily Maid of Astolat."

Slipping a franc into the hand of the old woman who has charge of the boxes, I desired

her to deliver the note to the lady in such a box. She almost immediately returned with a message to the effect that madame would be happy to see me.

My feelings were somewhat complicated as I made my way to the box. Notwithstanding the proof positive that I had of her theft, I yet felt a strong renewal of my interest in my erstwhile model, and a real pleasure at the thought of meeting her again. As I entered the box, she arose and came forward with a bright smile of pleasure on her face, extending, with a cordial gesture of welcome, the hand about whose wrist still clung the bracelet.

She had changed much, improved wonderfully, having developed from the slight exquisite slenderness of girlhood into the fuller maturity of womanhood. After a few earnest words of pleasure at renewing my acquaintance, she turned to a gentleman who was the only other occupant of the box, and presented me.

"Herbert," she said, "this is Mr. Graham, the gentleman of whom I have so often spoken and the benefactor who saved us when we were in such bitter need. Mr. Graham—my husband, Sir Herbert Leeds!"

Her face kindled with feeling as she spoke, and the clasp with which the baronet took my hand assured me that he was a hearty good fellow.

"And you knew me at once?" Lady Leeds queried. "I am somewhat surprised, as I have altered a good deal."

I colored hotly and my eyes involuntarily fell upon her arm. She noticed the movement and at once referred to it, simply and without embarrassment.

"Ah!" she said, smiling. "My bracelet first attracted you, connoisseur that you are. Is it not remarkable that the counterpart of your prize should have fallen into my hands? But I have the advantage of you, for mine was given me by the maker himself."

What was this? I was growing more and more bewildered. Was she going to brazen out her theft? The curtain had risen on the last act, and we both felt further conversation would be an outrage on our neighbors.

"Are you alone here?" she whispered; and, as I shook my head, "Go and excuse yourself to your friends, if you can," she said, "and come home with us to supper, if you will; I want to tell you all about it."

A little later, we were ensconced in the private parlor of a quiet hotel, where Sir Herbert and Lady Leeds were stopping. A dainty supper had been served, and we were doing ample justice to it—at least, Sir Herbert and his wife were; I was too anxious to hear about the bracelet, to eat.

"I must first relate to you the causes which led to the desperate circumstances in which we were situated when you came to our relief, Mr. Graham. Herbert and I," looking affectionately at her husband, "made a runaway match, which, however, even in our most terrible need, we have never regretted; have we, dear? Like all strays and waifs, we sought refuge in America, both of us believing, in our ignorance, that plenty was easily obtainable there, for those who were willing to work. Alas! the fallacy of such a thought! We did manage to exist for two years, after a fashion, and then came a terrible period, when my husband was stricken with typhoid fever and brought to the very gates of death. It was a dreadful season, that; but, with God's help, we managed to struggle through, although Herbert's convalescence saw us actually penniless. Then, unknown to my husband, I applied to you, and your generous bounty enabled us to live. Mr. Graham, I have often wondered what you could have thought of my sudden disappearance!"

I think I must have looked conscious—I am sure I felt so, but she did not notice it.

"Of course you were annoyed, but it was really not my fault. That last day, after you left me, as I was hurrying on, I suddenly slipped upon a bit of orange-peel and sprained my ankle so that I was obliged to be carried home. I was laid up for three weeks, and dared not send you word for fear of exciting Herbert's anger, for I was afraid to tell him by what means I had been supporting our little ménage. We have gotten over that foolish pride now, dear, haven't we? I had just begun to move about on crutches, when Herbert received news of his father's death and his own accession to the title and estates. We at once set out for England, where we remained until a year ago, when we both felt a desire to return to America for a little visit.

"We made a long stay in your city, Mr. Graham, and, as my own experience had opened my heart to the sufferings of others, I spent much time in studying up your admirable charitable institutions, and even



obtained permission to visit certain of the poorest wards in your hospitals, in order to try to comfort and relieve somewhat the victims of sorrow and disease.

"One patient especially aroused my warmest interest. He was an old foreigner, a man whose face was seamed and furrowed by years of desperate agony of mind. Patient and long-suffering he was, and after a manner attractive, with the attractiveness born of strange and varied experiences. I grew very fond of him, possibly because he seemed to live upon my presence. I think I never have inspired more genuine love than his—it was almost adoration. One day, I went to him sadly, for we had decided to leave America and return to England, and I dreaded to break the news to him. When I finally summoned up sufficient courage to tell him, he took the tidings differently from what I expected. He simply lay very still and clasped his hands hard together, while a tear stole from under his eyelid and rolled down his wrinkled cheek.

"'It is expected,' he said. Then he thrust his hand beneath his pillow and drew forth a box. Opening it, he took out this bangle and held it out to me. 'Take it, Amiguita'—his name for me—I made it for one who looked like you; it is yours.'

"As I took it into my hands, I uttered an exclamation. 'Fernando,' I said, 'how came you by this? It belongs to Mr. Graham, the artist.'

"He grew violently excited at this. 'It is a lie,' he said; 'it belongs to no one but me. I made it myself with my own hands. Dios! It is mine, mine, I tell you; I swear it by the Holy Mother and her Child. Every diamond I know by heart, I who dug it from the earth itself. Your Mr. Graham may have another, but this is mine, and now yours, my lady, if you will have it.'

"There, Mr. Graham, that is the history of my bracelet. Is it not almost the counterpart of yours? Have you it here in Paris? I should so like to compare them."

I told her of my loss, and she was greatly astonished. What I neglected to tell her

was that the date of its theft corresponded with that of her disappearance. I was convinced of the absurdity of my former suspicions, and would not permit her to imagine them possible.

I took my departure, more bewildered than ever about the bracelet, whose theft threatened to remain an unexplained mystery to the end of time. I had invited Sir Herbert and Lady Leeds to lunch with me the next day, and to accompany me to the Salon for the purpose of viewing "Elaine."

There was quite a little crowd gathered about the picture, as I led the fair original up to it, the next afternoon. Her eyes naturally fell first upon the central figure, and a little flush of gratified vanity glowed in her face as she observed the exceeding grace and loveliness of the maiden. Then she lifted her eyes to the dumb servitor, and I felt her hand grasp my arm, while a low exclamation broke from her lips.

"What is it?" I asked, more than half prepared for her reply.

"Why, Mr. Graham, it is he—my poor old Fernando!"

So you see, my dear fellow, that circumstantial evidence may play strange pranks. There can be little doubt that old Fernando, its original possessor, reappropriated the bracelet—having heard me relate its history to Lady Leeds from some place of concealment in my rooms. I should like to have heard the old fellow's story from his own lips.

What a queer world it is, after all! To think that I should have unsuspectingly employed for years an escaped convict, the hero of a romance stranger than fiction!

"By Jove! it was queer," assented the other man. "And the bracelet—do you still own it? I should like to see it."

"No; I insisted upon Lady Leeds's retaining it, as I felt her claim to be far stronger than mine. I had purchased it for a mere song, while he who had given it to her had paid for it by years of suffering, toil, and hardship. Come—I'm afraid I've bored you to death."

## FORGETFULNESS.

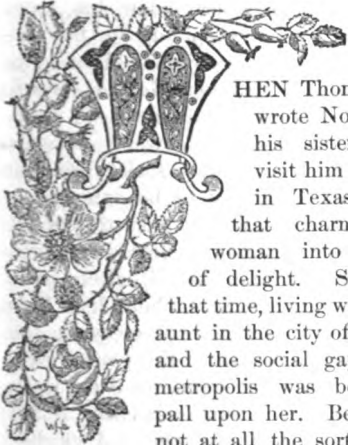
How each day brings the petty dust  
Our soon choked souls to fill,

And we forget because we must  
And not because we will.



## A ROMANCE OF THE BIG HORN.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES," "A DAPHNE OF THE FOOT-HILLS," ETC.



### I.

**M**HEN Thomas Brevoort wrote North, begging his sister Grace to visit him on his ranch in Texas, he threw that charming young woman into an ecstasy of delight. She was, at that time, living with a maiden aunt in the city of New York, and the social gayety of the metropolis was beginning to pall upon her. Besides, it was not at all the sort of life to which she had been accustomed. Her girlhood had been passed at their country-seat—a beautiful estate on the shores of the Hudson—and she had grown up with a love of horses, dogs, and all the environments of a rural home. Bereavements had come early, and with a mutual regret the brother and sister had gone to the city to live. But the change was too sudden to be agreeable; Thomas Brevoort found business irksome, and it was not long before he caught the ranching fever and departed for a wider field. It was a great cross to his sister when he came to go away. But she had followed his trials and successes with all the interest of a sister's loving heart, and meanwhile had accepted the only life that seemed to be left to her. And it was not so very long before Tom, having the advantage of capital and that luck which is perhaps only rare business tact, had built up quite a home for himself in the great Southwest and was the proprietor of a flourishing ranch. He surprised her, one day, by coming back—so tall, broad-shouldered, and tawny-bearded, that she felt herself related to a genuine son of Anak, and introduced him as such to all the coterie of her friends. Perhaps she made too much of the handsome rascal; for Tom had retaliated by carrying on a desperate flirtation with her

most intimate friend, and, after a protracted visit, had gone back, taking the lady with him as Mrs. Brevoort. By this event, Grace had found herself desolate indeed, and thus it was that her brother's proposal to visit them was hailed with delight.

It happened that matters so shaped themselves as to render the project feasible. Some friends of the Brevoorts' were going by steamer to Galveston, and her brother had written her that he would meet her in that city if she could arrange for the rest of her trip. In this way, the difficulties which accompany so lengthily a journey were readily overcome. Fate seemed propitious, and Miss Brevoort felt that the star of her good-fortune shone ever before the prow of the vessel that bore her to Southern seas.

It is not strictly a part of this history to accompany her on that delightful voyage—to record how blue waters bounded ever beneath the good ship's flying keel, while sunny skies leaned over from above, and all the air grew odorous with spice and balm. To the fair voyager, it was a constant panorama of beauty and novelty. And, when she reached Galveston and found that fair Southern city lying by the summer sea basking in tropical warmth, girt with flaming oleanders, and swooning in an atmosphere of fragrance and bloom, her admiration knew no bounds. And here she found Tom to welcome her. So that, in a few days, she was whirled away northward, over broad prairies and savannahs that seemed to stretch away interminably into the dim horizon through a landscape overhung with sombre creeping moss, where droves of cattle wandered apparently without hindrance or restraint, until at last the distant frontier station of Ballinger was reached. Thence a long ride over hills and valleys dotted with live-oak and bordered with mesquite brought them to the waters of the Big Horn and the broad and fertile acres of Thomas Brevoort.

Miss Grace had been here now for several

weeks and had grown familiar with the ways and manners of her new life. It seemed to her that she had never known surroundings so enchanting. If there was one thing that pleased her more than another, it was the entire freedom from conventional form and restraint. The boundless ocean of air and space about her brought with it a feeling of rest and peace; and, in the renewed sense of health and vigor which she enjoyed, she began to wonder how she had ever endured the tyranny of brick and pave. Besides, she was with those she knew and loved best. Edith Somers, Tom's wife, was to her a crown of comfort and the soul of joy. Similar in taste and temperament, they had been all in all to one another, and, whether riding together over the flower-starred prairie or chatting on the broad sunny verandah, which commanded a vast and beautiful prospect, the hours went lightly on congenial wings.

It will be understood that the scene which Miss Brevoort contemplated was very different from that which had greeted her brother. She was reaping the golden results of patient endeavor. All the hardships that had confronted him—the dreary hand-to-hand fight with nature and bodily want—she could not know. Nor, with the roof of the comfortable ranch-house above her head and the luxuries of its cultivated garden before her, could she appreciate the weary months of tent-life and the scanty bill-of-fare that had preceded these. All these details were fresh in the memory of her brother Tom, and had a material effect on his enthusiasm. But, in the society of his sister, who accompanied him everywhere and entered so heartily into his plans and projects, his labors found an additional zest. He was proud, too, of the admiration she excited. Grace had always been an intrepid horsewoman, and there were few finer sights than this blonde and graceful young woman putting to his paces a certain fleet black pony with which Tom had presented her. Ever since her arrival, she had been the recipient of a sort of idolatry remarkable in a country of chivalrous men. Hops and barbecues had been given in her honor, and her presence had been the crowning glory of many a round-up. All these demonstrations Grace had accepted becomingly but with outward imperturbability. It was a matter of wonder to Thomas

Brevoort to find that they produced upon his sister so little impression; he had been down in the South so long, that his impulses and appreciations were Southern.

"Perhaps it's the Northern 'repose' we hear so much about," he said to his wife, in one of their confidential tête-à-têtes.

It was indeed nothing of the sort, and, well as Thomas Brevoort knew his sister Grace, there was one episode in her life of which he had always remained in ignorance: He had never known Jack Harrison, nor how much Grace had grown to think of him. He had never known how, amid all the whirl of that giddy social life that had grown so distasteful to her, there had been one face that stood out from the crowd, one heart which had touched in hers a responsive chord. It had all taken place after he had gone away. There had been a few weeks of delightful society, a few hours that lingered still in the young girl's memory with all the fragrance of June roses, and then a cruel misunderstanding, a few harsh words, and all was over. Jack had gone away, too, into the Southwest, yielding to the despotism of a foolish pride. Whither he had wandered or how time had gone with him, she had never heard: she only realized how colorless and weary had grown the world he left behind; how society seemed a soulless monotone; and how she saw in all gayety the skeleton at the feast. Perhaps this was not the least of the many reasons that made her present existence so delightful to her. And she hung around the shrine of her shattered memories the bind-weed of regret.

## II.

THERE was certainly very little trace of this in the serene-faced young woman who reclined in a manilla hammock, in a corner of the broad verandah, one pleasant morning in April. It was the height of the vernal season; the broad undulating valley stretched away endlessly before her, steeped in the shimmering sunlight, dotted with live-stock, and forming a gratifying panorama of life and color; the air was full of freshly-blown odors and the chorus of birds; mocking-birds, overflowing with melody, frolicked and wantoned with the breezes; and all the attributes of earth seemed the incarnation of joy.

Miss Grace Brevoort thought so too, and shaded her eyes against the glittering landscape, as she drank in its beauties. She was all alone that morning. Tom and Edith had gone over to Ballinger on business, and, from an impulse that was new to her, Grace had remained behind. She felt meditative and thoughtful, and wanted the opportunity to get by herself and indulge in a retrospective mood. It was a question, perhaps, whether, with the awakening season, the fair Northerner had not been lately given a good deal to day-dreaming and reverie. Back in the city, she had had no opportunity, for the whirl of fashionable gayety had kept her ever on the wing. But here was that delightful leisure and repose, where, amid fascinating surroundings, one loves to linger over the bright visions and memories of the past, and all the vanished pleasures of a life start into being, as at the wand of a magician.

Miss Brevoort was swinging listlessly to and fro, her thoughts busy with a certain episode of the days gone by, when, attracted by something occurring on the broad expanse of prairie before her, she sprang suddenly to her feet, and, running to the balustrade of the verandah, leaned against a vine-clad pillar of the porch. I have forgotten whether I have described her, and certainly one who had marked the slight and graceful figure reclining in the hammock would have been hardly prepared for the erect and animated beauty of the blonde apparition so suddenly revealed. This girl had the gait of a goddess, and, as she swept across the verandah, it was a pleasure to the eye to witness the lithe ease of her every movement. Her hair was as blonde as amber, and waved about her temples in the soft breeze that was playing over the valley, while in her eyes was something of the golden haze which seemed to rest upon the landscape she beheld. She had that clear complexion which is only the accompaniment of perfect health, and, when she smiled, it was with a flashing revelation of brilliant teeth that was extremely fascinating.

She was dressed, this morning, in a stylish long black gown which she sometimes wore for a riding-habit, which fitted her so exquisitely that you caught the superb contour of her figure in all its graceful symmetry. Small wonder, indeed, that the advent of this beautiful and accomplished young woman

had caused such a sensation among the eligible bachelors of the frontier, and that they had vied with one another in their efforts to entertain her and to make her stay in the Southwest memorable. Nor was this chivalrous attention confined only to the single men. It is said that "Belton Joe," driver of the daily stage between Belton and Lampasas, and a married man, came all the way by cars from his neighborhood, to get a glimpse of the lady's loveliness, and was fain to remark that she was superior to anything that had ever required his professional attentions.

"They's a gal up thar in Big Horn," he was wont to say, "thet kin git away, in looks, with anything thet was ever raised in the Southwest. She's ez airy and graceful ez an antelope fawn, with hair ez yellow ez corn-silk, and eyes thet sparkle like a glass o' sherry in the sunlight."

Something was transpiring, just now, on the grassy level in front of the Big Horn Ranch, in which these beautiful eyes were evidently much interested. A horseman had suddenly emerged from the belt of timber that bordered a low divide on the left of the landscape, and was coming across the plain at a headlong gallop. He was mounted upon a chestnut horse that showed evident signs of weariness. The rider, who was without hat or coat, but who rode magnificently, glanced constantly backward over his shoulder in the direction of the locality he had just quitted. Hardly a second elapsed when a second horseman burst from the neighboring cover and came thundering across the valley, in hot pursuit of the fugitive. As he rode, he swung about his head a flying lariat, and, in the first few bounds that his gray horse took on emerging from concealment, it was apparent that he was the better mounted. This was evidently perceived by the horseman in advance; for he immediately turned in his stirrups and emptied his revolver at his pursuer, as he rode, sending shot after shot behind him with a rapidity that startled the morning stillness and sent ringing echoes down the valley.

The unexpected reports brought Grace to her feet with an excitement that blanched her cheeks and flashed from her eyes. This was the first instance she had seen of hostility upon the frontier, and it had in it a novelty that was at once dangerous and fascinating. The two horses were coming on at full gallop,

their rapid evolutions in full view of the startled girl. The man riding the gray had ceased to swing his lariat and was clinging close to the neck of his horse, to avoid, if possible, the marksmanship of his enemy. At each shot from the revolver, Grace could see the charge flash from the muzzle and the smoke gather along the plain.

Suddenly the shots of the revolver were answered by a volley of rifles down the valley, and, turning, Miss Brevoort beheld a mounted squad of men scattered across the plain directly in the path of the fugitive and apparently waiting to intercept him. At the sound, the rider of the chestnut horse threw away his empty pistol, and, wheeling about, laid his whip about its flanks, coming back upon an angle of his former course. He rose in the stirrups, and, urging his jaded animal to the utmost, attempted to escape by a burst of speed up the valley. His pursuer turned also, and, once more erect in the saddle, came after him furiously, coiling his lariat as he ran—his gallant gray a thunderbolt of action against the green horizon-line.

It was indeed a beautiful sight, this mad race for life between these mounted combatants, and Grace Brevoort gazed upon it breathlessly, despite the ringing cheer that burst from the mounted cavalcade and the thunder of flying hoofs that were now apparently joining in the pursuit. The gap between the rival horsemen was rapidly closing up. The gray horse was gaining upon the chestnut with every spring. From where she stood, Grace thought she could almost see the despair and nervousness of the fugitive, as he realized his desperate case. And now the sinuous lariat was swinging again about the head of the pursuer, its coils enlarging at every swing. On a sudden, the flying noose left the hand of the rider, and, shooting ahead in a long spiral, descended full about the shoulders of the fugitive. Instantly the gray horse checked his speed and braced his forefeet for the coming recoil. There was a sharp shock, and, with a sudden tightening of the rope, the captured man was plucked violently from his saddle and rolled heavily upon the plain.

The whole scene passed so quickly that it was over before Grace had recovered from her surprise, or indeed had shifted her position. Not until the capture was effected, however, did a sound escape from the combat-

ants. The chase had been too desperate to admit of call or cry. With the fall of his adversary, the successful horseman reined up his gray, and, waving his broad sombrero about his head, indulged in a shout of triumph that would have done justice to a view halloo. It was answered by a chorus of cheers from the others in pursuit, and soon there was a cluster of horsemen about the fallen man and a hurried consultation. Meanwhile, the captor had dismounted from his horse and loosened the confining lariat. The prisoner had been thrown with great violence, and appeared, at first, too much injured to rise. The mounted cavalcade appeared to entertain little sympathy for his condition. From where she was standing, Grace could hear their excited voices in conversation, and it seemed to her that the majority were in favor of doing him still greater violence. At last, the counsel of the horseman who had taken him prisoner seemed to prevail, and she beheld him hand over the captive to the leader of the party, and, mounting his horse, ride away over the prairie in the direction from whence he came. The others were not long in following his example. The arms of the prisoner were securely bound behind him, and he was lifted to his feet and placed again in the saddle. A rope was tied about the neck of his horse, one end of which was given to one of the mounted escort. The rest sprang to their stirrups and were soon in motion, coming in the direction of the ranch-house.

### III.

THE trail-road across the plains to Bal-linger ran by the Big Horn Ranch, and it was along this highway, barely discernible by several faint wagon-tracks, that the cavalcade was approaching. Living thus on a line of communication upon the frontier, it was quite customary for travelers to stop, by twos and threes, in that hospitable fashion which obtains throughout the South; but, for the visit of a score of armed men, Miss Brevoort was hardly prepared. Accordingly, she beat a hasty retreat into the house and sought the security of her bed-room. Knowing the peculiarities of the region, she feared that it might enter into the mind of the majority to stop to dinner, and the thought of entertaining so many warlike strangers at table was more than

she could contemplate with composure—if, indeed, there was sufficient provision in the larder for such a host. Her trepidation, however, did not prevent her reconnoitering from the vantage of her bed-room window. Hidden from view by the carefully drawn curtains, she beheld the armed band approach and draw rein at the rancho-gate. They appeared to be a sheriff's posse—and, to her Northern eyes, they seemed indeed a motley crew. Dusty and travel-stained, with no distinguishing uniform, their horses jaded and flecked with the foam of hard riding, it was difficult to realize in them a brave and disciplined troop. But, recruited as they were from among the best shots and riders in the State and accustomed to the perils of border warfare, Miss Brevoort knew the record of these regulators of the frontier. Pinioned upon his horse, hatless and coatless, in the centre of the group of horsemen, their captive was readily discernible. He appeared to be a black-browed evil-faced ruffian, who regarded his present predicament with sullen discomfiture. This did not prevent him, however, from sharing in the refreshment of his captors, who had no sooner halted than they began to recruit their flagging energies from certain tin canteens that were passed from hand to hand. After a long draught from one of these, the ranger who held his confining tether, good-naturedly extended his flask to the lips of the prisoner. The latter drank greedily.

"Geewhittaker! Train-wreckin' hain't interfered none with this feller's capacity!" said the ranger, holding up ruefully the empty flask. "Sheriff, toss me over yours. I'm as dry as a potato-bug."

The sheriff, a small man with a nervous manner, who had already dismounted from his horse, did as he was requested and then called out to his followers, in so loud a tone that every word came distinctly to Miss Brevoort:

"I reckon we better tie up here, boys, and wait till the sun gets down a little. Tom Brevoort will give us a bite, and it'll rest the hosses. And, mind ye, no skylarkin', for I hear tell they's a young woman from the North at this ranch."

Grace waited to hear no more. Dropping the window-curtain, she ran through the hallway, down a back staircase, and thence, by the door of the neighboring kitchen,

escaped to the barn at the rear of the house. To be held up as a criterion to the gaze of a score of rude and savage men was more than she contemplated. She preferred that they should find the ranch untenanted, and infer that everyone had gone away. For awhile, she busied herself in feeding Gipsy, her black pony, and in gazing through the barn-window at the sun-steeped landscape without and the ever-circling buzzards; then, as the time dragged with her, she began to long for a gallop over the prairie levels. She peered from the barn-door, to see if the mounted party had gone: she could not tell, for the barn lay directly in the rear of the ranch, and that structure impeded the view. Through the barn-gate, she could make her exit unnoticed. What was there to prevent her riding away and escaping this unpleasant interruption altogether?

She answered the question by going at once to Gipsy's stall and saddling and bridling that intelligent animal. It was no trick at all for the fair Grace to do this, for she had been used to it before she assumed long dresses. To mount successfully was a more difficult matter; but, catching up a light sombrero belonging to her brother, she succeeded at last, with the aid of a broken chair, in climbing into the saddle, and, with a sigh of relief, she gave the rein to her black pony and dashed away. In a few moments, she was far out upon the plain.

It was a glorious day, and it seemed to Miss Brevoort that the excursion was in every way as agreeable to her horse as herself, as she went cantering away over the grassy levels, scaring the turtle-doves from their nests amid the dwarf mesquites and frightening many a sleepy jack-rabbit from his form, while the prairie-dogs kept up a shrill insistent clamor from their mounds. Miss Brevoort had learned to appreciate the danger of this pigmy enemy, and was as adroit as Gipsy in avoiding their many burrows. She had ridden long and far, and was beginning to think of returning, when she was suddenly aware that she was almost side-by-side with an antelope that was bowling along at an easy amble among the scanty timber.

The surprise gave Grace quite a perceptible thrill. Although not unfamiliar with

these graceful creatures, she had never before been so near to one. She was so close now that she could readily distinguish its rough piebald coat, almost like fine quills in texture, the singular curvature of its horns, and the beautiful eyes of the animal. From a desire to test its powers of speed, she shook the reins over Gipsy's neck and encouraged him to exert himself. The impetuous little pony was off at once, like a bolt from a cross-bow.

Away they flew, in a burst of speed, over the grassy plain. For a few moments, it seemed to Miss Brevoort that the graceful creature she was pursuing was not so fleet as her horse. She was, at times, so near to it that she believed she could have reached from the saddle and touched it with her riding-whip, and she could hear the quick hurried breath of the frightened animal. As they rode along, neck and neck, she began to fancy that the antelope was wounded, and, in the excitement of the chase, she almost wished for a revolver, that she might try her prowess with the weapon. But she had miscalculated the endurance of her quarry, as she soon discovered. It was merely trying, with the perverseness it sometimes exhibits, to cross her course. This it finally succeeded in doing, her horse almost running it down as the fleet and graceful apparition glided by. Hardly had Miss Brevoort wheeled her horse, when it was fifty yards in advance, and it increased its lead at every spring, bounding away with a velocity it was idle to follow. It soon disappeared in a fringe of timber far down the valley.

Grace realized how well merited were the stories she had heard of the fleetness of the antelope, and checked the rein on her laboring pony. He was completely "blown." She wondered how far she had galloped, and cast her eyes over her shoulder in the direction of the distant ranch-house. To her surprise, it was nowhere to be seen. Turn as she would, she could see no trace of it. As far as the eye could reach, the appearance of the valley was the same. Clumps of mesquite and live-oak stretched before her in tiresome monotony. The undulating billows of prairie rolled away against the dim green horizon—a hopeless uncharted sea. It came over her suddenly, unanswerably, that she was lost upon that wide expanse of prairie.

#### IV.

LOST upon the prairie! To one acquainted with the great plains of the Southwest, it would be difficult to exaggerate the terrible calamity that had overtaken Miss Brevoort. But perhaps, among civilized men and women, no misfortune is so little understood. There are doubtless those who imagine that, to a mounted man, the situation presents few difficulties. This is a fearful mistake. It requires all the skill and experience of a long life upon the plains, and the names of those who have perished in the attempt to escape are legion. To begin with, it is not possible to ride across the open prairie, anywhere, in a straight line, for a distance of ten miles. The chances are, that the rider will simply describe a circle. After riding for half a day, he will be disheartened by coming back to the point at which he started. And, to the bewilderment and despair consequent upon such discouragement, accompanied by the twin enemies, hunger and thirst, the wanderer readily succumbs.

Fancy, then, the plight of our heroine, destitute of any knowledge of woodcraft by which her situation might be alleviated. She had never learned it was possible to take one's bearings by means of that shifting guide, the sun; she could not tell the northward side of trees and rocks by those weather-signs that are known to the ranchman; above all, she did not know that, in throwing the reins over the neck of her horse and in trusting to his dumb sagacity, there was a more probable chance of success than any experiments of her own might attain. Perhaps her very ignorance of her desperate situation sustained her most. She remembered afterward that, when it first dawned upon her that she was lost, she did not grow sick or faint with terror. Her senses did not reel, nor did hope die out in her breast. She closed her eyes for a moment, and prayed silently for deliverance in her terrible case. Then, shaking the reins over Gipsy's neck, she rode back in the direction she believed she had come, scanning the horizon at every step, confidently expecting each minute to be rewarded by a sight of the distant ranch.

Vain hope! Fatal delusion! The sun was beginning to decline and found her still riding—searching the vague horizon with staring vision. With the surmounting

of each successive prairie billow, the next rose beyond—vast, measureless, monotonous. The very silence of the uncultivated waste began to oppress and terrify her. She began to be bewildered and to be haunted by a fear that, with each step, she was going further and further out of her course. She grew hungry, and, as the discomfort of this grew upon her, the thought of starvation and her utter helplessness made her almost delirious. But, faint with terror and exhaustion, she struggled on.

It was almost sunset, when, as she mounted a high divide, her horse surprised her by suddenly neighing loudly and making a détour to the right. The heart of the wayfarer gave a great bound of joy: they were traveling directly in the path of the sun's rays, and its dying glories steeped her person in rosy warmth. Shading her eyes, she endeavored to discern what had excited her horse. The sound of a distant stock-bell met her ear, and, to her delight, she perceived a small adobe house built amid a clump of live-oaks on a little rise of ground. Several horses, closely hopped, were grazing near-by.

With a prayer of thankfulness for what she deemed her deliverance, Miss Brevoort rode hurriedly forward. As she drew near, her arrival elicited no sign of welcome. The horses, indeed, raised their heads and greeted her with a slight whinny; but no answer of recognition came from the house. Somewhat surprised at this, she dismounted, tethered her horse by the long rope that hung from her saddle-bow, and turned toward the dwelling. It was as silent as the grave. The rancho-door stood wide open, and a lean dissipated-looking black cat raised itself from the floor where it had been lying, and, stretching itself, came forth to greet her, mewing violently and regarding her with staring yellow eyes. After hesitating a moment, Miss Brevoort stepped within. It was a small apartment, and was evidently the daily habitation of some ranchman. A small cot-bed stood in one corner, and over it, suspended from the wall, hung a pair of antlers, from which depended several coats and other articles of clothing. There was a small rack of books above a toilet-stand. Upon a chair was a brier-wood pipe still full of ashes, where its owner had carelessly laid it down. In a corner were several rifles, guns, and whips.

Miss Brevoort took in these details of the absent occupant's housekeeping in a single sweeping glance. Her eyes wandered away to a closed door at the further end of the room. Stepping across the apartment, she knocked upon it. No reply. She lifted the latch and peered within.

A table covered with the remains of what seemed the morning's breakfast met her eye. The coffee-pot still rested upon the stove, and in a cupboard near-by she could see several loaves of bread. Frontier hospitality is of too unceremonious a character to regard appearances: it is an unwritten law that the traveler shall stop and refresh himself at any dwelling along his route. But, had the circumstances been different, it is doubtful if Grace could have withstood the temptation to dine. She had ridden since early morning, and during that interval had not tasted a mouthful of food. She was almost famished, and she at once sat down and satisfied the cravings of her appetite. If the fare was cold, she certainly found it palatable, and the black coffee did much to recruit her strength after the fatigue of her journey. Having supped, she repaired to the adjoining room and confronted her singular situation. She was in hourly expectation of the proprietor's return. She reflected with natural perplexity upon the explanation she must give of her position and the manner in which this explanation would be received.

Her loneliness was enough to provoke a shudder, and yet she did not know how soon the presence of humanity might place her in greater danger. It would seem, however, that her fears were groundless; the hours went slowly by, but she was unmolested. Midnight found her in undisputed possession of the ranch. Once or twice in the interval, she had thought she heard the sound of voices, and, boldly throwing open the door, had awaited, with an assumption of courage she did not feel, the expected arrival. At last, worn out with waiting and the fatigue of the day, she lay down upon the little cot and drew about her shoulders an old buffalo-robe that lay upon the foot of the bed. For a time, she lay listening, in the darkness, to the lonely hooting of an owl upon a neighboring divide. This ceased presently, and she fell into a heavy sleep.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## MR. MIFFLIN'S THEORIES.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

### PART I.



SO often as Mr. Gilbert Mifflin saw fit to disturb the exact routine of his daily life in town in order to visit his mother at the farm-house, the notes of preparation sounded there for days beforehand.

Good easy-going Mrs. Mifflin remembered with a thrill of alarm how dainty were dear Gilbert's apartments at his hotel, how his separate table was laid at the club with his own exquisite silver and china, how inexorable was the order of his office.

"Dear Gilbert!" she used to say to her nephew Bob. "He has what one might call a fastidious soul. Our rough-and-tumble ways jar on him."

Bob nodded assent. Inwardly, he remarked that Gil Mifflin had been an intolerable prig in his cradle, and that, as an old bachelor, he was more than flesh and blood could stand. But Bob had a talent for silence, when his discourse to himself was most emphatic. He sat down on the porch to finish his pipe, while his aunt hurried out to oversee the preparations for dinner. To his mind, nothing could be more charming than this old homestead, with its few fields, which lay sunning itself in the valley. His own farm, the largest in the county, included all the rolling hills and river-bottoms to the north. The gray towers of his house rose like a castle on a height dimly visible among thick forests. Robert Baker's eye fell on it as he sat smoking.

"Many a man," he thought, "would think himself well off, with a magnificent place like that and a substantial bank-account, at twentyfive! But what a great lonely barn it is! I've a mind to sell the whole thing under the hammer and go buy a ranch in Dakota!"

Bob Baker was known as one of the most practical and jolly young farmers in Adams County. His present gloomy mood, doubtless, had something to do with the glimpses which he caught of a chubby young girl

who darted here and there through the house in a fever of preparation. Six months ago, Bob had discovered that his life was not worth living unless Margaret Bascomb shared it. She was a penniless niece of Mrs. Mifflin's on the other side of the house, and part of poor Bob's delight in his love had been that he could take Maggy into so luxurious a home and make the orphan girl whom the fashionable neighbors had snubbed and neglected the great lady of the county. But, just at that point, Gilbert Mifflin proposed to her and was accepted.

He rode over to Sycamore, the next day, and formally announced his engagement to Bob. He was a man who never neglected any social duty.

"Yes," he said, tranquilly, smoothing his fair mustache, "I have no doubt I shall be happy. Miss Bascomb possesses most of the qualities which will make her a pleasant companion for life. She is, first of all, a gentlewoman; and I find her pretty enough. I should not wish my wife to possess beauty that would attract public attention. She is a little too enthusiastic—too much of an ingénue—for a captious taste. But we will soon alter that."

"No doubt!" growled Bob.

"And this alliance," pursued Mr. Mifflin, taking off his glove and glancing critically at his pink nails, "satisfies me on a point which has long disturbed me. Miss Bascomb's mother was disinherited by my grandfather for a whim; my father succeeded to the whole estate: hence her poverty. I feel now that I have made the amende honorable."

"It is most kind in you, I'm sure," said Baker, bitterly.

He resolved, as Gilbert rode away—even his horse paced in measured steps—that he would never see Maggy again. The pain was sharp as death, to him. But he had seen her every day since then, coming to the house as familiarly as he had always done. Nobody guessed his secret, he thought. It did not harm her; and, in his despair,



there was a savage satisfaction in thus torturing himself.

He even joked with her now, as she ran here and there, making ready for Gilbert's coming.

"What is that extraordinary machine?" he asked, as she passed him with her arms full.

"Oh, an alarm-clock of a peculiar kind. Mr. Mifflin is awakened by one every morning, in town. He complained that he missed it here, being roused by the twittering of the birds; so I sent to New York for one."

She danced away, her eyes sparkling. Presently, she came in from the barn, with a basket of new-laid eggs.

"And now what is to be done?" demanded Bob, stabbing himself again.

"Mr. Mifflin always has an omelette au rum, after the roast beef. And we never knew it until the last time he was here! He must have missed it miserably. If we only knew all his little habits! But he never tells us until afterward, and then it is too late. I made a dreadful mistake, the last time!" shaking her head mournfully.

"What was that? Sit down, Maggy, and tell me about it."

"I—I haven't much time. But—"

She sat down beside him, so near that he could see the soft warmth come and go in her cheeks and watch the glint of the sunlight on her reddish hair.

"Why, I filled his room with vases of roses—gathered them with the dew on them! Nothing but roses! Oh, the air was delicious, I thought! And, do you know, he dislikes roses! He dislikes all flowers but odorless ones. Poor fellow—he had the headache; he had to throw them all out, in the night."

"Poor fellow, indeed!"

Bob rose hastily and walked off to the stables. Mrs. Mifflin was standing in the doorway, listening to Margaret's chatter with a thoughtful face.

"Take the eggs in to Sally, Margaret, and tell her to make the omelet."

"Oh, no—I shall do it! It must be done to the very instant! Sally is clumsy. I can come in to dinner afterward."

"I do not choose that you shall be Gilbert's cook. My dear—" She hesitated, putting her hand on Maggy's head and

turning the childish beaming face up to her own. "You love my son very dearly, Margaret?"

"Oh, aunt!" her eyes filled with tears, "do you doubt it?"

"No; I almost wish I did. You—you spoil Gilbert! It would be better that he were not so sure of your affection, perhaps."

"Am I unmaidenly?" starting back and turning pale.

"My child—no! But you are so frank: one can read your every thought as though you were a little child. Well, no matter—it cannot be helped."

"No, no—it cannot be helped!" Maggy flung herself on the elder woman's neck and began to sob. "I love him! And how can I hide it? Why should I hide it?"

"That is all right," said Mrs. Mifflin, soothing her. What was the use? Nobody could give depth or darkness to yonder clear shallow brook.

Robert Baker, trotting homeward down the muddy lane, passed the Jersey stage which conveyed his cousin from the station. If it had been a triumphal car, that blonde handsome young man could not have occupied it with an air of more grace and tranquil authority. Bob, whose heart was full of sour fermenting thoughts just then, was inclined to quarrel even with the raven gloss of his high hat, the immaculate whiteness of his cuffs and handkerchief.

"Even the cinders and dust of the railway are afraid to interfere with him," he growled, as he nodded grimly and rode on.

Gilbert Mifflin had always been scrupulously courteous to Miss Bascomb; but, to-day, his deference was so extreme that it chilled the girl with a gloomy foreboding.

"He bows and listens to me as if I were a princess," she complained to her aunt.

"He is quite right, my dear."

"I would give all his civilities for one hearty laugh. He does not feel toward me as he did. I am in his way," she said, with the quick instinct of all unreasoning creatures.

"Nonsense, child!"

But Mrs. Mifflin was uneasy. As soon as Maggy had left the room, she said sharply to her son:

"What is wrong, Gilbert? Have you any fault to find with Margaret?"

"You have a headlong way of launching

a subject, that is certainly startling, mother. I came to the farm purposely to discuss a matter of importance with you. But I propose to consider it to-morrow morning, after breakfast. We will defer it until then, if you please."

"No time like the present, for a disagreeable thing," said Mrs. Mifflin, curtly.

"I should prefer to-morrow, at the hour I had chosen, mother—if you will be so kind."

There were times when her son's inexorable method and urbanity were intolerable to Mrs. Mifflin. Nor did his sincerity make them more endurable. "His groove is so narrow, and he is so sure that he is right in it," she thought, as she tossed, sleepless, on her bed that night.

Gilbert, in his programme, had arranged an interview with Margaret, preceding that with his mother. He begged the young girl formally to give him half an hour in the parlor, to "discuss a matter of supreme importance to both." Maggy, nervous, flushed, and smiling, came in and threw herself down upon a heap of cushions.

"Pray take a chair, Miss Bascomb," he said, calmly, but with the pucker of his light brows that showed annoyance. For the rest, he was in an unusually gay humor—made a carefully-elaborated joke about the weather, which Maggy received with delight and treasured as the choicest of wit.

He placed her with great deference upon a chair, and stood before her in a faultlessly-fitting suit of white linen, a blue cravat giving effect to the neatly-trimmed whiskers and hair. There was a premeditation in his air that startled her.

"Miss Bascomb, I hope the communication I have to make will not annoy or grieve you," he began, smiling agreeably, "though I should be sorry if it did not give you some transient regret. I am not a person who calls up tragic emotions to interfere with the business of life. And what deserves to be called the business of life, if not matrimonial alliances? A marriage is a partnership, in financial, social, and even religious affairs. Why, therefore, should we not discuss it as calmly as any other partnership? You follow me?"

"Oh, yes—I think so," gasped Maggy, bewildered and stunned.

"And coincide with me? Ah, I hoped so. Thanks. Then we can go on nicely."

He coughed once or twice, however, and hesitated, looking keenly at the excited face before him.

"When," he continued, after a moment's pause, his temporary doubt gone, "when we agreed, a few months ago, to form this partnership, we were both convinced that it would be for our mutual benefit. If either of us has found reason since to believe that it would be disadvantageous, the wise course would be to say so, frankly. You agree with me, I am sure."

"Yes. If I—"

"You do not understand? I am not clear in my way of putting it? I mean that it would be folly in us to form this partnership for life, with the certainty that we would both be losers by it. And, having become persuaded of that, we should annul the contract as calmly as if we had bound ourselves to deal in sugar or tobacco together. I may be mistaken—but that seems to me the rational way of dealing with the subject."

Maggy's candor was that of a child; but, back in her brain, there were some qualities of the adult of which her lover knew nothing.

She rose, looking at him steadily with wide dark eyes.

"Speak plainly," she said: "tell me what you mean. I am in your way? You wish to throw me aside?"

He threw up his soft hand in polite protest.

"That is such a rough way of putting it. The partnership—"

"I formed no partnership—I am a beggar! I have neither beauty nor wit nor money—you have them all. I only gave you—love."

"Tut! tut! I beg of you to be calm and reasonable, Miss Bascomb. It seems to me that we are on the verge of a fatal mistake. A quiet discussion—"

When a sudden death occurs in a house, the survivors seldom show much emotion at the time—they simply do not understand what has happened. It requires time for a great loss to penetrate the soul.

Maggy, now that this stroke had fallen on her, bore herself with a coolness which startled even Gilbert.

"No, we will not discuss it," she said,

in a low voice. "Our marriage seems, to you, a mistake—that is enough."

She drew off her ring and held it out to him.

"I beg of you to believe—"

"Not another word!"

She lifted her hand with a certain dignity, which silenced him. He took the ring and hurried to open the door for her, bowing profoundly as she left the room.

"By George!" he said, "she has more in her than I thought! Now for mother!"

He sent a servant to summon her. But she did not come; she was in Margaret's room, with the girl in her arms. No one ever knew what passed between the two women that day.

It was late in the afternoon when Gilbert found his mother seated in her usual place, her work in her hand.

"Mother," he began, irritably, "I thought you knew I wished to consult with you—upon an important matter."

"Yes, I knew it. But there is no consultation necessary between us."

There was a quiet obstinacy in her manner which he had never seen but once before.

"The engagement with Miss Bascomb is broken. I did it. I wish to put you in possession of my reasons."

"No reason can account for your conduct, Gilbert. You are my son; I wish to remember that, and therefore I will not discuss this question with you."

He stood motionless, looking at her; but she stitched on, without raising her eyes.

"I am not going to act dishonorably; I mean to restore to her part at least of the money of which her mother was cheated. I have made over—"

Mrs. Mifflin threw back her head impatiently.

"Oh, money!" she said. "What is that to Margaret?"

"There will be a great deal of solid comfort in it. She shall not be a loser by the dissolution of the partnership. The alliance which I hope to form—"

"I knew there was another woman!" ejaculated his mother, bitterly, under her breath.

"Yes, there is another," he said, smiling: "a woman of high social position and most fastidious taste. She has precisely the qualities which fit her to be my companion for life."

Mrs. Mifflin betrayed no interest even by a quiver of the eyelid.

"You are displeased with me, mother. I shall not pursue the subject," looking at his watch. "I am going to take the five-o'clock train to town. Pray say all that is kind, on my part, to Miss Bascomb. She—and you, too—will soon look at this matter more reasonably, I doubt not. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, Gilbert."

He turned back after he had reached the door.

"By the way, I wish you would speak to your butcher about his mutton before I return. He should hang it two days longer at least. The boiled leg, yesterday—"

Mrs. Mifflin dropped her work and looked at him in amazement. Her eyes slowly filled with tears. "Could I have given birth to such a man?" she said.

Gilbert, as he walked away, shrugged his shoulders. "Can there be anything more tiring," his thoughts ran, "than a woman full of passion and feeling and temper? Thank heaven, I shall be done with all that, with Clara." He thought of Clara's nature as of a pure colorless atmosphere in which his own could always abide in calm serenity.

## PART II.

MR. AND MRS. GILBERT MIFFLIN were registered at the most quiet and exclusive of New York hotels. They had been married two days. Mrs. Mifflin sat reading beside the window. The pale spring sunlight fell on the soft folds of her pearl-colored wrapper, on the thin coils of light hair, and on the finely-cut profile bending over her book. Mr. Mifflin, over his newspaper, scanned her critically. Physically and mentally, she satisfied his fastidious taste.

"Her arms are a trifle lean and her teeth are bad—but that can be overlooked."

Yet his glance was an uneasy one. Since their marriage, he had recognized the fact that Mrs. Gilbert Mifflin was in reality a stranger to him. There were glimpses of countless closed doors in her character yet to penetrate. Had he been too hasty? What if she liked strong perfumes—or would not eat her game high? He should have looked into all these matters.

"Gilbert," said a clear high-pitched voice, "I wish to leave this place, this afternoon."

"Why, my dear, we have but just come!"

"I detest hotels. And New York always bored me. We will go to your mother's. You have told me of that charming old homestead."

"To my mother's?"

Now, Mr. Mifflin had not visited the homestead since the day he had parted with Margaret. When he arranged for his next usual monthly visit, he received a letter from his mother, stating that Margaret was ill: "No affection of the heart or nerves, but matter-of-fact pneumonia." His presence, under the circumstances, was, he felt, not desirable.

How much of Maggy's ill-health was due to the lungs or to the heart, he never knew; for Mrs. Mifflin, immediately on the girl's recovery, took her to California, where they remained for a year. They had returned but a few days before his wedding. Formal congratulations had been received from Mrs. Mifflin; but she gave no invitation to the newly-married couple to visit her; hence the scarcely-concealed alarm in his tone as he ejaculated "To my mother's?"

"Certainly," calmly replied the bride. "What could be more natural? I dislike the publicity of hotel life. I shall be pleased, too, to know your mother."

"But she will not expect us."

"I do not propose to surprise her: surprises are always vulgar, like all other excitements. Telegraph her now. We shall start this afternoon and arrive to-morrow morning. That is easily arranged."

She took up her book again.

Gilbert sat down to write the telegram. He was stunned and cowed by this sharp authoritative overturn of his methodical daily routine. He gasped for breath, mentally. Such a thing had never happened to him in his life. But what could he do? He could not squabble with his two-days' bride. He could never squabble with anybody.

Mrs. Mifflin received the telegram at luncheon, that day. She glanced at Margaret's rosy dimpled face opposite. Robert Baker was beside her, carving the chicken and retailing some joke to her; they enjoyed a great many jokes together. Bob had followed his aunt and Margaret to California.

He had been very tender in his care of the girl, who was sorely hurt. But she was young—her wound healed fast. In the little daily adventures and excitements of travel, she had no time to think of her lost lover while the present lover surrounded her with care, with luxury, with amusement, fun, gayety, all of which were necessities to her. Presently, he too became a necessity.

They had just begun their old home life again, and Bob was summoning his courage to try his fate.

"I will not have my wife regard me 'as a friend,'" he had told his aunt, that day. "I must have her love, and all of it. I will have no graves in her heart."

"I do not believe she ever gives a thought to Gilbert," his mother had said.

"Who is sending you a telegram?" Margaret asked now.

Mrs. Mifflin hesitated but for an instant:

"Gilbert and his wife will be here to-morrow."

"It is a good thing that the house is in such perfect order," said Margaret, carelessly.

Bob's jealous eyes could see no change of color on her cheek. But the shallowest girl, in a crisis like that, could deceive Othello himself. After the luncheon was over and Bob had ridden homeward, Maggy shut herself up for an hour. Then she came timidly up to her aunt.

"That alarm-clock is still here, that—that I— Mr. Mifflin disliked to be wakened by the birds."

"Nonsense! He shall be wakened by a gong," said Mrs. Mifflin, shortly.

Bob did not appear again until the next day, when he rode up in time to see the arrival of the bride. Her thin features were rasped by travel, and her nose was redder than her lips. Gilbert, as he led her up the steps, glanced quickly from her sharp cold face to Margaret's—beaming, sparkling, and blushing—with a queer tug under his waistcoat where his heart used to be when he was a boy.

Mrs. Mifflin had feared that her welcome to her son's wife would be lacking in warmth, and that "the poor young thing might be hurt." But the poor young thing instantly disabused her of any such idea. She was mistress of the occasion, and might easily have been mistaken for the mistress of the house.

"Your chocolate will be ready in a moment, my son," said Mrs. Mifflin, when the first welcomes were said. "It is Gilbert's habit to take a cup of chocolate at noon," she explained to his wife, "and luncheon at two o'clock."

Clara lifted her light eyebrows. "What an infantile appetite, that craves food every two hours! I do hope, Mr. Mifflin, you are not finical and fussy in your habits? Come, come—no chocolate to-day. We will take a stroll instead, through this pretty grove."

She took Bob's arm as she spoke, and the others followed. There was a heavy scowl on Gilbert's brow. Finical and fussy! Was it true?

Bob's eyes had twinkled, and Maggy grew red with suppressed amusement. What did Clara mean? Did she suppose that his tastes would not be consulted in his own house?

Bob was chivalric in his attention to the bride. He could not decide on a subject delicate and pleasant enough to talk to her on. But she promptly decided for herself, asking him the value of land in the valley.

"There's no investment, I find, like real estate," she said. "It is the only way in which you can secure nine per cent. nowadays. My house in town, which we shall occupy, has appreciated nearly double in value during the last year."

My house! Gilbert overheard the words, and a cold perspiration broke on him. Was this the gentle reserved girl whom he had wooed, whose breeding was never at fault? He began to comprehend the price he must pay for marrying an heiress, and he grew sick at heart.

Presently, he was left for a moment alone with his wife.

"Is that soft little ingénue the cousin on whom you wanted to settle an annuity, and who refused it?"

"Who could have told you, Clara?"

"Oh, I heard it from your lawyer—Mr. Sands—before we were married; of course, I had to know something of your affairs. Quixotic on your part—very! Men are not usually anxious to repair injustice in their grandfathers' wills. But, now that I have seen the girl, I can understand it. She looks like a spice rose."

Gilbert watched her eagerly. Was she jealous? She loved him, then? His heart

began to crave love as never before. He understood suddenly what it was that Margaret had given him, which he had thrown away.

"This was the cousin to whom you were engaged?" Clara asked.

"Did you know that too?" There was a queer shake in his voice. "Yes, it was Margaret."

"I supposed so," carelessly, buttoning her glove.

"Does it vex you, Clara?"

She laughed.

"What a child you must think me! As if a man and woman could live to our age, and love for the first time! Why, I was engaged three times before I married you! Those early feelings are mere fevers of youth. At twentyfive, we form reasonable partnerships for life—like ours," placing her delicate hand on his arm.

Gilbert walked through the listening woods without a word. Some hot passionate being within him started into life, and would have struck the lean hand and cursed the cold smiling sharp face at his side. His whole future life opened before him as in an electric vision. His calm face lost color slowly, but he shut his lips more tightly.

"I have made my choice. I will abide by it. No man shall ever hear me complain," was his resolve.

Margaret, strolling homeward beside Robert Baker, laughed whenever Gilbert's name was spoken.

She saw that he was already cowed and mastered, and the sight cured her of any lingering romance about him. No woman can continue to love a man whom another woman has made ridiculous.

The hearty laughter reassured Bob. Upon that hint, he spoke at once, afraid that the least delay might cause him to lose his newly-found courage. Indeed, he often declared afterward that the words spoke themselves; he could not have kept them back if he had tried.

"And I could not try any longer," he always added; "I had come to the end of my endurance. My heart was too much for my will at last, and, once it got the upper hand, it was as irresistible as a cataract."

Sometimes Margaret used merrily to assert that he did not speak a single intelligible

sentence during his entire rhapsody, and that it was only by accident she at length discovered what he meant by his sudden and unexpected outburst.

"Very well," Bob would answer; "just so you admit it was a happy accident, I don't mind how awkward I was."

This rather hypocritical attempt at under-rating himself invariably changed Margaret into his champion, and he never failed to receive the agreeable information that no man ever did or could make love so charmingly and eloquently as he had done during that pleasant walk.

But, in whatever way Bob contrived to tell his story, certain it is that a very happy-looking young pair reached the house considerably in the wake of the others.

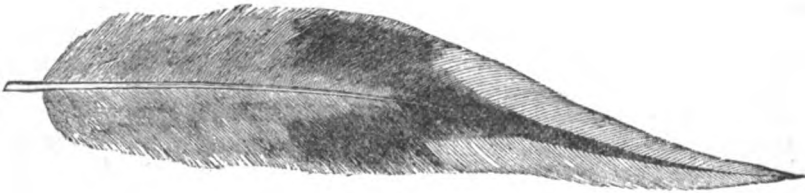
Bob rushed up to his aunt's room, to pour his tale into her ears and receive her heart-felt congratulations. Then she sent him

unceremoniously away and went in search of Margaret, and, forgetful of her that she had ever desired a different destiny for her niece, assured the blushing girl that Bob's news had made her perfectly happy.

Mrs. Mifflin, believing that a clear comprehension of the situation was most prudent in this case, announced the engagement of her niece at dinner that day.

Gilbert wrung Bob's hand without a word, but with more feeling in his face than it had ever expressed before.

"Ah, how charming!" said Clara. "That is your estate to the north, Mr. Baker? And that superb old mansion? I congratulate you with all my heart, Miss Bascomb! You will, no doubt, bring a great deal of romance into your marriage. Mr. Mifflin and I approached ours from the practical side—we remembered percentage and bonds. But we shall all be happy together!"



## MARTHA WASHINGTON'S WATCH.

BY MINNA IRVING.

It has a cracked and yellow face  
And hangs within a crystal case;  
The stem is bent, the key is lost,  
The golden back with scratches crossed,  
For many a year has passed away  
Since last it told the time of day  
To Martha Washington.

In old Virginia, years ago,  
She put the pretty trinket on,  
With rich brocade and laces rare,  
And silver-powder on her hair,  
When courtly George a-wooing came,  
Before she took the stately name  
Of Martha Washington.

When he was late, I have no doubt  
She took this ancient timepiece out  
And frowned to mark him overdue;  
For Cupid, tyrant over you

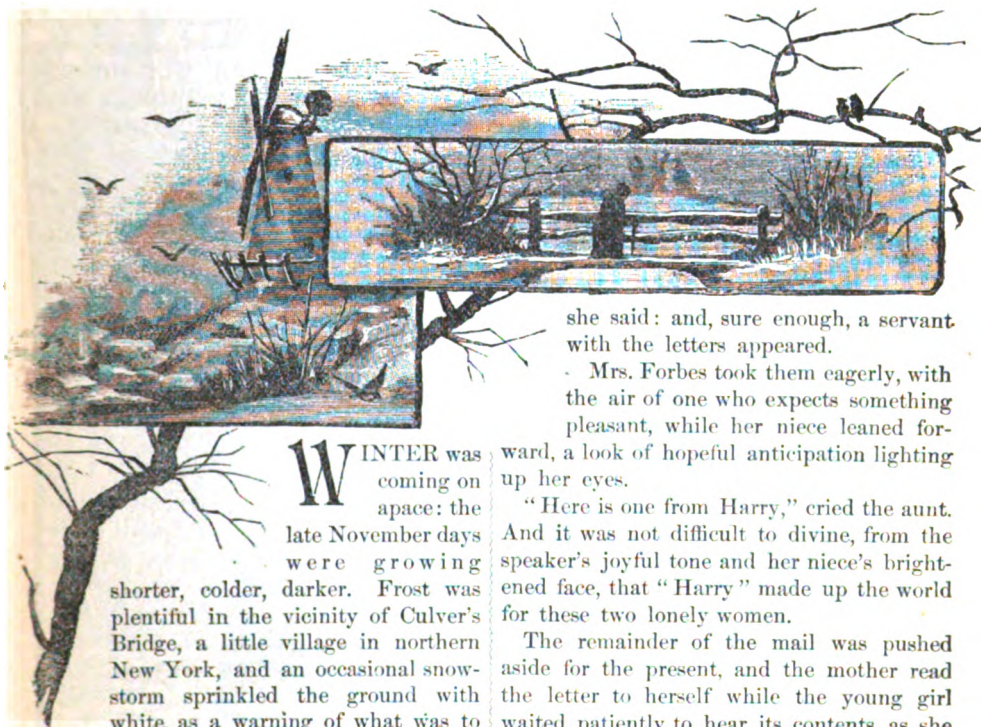
And over me, O love of mine,  
Had then the same sweet power divine  
O'er Martha Washington.

O broken toy of time! they say  
She wore you on her wedding-day.  
You saw her beauty and her bliss;  
You witnessed, too, the marriage-kiss,  
And ticked in answer to the start  
And happy throbbing of the heart  
Of Martha Washington.

Then, having known a joy so high,  
Let both your hands in quiet lie  
From sun to sun forevermore,  
Like hers by far Potomac's shore,  
While all who see you breathe a prayer:  
"God send us women good and fair  
As Martha Washington!"

## WITH THE NEW YEAR.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.



**W**INTER was coming on apace: the late November days were growing shorter, colder, darker. Frost was plentiful in the vicinity of Culver's Bridge, a little village in northern New York, and an occasional snow-storm sprinkled the ground with white, as a warning of what was to come later.

To Mrs. Forbes and her niece, Janet Wilmot, in their great gloomy house outside the village, the approaching winter looked somewhat dreary.

On one of the duller of these November days, the two ladies sat over a wood-fire in Mrs. Forbes's dressing-room. They were there from choice; the place was so much cozier than the huge library, which even the blaze of the pine logs in the grate could not render cheerful. The elder, a mild-faced low-voiced woman, with a certain look of iron determination about her mouth when it was closed, was knitting; while the younger, a rather plain girl of twenty, was busy with her embroidery.

"It is nearly time for James to bring the mail," remarked Mrs. Forbes, glancing up at the mantel-clock; and, just then, a knock at the door seemed to answer her. "Come in,"

she said: and, sure enough, a servant with the letters appeared.

Mrs. Forbes took them eagerly, with the air of one who expects something pleasant, while her niece leaned forward, a look of hopeful anticipation lighting up her eyes.

"Here is one from Harry," cried the aunt. And it was not difficult to divine, from the speaker's joyful tone and her niece's brightened face, that "Harry" made up the world for these two lonely women.

The remainder of the mail was pushed aside for the present, and the mother read the letter to herself while the young girl waited patiently to hear its contents, as she knew she presently should. As Mrs. Forbes's eye ran down the sheet, she gave a cry of joy.

"He is coming home, Janet! he is coming home!" she exclaimed, leaning eagerly toward her niece. "The firm want some business transacted in America, and they have decided to send him on to do it, as he hasn't had a vacation for three years," she continued, glancing on through the letter.

"I am so glad," said Janet, quietly; but there was real pleasure in her tones, and the other knew it. It was not Janet's way, to show excitement.

"He will be home before Christmas," went on the reader. "Just think of what a merry Christmas it will be, and what a happy New-Year's we shall have, with my boy here!"

The reading of the letter took much time,





and then it had to be re-read on several successive mornings. The winter days no longer seemed dull or dreary—there was so much to do and plan and talk about. The two women were perfectly happy.

December slipped rapidly by, and the day before Christmas came. The voyage from India took so long, that the time of young Forbes's arrival was uncertain; but he expected to reach home by the twenty-fourth at the latest. The mother was terribly nervous, and even Janet found her usually patient spirit growing restless. So she made an errand to the village, and started forth well equipped for her cold two-mile walk. No

snow had fallen lately, but the trees of the wood by which she passed on her way to Culver's Bridge were bare, and the fence that rose between her and the wind-tossed leafless pines was white with frost. She felt glad of her thick fur-trimmed ulster and warm gloves.

Janet neared the village and saw a young man coming toward her. As the two approached, they looked into each other's face, and, after a hesitation, clasped hands.

"Harry!"

"My dear Janet! I should have known you anywhere."

"And I you," she rejoined.



"But mother—"

"She is well—anxiously expecting you," answered Janet.

"Dear mother! I did not telegraph because I had to stop a day to see the firm in New York, and I wasn't certain how long I might be. Then, too, I remembered the difficulties of telegraphic communication with this dead-and-alive village."

Janet laughed.

"We are behind the times, I admit; but I love the old place, in spite of its slowness."

The walk home did not seem so long, to Janet, as that to the village had been. She and her cousin found plenty to talk about. At length they reached the house, and she hastened to send a man after her cousin's luggage, while he rushed up to see his mother. That meeting, who can describe?

The week which stretched between Christmas and New-Year's was a season of perfect bliss to the two women, and certainly a happy one to the young man. The last day of the year came, and in the afternoon Janet went over to the little church, to a children's festival. Mother and son were alone together, and the latter concluded it would be a good opportunity to open a subject of which he was anxious to speak.

"Mother," he said, "you and I must talk business; I do not understand the way in which my father's affairs were settled up. You said he left little but the house; have I sent you enough to keep it up?"

"You have been very generous, my dear boy; but wait for a day or two before we discuss business—there is plenty of time for that."

This was exactly what her son wished.

"Mother," he began. There was a certain hesitation about his speech, unusual with him. He stood leaning against the mantel. They were in Mrs. Forbes's dressing-room, which opened into her bed-room. A cabinet, covered now with curiosities brought by Harry from India, hung on the wall back of him. His mother sat in her favorite chair by a little table. She was looking up into his face, not without a certain anxiety. "Mother," he repeated, "I suppose I seem rather young to marry; but I am twenty-four, and—"

It was not at all the way he had intended to begin; but he must go on, and his mother helped him:

"My dear, I believe in early marriages—your father was only twentythree when he married me."

"Of course, I don't mean just yet—right away," Harry hurried on; "but next year, if all shall go well, the firm intend to give me a small share in the business, they are so pleased with my success. Then I could come home and work in New York. We are prospering famously—I should have a well-assured income of three or four thousand. Don't you think I might support a wife too, on that?"

"It would depend on the wife," answered his mother. She leaned one elbow on the table as she spoke, while the other hand rested in her lap. She was looking up into her son's face with an anxious expression.

In his nervousness, Harry put one hand in his pocket; the other he placed eagerly but tenderly on his mother's shoulder, as he bent toward her and said fervently:

"Mother, she is the dearest, noblest girl that ever breathed—only I have so little to offer her."

"If she loves you—but, Harry, her name—you have not told me it," and the speaker bent forward with repressed impatience.

"Her name is—Beatrice Thororhby."

A silence fell between the two—a silence that could be felt. Mrs. Forbes sank wearily back in her chair and closed her eyes. She looked suddenly old and tired. Her son did not understand. His praises of Beatrice died on his lips before this inexplicable change in his mother. She opened her eyes—her voice was cold and hard.

"Forgive me, my son, if I am disappointed," she said; "I had hoped it might be—Janet. This house belongs to her—everything; if she had not bought it in, it would have gone to your father's creditors." Mrs. Forbes rose as she spoke. "I had hoped to die here," she went on, "and I shall—a little sooner or a little later: what does it matter?"

"Mother!"

"And you can marry that girl."

"Never, mother, never, till I have saved money enough to buy this house for you. Besides, I am not at all sure that Beatrice cares for me—I have known her such a short time, I have never dared ask her."

A sudden gleam of satisfaction lighted his mother's eyes.

"Ah!" she involuntarily exclaimed; then, with a visible effort, she added: "I will hear what you have to tell me."

It was soon told. Young Forbes had met Beatrice Thoroughby while on his last vacation, in the hill country. She was the daughter of a British army officer stationed at Allahabad; poor, but of good family. He repeated that he had known her for so brief a season, he had never actually made love to her, and then there followed his lover's raptures over her perfections.

When he finished, his mother explained the condition of his father's affairs. The elder Forbes had died suddenly, soon after Harry went to India, and the son could not come back without losing his position. His mother had begged him to remain, assuring him she could attend to everything with the assistance of a lawyer friend. She had not written him about the house because she feared it might bring him home, and that would have done no good. The conversation was interrupted by Janet's return, and the mother and son tried to be cheerful.

That night, the two cousins watched the old year out and the new year in. They were rather silent. The young man was thinking deeply.

What could he do? He had always idolized his mother, and she was so fragile—how could he thwart her? The property was worth a great many thousands. It would be years before he could hope to save enough to buy it, and, in the meantime, Beatrice—how could he expect her to wait all her life for him, even if he might hope that she returned his love?

And Janet—had not his mother hinted at her caring for him? Could it be? To be sure, she had been glad to see him; but was it any deeper feeling than a sister might show? He could not tell. But he owed so much to her on his mother's account, that, if it were true she cared, what ought he to do?

The remainder of Harry's stay was a silent torment to both mother and son. She was consumed with anxiety. Would he persist in his determination to try and win that English girl? And, on his side, he was struggling with fate. The day before he went away, he said to his cousin:

"We have always been fond of each other, Janet; but—do you care for me enough to be my wife? It is my mother's dearest wish, as well as—mine."

"Yes," murmured Janet: "if you want me to be."

And then he kissed her tenderly.

"I cannot ask you to marry me for a long while, Janet," he hurried on. "My mother tells me you are an heiress, and I could not ask you to marry so poor a man as I."

"I am quite content to wait," his cousin answered.

So they parted affectionately, though hardly like lovers; and Harry sailed for India, leaving his mother happy.

Life went on in the old way with the two women.

On his arrival in Calcutta, Harry found that Major Thoroughby had been ordered to England, so he did not see Beatrice again. It was all for the best, he told himself.

Nearly three years passed, and then



Harry went back to America—his mother was dead. He had never cared to come before, except for a visit; but he could not leave Janet alone, after she had spent the flower of her youth waiting for him.

"Mightn't we be married at once?" he asked.

heard regularly from Janet. At last, he made up his mind that the only cure for him was marriage—then he would forget. So he wrote to Miss Wilmot: "I am coming for you." And she did not forbid him.

On the day of his arrival in London, Janet said to him with perfect composure:



But Janet begged to wait. She wanted to go abroad for awhile with a widowed friend. So they parted once more, and Harry slowly made his preparations for transfer to the New York business-house. If he meant to marry, he knew he must leave India.

Almost a year went by, during which he

"My dear boy, I have always known that you did not love me as a man should the woman he intends to marry. Of late, I have come to believe that you love someone else. You are free to wed her." And she gave him his ring.

"Do you think I would be contemptible

enough to accept my freedom, Janet, unless you tell me you do not care for me?" cried Harry.

But Janet was inexorable.

"I have not fallen so low as to marry a man who does not love me," she said, haughtily. Then, before he could recover from his astonishment, she calmly added: "You were going for a walk—will you kindly take this note to my friend Mrs. Armbrustar? Her address is on the envelope. Now, don't let's talk any more at present: think matters over, and you will see that I am right."

A few moments later, Harry was making his way up Piccadilly. It was a stormy December afternoon; rain, hail, and sleet combined to make unfortunate pedestrians utterly miserable. As he walked rapidly on, he saw a figure turn the opposite corner—a familiar figure—one that made his heart leap madly, even after all these years. A moment later, he stood in front of Beatrice Thoroughby. When the first greetings were over, he explained where he was going.

"Mrs. Armbrustar—Belgrave Square?" cried Beatrice. "Why, Mrs. Armbrustar is my aunt, with whom I live now. I was just on my way to your cousin's: she and I are the best of friends. I felt rather out of spirits, and she always cheers me up."

Then Harry knew what Janet had done.

The next few weeks were delightful: the major, a fine-looking man of forty-five, was at home on a furlough, and the four were constantly together. Janet did not seem unhappy, though she steadily refused to hear of any renewal of the engagement.

When New-Year's Day came, and in answer to his cousin's whispered "You have something to tell me?" Harry murmured the blissful story of Beatrice's love, she answered, a queer little glint of joy shining through the tears in her eyes:

"It is very odd—but I shall be your stepmother-in-law: I have promised to marry the major."

It was all exceedingly astonishing, but Harry was consoled: and, to four people at least, an unexpected happiness came WITH THE NEW YEAR.

## THE PASSING BELL.

BY H. D. CASTLE.

RING softly, solemn bell—  
Say "Death is here!"  
Sweet silvery sadness swell  
Over the bier;  
Toll softly, solemn bell,  
For the dead year.

No summer breeze to sigh,  
No flowers to bring—  
Cold as the snow you lie;  
Ring, sad bells, ring!

No look like laughing spring  
On your dead face—  
Of summer's ripening  
Beauty and grace,  
Of autumn's harvesting,  
Never a trace.

Always, when wild winds blow  
Shrieking and shrill,  
When the cold silent snow  
Lies like a chill,  
When midnight shadows grow  
Awfully still,

Death lays his silent spell  
On the Old Year.  
Ring softly, solemn bell—  
Say "Death is here!"

Ring gladly, happy bell—  
Ring loud and clear!  
Darkness and gloom dispel—  
Lo! dawn is near!  
Ring! the glad tidings tell!  
"Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year" to thee,  
 Lovingly given:  
Thine to use rightfully—  
Fresh gift from heaven;

Thine, with its budding spring;  
Thine, with its June;  
Thine, with its harvesting—  
Sow for it soon.

"Happy New Year" for thee  
 Blessings to bring:  
High hearts beat hopefully—  
Ring, glad bells, ring!

## DR. PAXTON'S NEW-YEAR'S CALL.

BY MRS. IRENE FOSTER.

"JANUARY 1st, 1880.

DEAR HARRY: I am laid up with a broken leg, and must turn over my patients to your care. Enclosed find list with names, addresses, course of treatment, etc.

GEORGE HOVEY."

This was the note that Dr. Harry Paxton stood perusing, with a downcast face and clouded brow, on New-Year's morning, not many years ago. Harry Paxton was twenty-six, handsome and talented, possessed a good income independent of his practice, was a favorite in society, and had a long list of lady friends, upon whom he might call on New-Year's Day. On the morning in question, Dr. Paxton had gone his professional rounds very early, and had returned home to make a proper toilet for the usual round of New-Year's calls, when his office-boy handed him the missive quoted above.

"Confound it all!" he muttered. "Why couldn't George wait until to-morrow to break his leg? And what a list! Rheumatism, pneumonia—hem! hem! here is one that sounds interesting: Miss Gordon, No. 89 Newton Street; lung-fever. Dear me, what a detailed description of treatment! Well, I suppose I must go, and cut down my calls to a few this evening."

In every youthful heart, though the tender love that makes a life may not yet have come, there is ever one face, one voice, upon which the fancy lingers, as a little brighter, a little sweeter, than other faces or voices can ever be. To Harry Paxton, this memory was the face and voice of Mary Livingston, a blonde beauty, and only daughter of one of the leading merchants of the city.

As yet, love had not come to either heart, yet it is certain the pretty blonde accepted the attentions of the young doctor willingly. Just a society flirtation so far, but one likely to become something more; for Dr. Paxton was heir expectant to a wealthy maiden aunt, and Mary Livingston had been well taught as to the necessity of securing a "handsome establishment." The sparkle of her blue eyes was the magnet that hurried

the doctor on his round of professional calls till he stood at the door of the last patient, Miss Gordon.

In a darkened room, where poverty had set her ugly seal, yet where some of those heart-rending relics of better days lingered yet, the doctor was ushered by an elderly woman, a gentlewoman in the true sense of the word, who bore the traces of sorrow on her sad face and looked with pitiful anxiety for his directions.

"She seems much worse since last evening," she said; "the delirium continues, though she is so weak she can hardly speak."

The doctor approached the bed. A face, thin yet exquisitely delicate in every outline and feature, fever-flushed, with large black eyes unnaturally brilliant, met his gaze—a face stricken by illness, wasted and worn, yet the most beautiful, in all its pain, his eyes had ever rested upon. While he felt the rapid pulse, bent low to listen to the murmurs of the delirious fancy, a knock at the door summoned the mother away. It was impossible in the deep stillness of the room, to avoid hearing the conversation between the new-comer and Mrs. Gordon.

"You have an answer to my note?" the lady said, eagerly.

"No, ma'am; Miss Livingston was dressing for callers, and couldn't be bothered."

"She sent me some money, James—just a dollar or two?"

"No, ma'am; you must wait till next month."

"Did she read the note?"

"Yes, ma'am, I seed her read it while the man was dressing of her hair; and I told her, ma'am, how awful sick Miss Hattie was, but she said I was an impudence, and might talk when I was asked. She is a proud one."

"Well, James, you can do no more."

"But ain't I to go for the medicines and the wine?"

"No—there, never mind."

It was a whole tragedy to Harry Paxton's kind heart. Was the mother seeking charity? Or did the blonde beauty, who haunted all

his dreams, owe her rightful payment? Either way, his idol was dimmed by the words of the errand-boy.

Yet he felt instinctively that charity from a stranger would not be accepted here. The face of the elder lady, through all its sadness and gentleness, was proud; and every tone of the low voice showed education and refinement.

No money, and the patient wanted medicines and stimulants. A bright thought flashed over Harry Paxton's mind. "Mrs. Gordon," he said, turning his eyes delicately from the tearful face, "your daughter needs a medicine I do not like to trust a druggist to prepare from a written prescription; I will return in an hour, and administer the first dose myself."

Whether she understood the delicate kindness or not, Mrs. Gordon's grateful eyes sufficiently thanked the young physician, who hurried away, soon returning with the medicines and wine. More than two hours slipped away while the doctor watched his patient, studying the effect of his medicines and finally being rewarded by seeing her fall into a quiet slumber.

It was too late, when he reached home again, to make any calls; and, as he sat by his cheery grate, he dreamed, not of Mary's golden curls, but of the pale sweet face of Miss Gordon.

It saddened him to think of a coffin-lid hiding it forever from the mother's loving eyes, and yet he knew that she was hovering very close to the borders of the future life.

His first call, the next day, was at the house of his patient, and by the glad eyes of the mother he knew the life-giving sleep had been prolonged and followed by consciousness. Very weak and very ill she was yet; but there was hope now, and Harry Paxton wondered that this fact should so lighten his heart, when, but twentyfour hours before, he had never even heard of Miss Gordon.

But, in his morning travels, a little phaeton passed him, paused till he came up, and Mary Livingston, leaning forward, held out her hand to the handsome doctor.

"You don't deserve to be spoken to," she said, "for you should have followed your bouquet yesterday."

"I was only too sorry I could not," was the reply. "One of my friends broke a

bone, and kindly turned over his patients to me."

"Sickness is a horrid bore: I am out now hunting up a substitute for my dressmaker, who sends me word she has lung-fever. I dare say it is only a cold; but, in the meantime, I must find someone else. Shocking, isn't it? Do come to see us soon." And, after a few more parting words, Mary carried her blue eyes from Harry's vision.

It was a debt, then: she owed the money she had refused to send to the sick girl. All the glamor faded at once and forever from Harry Paxton's heart. It was impossible for a man whose every action was controlled by honor and Christianity to give even admiration to a woman for whom he felt no respect, and Harry Paxton was conscious of a feeling of bitter contempt for Mary, as the phaeton bore her out of sight.

It was with a new interest that he found his way, toward evening, to Hattie Gordon's sick-room; and, when her eyes met his, full of gratitude, and a whisper thanked him, he wondered how he had ever seen any beauty in the fair face of Mary Livingston.

But that young beauty did not propose to lose her admirer so easily. Old Miss Paxton, the doctor's aunt, had taken the blonde upon her list of special favorites, and it was astonishing how often the gay beauty found an excuse to visit her elderly friend; and often Harry was there, ever courteous and pleasant, but never again with that air and voice that had once told Mary her charms were winning their way to the young doctor's heart.

It troubled him, too, that his aunt had set her heart upon a match between himself and Mary; for he dearly loved his aunt, and was loth to cross any of her wishes. So, not wishing to make any violent rupture, Harry, one evening in early spring, said:

"Auntie, do you remember once wishing you could replace your old companion—Miss Beemis?"

"Yes—but I never can. And, when you are married, Harry, your wife will share our home."

"Very true. In the meantime, auntie, I have a patient who has been very ill with lung-fever, and whose sole support is her needle. She is not strong enough yet to follow her trade of dressmaking, and I was thinking, if you could find a place for her



and make her useful, it would be a charity and might prove a comfort here also."

"Who is she, Harry?"

"Miss Hattie Gordon."

"Gordon? What Gordon?"

"Her father's name was James, and I believe they were wealthy once."

"James Gordon's child? Dressmaking?" cried Aunt Paxton. "And Maria—his wife, I mean—is she dead?"

"No; but they are very, very poor. Do you know her?"

"Know her? She was my dearest friend for years, until she married and went West. Then I lost sight of her. Where are they? I will call to-day."

"You are the best aunt in the world!"

"Hum! yes! It seems to me, you are wonderfully interested, Doctor Harry. Is Miss Hattie pretty?"

"Lovely—and so gentle and good."

Then Harry told of his New-Year's call; of the permission to make social visits, after professional ones were no longer needed; and how his interest deepened in the sweet girl.

"She is very delicate yet," he said, "and needs freedom from wearing anxiety."

"She shall have it. And, Harry, if she is the refined sweet woman her mother was, I will speed the wooing."

Two weeks later, Miss Mary Livingston, being about to prepare an outfit for her summer campaign, bethought her of the forty dollars she owed Hattie Gordon, resolved to pay it, and so pave the way

for a new order. But Miss Gordon was not at home. "Gene with her mother, to visit some friends," her landlady told Miss Livingston, who re-entered her carriage in no amiable frame of mind.

"She had such exquisite taste, and fitted me to perfection, and worked for a mere nothing," thought that ill-used young lady, as she drove in the direction of Miss Paxton's. "I'll ask that old maid who makes her dresses—though I suppose they cost a small fortune."

Miss Paxton was at home, the servant informed Mary—and she, being a privileged visitor, went at once to the sitting-room. At the door, she paused, seeing a lady seated near the window and at Miss Paxton's feet.

"Oh, Miss Gordon!" she said. "I have just been to your house, to see if you could make me some new dresses and to pay you a trifle I owe you."

"Miss Gordon," observed Miss Paxton, dryly, "has given up dressmaking; but the trifle will be quite convenient toward providing her trousseau. You are the first to hear of the engagement, Mary; but you may say, on my authority, that we are to have a wedding in the summer, when Hattie will become the wife of my nephew Harry."

Very sweetly Miss Livingston made her congratulatory speech and paid her bill; but, in her carriage, the pretty blonde shed spiteful tears under her veil, muttering:

"So that was the reason Harry Paxton staid away from my New-Year's reception and has behaved so oddly ever since."

## TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

THE blackbirds piped in the budding copse,  
The hills were blurred with the soft spring rain;  
We walked together the garden close  
And listened the robin's glad refrain;  
The shining hosts of the daffodils  
Bent low to the south-wind's sweet caress.  
And their subtle balm and the robin's song  
Seemed one with our new-found happiness.  
How can a world so green, so green,  
Turn to a world so gray, so gray?  
Oh, this is the world of to-day, and that  
Was the world of yesterday!

There is dreary snow in the garden close  
Where the lavished gold of the daffodils  
Made sunshine then, and a mournful mist  
Blurs all the light in the distant hills;  
I miss the clasp of a tender hand;  
We walk together and yet apart;  
The chill of winter is on the land.  
The chill of winter is in my heart.  
At dawn of spring, the flowers shall rise  
To bud and blossom above decay—  
Never a morrow brings bud or bloom  
To the love of yesterday!

# A MAGNIFICENT MARRIAGE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHAPTER I. THE TRAMP.



RANCE is apt to be proud of her forests, and though to American eyes, used to the gigantic trees that flourish even in the more anciently peopled parts of the

United States, these vaunted woods seem of limited extent and composed of trees of ordinary dimensions, they furnish a delightful variety to the landscape in many parts of the land. Amongst the most noted and important of these forests is the one that occupies a wide expanse of ground in the district of the Loiret, and, as there is no city of even second-rate dimensions within easy reach of its verdure and its cool shadows, it has preserved a character of wildness that most of its rivals have totally lost. Several ancient chateaux, belonging to members of the scattered remnants of the old nobility, are situated on its borders, and derive most of their attractiveness, amidst their faded grandeur, from the proximity of those shady avenues and groves. There are deer and wild boars to be found within its precincts during the hunting season, but no noxious reptiles except a stray viper or two. But, like all secluded spots, whether in Europe or America, the beautiful forest affords shelter from time to time to that most disagreeable form of vermin, the human tramp.

One of these gentry, at the period that our story opens, lay asleep at the foot of a spreading oak, one balmy afternoon in the month of September. He was tired-looking even in his sleep, and dirty and disreputable in clothing and in aspect as the average tramp is apt to be. But the sinewy arms tossed above his head, the massive chest, and the stalwart legs extended on the turf, gave evidence of unusual strength, which fasting and fatigue might have diminished, but had not wholly destroyed. His slumbers were restless in spite of his apparent weariness; he

tossed from side to side on his uneven couch of moss, and muttered uneasily to himself, from time to time. The notes of a hunting-horn in the distance, sounding a recall to the hounds, aroused him thoroughly at last. He started up, rubbed his eyes, and looked around him. A bird that had been spying his movements from a neighboring bough took fright and flew away, and a rabbit on the other side of the road popped hastily into his hole; but no human being was at hand to note the man's awakening. The tramp sat up and wiped his forehead with the ragged remains of an old plaid handkerchief, which he drew from his battered hat. Again the notes of the horn were audible, but this time still farther away.

"I thought that I couldn't be mistaken," he muttered. "The huntsmen are calling back the dogs—that is all. Whew! what a fright they have given me. I was certain they had caught me again—just after I had made my escape, too. I never had much luck, and I know that the police are at my heels. Hey!—what's that?"

A sound of voices and of laughter came wafted down the road. The tramp jumped up and hastened to hide himself behind the trunk of one of the larger trees. A group of peasants, men and women, in holiday garb, went past, laughing and singing. No one perceived him in his hiding-place. They were all intent on the gayety and sociability of the hour.

"Coming from the fair," he said to himself, as he came cautiously from behind the tree and listened to the renewed bursts of laughter that were dying away in the distance. "They are not dangerous, those creatures. They have no idea of hunting down a wretched vagabond like myself. How gay they are! Well dressed and well fed and comfortable, and, as for me, I have not tasted food for twentyfour hours, neither have I a single copper to buy me a bit of bread. One must eat, however. Somehow or another, I must manage to get hold of something—eatables or money, or perhaps both."



He laid hold of a vigorous sapling which grew near the tree under which he had taken his siesta, and tried to break it off near the roots; but the tough young trunk resisted all his efforts.

"Wait!" he cried, drawing from under his coat a long sharp knife with a broad blade and tapering point. "It's a good thing that I've had my knife well sharpened. One never knows what may happen."

He attacked the sapling energetically, and soon succeeded in severing the tough fibres. Just as he pulled the severed trunk away, a strong grasp on his shoulder caused him to start and to drop his new acquisition, though he still kept hold of his knife. A powerful-looking man, in the uniform of a forest-guard, stood beside him, with one of his comrades close at hand.

"What are you doing here?" quoth the guard that still held him by the shoulder. "Mutilating and destroying the trees, eh? Don't you know that that is against the law?"

The tramp wriggled himself loose from the gripe of the guard.

"I had hurt my foot," he said, in an humble deprecating tone. "I was just cutting a stick, to use as a cane to help me on my way. I didn't mean to do any harm."

"A stick? Yes, a nice stick, I should say: one of our best saplings; a young oak, at that."

"I didn't know!" whined the tramp. "If I had known—"

"Well, now that you do know," said the guard, who was a kind-hearted man in the main, "get out, and see that you do nothing of the kind any more."

"If the prince had happened to come this way," joined in the second guard, "you would not have been let off so easily."

"The prince? What prince?" asked the tramp, with eager curiosity.

"Why, the Prince de Valdora, to be sure! Don't you know that all this part of the forest belongs to his estate? And just now he is out with a hunting-party. So you had better be off as quick as you can."

"I'm going—yes, I'm going—and I'm much obliged to you gentlemen for letting me know." And, limping as demonstratively as possible, he started off down the path, watching the guards furtively as he did so. In consequence, he failed to see another

party of the forest-guardians who were coming down the path from the opposite side. Against the leader of these—a tall fine-looking elderly man, with a military bearing—the unfortunate tramp ran with all the momentum of his sudden movements and rapid gait.

"Bother take you, fellow!" exclaimed the new-comer, rubbing his shins, which had been damaged by the shock. "Couldn't you look where you were going?"

"Beg pardon. I didn't see—"

A group of peasants, headed by a well-to-do-looking old farmer in his holiday clothes, came up at that moment, and the tramp took advantage of the diversion caused by their coming to shamble off as fast as possible, and he was soon lost to sight among the trees.

"Not a nice-looking party by any means," said the old farmer, shrugging his shoulders.

"Do you know who he is, father Matthew?" asked one of the guards.

"I? No, indeed! He's a stranger in this part of the country, I should say: a regular bad one, to judge by his face."

"Yes, he's an ugly-looking customer," remarked a stout, rosy-faced, middle-aged woman who had come up with Farmer Matthew. "I'll just sit down here and rest a bit, and make sure he is well out of the way before I start."

"As you like, Madame Jacqueline," timidly said one of the younger members of the party. "But you know it is growing late, and you have the dinner to make ready for the prince and his friends, and so—"

"I left the dinner all prepared," remarked Madame Jacqueline, settling herself comfortably on a smooth bank overgrown with moss. "And, after dinner, the prince and his friend, the Count d'Anglade, will sit down to cards as usual, and they'll want nothing more before midnight. I have plenty of time."

"By the bye," remarked the military-looking guard, "have you heard the news?"

"Not I, Monsieur Martin. I've been at the fair ever since breakfast-time, and I'm as ignorant as a carp. What is it?"

"Why, the prince—our prince, Madame Jacqueline—saved the life of the Count d'Anglade at the hunt this afternoon!"

"You don't say so! How was it?"

"Why, the dogs had started the biggest and most savage old wild boar that I have seen

in these woods for many a year. And, just as they had brought the beast to bay, the count's horse took fright, threw his rider, and started off at full gallop, leaving his master right in the way of the furious old tusk, who turned his back on the dogs and made for the count, who was stunned by his fall. It would have been all up with him in a moment, if the Prince de Valdora had not forced his horse to take a leap right over half the pack and turned the boar aside with a shot from his pistol, and finally he was killed without doing any more harm. The count is none the worse, I believe, except for the shock."

"That was well done of the prince. The two gentlemen will be greater friends than ever, now."

Just then, a scream in a woman's voice, sounding from a short distance, startled the talkers.

"What's that?" cried the guard Martin, laying his hand on the haft of his hunting-knife.

Another shriek was heard, closer at hand, and then a pretty young peasant-woman, pale and panting, came rushing down the road, followed by several other persons.

"What's the matter, Mariette?" asked Farmer Matthew, as she came up to him and caught him by the arm, as if to claim his protection. "What has happened, to make you turn so white and to tremble so?"

The girl tried to speak, but an hysterical burst of sobbing cut short her utterance.

"I'm sure I can't think what ails her," said a sturdy young fellow, a peasant like herself, who arrived at that moment. "We were all coming back from the fair as peaceable as you please, but Mariette kept lagging behind to pick up chestnuts. I told her to hurry up, half a dozen times; but she would keep after the chestnuts, and so we got a good bit ahead of her. And, the next thing we knew, we heard her screaming like mad, and she came up at a run, and we all ran after her, and that's all I know."

"Oh, Jacques—if you only knew—" sobbed the girl, who was gradually recovering her power of speech.

"How are any of us to know, if you won't tell us?" interposed Martin, with good-natured roughness. And, by dint of administering to her a little brandy from his pocket-flask and making a seat for her on the grass with his

folded overcoat, the guard contrived, with the help of a little petting and coaxing from Jacqueline, to soothe and tranquilize the agitated girl.

"You see, Monsieur Martin, I have been so frightened—so horribly frightened!"

"And what has scared you, Mariette? Did you see a viper, or meet a wild boar?"

"No, no; but look at my ears—see how they are bleeding. I was stooping down to pick up a fine lot of chestnuts, when suddenly a rough hand jerked my earrings out of my ears and snatched my gold chain and cross from my neck. I started to my feet and screamed, and I just caught a glimpse of a big man making off amongst the trees as hard as he could."

"Had he a stick in his hand?" here interposed one of the guards.

"Yes—I think—I am sure he had."

"That's the fellow who has just gone away from here, I'll wager. I'm sorry we let him off so easily."

It was some little time before poor Mariette entirely recovered from the agitation caused by the scare she had had; and then she fell to shedding tears over the loss of her gold earrings and her cross and chain. However, she finally became calm, and accepted the arm of Jacques to return home, three of the forest-guards also volunteering their services to accompany her. Madame Jacqueline, greatly impressed by the adventure, begged Farmer Matthew to see her back to the chateau, and the guard Martin offered gallantly to act as a supplementary escort. So the whole party set forth, and the glade was left once more to the birds and the rabbits and the glowing silence of the sunset.

Evening came on apace, the rosy tints faded from the western sky, and the shadows deepened and darkened till finally the whole forest was plunged in a dense obscurity, mitigated in the open glades merely by the feeble gleams of the starlight and the pale rays of a crescent moon. The hours wore on, and toward ten o'clock a mass of clouds crept slowly over the heavens, blotting out every ray of light. A roll of distant thunder became audible, and a flash of lightning from time to time pierced the darkness as with an arrow of flame, dispersing it for a moment, only to leave it denser and blacker than before.

The storm was still threatening when a

man, well and showily dressed, with a massive gold chain looped across his gay-colored waistcoat and adorned with a big dangling bunch of trinkets, such as a locket, watch-key, seals, etc., came slowly and wearily down the road. He was of middle age, of good stature, and powerfully built, and he carried in his hand one of those thick club-like sticks which were the fashionable canes in the days of the Directory. Arrived at the centre of the little glade, he stopped short and looked around him.

"Well, I am a fool," he said to himself, as another flash of lightning revealed to him the details of the scene: "to go and lose my way like this, in the heart of the forest and with such a storm rising! Plague take these forest-roads! They all look the one like the other in the daytime, let alone of a dark night! If I could only meet someone of whom I could ask my way; but I don't think there are many promenaders to be found in the woods at this time of night, to say nothing of the storm. Hark! Surely someone moved among those pines to the left!" And, grasping his heavy stick all the more firmly, he planted himself in the middle of the road, to await the arrival of the new-comer. The lightning, which had now become almost incessant, revealed to him an approaching figure which was anything but prepossessing, as it was that of the tramp. The traveler hailed him, however, without hesitation:

"Hey! here, you fellow! What's the nearest road to the village of Valdora?"

"That's hard to describe," said the vagabond, approaching his questioner stealthily. "But, if you'll follow me, I can soon guide you to it." And, as he spoke, he cast an involuntary glance of covetous longing at the new-comer's heavy watch-chain, an expression which the keen-witted traveler noted at once.

"Thanks, much—but I prefer to make my way through the woods alone, by such a night as this. Not that I need fear any chance meetings, with such an ally as this." And, as he spoke, he twirled his stick above his head, windmill-fashion, with infinite strength and dexterity.

"Nothing to be done in that quarter," muttered the tramp, with a second sidelong glance—this time directed to the broad chest and sinewy arms of his interlocutor. Then

he added aloud: "Well, if you won't accept of my assistance, you won't—and there's an end on't."

So speaking, he dived again among the trees and was out of sight in a moment.

"I think you were a fool, Bertrand Claye," said the other, crossly, to himself, as he looked around and realized that he was once more left alone. "Always cautious in the wrong place. Now, if that chap had gone ahead of me, he could have done me no harm. But what's the use thinking about that now? He's far enough off, by this time; so I'll just shelter myself under this big oak and try to get as little wet as possible, and I'll wait there till the storm is over."

It was not a very safe place of refuge, in view of the still continuous flashes of lightning, which might very well have been attracted by the lofty summit of the noble old tree. But Bertrand Claye took no heed of that, for the wide-sprading branches afforded him an almost impenetrable shelter from the rain, which was beginning to fall in torrents. But, among the noises of the storm, the whistling of the rising wind, the patter of the rain upon the foliage, and the now diminishing crashes of the thunder, there rose suddenly a sharp piercing cry as of someone in mortal peril.

"Help! Murder! Help! help!"

"Hillo! what's going on over yonder?" cried Claye, rushing off in the direction of the shrieks, which grew louder and more continuous.

"Assassin! assassin! Oh, help—help!"

Just at that moment, as though Providence strove to aid in the detection of the crime, the lightning struck the summit of a lofty pine dried and parched by the sun of an unusually hot summer. The tall gaunt tree flamed like a torch directly in the path that Claye was pursuing, and by this burst of light he saw indistinctly between the tree-trunks the forms of two men clinched and wrestling in a mortal struggle.

## CHAPTER · II.

A GOOD many years before the date of the commencement of our story, Josiah Deane, of Maizetown, Wisconsin, had hit upon one of the great discoveries of the age. It was only a hair-dye, to be sure—but it was a most marvelous hair-dye. Those who wanted

to change their iron-gray locks to their original jetty hue and silken gloss had only to purchase and to apply the contents of the bottle marked "No. 1." Others, who desired to color their hair of a chestnut-brown, were directed to make use of the liquid enclosed in the flasks labeled "No. 2." No. 3 imparted a rich auburn to the most rebellious tresses, and No. 4 tinged even the darkest locks with the hue of pale-gold. The process was simple and infallible, and the liquids were by no means costly in proportion to their effects. If people, after using any one of these dyes, found, after some months or perhaps years, that the hair so treated was beginning to fall out by the handfuls, that was their concern and not that of the inventor or the vendor of the wonder-working fluids. It was all the better for the trade in false hair—that was all.

It is hardly necessary to state that Mr. Deane coined money by his new and popular invention. He spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising his hair-dye, and he gained millions in return. From an obscure chemist, toiling in the back room of an apothecary's shop in a small Western town, he changed in a few years to one of the so-called "money kings" of the United States. People began to speak of him in the same breath with Vanderbilt and John W. Mackay and the late A. T. Stewart. He passed through the various phases that mark the acquisition of vast wealth late in life by a busy American. He built himself a gigantic palace in his little native town, and then he did not care to live in it, and rented it for a sum that represented a mere fraction of the interest upon its actual cost. He made sundry trips to California and Florida and elsewhere, in a private palace-car, and was rather bored by the process. And finally he made up his mind one day that he would go to Europe, and he incontinently sailed on the following Saturday, from New York, for Havre.

Mr. Deane had been a widower for several years when that fickle jade, fortune, condescended to smile upon him. The wife of his youth had been a true helpmate to him in his days of poverty. She had kept his little home in perfect order, had cooked and washed and sewed for him untiringly, and then, before his labors had borne fruit in the way of solid cash, she had fallen ill of a

fever, and had died after an illness of a few weeks. And, when at last Mr. Deane began to reap the golden reward of his labors, his first thought was: "Now, if only Sarah were here to help me enjoy all this money." But Sarah was not there, and Mr. Deane had no thought of giving her a successor. He was in no sense a society man, so he was not brought into contact with the women of culture and education whose companionship he vaguely craved. Moreover, he was a very busy man, and had no time to go in search of the "not impossible she" that was the one element lacking to the late-won splendors of his life. He was a man well on the shady side of forty when he left the United States for France, and he had been a childless widower for over six years. His distant relatives—second cousins and the like, for he had no near relations—saw reason to congratulate themselves on his apparently fixed state of celibacy, and were wont to remark among themselves that "poor dear Cousin Josiah would never marry again." Probably such was Cousin Josiah's own conviction when, for the first time, he set foot in the gay capital of France and was dazzled by the splendors of Paris under the Second Empire.

His visit took place at the epoch of the Parisian Universal Exhibition of 1867. His hair-dye, built up in the shape of an imposing temple, all formed of bottles, with tresses of hair in all the shades produced by it tastefully woven into a shield-shaped device as the lintel of the temple's doorway, was much admired by the Parisians. Most of them took the capillary part of the exhibit to be a series of scalp-locks captured by the Indian ancestors of the inventor, or perhaps by that gentleman himself. But that was a mistake not unnatural on the part of people whose sole idea of the Americans of North America had been gained from the pages of the novels of Cooper and of Aimard. Mr. Deane, however, troubled himself but little about what the French people thought of him personally. They took to his hair-dye most kindly, and that was all that he wanted. He could not speak one word of the language, and he kept strictly out of the way of all French persons in general. He took his meals in the English restaurant of the Exhibition, went sight-seeing with an English valet at his heels, and in all ways comported himself like a true-born and patriotic American.

One day, being invited by an English friend to try some remarkably fine dry sherry on sale at one of the London bars of the Exhibition, Mr. Deane found himself face to face with one of the prettiest women he had ever seen in his life. The beauty of the British bar-maid is proverbial, and Lizzie Willis, who occupied the position of server-in-chief at the luncheon-counter in question, was a singularly lovely specimen of her class. Great dark eyes, cheeks like peaches, and a mouth like a ripe strawberry, a throat white and round as that of a dove, and a figure whose shapeliness might have been copied by a sculptor for a statue of Venus, made up a bewildering sum total of attractions. She was graceful in her movements and modest in her demeanor, and the musical tones of her soft low voice completed the captivation that had been begun by her beauty. At least, it did in the case of Josiah Deane. Before he had finished his glass of sherry, he was struck with an overwhelming admiration for the dazzling English girl, and he left the establishment, dazed and troubled as he had never been before by the intoxicating influence of the charms of a fair woman. He retained sufficient clear-headedness and prudence, however, to make all needful inquiries respecting the young lady's character and antecedents before making any confession of his sudden passion. The result was wholly satisfactory. In spite of the compromising nature of her occupation, Lizzie Willis was a good and honorable girl. She had only accepted the post in the refreshment-rooms at the Exhibition as a means of providing for an invalid mother, whom she entirely supported on her slender earnings, and she had always comported herself with so much dignity and modesty in her trying position as to win the respect of all her fellow-employés. One and all spoke of her in the highest terms. So, before the Exhibition had closed its doors, Miss Willis resigned her place, there was a quiet wedding at a mouldy old church near the British Museum in London, and the superb English beauty entered upon a new phase of life as the wife of an American millionaire.

As may well be imagined, Mrs. Deane's first aspirations in life were abundantly realized. She out-dressed and out-dazzled all her former friends and acquaintances. She accompanied her husband to the United

States, and quite lighted up the great opera-houses of the different cities with the splendor of her jewels and the gorgeousness of her truly British toilettes, which included green satin gowns trimmed with gold fringe, and crimson velvet robes bordered with ermine, and such like elegancies. Then she came back to Europe and made the grand tour of the Continent with her indulgent husband, always occupying the grandest suites of rooms in the largest and most expensive hotels, and startling her fellow-travelers with her sumptuous gowns and ornaments, as she had done Mr. Deane's fellow-citizens at home. But, after a while, she got tired of the commonplace glories of such a life. And, after the birth of a little daughter, which took place in Paris in the year succeeding her marriage, she decided to settle down and make a home for herself, a decision in which Mr. Deane was quite ready to acquiesce. He was delighted with the advent of his little daughter, his first-born child, and he was ready to do anything to further the wishes of the wife to whom he owed such an inestimable boon.

Now, Mrs. Deane, though her parents and relatives had been and were factory-hands in Yorkshire, was neither a wholly uneducated woman nor yet a fool: she was, on the contrary, possessed of a considerable amount of intelligence and of strength of character as well. During her travels, after her marriage, she had learned a good deal respecting society and its laws. She had become ambitious of a social position. She started to fit herself for her new station in real earnest. She took lessons from all sorts of masters, and watched with unceasing care over her pronunciation of the English language, being especially careful always to place her h's aright. She fitted up the elegant house she had induced her husband to purchase in Paris, with a taste which was the result of orders to the best upholsterers. She discarded her startling British gowns and sought for elegant attire at the first establishments of Paris, yielding strict obedience to the directions of their accomplished directors, though rather amazed that her millions bought her nothing more startling in the way of colors and trimmings than pale silver-grays and delicate lilacs, fine hand-embroideries and costly laces. She pined inwardly for her beloved greens and

crimsons, but was sufficiently wise to yield her own dictum in matters of taste to those that ruled the taste in dress of the civilized world. Thus she gradually emerged from her chrysalis a very dainty and exquisite butterfly of fashion.

But, unfortunately, all her efforts were of no avail: English and American society would have none of the ex-barmaid. The scent of the sandwiches and the draught-ale hung around her Worth dresses and her priceless diamonds, and pervaded like a subtle exhalation her gorgeous drawing-rooms, and lent a flavor to her most sumptuous dinners. She gave grand balls, the invitations to which were hawked about among all the English-speaking residents in Paris as ices are handed round on trays to the guests at a *soirée*. It was all in vain: the people that she wanted to come staid at home, and refrained from even paying their party-calls. The people that did come were those that had never had any social position, or who, once having had it, had forfeited it for serious reasons. A certain number of titled and fashionable Frenchmen did indeed accept her invitations; but they danced at her balls, and ate her suppers, and had her superb horses trotted out for their inspection when wearied of the mazes of the waltz and the german, finding that the cool seclusion of the stables afforded a pleasant change after the heat and heavy scents and impure air of the ball-rooms. But they never brought their sisters or mothers to call, and these superb entertainments advanced Mrs. Deane not one whit further in her upward climb toward the higher region of society than her dresses and diamonds had done.

She was a good deal puzzled as to what her next step should be. She tried very hard to induce Mr. Deane to purchase for himself a title. She had heard of American marquises gained by right of purchase, and she would not have objected in the least to becoming, by dint of sundry thousands of dollars judiciously invested, the Marchioness or perhaps even the Duchess Deane. But her husband, though the most indulgent of spouses, had prejudices, and he had a very strong one against bought titles in general and one for himself in particular. "No, Lizzie—no," he was wont to say, when his handsome wife besieged him with prayers

and coaxings to induce him to grant this request. "I'll buy anything else for you that you like—houses, horses, gowns, or gems—but a title I'll never pay down one dollar for. It would only make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world. It's nonsensical and un-American, and I'll have none of it. Cut me a sandwich as you used to do in the good old times, and let me hear no more about such an absurdity." This finale usually sent Mrs. Deane to her boudoir in tears; but all her lamentations and all her persuasions were powerless to change her husband's determination.

There was one card still left to her, and that one she resolved to play, and so warily and with such good effect that she was certain of winning with it the game she had been studying for so long. Alice Deane, her daughter and only child, was growing fast to womanhood. She was tall and fair and slender and graceful; not a dazzling beauty as her mother had been, but a sweet womanly girl of singular gravity and seriousness of character, inherited probably from the New England side of her paternal ancestry. She had been educated with the utmost care, and her expanding intellect gave promise of a brilliant degree of intelligence when her mental powers should have become fully developed. And, above all, and what was of more consequence than anything else in the eyes of European society, was the fact that she was sole heiress to her father's millions.

The Deane Hair-Dye would prove a stepping-stone, to win for the daughter of its inventor a position in any one of the proud old families of Europe. Mrs. Deane need not have exulted, as she did in secret, over the growing charms and accomplishments of her fair young daughter. The object that she had in view—namely, an alliance with some one of the leading families of the European aristocracy—could have been attained quite as well had Alice been a pig-faced female like the heroine of the old popular story, or a being as vicious as the American women that figure in recent specimens of American fiction, and which exist, we sincerely hope and trust, nowhere else. All that was needed to enable her to make a magnificent marriage was the wealth of her father—a good portion to be settled upon her at once, and the rest to become her own property hereafter: or rather, that of her titled husband,

whoever he might be. So Mrs. Deane felt, as she gazed at the girlish bloom and gentle graces of her charming daughter, that here at last she held in her grasp a certainty of success, so far as her social aspirations were concerned. The mother-in-law of a French duke or an English viscount of high degree and antique lineage could not well be ignored by European society in general, and by the American and English colonies in the various European capitals in particular. So

Mrs. Deane awaited with breathless eagerness the completion of her daughter's education and her subsequent introduction into society. She knew enough presentable people to make up quite a pretty little party on the occasion, and there were two or three match-making old ladies, one of them an American married to a French baron, who would be sure to be on the look-out for a titled husband for the new American heiress.

[END OF PART FIRST.]

## THE RIVER AND I.

BY EBENEZER REXFORD.

THE river goes drifting past me, on toward the  
great wide sea,  
Dallying here with the lilies, and there with the  
wind and bee;  
Whispering low to the rushes and reeds by the  
eddy's edge,  
Where the plover's nest is hidden deep in the  
cool green sedge:  
So, idle and aimless ever, it drifts to the great  
wide sea,  
And is lost at last in the ocean—and it is a type  
of me.

My life goes drifting on seaward, like a river,  
with the years,  
And it has so much of sunshine that there is  
need of tears;  
I am drifting idly onward, and I throw the  
hours away—  
For an hour is counted squandered if no good  
is done, they say:  
So, if I do nothing helpful to myself or those  
with me,  
My life will be counted a failure as it drifts to  
the unknown sea.

If the force in the idle river could be made to  
work for men,  
As it floats on to the ocean to come not back  
again,  
By turning the busy mill-wheel on its green  
and pleasant edge,  
Instead of its idle drifting past lily and reed  
and sedge,  
Then, as it neared the ocean and was merged  
in the mighty flood,  
They would say of the little river: "It has done  
the best it could."

I will rouse from my drifting and dreaming,  
a leaf on the tide of time;  
I will force the power within me to deeds  
which, if not sublime,  
Shall be something helpful and cheering to those  
I meet in the way;  
I will be no more like the river, but do what  
I can each day;  
And, when to the dear God's New World I drift  
o'er the great gray sea,  
Let "He did his best" be spoken by those who  
come after me.

## LIFE'S EVENTS.

THE various notes that make the perfect song  
Have each a different length: some full and  
strong  
And reaching up to an impassioned height,  
And others low and sweet, with not less might

Because the measure is filled out with silence; so  
With life's events, God's will marked out doth  
grow  
From passages of triumph and of pain  
Into the rounded sweetness of the finished strain.

## MADEMOISELLE DE SCUDÉRY.

BY MRS. IMOGEN B. OAKLEY.

THROWN by the circumstances of her birth among the bourgeoisie, and by her talents into the cultivated circle of the Hotel de Rambouillet, Madeleine de Scudéry was familiar with every degree and phase of French society.

The Scudéries claimed noble blood; but, unfortunately, the loftiest pedigree cannot be relied upon to produce business capacity, and Madeleine's father, dying in his daughter's early childhood, left a widow and two children to contend against a poverty caused wholly by his own mismanagement. Madame de Scudéry, from whom her children evidently inherited their talent, devoted herself to them with such self-forgetful care that she died before either one had shown any indication of future celebrity.

Through the patronage of a friend, the boy, George, secured a commission in the army, while Madeleine was adopted by an uncle living in Normandy. This kind guardian soon observed the lively imagination and excellent memory of his ward, and, being an educated man in easy circumstances, lost no time in putting her under the care of the best masters. She learned with avidity all that was deemed suitable for a girl of her rank in life, profiting largely, all the time, by her daily intercourse with the little coterie of educated men who frequented her uncle's house.

Just as she reached womanhood, the sudden death of her uncle made her once more homeless and penniless.

Her brother, in the meantime, had left the army and established himself in Paris, where, owing more to the patronage of Richelieu than to his own ability, he had acquired some little reputation as a poet and a dramatist. He invited Madeleine to share his home, and she was soon domiciled in the Rue de Beance, a short street still in existence. That she might be able to bear her part of the expenses of their humble household, she endeavored to assist in the literary work. Together the brother and sister wrote

romances, which happily struck the public fancy and became immensely popular. George, whose inventive faculty was wonderfully fertile, furnished the adventures and situations, which he left his sister to clothe in words and embellish with conversations, portraits, and sentiment. George was proud of his sister's ability and boasted of it no little, as well he might, for it was plainly her share of their joint labor that touched the popular heart; but he was a severe taskmaster, and kept her constantly at work.

"She had a strange patience," wrote one of her friends, "and I can scarcely comprehend how she was able to bear all she did."

Her life with her uncle had given Madeleine an ardent love for society, and, whenever she could elude her brother's vigilance, she would slip off for a draught of its forbidden pleasures. Madame de Rambouillet bade the unfriended girl warmly welcome to her salon, in which abode of witty conversation and polite society she soon became a favorite.

The interest taken by Madame de Rambouillet in the fortunes of the Scudéries secured for George an excellent Government position in Marseilles. Madeleine remained in Paris—her own mistress at last. She entered eagerly into all the diversions of society, passing her time in promenades, visits, and evening parties; yet, strange to say, with no diminution of her literary activity. No one ever saw her at work; no one could tell when she wrote; yet she poured forth volume after volume, to the astonishment of her friends and the admiration of the public.

After the close of the Hotel de Rambouillet, she threw open her own modest little house as a rallying-place for the dispersed précieuses.

"Mademoiselle de Scudéry has taken Saturday to receive her friends," says one of the numerous memoir-writers of the time. "She is then at home to the literati, trained like herself in the school of Madame de Rambouillet, welcoming with them other



men of letters, less celebrated perhaps, but still estimable, together with many ladies, *bourgeoise* it is true, but rich and spirituelle."

Mademoiselle de Scudéry's many verbose romances have fallen into an oblivion so profound that it is useless to recall even their names, the only one ever spoken of being "Cyrus the Great," her longest and most ambitious work. In it, she has given us a veritable portrait-gallery of the seventeenth century. Under fictitious names, she has described the persons and adventures of all those famous men and women who adorned the society of that brilliant epoch. Though the names of persons and places were supplied by her own fertile fancy, the portraits were too true to be easily mistaken, and we can imagine the interest that was awakened as volume after volume appeared, full of these thinly disguised personalities. It became a guarantee of social position to be mentioned in the book, and we read that many persons offered Mademoiselle de Scudéry heavy bribes in order that their names might not be forgotten. It is needless to say that she rejected such offers contemptuously, for, to a keen sense of honor, she united the whim of never speaking of her books nor allowing them to be mentioned to her.

In thus delineating the celebrities of her age, Mademoiselle de Scudéry did not forget herself. She had a great difficulty to surmount in this task, for all heroines must be beautiful, while she was unmistakably homely and fully aware of the fact, as is shown in the following little quatrain, which she addressed to the artist Nanteuil, to whom she had sat for a portrait:

"Nanteuil, your genius and skill

Are facts that no one can disprove—

For the eyes which I hate in my mirror,

Your picture has taught me to love."

It is interesting to observe, therefore, how she speaks of herself, which she does under the name of Sappho.

"When I say that you would have heard Sappho spoken of as one of the most charming women of Greece, you must not understand that she was a great beauty, or that it was impossible for the eye of envy to detect a fault. Sappho's chief claim to beauty lay in her eyes"—she was evidently looking at Nanteuil's portrait, instead of her mirror—"for they were so brilliant and full of fire

that one could scarcely support their gaze. Sappho had, moreover, an oval face, a pretty mouth, and hands so beautiful that hearts were but as playthings in their grasp—hands worthy of a daughter of the muses, and fit to cull the choicest flowers of Parnassus."

She speaks of her mental gifts in much the same strain.

"At the age of twelve, Sappho's esprit and judgment were the astonishment of her friends. What she could not understand could be understood by no one. There is nothing that she does not know."

Strange as it may seem to our ideas, such warm self-laudation did not seem indelicate to either Madeleine or her friends. Ladies of the highest rank and virtue were accustomed thus to draw their own portraits and descant freely upon the beauties of their minds and persons.

The popularity of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romances spread to London, for Pepys records in his diary that his wife, on one occasion, was deeply absorbed in the fascinating pages of "Cyrus."

Notwithstanding her grandiloquent style, which was a fault of the age, Mademoiselle de Scudéry was a woman of the simplest manners. She was kind, sympathetic, and generous to a fault. When, in 1671, she received the prize for eloquence from the French Academy, her many female friends testified their love by presenting her with a laurel wreath exquisitely wrought in gold.

A constant guest at the "Saturdays" was Madame Cornuel, a wealthy *bourgeoise*, whose witticisms were widely quoted. She had once been deputed to find a tutor for the family of a friend living in the country; he was to be handsome, learned, witty, modest, well-bred, and of excellent family. She wrote, shortly after: "I am still on the lookout for such a man as you describe, and, when I find him, I shall—marry him!"

Mademoiselle de Scudéry early announced her intention of remaining single, and she adhered to her resolution to the end of her life. It was no dislike of men that caused this decision, but, as she said herself—with a vivid remembrance, doubtless, of her brother's rule—she never could reconcile herself to the thought of losing her liberty.

She died in 1701, having recorded the doings of French society for nearly one hundred years.

## THROUGH AN ACCIDENT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



LITTLE Edna Blake had been over to see Mrs. Mozier and carry a package of toys to the old body's lame grandchild.

Edna was not in the least like the preternaturally good children in books, who delight in self-sacrifice and beg to give away their dinners to poor people; but she was a generous open-hearted small creature, all the same. She hugely enjoyed a visit to the quaint brown house, for Mrs. Mozier could tell wonderful stories about things that happened early in the century, being almost as old. Then, too, she recollected Edna's great-grandfather—which seemed a marvelous thing—and had many interesting incidents to relate in regard to intervening generations of Blakes who had been dust and ashes years ago.

It was a gorgeous December morning; the snow in the lane crunched delightfully under her feet, and Edna danced along, singing from very lightness of heart.

As she reached the high-road, she saw a big old-fashioned "carry-all" approaching; for, though the snow lay thick in the lane, the turnpike offered no inducement for using a sleigh.

"That's Mr. Bentham's carry-all," thought Edna; "it can't be the old gentleman—he'd never let Matthew drive so fast! If Carl Medway were staying at the house, I should know it was he."

On came the vehicle; a handsome young man looked out from under the half-raised curtain, and a cheery voice called:

"Stop, Matthew! Why, Edna, is that you?"

"It is Carl!" cried the little girl, clapping her hands joyfully. "Oh, when did you come? I am so glad! And where are you going? Oh, Carl, Flossie has four such beautiful puppies—you shall have one—and grandma says—"

By this time, the carriage had stopped; the young fellow sprang out, gave Edna a hearty hug, and lifted her into the back seat.

"You can tell me all your news at your leisure," he said; "I am going over to your house."

"Oh, grandma will be so pleased and so surprised. Why, we didn't dream of your being at your uncle's."

"I only got there last night, and am obliged to go back to the city to-day."

"Oh! that is too bad."

"Yes; but it's useless to waste time in laments, little woman," he rejoined, with a laugh and a sigh. "Is the grandmother well?"

"Oh, quite well; she'll be so glad to see you."

"I suppose she has visitors? she usually has at this season."

"There's nobody there yet, but—"

"Nobody?" he interrupted, with a ring of impatient unbelief in his voice.

"Except Miss Phillips; but, of course, she don't count as a visitor—she's been there for a couple of months. Oh, she's lovely, Carl; such a pretty name, too—Landrey—isn't it, and so odd?"

"Landrey Phillips," the young man repeated softly, lingering over the syllables as if they possessed some subtle sweetness for him.

"Did you know she was at our house?" Edna questioned.

"Not till my uncle told me, last evening," Medway answered, a sudden flush rising in his olive cheeks, while his brown eyes shone with an eager light.

"Why, you used to be acquainted with her—I'd forgot!" cried Edna. "You met her at Colney Springs, one summer."

"Pray, how did you happen to know that, you small witch?" he asked. "Yes, I met her; but—but I dare say she has forgotten all about me."

"No," Edna asserted, shaking her head. "That's how I knew you used to be acquainted! Grandma was speaking of you one day, and she said she had met you; I've often talked about you since."

"And—and what did she say?"

"Not much—nothing, I think," Edna admitted, after an instant's cogitation; "but she always listens! Oh, of course, she liked you; grandma says no woman could help it."

"Well, that's good to hear, at all events," Medway replied, with a merry laugh in which Edna joined. He drew a deep breath; there was a look of infinite content and yet infinite eagerness in his handsome face. "Now tell me everything about your doings! In a little while, I can ask Miss Landrey Phillips herself whether—whether she likes me. How did it come about that I found you standing alone at the head of the lane, like a second Red Riding-hood?"

"Why, I drove over in the dog-cart with James; he had to go to the village. I've been to see old Mrs. Mozier and her granddaughter—don't you remember Lena?"

"Oh, yes! So you're doing the little Sister of Charity this morning!"

"No, no, please don't!" pleaded Edna. "Oh, how you used to tease me when I was a tiny mite, and call me that just because I divided the playthings you gave me with Lena Mozier. Grandma taught me; she says it's the way to be happy—to share with other people—and she knows! Only, Carl, I can't make up my mind to give away my dolls—I really can't!"

"Sacrifice must stop somewhere," he said, lightly. "Well, tell me about the pony and the puppies—oh, and how is blessed Aunt Betty, the housekeeper?"

Edna began to talk very fast; but, though Carl Medway nodded his head, smiled, and uttered appropriate exclamations now and then, his eyes wore an absent dreamy expression which showed plainly that his thoughts were elsewhere.

He was going over every incident of his acquaintance with Landrey Phillips, from the evening they first met, nearly eighteen months before. He had fallen in love with her the moment he saw her at the quiet watering-place where she had come with her invalid step-mother.

The entire period that the pair were thrown together had barely covered the space of five weeks; but, residing in the same hotel, they saw each other almost constantly each day, and two imaginative young persons can live a great deal in five weeks.

Medway was called unexpectedly away, and, during their hurried parting in the pres-

ence of indifferent acquaintances, he had no opportunity, if he had meant to do so, to utter a word which might tell her of his love. But indeed it is doubtful if he would have spoken, for, though only four-and-twenty, he entertained very old-fashioned ideas of duty. He was not even in business for himself, and, while earning a liberal salary, he had at that time claims on him in the shape of dependent relatives. As he could not marry then, he would not have considered it right to ask any girl to bind herself to wait for a future so uncertain as his to become a reality.

He had, however, invented an excuse for writing to Miss Phillips, and she answered his letter. He had written again, and so a not too frequent correspondence was established between them. But, during the last three months, he had heard nothing. Two of his letters remained unacknowledged, and he could only suffer and wonder whether caprice had caused her silence, or whether, carefully as he had tried to write, he might have offended her by some unconscious betrayal of his true feelings.

In the midst of this trouble and heart-ache, unexpected changes had come into his life. An opportunity offered for him to go into business in California, with a certainty of such success that he must in a few years realize, if not great wealth, at least a comfortable fortune even for our expensive days. In order to complete his arrangements, it had been necessary to sell some land he owned in Michigan, and an opportunity to do this presented itself just at the time he needed the money, as often happens to young men in novels, and not unseldom in real life, when fate chances to feel kindly disposed.

His uncle, Homer Bentham—the most crotchety of hypochondriac old bachelors—who lived in the heart of one of Pennsylvania's picturesque valleys, was part owner of the land. First, this cross-grained hermit's consent to sell had to be obtained, and, though for years he had been grumbling because he could not, it was difficult to bring him to the point; but, after many tedious delays, Carl had succeeded in settling the matter.

On the previous evening, he had arrived by appointment at his relative's house, and the crabbed recluse had actually signed the deed, though it required an hour and a half, after he took up the pen, to persuade him to do so.

Medway's future was secure, and he at liberty now to seek Landrey Phillips and tell her of his love. Just before bed-time, he discovered that she was actually living in the neighborhood. He had been asking news of his little pet Edna and his old friend Mrs. Blake—about the only person in the township whom the misanthrope ever honored with a visit.

"They are both well," Mr. Bentham replied. "Edna stopped in to see me not long ago; she had a new governess with her—very nice, for a girl, she seemed. I used to know her father; he was a fool, was John Phillips, but I fancy the daughter takes after her mother—has the same name, too—Landrey."

Carl absolutely jumped.

"Did you say Landrey Phillips?" he cried.

"Yes. Don't shout so! Edna said you'd met her. The step-mother died suddenly—she lived on an annuity. I didn't ask questions—I remembered. Of course, the girl hadn't a penny; lucky to get with Mrs. Blake—she's a very decent old woman."

Further inquiries were ruthlessly cut short; he scolded Carl for keeping him up so far beyond his usual hour, and retired to his chamber.

The young fellow spent a sleepless night; he was too full of excitement and seeing too many beautiful visions to waste time in slumber. This morning, he had started to find Landrey. He could not help being hopeful—nay, almost confident of success. Destiny must have arranged everything; she could not have brought about such unexpected possibilities of happiness merely to turn cruel at the last. So he had set forth on his drive in a state of such blissful anticipation that the whole world looked glorified. As an additional pleasure, he had encountered his little favorite and—

But he must learn more about Landrey Phillips. At first, he had heard his voice tremble so when he pronounced her name that he feared his agitation would be apparent even to this child of ten; but he could control himself sufficiently now to speak of her with apparent calmness.

"How did you expect to get home?" he asked, abruptly.

"Oh, I meant to walk down to Mrs. Beaumont's, and grandma and Miss Phillips were to stop for me when they go to drive. I'm

so, so glad I met you! I can see Alice Beaumont any day, but you can't be got at so easily," Edna explained, in her usual voluble fashion.

"You are the most delightful small woman in the world, and the best!" Carl averred.

"I don't know. I'm pretty bad sometimes," Edna replied, in a doubtful tone. "But I like you—and so does grandma."

"A sure proof that you and grandma must be epitomes of all that is charming," Carl said. "But your—Miss Landrey Phillips—she never admits that you are bad, does she?"

"Oh, nobody could be bad before her—she's so lovely!" cried Edna. "Why, it makes me good just to be with her! Sometimes I'm afraid I'm horrid deceitful, I behave so much better with her than with the others."

"You over-conscientious mite!" laughed Carl. "Then I suppose doing lessons with her is a pleasure."

"Yes, indeed; though she makes me study them thoroughly," rejoined Edna, with one of her wise little nods. "But then she can explain things so clearly that they seem easy—oh, there never was anybody like her for that."

"Why, what a fortunate young princess you are, to have had such a pearl of an instructress sent your way," Carl said, with another happy laugh.

"Only it makes me shiver to think what will become of me when she goes," sighed Edna; "and, of course, she can't stay teaching me forever."

"Of course not!" Medway echoed, in a positive tone.

"But she won't go yet—she has promised. She is very fond of grandma, and, while she is in mourning, maybe we can coax her to stay," Edna went on. "But so many people are all the while inviting her, and she wants to travel in Europe, and—"

"But how would she manage that?" Carl interrupted.

"Good gracious, can't she go anywhere she likes?" demanded Edna. "If only grandma were younger, she'd like to go—oh, that would be delightful! What I shall do when Landrey does leave us, I can't think! Of course, no real governess could seem like her—and school would be dreadful."

"What do you mean by a real governess?"

Carl asked. "Isn't Miss Phillips real enough?"

"Oh, yes; it is only the governess part that's make-believe—don't you understand?"

"Not in the least," he answered, impatiently. "You said she was a wonderful teacher."

"So she is; but helping me just to have a pretense, as she says, for not feeling herself idle and useless, is a different thing from being a governess for the money."

"All the same, I suppose the money is very acceptable," said Carl, with a puzzled air.

Edna burst into a peal of merry laughter.

"It sounds so funny!" she cried. "Why, Miss Phillips has more than she knows what to do with—she could build a palace if she liked—don't you know?"

"I don't!" Medway exclaimed, sharply. "Money—"

"Lots and lots! Why, she's a great heiress! You hadn't heard that from your uncle?"

"I hadn't heard that," Carl replied, in an odd choked voice.

"Oh, dear, yes," Edna hurried on. "About the time her step-mother died, some relative in South America left her—oh, I don't know how much—hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"Hundreds and hundreds of thousands?" Carl repeated, in the same stifled voice.

"After all, very likely grandma said nothing to your uncle—Landrey hates to have her money talked about," Edna observed, "and Mr. Bentham never sees people—he might as well live in a cave, for all he knows about his neighbors."

"Ah!" shivered Medway. "Well?"

"Oh, about Landrey? Why, she and grandma got acquainted when we were in Washington last spring, and she agreed to be my real governess—for she knew her step-mother couldn't live long—and she was poor then—you know?"

A queer inarticulate sound in Medway's throat was all the response the child could wait for, in her eagerness to continue her recital.

"So, when the money was left her and her step-mother died, she came to us, all the same. She and grandma had grown such friends—and Landrey said she was so lonely! And she is very happy with us—she says so! Maybe we'll manage to keep near her—grandma would go almost anywhere to do that."

Carl Medway sat staring straight before him with white face and strained eyes, while the little girl poured out her confidences.

"An heiress!" he was thinking. "And I meant to ask her to marry me—to share my home out on the Pacific coast! Of course, she'd have supposed I came because I had heard she was rich—how she would have despised me! I am saved that shame, anyhow; but—but— Oh, if anybody's heart could break in these days, I should think mine was breaking!"

Edna's voice sounded gayly in his ear; the sun shone; the air was soft and still; earth and sky made a picture of beauty and peace—and he sitting there with his dream-world in ruins at his feet!

It was so sudden, and only last night his cherished hope had seemed so near the possibility of fulfillment; for she had cared a little—she must have done so—and he should win his happiness. All was over; his dream was dead; life itself looked so, in the first horrible bitterness of the unexpected blow.

They had reached the top of a high hill which commanded a view for miles and miles over the wintry landscape glorified by the morning sun. At the foot, two roads intersected the turnpike. The one to the right led to Mrs. Blake's house, the gabled roofs of which were visible in the distance among the trees. The road to the left made a short cut to the station, while the turnpike led through the little village.

A feathery spray of blue smoke curled slowly up above the railway-track that ran away below across the meadow-lands; a whistle sounded faintly through the still air. Old Matthew turned in his seat and said:

"You'd have been in time for the half-past eleven express, Mr. Carl, if ye'd wanted to catch it."

"What time will the next pass?" Carl asked.

"Not till half-past three—no, four," said Matthew.

"That will be too late!" Medway cried, with a despairing ring in his voice which fairly startled both listeners. "Matthew, drive right down to the station—I must catch the express."

"Oh, Carl, Carl!" moaned Edna.

"Don't say a word, child!" he exclaimed, with smothered violence. "I can't go to the house—I can't!"

"Oh, Carl, Carl!" Edna repeated, then stopped, afraid of teasing him, and indeed so stunned by this sudden change in affairs that she could not even ask questions or express her sorrow.

"Go ahead, Matthew!" Carl cried, authoritatively. "Get to the station as quick as you can."

"There's plenty of time," the old man answered. "You'll have nigh half an hour to wait. It's all up grade from Turner's, and the train is only getting there now. I'm going to let the beasts blow a minute—this hill is a hard pull, I tell you."

"Oh, can't you wait, Carl—can't you?" Edna could not help asking once more.

"No, no; don't cry, child—don't, please!" he exclaimed. "I've just remembered something—I must catch the train. Don't tease me, Edna—don't!"

"I won't, I won't!" she replied, choking down her sobs.

"Good child—dear Edna!" he said, patting her shoulder. Afraid to trust himself to speak further, he began pulling out of his overcoat pocket some letters which he had written on the previous night.

"You want to mail those?" Edna said.

"Yes; but I haven't time to drive by the village—Matthew will go back that way, and you can drop them in the office for me, like the good little fairy you are."

"I will," Edna answered, turning away her head to wipe her eyes.

Medway was looking at his letters; they were all on matters of business except one, which he had left unsealed. That was addressed to his sole confidential friend, telling of the delightful discovery which had awaited him on his arrival at his uncle's house—of the visit he meant to make in the morning.

"I will scribble another line after it is over," he had written: "you shall hear what my fate is."

He drew the letter from the envelope and glanced at that paragraph. His heart seemed searing under the touch of white-hot iron; his head rang as if a score of great bells were pealing through it.

He took his pencil and hastily scrawled a few paragraphs in the blank space on the last page, then he put the sheet back into the wrapper.

Matthew gave the word to the horses, and

they soon reached the foot of the hill. Carl glanced down at the little girl with her tearful eyes and her sorrowful mouth.

"Don't mind, Edna," he said; "try not to mind—I shall come back, you know."

"But it may be a long while first!" she sighed.

"You're such a good little thing, to be sorry," he said, dreadingly.

"Grandma will be, too!" said Edna.

"Oh, tell her I was very, very sorry that I could not call," he rejoined, rousing himself to try and make some civil-sounding speech; "very sorry, and—oh, give her all sorts of good wishes from me."

"And what shall I tell Landrey—Miss Phillips?" questioned Edna, with a fresh sob in her voice.

"Ah, L—Miss Phillips? Oh, it is so long since we met that I dare say she has forgotten—"

"She never forgets anybody!"

"Well, well, if she is good enough to ask about me, you will give her my compliments," he answered, with a bitter laugh.

The carriage drew up at the station platform just as the coming train rounded the nearest curve.

"We've hit it exactly!" Matthew exclaimed, exultantly, as he got out of the wagon and pulled Medway's valise from under the front seat. "You'll just have time comfortably to get your ticket."

"Oh, Carl, Carl—it is too, too bad!" moaned Edna, flinging her arms about his neck. "But you will come back in the spring, won't you? You always come then."

"Oh, we have lots of springs before us," he said, quickly. "Good-bye now, little one—you're the dearest child in the world. Good-bye."

"The letters, Carl!" cried Edna. "Oh! here they are, on the seat. I'll put them in the box myself."

He freed himself from her embrace and hurried off, with another brief farewell.

"I'll start before the train comes, Miss Edna," said Matthew; "the horses never will get used to a ingine: it's the only thing that ever scares them."

The old man had several errands in the village, so he left Edna at the post-office while he transacted them. The little girl put the letters into the box with scrupulous care and then walked about the office,

trying to distract her mind from her late disappointment. Old Mrs. Welcome, the post-mistress, sold stationery, and Edna remembered that her grandmother wanted mucilage.

She had left her purse in her satchel, in the carriage; she went out and climbed into the back seat in search of it. She perceived a letter lying among the buffalo-robos.

"How lucky I saw it!" she thought. "I remember now there were four. How careless of me!"

As she climbed down, she stumbled; the letter dropped from her hand and fell into the horse-trough close by. Edna gave a little shriek of dismay and snatched it; but the envelope was so wet that all she could do was to tear it off and put the letter in her pocket—her grandmother would re-direct it and make her excuses to Carl.

It was one o'clock when Matthew deposited Edna at home. She found her grandmother and Miss Phillips at the luncheon-table, and with them a couple of guests. She explained how it happened that she had not gone to wait at Mrs. Beaumont's, and her grandmother was loud in her expressions of regret at having missed a sight of Carl.

"Couldn't possibly come on?" she asked. "He might have taken the four-o'clock train, I should think."

"But he couldn't wait—he decided that all in a hurry," Edna explained. "Oh! and he sent ever so many good wishes to you, grandma."

"He's the dearest, best boy in the world!" cried the old lady. And the two visitors, both of whom lived in the neighborhood, joined in her epcomiums; but Miss Phillips spoke no word.

"We were talking about him only the other day, Landrey," observed Mrs. Blake, turning toward her. "You liked him, too."

The stately young lady whom she addressed had scarcely opened her lips since Edna's entrance. Had her companions been looking at her, they might have seen her grow scarlet, then pale, at the mention of Carl Medway's name; but, by the time the hostess attracted attention to her, Miss Phillips had regained her composure.

"I liked him very much," she replied, quietly.

"Did you tell him Miss Phillips was visiting us, Edna?" Mrs. Blake asked.

"Oh, he knew it already—from his uncle," Edna explained. "He seemed so pleased; he wanted to see her."

"Was that his message?" demanded her grandmother, laughing.

"Oh, no! He said very likely she had forgotten all about him; but I told him she had not: so he said, if she inquired, I was to give her his compliments," Edna rejoined, volubly.

"Well, he was a wretch, not to come and see us!" observed Mrs. Blake, as she rose from the table. "Landrey, you must get your bonnet on. If we are to drive to Gray's Hill with Mrs. Ashton and Jane, we ought to start at once. Edna, you've had driving enough for one day. Oh, the Peters children will be here by and by, so you'll not miss us. Mind you don't set the house on fire or do any other terrible mischief in our absence."

Edna's small friends soon arrived, and, as they did not leave until dusk, she was too much occupied to remember the letter she had picked up. Indeed, if she had done so, she would have found no opportunity to mention the matter to her grandmother or Miss Phillips, as the five-o'clock train brought several guests; and the two ladies were, of course, engaged during the entire evening.

It was late when Landrey Phillips went to her own rooms and sat down by the open fire, to rest and meditate before she began to undress. Very lovely she looked, in her soft creamy-white gown, with her delicate complexion, clear-cut features, and rather melancholy mouth. A physiognomist would only have needed a single glance to decide that Landrey Phillips was no ordinary character. Although but one-and-twenty, she had borne cares and responsibilities which early developed her into a strong self-reliant woman. Life had in many ways been hard on her. Almost the sole bright spot in the memories of the past few years had been those weeks spent at Colney Springs, and they had owed their charm to Carl Medway's society.

With the reticence of a nature like hers, she had never admitted to herself that she loved the handsome young fellow, with his earnest eyes, his poetical talk, his high hopes and aspirations. During these last three months, however, since fortune had

so unexpectedly come to her, she had looked forward with vague restless eagerness to the spring, which she knew would bring him into the neighborhood. They had told her that he always paid his uncle a yearly visit—and perhaps, half unconsciously, this certainty formed one of the inducements which decided her to accept Mrs. Blake's invitation for the winter.

Landrey sat pondering over the oddity of Carl Medway's conduct, in not coming to the house that morning. To get so near, then suddenly decide it was absolutely imperative he should catch the noon train! And Edna was to give her his compliments, if—if she asked about him! It was all very, very strange—inexplicable.

For some time past, she had been surprised that he sent her no tidings. In the anxiety and constant occupation of the closing weeks of her step-mother's life, she found no leisure to answer a letter she received from him, telling her that he had removed from Philadelphia to New York. When she was able to write, she discovered that she had mislaid his epistle and could not remember his new address.

Soon after her arrival at Mrs. Blake's house, she learned that his uncle lived in the neighborhood, though it was a good while before she saw him. She got Carl's address, however, and wrote her letter, which received no reply; it never reached Medway, but she could not know that.

There seemed no reason to assign for his silence, unless it might be that he had found new and engrossing interests, and so could give no time to a merely friendly correspondence. It was the bitterness this thought roused which showed Landrey how deep an impression Carl Medway had made on her heart. These last weeks had held much secret pain and mortification, but she was too brave to call life barren because a half-developed hope was never to find fruition.

"He did not care for me," was her reflection, as she sat by the fire. "Well, I could have cared—but I must learn to forget that! It was pleasant, though, when this fortune came, to think it might—might— Oh, well, Landrey Phillips, you have done with visions—it would be too silly and weak to waste time grieving over what might have been if everything had been different! He did not care—and I thought he did—that's all! It is not

his fault that he couldn't; it is no shame to me that I did—and I won't be ashamed, any more than I will make myself idiotic and wretched because my dream ended as dreams must—in waking."

She rose and began to prepare for bed. Her dressing-room was next to Edna's bedroom, and, as usual, she peeped in to make sure the little girl was sleeping quietly. Edna had a horror of the dark, and her grandmother, like a sensible woman, allowed her to have a night-lamp. There was light enough to show clearly the sweet face on the pillow, and Landrey stood for a few instants gazing at the child to whom she had become warmly attached.

As she turned to go, her fastidious taste was disturbed by the sight of Edna's jacket and hat lying on a chair.

"That is the fault of the careless new chambermaid," she thought. "Such a bad example for Edna—the things have been left there ever since she came home from the station."

Afraid to disturb the sleeper by opening the wardrobe, Landrey carried the coat into her dressing-room. As she shook the thick garment preparatory to hanging it up in her orderly fashion, a folded sheet of paper fell out of one of the pockets.

"Her French translation," thought Landrey; "she must have meant to give it to me as she went out this morning, and forgot it. I may as well look it over; it's too good an excuse for staying up awhile longer to be neglected—and I'm not a bit sleepy."

She heaved a sigh, sat down in an easy-chair by her writing-table, and again fell into deep and painful reverie, from which the clock roused her by striking one. Landrey started, indulged in a little mental self-reproach, then, just to get away from thought for a moment, she unfolded the sheet and began to read.

The opening lines riveted her attention; she saw her own name; she recognized Carl Medway's writing. Before she realized what she was doing, her eye had glanced over the pages:

"Imagine—try to—what I felt when I found that Landrey Phillips was living in the neighborhood. Since her step-mother's death, she has had to earn her living—is a governess. My dyspeptic old uncle could tell me so much; he had even seen her once or



twice. It is a comfort to know she has been with so kind a woman as her present employer. Only fancy, if Mrs. Blake had not been an old friend—the very first person I inquired about—I might have gone away without even learning that Landrey was in the neighborhood.

"Oh, how confusedly I tell it all—no matter! Do you wonder that I take finding her near as a good omen? I told you I knew there must be some reason for her silence—well, I shall learn it to-morrow! And to discover her now, just when the change in my position gives me, from a worldly point of view, a right to say to her: 'I have loved you from the first moment we met! I was very poor then—I could not ask you to bind yourself; but now—now—'

"How crazy it sounds—never mind! You may laugh, but you will sympathize with me just the same. Oh, if only she can learn to care! And she will—she must—our meeting again is the work of destiny! I shall leave the envelope open—either way, you shall hear the result of my visit."

Much of the letter Landrey Phillips had read before she in the least recollected that she was examining a paper not meant for her inspection. When this reflection came, another quickly succeeded. No ordinary rule of action could possess any weight in a case like this. Not meant for her? Oh, yes—it was her right to read. This was indeed the work of destiny.

And, on the outer page, she found the half-illegible lines Carl Medway had scribbled in the first moment of his despairing determination to go away at once:

"It is all over. She is rich—a great heiress. I can't even see her; I could not hold my tongue if I did; and she would despise me. Don't you see? I come here: I find she has inherited a fortune: and I tell her of my love. Of course, no human being could believe I had not been influenced by the discovery.

"That bat of an uncle of mine has heard Mrs. Medway say that Miss Phillips taught

Edna—so took it for granted that she was the governess.

"Oh, it is all over—I am off to catch the train; I shall start for California within the week; I can't come to see you. Good-bye."

The next morning, when Edna woke, she saw Miss Phillips standing by her bed, looking pretty and happy enough to have served a painter as a model for Aurora.

"This letter dropped out of your coat-pocket, my dear," Landrey said, holding up the folded sheet.

"Oh, it is Carl's! I forgot it!" cried Edna. "You see, he had several to post; he asked me to leave them at the office as I came back. Oh, dear! it was very careless of me—but you were at luncheon, and then the girls came, and it never entered my head. And the envelope was all wet—"

"There was none," Miss Phillips said.

"Oh, I remember: I put it in another pocket, for fear it would spoil the letter!" cried Edna. "That dreadful trough, just in the way—set there, I should think, to drown people!"

Then she explained the disaster, upbraided herself anew, and burst into fresh wonderment and regret over Carl Medway's abrupt departure.

"He changed so quick—he had been so full of fun," she went on. "And he looked so pale; he scribbled something in one of his letters with a pencil, and his hand shook till he could hardly write. Oh, I'm afraid, too, he'll think I was horribly careless. And really it wasn't my fault—I stumbled."

"There, there, my dear—don't be troubled; it shall all be explained," Miss Phillips said, giving her a kiss. "Here comes Martha. I'll attend to the letter myself."

This was the telegram which, a few hours later, lifted Carl Medway out of the night of despair into the broad sunshine of hope and happiness:

"Through an accident, a letter you finished the morning you left here has fallen into my hands. Will you come for it?"

LANDREY PHILLIPS."

## OUR DEEDS.

We die not at all, for our deeds remain—  
To crown with honor or mar with shame;  
VOL. XCVII—5.

Through endless sequence of years to come,  
Our lives shall speak when our lips are dumb.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE CHAMOIS-SKIN.

BY ANNIE CURD.

VERY many of the wide-awake ambitious housekeepers and home-makers of the present century realize what an important adjunct the smooth soft chamois-skin is to the silver-closet, in keeping bright and untarnished the family plate. Every cleaning-drawer should contain two of these skins, one with which to apply the powder, and another to give the polish or lustre.

In washing windows and mirrors, the chamois-skin is invaluable, and to its merits every cleaner who has ever tried it can testify. Its use has become so general that, in the cities and large towns, women who make a business of house-cleaning carry with them their own chamois-skins.

It is not only a convenience and help to them, but also a relief to the housekeeper, who in olden times was expected to make frequent raids upon her half-worn sheets and pillow-cases. So unyielding were these demands oftentimes, that, at the close of the annual spring cleaning, there scarcely remained enough old linen in the house to dress a boil or tie up a wounded finger. We frequently see, in the advice-columns of the newspapers and magazines of the day, the oft-repeated question, asked by some woman who is forced from circumstances or choice to do her own housework, and who yet has a pardonable pride in her appearance: "How can I keep my hands soft and white?"

Almost invariably comes the answer: "Sleep in old kid gloves after an application of glycerine, lemon-juice, oatmeal-water, or buttermilk."

Now, everybody who has ever tried this "remedy" will remember waking with a very uncomfortable feeling of numbness about the hands. This discomfort can be avoided—and yet the end be obtained—by wearing gloves or mitts made of the pliable chamois.

Cut with one seam only. On the back, make them just long enough to cover the

hands, sloping them out in the palms until they are only a little longer than mitts. Cut two oval openings and insert the thumbs. A pair of these gloves will be found excellent for sweeping-purposes, as they are very easy to draw off and on—no inconsiderable item, to a busy woman. Another recommendation of the chamois gloves is that they can be washed as well as a piece of white cotton cloth.

Dame fashion, in a capricious mood, planned other and more artistic uses for the chamois than merely the everyday use of this material in brightening our silver, polishing our mirrors, softening and whitening our hands, and keeping clear and clean the plate-glass in our windows. In this soft skin, the clever wielders of pen, pencil, and brush find an inexhaustible field for the exercise of their talents, and many beautiful designs have been the result of their experiments.

A lovely gift recently made to a bride on her wedding-day was a toilet-set fashioned out of chamois-skin. The cushion, a large square one, was covered with lavender silk. Over this was placed corner-wise a square of chamois, on which was painted a great bunch of yellow and purple pansies. The edges were pinked, and peeping from under the scollops was a full quilling of lavender satin ribbon. The perfume-bottles were also covered with similar material appropriately decorated with the same lovely flower. The edges of the skin, pinked and finely perforated, were run with ribbon of a lavender tint, which was tied in an artistic bow at the neck of the bottles.

Very pretty handkerchief-cases are sometimes made of chamois. Cut a piece nine by eighteen inches; pink the edges, and line with crimson quilted satin, blind-stitching the satin to the chamois just inside the pinking. Fold together and fasten lightly; turn back one corner, showing the crimson lining. A bow of satin ribbon on the turned-over

corner makes a pretty finish. Paint in conventional designs, or leave it unornamented, according to taste.

Useful little eyeglass-wipers are seen, made of chamois and bound with white or colored ribbon. They can be square or oval, as one fancies—but, being intended for actual use, should be without ornamentation.

An experienced traveler gives, to her friends anticipating a long journey, chamois envelopes for money and letters of credit. The envelope finished is about six inches long by four inches wide, with the flaps square-cornered. It is bound with white ribbon, above which runs a feather-stitching of white embroidery-silk. It closes with two buttons. Before the buttonholes are cut, two pieces of white ribbon—each an inch and a half long, the ends pointed—are stitched upon the flap; so, worked through both ribbon and chamois, the buttonholes are strong and durable. A long loop of white ribbon is fastened to the upper corners, by which the envelope is suspended around the neck of the wearer, under the clothing. It is a safe and convenient way to carry bills and papers.

A lovely party-bag was given me recently—the handiwork of a clever young artist. The main part of the bag was of terra-cotta surah silk, and the entire width of the silk, eighteen inches, was used. The bag was half a yard long, which allowed a wide hem at the top, through which a shirring was run. It was prettily finished with drawing-strings of terra-cotta satin ribbon. Around the lower part of the bag was placed a band of chamois-skin a quarter of a yard in depth. This was painted in conventional designs in terra-cotta

and gilt, with three narrow stripes of shaded red at the bottom. It was then blind-stitched to the bag, allowing the chamois to extend three inches below. This was then stitched across and slashed to make a handsome fringe. The bag has a style that has been much admired.

The exquisite work done on chamois is by no means confined to artists of the pencil and brush, as the fair art-needlewomen also show beautiful specimens of their handiwork on this material. A lovely scarf for an upright piano or table can be made by the following directions: Use any material for the foundation that is preferred. There are now so many handsome art-goods for sale, that one has only to hesitate on account of the price. A rich crimson, dark-green, and olive are all beautiful colors to use with the chamois decoration. Have a band of the skin six inches wide stamped in a handsome pattern of grape-leaves. Baste firmly to the goods on each edge. The design should be worked in heavy buttonhole-stitch with silk the color of the skin, and the spaces between cut away, leaving the original material as the groundwork for the pattern. The leaves, when finished, are veined with gold paint. A line of gold thread is couched on the edge of the leaves after the chamois has been cut away. The connecting stems are also worked upon the ground with gold thread. An effective fringe is made of the skin, cut to the depth of three inches and sewed on to the ends.

An ingenious woman with the true artist's perceptions can, with these suggestions, originate many other beautiful pieces of needlework.

## THE NEED OF ARM-EXERCISE.

WALKING on an even surface, the only variety of physical exercise which most business and professional men get in town, is well known to be a poor substitute for arm-exertion. The reason is plain, since walking is almost automatic and involuntary. The walking-mechanism is set in motion as we would turn an hour-glass, and requires little attention, much less volition, as is the case with the great majority of arm-movements. The arm-user is a higher animal than the leg-user. Arm-motions are more nearly associated with mental action than leg-move-

ments. A man's lower limbs merely carry his higher centres to his food or work. The latter must be executed with his arms and hands.

A third way in which arm-exercise benefits the organism is through the nervous system. Whether this is due to an increased supply of richer and purer blood, or whether continual discharge of motor impulses stores up another variety of force, we do not know. One thing is certain, the victim of nervous prostration is very seldom a person who daily uses the arms for muscular work; with this, the limit of hurtful mental work is seldom reached.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a Paris costume, of dark-green cloth or camel's-hair, set off with bands embroidered or braided with green and black, with a cluster of green and black ostrich-tips.



No. 1.



No. 2.

and edged with metallic beads. Yoke and panel in black or green velvet. The waist in front is full into the yoke, and fastens diagonally to the point. Plain pointed back.

(88)

No. 2—Is a stylish house-dress, of self-colored cashmere in red, green, or mahogany-color. The underskirt is plain, and the over-dress is bordered with a band of black velvet

or moiré. The skirt is sewed on the point and edge of bodice all around to form a small puff. A pendant strap of velvet or moiré is finished with a chatelaine-bag, is cut V-shape at the neck, with turned down edged with the velvet. A chemisette of cream-white China-silk or lace is worn under the bodice. The coat-sleeves have a long puff at the top, edged with a tiny puff like



No. 3.

the edge of the bodice. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere, and two yards of bias velvet or moiré for the trimming, will be required.

No. 3—Is a new and stylish model for the bodice of a walking-costume. The material is a pin-striped woolen. The skirt hangs plain all around. The bodice has a long point in front, and a postillion at the back. The revers are of velvet to match the



No. 4.

material, also the collar, cuffs, and waist-



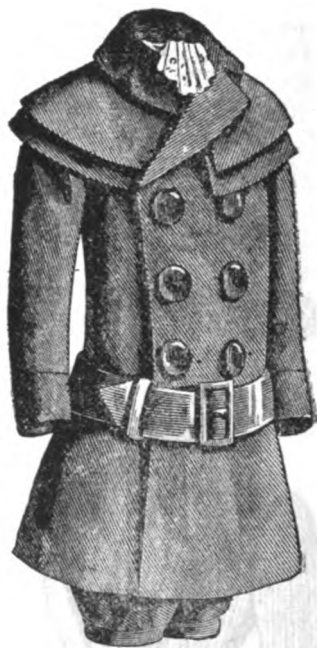


No. 6.



No. 8

band, which fastens with an oxydized buckle. Hat of felt, with fancy brim, trimmed with standing loops of velvet ribbon and two quills. The material required will be from eight to



No. 7.

ten yards of fortyeight-inch woolen and three-fourths of a yard of velvet.

No. 4—Is quite a novelty in the style of jacket for a walking-costume. The material for the costume is cloth in any of the dark colors. The vest and lapels are in cream-white or light-drab or pearl-gray cloth, braided and buttoned with gold braid and buttons. Cuffs to match. Small toque bonnet of the cloth, trimmed with a rosette of gold braid. Our model is tied under the chin, for this style is more popular without strings, for young girls.

No. 5—Is a redingote in plaid cloth, for a girl of five to seven years. The vest is of velvet. Cuffs and pointed collar of Astrakhan-cloth or fur. A fancy worsted braid, finished with passementerie tassels, forms the sash.

No. 6—Is a handsome

model of a seal-plush coat for a girl of twelve to fourteen years. The coat is perfectly plain and double-breasted, fastened by large metallic buttons. The shoulder-cape is of beaver-fur. Cuffs and muff to match. Felt hat in brown, trimmed with a large flat rosette of ribbon and cream-white ostrich-tips.

No. 7.—Is the latest Paris model for a little boy's overcoat. It is made of beaver-cloth, double-breasted, and has a double coachman's-cape. The belt is of the material, fastened with a leather buckle and strap. Large bone buttons.

No. 8.—Paletot with Capuchin hood, for a little boy of three to four years. To be made of drab lady's-cloth, lined and wadded with surah silk to match. The Capuchin hood is lined with the same. A fez of felt, with three brass buttons, completes this costume.

No. 9.—Is a house-dress for a little girl of eight to ten years, made of a bordered camel's-hair or cashmere. The border edges the entire underskirt. The sides are plaited panels, extending only to the side forms of the bodice, as seen in the illustration, the back being an exact reproduction of the front. The waistband fastens at the back under a large flat rosette of ribbon. Sleeves slightly full and with a jockey of the border. A light-colored cashmere, trimmed with cream-white open embroidery or crocheted lace and insertion, will be very stylish made after this model.



No. 9.

## PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME: THE INTERIOR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the book, the interior arrangement of a photograph-frame. The three parts are made of stiff card-board and covered either with plush or China silk, or they may be covered with linen and painted or embroidered. Indeed, the amount and kind of decoration for the outside are entirely optional. The inside, which we give, is covered with self-colored silk or linen, arranged with the pockets for holding the photographs as seen in the illustration. These are made on a slightly smaller piece of card-board and then pasted upon the outer part of the frame. The outside can be ornamented by a cord of silk, or gold cord, arranged as seen at the top of the case.

## SPIDER-WEB FOR CORNER OF AN APRON.

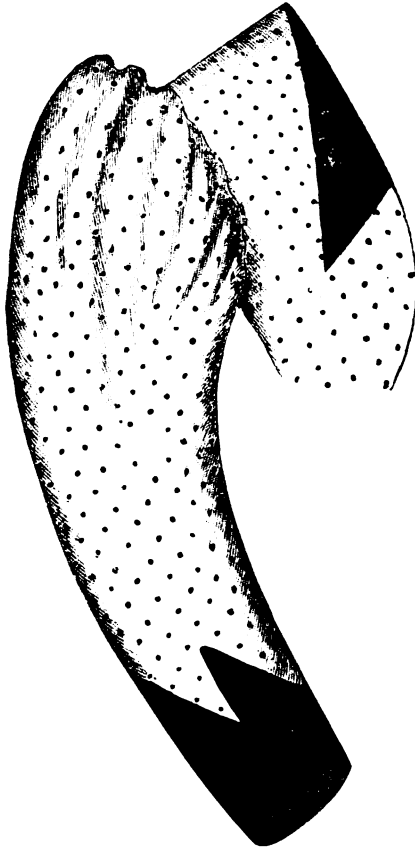
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design on the Supplement can be worked in any of the working cottons or silks that will wash. It is prettier done in one color than in the natural colors of the flowers.



## LEG-OF-MUTTON SLEEVE: SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give for our Supplement, this month, the entire pattern of the most popular sleeve at the present time. It consists of three pieces: Upper and under side and the cuff. The latter may be modified—made shorter or deeper, or of any other shape more adapted to the particular dress. On a woolen dress, velvet or moiré will be the most suitable material for the cuff and revers, though silk may be used if desired.

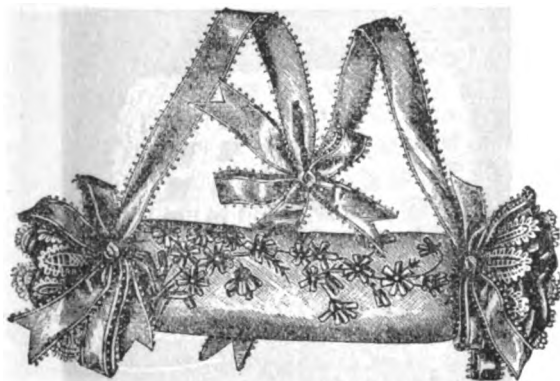
## ORANGE-BLOSSOMS, LEAVES, AND FRUIT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give a handsome design, intended for the end of a sideboard-cloth—suitable for a wedding-present. It may be embroidered in the natural colors which we give, or it may be painted. For embroidery, work in either colored wash-filoselle or in the linen-flosses which are warranted to wash. The work is done in Kensington-stitch, or the design may be outlined in the colored silks and the shading painted in with water-colors. The foundation of the cloth for embroidery should be butcher's-linen or satin damask. For lustra-work, use satin or plush.

## SUSPENSION PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This cushion will be found useful, and ornamental as well, if hung up at some convenient place near the dressing-table. It is filled with scented powder, the covering and trimmings being of satin and ribbons. The cushion is ornamented with embroidery in silks, with vandyked lace gathered at both ends.

## MOUSE PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

Children will be delighted with this little pen-wiper, given on a front page, and it is even pretty and useful enough to occupy a place on a gentleman's writing-desk.

The mouse is simply and easily made of canton-flannel, which can be found almost the precise color of the little animal. The pattern is exact and cannot fail to shape a perfect mouse, if made strictly according to directions. Cut two pieces of canton-flannel from diagram No. 1, being careful to have the nap running from the head down. Then cut two pieces for ears, from No. 3, with the nap running from the dotted line up. Next cut, from No. 2, one piece of card-board and cover with the material by turning the edges over and drawing it in from side to side until smooth.

Put the two pieces of No. 1 together, right side in, and stitch closely all around, except the dotted line, which must be left open. The seam must be but little over one-eighth of an inch wide. Turn it, press the seam smoothly open with the fingers, and fill it tightly with cotton. Turn the dotted edge

in, run a thread through it, draw it around No. 2, which forms the under part of the mouse, and sew it firmly all around.

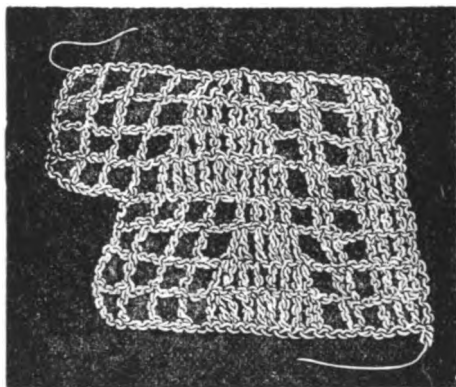
The mouth is formed by taking two or three stitches with pink silk, through the place marked by a little star, and drawn very tightly across the front in the direction of the short line.

Double the ears at the dotted line, with the nap outside, and sew on with the open side toward the back. Sew on two small black beads for eyes, make the whiskers of waxed thread, and finish by adding a tail of twisted cord or a strip cut from the selvage of the material. The pen-wiper can be made to suit the fancy. This one is formed of three stars of crimson, gold, and green plush, the edges of each and the small stars being worked in bright silk of contrasting colors. Three or four smaller stars of black cloth are added underneath, for the purpose of absorbing the ink.

This will make a pretty present for school-children, particularly when it accompanies that much-prized gift—a portfolio.

## CROCHETED EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Explanation of abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double-crochet; s.c., single-crochet; st., stitch.

First row: Make chain of twentyfour. One d.c. in fourth st. of ch., one d.c. in each of next three stitches of ch., ch. two; skip two stitches of ch.; one d.c. in each of next two stitches of ch., ch. two; skip two stitches of ch.; one d.c. in each of next four stitches of ch., ch. two; one d.c. in second st. of ch., ch. two; one d.c. in second st. from this, ch. two; one d.c. in second st. from this, ch. two; one d.c. in last st. of ch. This makes four holes. Ch. of five; turn.

Second row: One d.c. in second d.c. on preceding row, ch. two; one d.c. on third d.c. on preceding row, ch. two; one d.c. in

fourth d.c., ch. two; one d.c. in fifth d.c. on preceding row, \*; one d.c. in each of next two d.c., \*; two d.c. in next d.c., ch. of two; one d.c. in each of next two d.c., ch. two; one d.c. in each of next four d.c., ch. of three; turn.

Third row: One d.c. in each of four d.c., ch. of two; one d.c. in each of two d.c., ch. two; two d.c. in next d.c.; one d.c. in each of next four d.c.; two d.c. in next d.c. Make four holes, same as in first row, ch. five; turn.

Fourth row: Same as second row to \*; one d.c. in each of next six d.c. on preceding row; rest of row same as second row from second \*.

Fifth row: Same as first. This makes pretty edging for a flannel skirt.

## PIANO-BACK FOR UPRIGHT PIANO.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the book, we give a new-style decoration for an upright piano. It can easily be managed at home, if a light wooden frame the size of the piano be made, with a brass rod and rings for the curtain. The material is of wall-flower red velveteen, on which a branch of magnolia is embroidered in natural colors, with crewels and a few stitches of silk. Care must be taken to introduce the gold and russet-browns in the stems and backs of leaves. The flowers, too,

need careful shading with gray and pale-green, the buds at the end of each branch having a good deal of pale-green at the base. The panel must be worked in a frame, and, when finished, will need stiffening with embroidery-paste before it is nailed into the wooden frame-work. A curtain of pale terra-cotta colored pongee is then arranged on the unembroidered side, and a very artistic and effective decoration for the room is the result.

## POCKET FOR EVENING-DRESS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty pocket is in plaited lisse, muslin, or crape, caught up at each end by narrow ribbons corresponding with the dress. Embroidered or lace frillings, spray of flowers, or ornaments may be fastened on the diagonal folds.

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NAME FOR MARKING.

Alice

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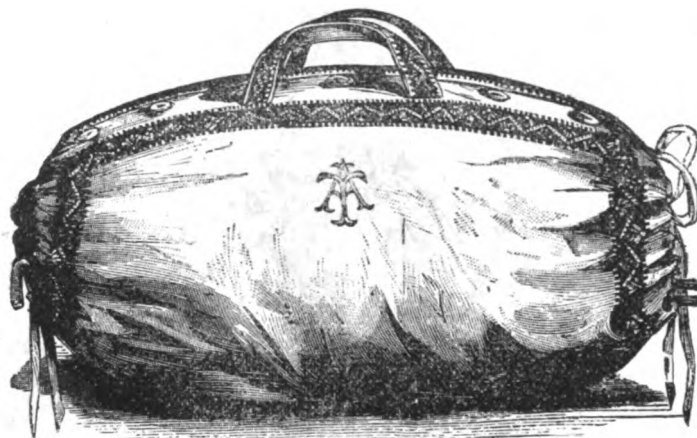
## PILLOW-SHAM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This beautiful design of poppies for a better filled up in long embroidery-stitches. pillow-sham can be done in black, red, or On the February Supplement, we will give white embroidery-cottons or wash-silks. If another design in morning-glories for a cor- done in white cotton, the flowers will look responding sham.

# TRAVELING-BAG, FOR SHAWLS, WRAPS, UMBRELLAS, Etc.

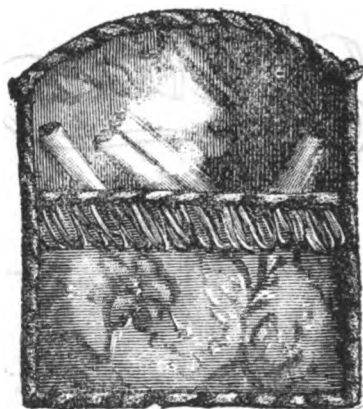
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful case for enclosing wraps, etc., when traveling, is made of strong brown linen and trimmed below the hem with garnet worsted braid tastefully worked in crewels. It is buttoned at the top and fastened at the ends with draw-strings. The handles correspond, and the monogram of the owner is worked on the sides. The length of the case depends upon the size of the bag required.

## CIGARETTE-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Old brocade, with red ground and design in gold. The case is composed of three parts: the foundation, the back, and the front. The lining is red satin, the fringe is chenille, and the cord at the edge is chenille and cord combined.

## BELLOWS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give a very artistic design for ornamenting a pair of bellows. The bellows are covered with velveteen. The design is worked in crewels—the flowers in pale-pink, the leaves in shades of olive-green, the veins of both leaves and flowers in fine gold thread. Bellows are among the oldest objects of art-needlework, and all manner of art-decoration has been employed upon them.

NAME FOR EMBROIDERY.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FOR THE OPENING YEAR, our prospects are so brilliant that we cannot resist congratulating our subscribers as well as ourselves on the fact. We are able to promise that "Peterson" for 1890 will surpass any previous volume, both in appearance and quality. Our engravings will be finer and more numerous than ever. Besides our illustrated sketches, we shall make a special feature of miscellaneous articles of general interest, while our fashion and household departments will contain fresh and even more varied attractions than hitherto. The New York World, the Chicago Inter-Ocean, the New Orleans Picayune, the Boston Traveller, and indeed the leading dailies of the South and West, of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, have repeated again and again that "Peterson" ranks among the best of the literary monthlies. Certainly no other two-dollar periodical can boast such a list of popular authors among its contributors as Rebecca Harding Davis, M. G. McClelland, Minna Irving, Lucy H. Hooper, Ella Higginson, Alice Maud Ewell, Alice Bowman, Edgar Fawcett, Frank Lee Benedict, Howard Seely, Clarence M. Boutelle, J. H. Connelly, and various other prominent poetry and prose writers.

We have aimed for some years past, while retaining the marked characteristics of former days, to enlarge our field until the various departments united would render "Peterson" invaluable as a home periodical. We have succeeded beyond our most sanguine hopes, and the title of The Model Family Magazine, which the press has of late given us, is the result of our efforts. Old subscribers do not need to be told that we shall continue to deserve this name, and our hosts of new friends will soon learn that "Peterson" is always even better than its word.

GOOD BUTTERMILK is frequently of much service, both as an article of diet and as a palliative in pulmonary disease, particularly in the early stages. Indeed, persons far gone in consumption have been known to gain strength and recover the ability to sleep by subsisting entirely on buttermilk.

"IMPROVES WITH EVERY ISSUE."—An old subscriber writes us: "'Peterson' improves with every issue. I am anxious to see next year's magazine, since you promise that it will be even better, for I can hardly believe it possible."

PLANTS IN HOUSES.—Nothing seems to give the feeling of having attained to a certain degree of perfection in the arrangement of home so much as the presence of flowers in the house; they greet the eye lovingly, and bring with them a sense of restfulness. The cool greens and bright blossoms fill us with delight, and give to a dark shady room the requisite brightness. As cut flowers are not always available to the dwellers in towns, we should advise the keeping of ferns, palms, etc., in preference to the attempt to grow pot-flowers, for the former require, as a rule, very little care, and many of them are extremely hardy; a little attention with regard to watering, washing, and fresh air, is all they need. Over-watering must be guarded against—many plants are killed by this well-intentioned unkindness, and water ought never to remain in the saucer in which the plant stands. In summer, they will want more water than in winter, and, in growing-time, it is wonderful the amount they absorb. All plants that have sufficiently tough leaves to bear it, such as palms, should often be washed with a little soap and water, and afterward sponged with pure water, on both the under and upper sides. For the more delicate leaves, an exceedingly soft sponge or small paint-brush must be used; and, if the leaves are very tender, they must simply be sprinkled. Even in winter, the plants must have fresh air, great care being taken to protect them from draughts.

IN GOOD COMPANY.—"It is better for you," says Thackeray, addressing young men, "to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night, talking to a well-regulated kindly woman about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment."



**COLD-WEATHER RULES.**—Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and not with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Never omit regular bathing; for, unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases. After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health, or even life. When hoarse, speak as little as possible, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced. Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping it exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm; to do otherwise is debilitating. When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in passing through the nose, and not chill the lungs. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow or where the person is exposed to cold wind.

**HOT WATER.**—"The soothing effects of hot water are not fully appreciated," said a physician the other day. "I recommend it to patients who suffer from insomnia produced by nervous irritation of the stomach, and also for certain forms of indigestion. Many of them object to it at first, but soon come to like it and are generally much benefited thereby. A glass of hot water now and then will effect no appreciable good, of course; but a steady habit of hot-water drinking, once formed and sustained regularly for a few months, works wonders with certain constitutions."

**ADDITIONS TO CLUBS** may be made at any time during the year, at the price paid by the club. If enough additional names are sent to entitle the getter-up of the club to a premium, we will cheerfully send it.

THE Cincinnati Gazette says: "The title of Household Friend has certainly been deservedly won by 'Peterson.' Variety is one of the leading features of this excellent periodical."

#### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*In a Fair Country.* By Thomas W. Higginson. Illustrated by Irene Jerome. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Books illustrated by Miss Jerome have gained an absolute supremacy among the elegant works nowadays prepared for holiday gifts. This volume is a great success. The literary con-

tents are charming, and Miss Jerome's rare talent and skill have never shown to better advantage. Each page teems with pencil-poems, and the variety is really marvelous. There are exquisite bits of landscape, graceful figures, idyllic woodland scenes, glimpses of enchanted lakes and nooks perfect as those of fairyland. Artists are to be congratulated on the wonderful advance which wood-engraving has made in this country during the past decade, and the rendering of Miss Jerome's conceptions is a proof of the perfection it has attained. Indeed, everything about the book is in keeping with the beautiful illustrations; the paper is superb, and the binding a picture in itself.

*The Story of a Mountain.* By Uncle Lawrence. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—In the form of a story so agreeably narrated that it will fascinate the small people, there is a fund of varied information in this volume which would make it suitable for a text-book in schools. There are capital descriptions of mountains and forests, rivers and lakes, from the Alps to Iceland, and the copious and appropriate illustrations enable the reader to follow Uncle Lawrence's pilgrims throughout their journey. Besides pleasing representations of scenery, there are some very dramatic pictures. The volume is handsomely bound and printed. The same house issues "In Search of a Son," by Uncle Lawrence. This is a companion-book in get-up and design to "The Story of a Mountain." The narrative is equally interesting, and the lessons on physical science are as amusing as they are instructive.

*Our Baby's Book.* Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is the quaintest possible fancy, worked out in a delightful fashion. Each page contains some pretty conceit charmingly illustrated. The opening leaves give the proverbs: "Monday's bairn is fair of face, Tuesday's bairn is full of grace," etc. Next comes a dainty page to chronicle the date of baby's birth; then others, appropriately illustrated, for baby's weight, its first tooth, its christening, and so on through its little life, till the time when it begins to attempt human speech in place of its angelic utterances; after which, follow several illuminated pages worthy to enshrine "Baby's Wise Sayings." The whole combination is lovely, even to the silver chain by which to hang the record in baby's cradle.

*The Wives of Men of Genius.* By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Edward Wakefield. New York: Worthington Co.—The title of this volume is deceptive, as it suggests biographical sketches. It is, however, a series of fancy pictures, done in the author's most captivating manner, and, if he bears a little hard occasionally on his feminine types, every woman who appreciates humor or likes genuine pathos will forgive him. The translator has done his work admirably, preserving the flavor of Daudet's original style. The book is elegantly got up with numerous spirited

illustrations, and will make an appropriate holiday gift.

*Little Miss Weezy's Sister.* By Penn Shirley. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The hosts of children who were delighted with "Little Miss Weezy," and then with "Little Miss Weezy's Brother," will be glad to make acquaintance with her younger sister. Molly is as nice in her way as Weezy, and the story of her "doings and happenings" is told in a sparkling fashion, which will captivate the juveniles. The book is full of illustrations, is handsomely bound, and will be a favorite among the children's Christmas treasures.

*The Heroes of the Crusades.* By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is one of the most interesting accounts of the leaders and principal incidents of the Crusades which has fallen into our hands in a long time. While displaying a depth of research that will attract the student, it is so simple in style and so dramatically told, that every child will be pleased therewith. It is profusely illustrated with drawings by Doré, and will make a tempting holiday book.

*The Bursting of a Boom.* By Frederick Sanford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This is a story of modern life in California. It is well told, and novels of this sort are still new enough to possess the interest of an untried field. The descriptions of Southern California are remarkably well done; the plot is good; the characters interesting; indeed, in every respect, the book may be warmly recommended.

*Christmas Stories And Poems.* By C. Emma Cheney, Sydney Dayre, and others. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This volume will make a welcome holiday gift to the little people who are beginning to master the mysteries of reading and spelling. It is literally filled with attractive pictures, and there is a great variety of pretty poems and sketches.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PRESS NOTES.—We have lately quoted the leading dailies of the great cities in regard to "Peterson." We give below specimens of the unanimous verdict of local and county newspapers of such high standing that they at once represent and help to mold public opinion in their separate localities: The West New Brighton (N. Y.) Star says: "No household fond of the best literature, and no lady desirous of possessing a thoroughly reliable guide in matters of dress, needlework, and the household, should be without 'Peterson.'" The Keene (N. H.) Sentinel says: "Any lady wishing a first-class magazine should subscribe for 'Peterson.'" The Linneus (Mo.) Bulletin says: "'Peterson' is undoubtedly the best magazine for ladies published." The Fargo (Dak.) Argus says: "'Peterson's' fashions are the newest and most

reliable to be secured." The Dover (Del.) Delawarean says: "'Peterson' is by far the best of the lady's-books issued. The literature is first-class, and the various departments are highly interesting." The Hadley (Ga.) Enterprise says: "Every lady who wishes a good reliable magazine should subscribe for 'Peterson.'" The Parsons (Kan.) Daily Sun says: "It would be difficult to find anything wanting in 'Peterson,' where home needs are concerned." The Eaton Rapids (Mich.) Journal says: "'Peterson' is one of the best magazines for the family. In all its departments, it is unexcelled." The Fort Worth (Texas) Daily Gazette says: "For literary merit and artistic excellence, 'Peterson' has few peers." The Athol (Mass.) Chronicle says: "'The friend of the household' is the name given to 'Peterson' by leading journals. It ranks among the best of literary and illustrated periodicals, while in its fashion and household departments it stands unrivaled."

A NOVELTY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—We seldom have occasion to call the attention of our readers to a more unique and convenient household article than the Electro-Silicon Plate-Cleaning Cabinet. This household treasure consists of a neat and substantial polished wood case, in which is fitted a decorated metal tray with compartments, containing a box of Electro-Silicon, that famous silver-polish; a cake of Electro-Silicon Silver Soap, so useful for washing silverware; a fine plate-brush, and underneath this tray is found a superior chamois—the whole making a most complete and practical outfit, of the best materials, for the proper care of the household silverware. The Cabinet is sold by leading dealers throughout the United States, at seventy-five cents each, or will be delivered, prepaid, by the Electro Silicon Co., 72 John Street, New York, to any address, on receipt of \$1.00.

CATARRH CURED.—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE LAND OF FLOWERS.—The pleasure of visiting that garden of the tropics, Florida, is still only possible to the few; but the choicest fragrance of that land of flowers is brought within the reach of all, in the genuine Murray & Lanman Florida-Water. To the sick-room, its balmy breath imparts a delicious freshness, ever welcomed by the most delicate invalid, while as an enjoyment to those in health it is invaluable, whether used in the bath or at the toilet. To

distinguish the genuine article from its imitations, look out for the "Trade-Mark," a narrow white strip label bearing the signature of *Lanman & Kemp*, New York, sole proprietors.

**LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?**—Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

**VELVETS** are in great demand this season, few costumes being made without the use of more or less of these goods. In this connection, *Velutina* is being very generally used as a substitute, the price being less than one-fourth the cost of silk velvet, while, in appearance and for satisfaction to the wearer, *Velutina* is almost, if not quite, the equal of the silk fabric.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT. NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

### NO. XVII. DIET IN CUTANEOUS DISEASES, ETC., CONCLUDED.

The previous article was closed with brief remarks upon a mixed diet—meats and vegetables—and the statement that many laborers throughout the world subsist well on a farinaceous diet alone, with or without fruits.

Young weakly girls will often be advised by the family physician to eat plenty of meat—beef-steak, roasts, mutton-chops, etc.—or prescribed "beef, wine, and iron," and they will grow paler and thinner under such diet and treatment, with an accompanying headache, bad breath, constipation, etc. Now, change their diet to a good frugal farinaceous one, with fruits, and see that plenty of open-air exercise is taken, with baths, friction of the cutaneous surface, and the latter three troubles will promptly disappear; and, at the same time or soon after, the heaviness or dullness of their eyes will brighten, their complexions clear of roughness and pimples, and their spirits will be elated to a normal degree incident to the youthful state.

As a rule, a diet consisting largely of savory meats, and even a single meal of highly seasoned animal substances, will increase the redness and itching of most skin-diseases, while they will readily improve under a simple farinaceous diet, as oatmeal, rice, wheat-grits, etc. Buckwheat cakes, even, which are so frequently censured by many as the cause of a "bad skin," can only pro-

duce such a rash as secondary results by producing fermentation of food or a form of indigestion.

That fats and oils furnish, to the nervous system, foods of high value, and serve at the same time to give general nutrition to the body, is beyond question. Hence the value of cod-liver oil in these cases, and, when this oil or other fats cannot be tolerated by the stomach, the suet or fat of beef, finely comminuted and mixed with potatoes or bread, is often useful. And, by way of parenthesis, the writer begs leave to add that the suet or tallow of young healthy steers, rendered out the same as lard, and kept in tin quart preserving-cans or otherwise, is far preferable and far superior to lard for all frying and many cooking-purposes, and much more wholesome. Besides, it will not give rise to that craving for meat in children.

By the way, too, if children were not given meat as soon as they can sit at the table, they would not crave it and be much the better for its abstinence; and, when taken sick with any grave disease, as diphtheria or acute fever, they would be much more likely to pull through. The breath of a vegetable-eater, human or quadruped, is always sweeter and more pleasant than that of a meat-eater, and the body of the former will not putrefy so soon as the latter, when life is extinct.

Tea and coffee, because of their stimulating effects, and large quantities of water or liquids, at meals, should be forbidden, as they interfere with the process of digestion.

Two or three hours after eating, or at bed-time, or upon rising, water may be used freely, and, as a rule, with benefit. Mothers, delicate ladies, and even many children, often claim that milk disagrees with them, when advised to use it instead of tea and coffee. When this is the case, we learn that it is taken cold, gulped hastily, and then it may coagulate, fail to digest, and feel heavy or be vomited. But let that person or child take hot or warm milk and sip it slowly, or only take the whole cupful or gobletful gradually during the ten or fifteen or thirty minutes allowed for the meal, and then there will be few indeed who can honestly complain of milk hurting them.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### FISH.

**To Dress Fried Fish.**—After frying the fish, set them by to cool; put them in a frying-pan with one-fourth pound of butter; when it boils, put in skinned tomatoes, a little parsley, and chopped onions; when done, add as much water as will make sauce for the fish. Season with pepper, salt, and pounded cloves; add some wine and mushroom catsup; put the fish in, and, when

thoroughly heated, serve it up. This is meant for one dish.

**Oyster Patties.**—Take six oysters; stew them well with mace, pepper, salt, nutmeg, and one dessertspoonful of butter, rolled in flour. Put them in paste or in small patties of paste. Let them bake of a light-brown color.

#### MEATS.

**Hash.**—Equal parts of meat and potatoes, or two of potatoes to one of meat. Remove all the bone, gristle, and skin, and have only one-fourth part fat meat. Chop very fine, and mix well with the potatoes, which should be hot and well mashed. Season to taste with pepper and salt. Put in enough hot water to cover the bottom of the spider; add one large tablespoonful of butter. When the butter is melted, add the hash, and let it simmer till it has absorbed the water and formed a brown crust. Do not stir it. Fold like an omelet. Use corned meat or roast beef. If the potatoes are cold, chop them with the meat.

**Italian Beefsteak.**—Score a steak transversely with a sharp knife without cutting it through. Lay it in a stew-pan with a small piece of butter; season with pepper, salt, and an onion chopped very fine. Let it cook in its own gravy for about three-quarters of an hour and serve.

#### VEGETABLES.

**How to Boil Rice as in India.**—Two quarts of water, one pint of rice, one tablespoonful of salt. When the water is boiling, throw in a tablespoonful of salt, then the rice, after it has been well washed in cold water; let it boil twenty minutes; throw it into a colander and strain off the water. When the water is well drained off, put the rice back into the same saucepan, dried by the fire, and let it stand near the fire for some minutes, till required to be dished up; thus the grains appear separately and not mashed into a pudding. Excellent with a little butter.

**To Fry Onions.**—Peel them and then slice them; let them lie in a brine of salt and water for ten minutes; then fry them a light-brown, in hot butter; season with pepper. Wipe them dry before putting them in the butter.

#### DESSERTS.

**Pancakes.**—Make a batter of eight ounces of flour, a little nutmeg, half a pint of new ale, and as much milk as will make it to the consistence of cream; then the whites only of four beaten and strained eggs are added. These should be gently stirred in the last thing, and immediately begin to fry in a very little boiling lard. They should be turned quickly as soon as a little brown, finely rolled, and kept hot on clean paper, sugar strewed on at the last moment. The pancakes should not be large. A small oval frying-pan is the best.

**Fritters.**—The batter made as above, adding a slice of pared apple, free from core, to each tablespoonful. Fritters require a great deal of boiling lard, pancakes only a little.

#### CAKES.

**Tea-Cake.**—Take three breakfastcupfuls of flour, one of sugar, to which a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be added, and two eggs. Make into a thick batter with a cupful of milk, to which a small teaspoonful of soda has been added. Bake in a round shape for an hour, and serve hot and buttered. Or one pound of flour, one-fourth pound of butter, one-fourth pound of sugar, four eggs, a very little soda, as much milk as will make a thick batter. Bake in a shape, butter, and serve hot.

**Quick Waffles.**—Make a batter of the yellow of three eggs, half a cupful of melted butter, one quart of milk, and as much flour as will thicken it; then add half a pint of sour milk, in which are dissolved one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar. Put in the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and bake immediately.

**Rice Waffles.**—Boil two gills of rice till soft, mix with it three gills of flour, a little salt, two ounces of melted butter, two eggs well beaten, and as much milk as will make a thick batter. Beat it till light, and bake in waffle-irons.

**THREE TIMES ITS COST.**—There is no article of food or drink regarding which the public have been so deceived as tea, and now a most commendable work has been undertaken by a strong company of producers and capitalists to supply the people of the great United States with perfectly pure tea at a reasonable advance over the cost of production. Give up drinking poor adulterated and colored tea, and drink only the O. & O. Tea, which is worth *three times its cost*, and will have a more beneficial effect on the health of our people than any food-reform of modern ages.

#### FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

**FIG. I.—DINNER-DRESS, OF STRIPED RED AND BLACK SILK.** The front of the skirt and surplice-vest are of gauze of a lighter shade, over a plain silk of the color of gown. The overdress is a Princess polonoise, with a short train and elbow-sleeves. The revers, which begin at the back of the neck and are run down the entire length of the skirt, are covered with either a passementerie of silk cord or else heavy Spanish lace, in black. A black velvet ribbon, three inches wide, forms the girdle. Long black suede gloves.

**FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND EMBROIDERED BLACK GAUZE OR LACE.** The underskirt is of the plain material and laid in accordeon-plaits. The overdress and bodice are of the embroidered gauze or lace and simply gathered to form the sides and back. The bodice is pointed back and front, and has Grecian bretelles across the bust. The shoulder-straps are simply sprays of flowers corresponding with

the design and color of the embroidery on the overdress; the same trim the front and sides of the dress, arranged in festoons tied with knots of pale-green ribbon. Likewise, a similar ribbon forms the girdle and adorns the shoulder-straps. Long *Suède* gloves. High coiffure.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF PRIMROSE SATIN AND BROWN VELVET. The skirt of this gown is much wrinkled in front, and has a moderate train. The sides are of the golden-brown velvet, and also are slightly wrinkled over the hips. The pointed bodice is composed of the satin and velvet, with a simple puff for a sleeve. Long white *Suède* gloves. High coiffure.

FIG. IV.—POMPADOUR EVENING-DRESS, OF FIGURED BLUE CHINA SILK combined with a striped Pompadour brocade. The skirt is short and the edge trimmed with two rows of fringe. The full bodice has a short jacket of the brocade, which is worn over the full bodice. The edge of the full bodice, the sleeves, and the ends of the sash are also fringed. Hair dress low.

FIG. V.—VISTING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF PALE-ROSE SURAH OR NUN'S-VEILING. The edge of the short round skirt is finished by a wide ruching of pinked-out silk. The bodice is cut in one with the skirt on the right side, and it laps surplice-fashion over a vest of pale-green surah or China silk; the same forms the long sash and the deep cuffs for the full sleeves. A large black velvet or lace hat, entirely covered on the brim with ostrich-tips. In front, a high standing loop of velvet ribbon.

FIG. VI.—OUTDOOR COSTUME—CLOSE-FITTING REDINGOTE, IN IRON-GRAY CLOTH brocaded with black velvet, with which harmonizes the added back in black velvet, edged with blue fox-fur. The cuffs and boa to match. A long scarf sash, starting from the arm-seams and finished-off with chenille fringe, completes this costume. Black velvet hat, trimmed under the brim with a row of tiny black feathers, while a long ostrich-plume is carried round the crown, in the centre of which rises a gray wing. New Empire veil.

FIG. VII.—TOQUE, IN GRAY FELT OR CLOTH, trimmed with flat loops of black velvet and short ostrich-tips.

FIG. VIII.—NEW SLEEVE, FOR A LACE OR GAUZE BODICE. The fullness of the sleeve is caught up on the top by means of a clasp; undercoat-sleeve simulated by a cuff in velvet, from below which escape two tabs in silk to match.

FIG. IX.—FRENCH WINTER PELISSE, IN ROSE-RED MATELASSÉ lined with olive-green taffetas. Otter-fur borders the pelisse, forms a pointed cape, collar, cuffs, and muff. The toque is of the material of the pelisse, bordered with the fur and trimmed with wings and loops of velvet to match.

FIG. X.—BULGARIAN CAPE, OF CLOTH, and

heavily ornamented with braid and embroidery in black, or black on dark-green or blue cloth. These shoulder-cape are very fashionable. They are lined and wadded for cold weather.

FIG. XI.—INCROYABLE REVERS AND COLLAR, MADE OF BLACK VELVET, mounted upon white cloth, and edged in front with a jabot of lace. A bow-and-ends of velvet ribbon finishes this stylish addition to a toilette. It may be made in any self-color to match a dress, with the under revers in satin merveilleux, if preferred, and lisse coquilles may be used instead of the lace.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, IN LIGHT-GRAY CASHMERE. Border of skirt, vest, edge of jacket, etc., braided in steel soutache, or silver braid if for an evening-gown. For everyday wear, the braiding may be done in silk or worsted braid of a darker shade.

FIG. XIII.—NEW-STYLE HAT, OF FELT, faced with velvet, and trimmed with ostrich-plumes and loops of velvet to match the facing. The hat generally matches the costume.

FIG. XIV.—MATINÉE, OF CHECKED FLANNEL OR SURAH. The fronts are laid in side-plaits, extending under the belt and forming the underskirt of the matinée proper, which is a simple basque. Coat-sleeves with cuffs plaited; collar to correspond. Belt of the material.

FIG. XV.—LONG CLOAK, IN DARK-BROWN SEAL-PLUSH, trimmed with beaver-fur down the front, and with revers, collar, and cuffs. The under-dress and vest are of cloth of a lighter shade, braided with dark-brown. Toque of plush, trimmed with fur and wings.

FIG. XVI.—JACKET WITH CAPE. This jacket is pointed back and front, and ornamented with rows of silk and velvet galloon. Cord forms the brandebourgs. The cape is plaited, and the jockey at the top of the sleeve is fitted to the sleeve; collar plaited to correspond. Hat of felt, covered with rows of galloon and trimmed with tiny birds.

FIG. XVII.—NEW STYLES OF OXYDIZED BUCKLES, for belts.

FIG. XVIII.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF CLOTH IN DARK-GREEN, trimmed with bands of black passementerie. Toque of black velvet, trimmed with green wings and loops of velvet ribbon.

FIG. XIX.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF PLAID CHEVIOT AND VELVET. Three bands of velvet ornament the front and side of underskirt. Velvet is also inserted in the back, and forms the pointed vest of the bodice. Toque of the material, trimmed with velvet and silk to match.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Woolen goods are almost universally worn on the streets, though these are often combined with velvet, silk, or brocade, which forms panels, vest, collar, and cuffs.

*Simplicity in appearance* is much sought after, in both day and evening gowns; but, for the latter especially, the richest materials are often used.

*Skirts* are very plain and straight, or are but little draped and only in straight lines; this latter style is more graceful than the "all-around straight skirt." The draping is often on the front breadth alone, where the folds fall in long loose waves.

*Bodices* are usually trimmed in some way, opening over chemisettes or vests of brocade, silk, surah, lace, or crêpe—the two latter, of course, especially for house-wear. Rolling collars, revers, plaits, gathers, and loose folds are all seen on the new bodices, which are made to have a loose easy effect.

*Sleeves* are as varied as skirts are all alike; in a mixed assembly, it is rare to find two pairs of sleeves in the same style. Some are puffed on the shoulders and tight to the arm down to the wrists; others are full, like a leg of mutton, to the elbows, and thence tight to the arm, being buttoned at the wrists; others are full from shoulder to wrist, where they are gathered into a wristband. Others, again, are enormously large and full, and form three puffs on the arm above the elbow, and have a frill to fall from the under part of the arm. Others are naturally gathered, like a long kid-glove, all the way up the arm, from wrist to shoulder. Others are of the old pagoda shape, and some of a long shape. These latter are worn over long under-sleeves for the day, and over short puffed sleeves for evening.

*The silks, satins, and brocades for evening-wear* are of a richness which rivals those of the old Venetians. Gold and silver thread are lavishly used in these brocades on satin grounds, and the figures are all large—vines, flowers of the natural colors, in clusters or single sprays, the wisteria, great roses, tulips, lilacs—all kinds of designs are seen. These brocades frequently form the whole dress, with the exception of the front breadth or vest, which may be of plain material; or the principal part of the dress may be of the plain goods, with the front or panels of the brocade; but a general sense of plainness is kept up as to make, and in this way the gorgeous material is displayed to better advantage.

*Black net and lace and colored gauzes* are made up for young women. Some of the nets are beautifully embroidered.

*Fringes* are again fashionable—some plain, some of chenille, and others mixed with beads.

*Passementerie or broad gimps* are much worn, especially on woolen dresses for outdoor wear.

*Wraps* are worn both long and short. The former are used upon all occasions and are most comfortable; the latter are considered the most dressy-looking. Plain cloth, woolen brocades, silk brocades, and furs are all used, as suits the fancy. The long wraps may be either loose, belted on the inside to the waist at the back, or close-fitting like an ulster, with or without capes. The sleeves of these wraps are full, so that they will slip on easily, and are

often made high, with fullness at the shoulders and plaited into a loose band or ruffle at the wrists.

*Fur* was never more used than it is this winter. Jackets, mantles, and capes are all made entirely of fur or are much trimmed with it. The high Elizabeth or Medici collars which appear on the fur capes are very stylish, and can be either worn to stand up or to turn down, but usually in the former way. Boas and tippets are very fashionable; seal, Astrakhan, fox, mink, Alaska and Hudson-Bay sable are all popular.

*Bonnets and hats* have changed but little in style. The bonnets are usually small, while the hats are equally fashionable, whether very large and picturesque or quite small. The trimming continues to be placed on the front, thus giving the tiniest effect of height.

*The hair* is still worn high by many women; but young women and girls dress it lower at the back. This style requires a very young face or a perfectly shaped head, to be becoming. But any individual fancy can be adopted, so that the hair is worn close to the sides of the head and rather low on the forehead.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COAT, FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE TO FIVE YEARS. Our model is entirely new. It is made of lady's-cloth, in any self-color; for a little tot of three years, we would suggest white, pearl-gray, or coachman's-drab as prettiest. The three capes, as well as the entire coat, are lined with silk to match; the revers are also lined with the silk. One large button fastens the skirt. Large felt hat to match, faced with velvet and trimmed with rosettes of narrow velvet to match the facing of the hat and the color of the coat.

FIG. II.—PALETOT, FOR A GIRL OF SIX TO EIGHT YEARS. Made of russet-red cloth, double-breasted, and trimmed with black fur. Large metal buttons. Hat of felt to match, faced with black velvet and trimmed with black velvet and ostrich-plumes.

FIG. III.—COAT, FOR A BOY OF SEVEN TO EIGHT YEARS. Made of navy-blue or brown beaver-cloth, double-breasted. The coachman's-cape is separated and made to fasten under the collar. The coat can be worn with or without the cape, adjustable according to the weather. Tam-O-Shanter cap of cloth or velvet.

FIG. IV.—TOQUE, FOR YOUNG GIRL OF TWELVE TO FOURTEEN YEARS, of Astrakhan-cloth—trimmed on side with loops of striped ribbon and wings.

FIG. V.—ROUND FELT HAT, FOR GIRL, faced with velvet and trimmed with a wreath of ostrich-tips encircling the entire crown. A few standing loops of velvet ribbon are added in front.

# An Experienced Physician

After a long and unsuccessful endeavor to benefit one of his lady patients, who was suffering from a bronchial difficulty, at length consented that she should try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In a few weeks after taking this medicine, the patient's health was thoroughly re-established.



## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

is recommended by physicians and pharmacists everywhere. No other cough-cure has ever won such intelligent and universal favor.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure against the various diseases arising from sudden changes of

temperature, exposure to drafts, and the inclemencies of spring and fall."—Mrs. L. L. BROWN, Denmark, Miss.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5.

## PERFECT HEALTH

Is impossible while the blood is impure. Hence the frequency of headaches, stomach disturbances, weariness, depression of spirits, and other uncomfortable sensations. Remove the cause of these troubles by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly cleanses the blood, invigorates the system, and restores health and strength to mind and body alike.

"My system was all run down; my skin rough and of a yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely cured me. I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. SMITH, Gloucester, Vt.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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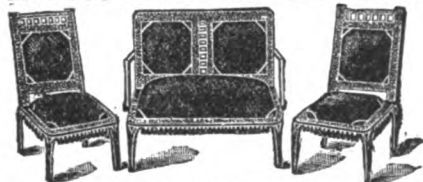
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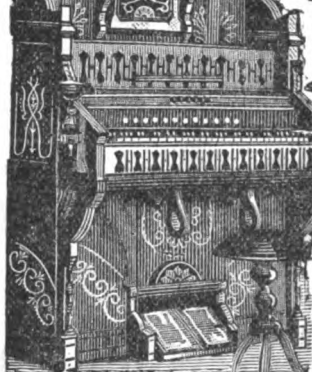
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## CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1890.

His Cousin Ethel. By Georgia Grant (Illustrated), . . . . .	139	The Pitiless Weaver—A Poem. By William W. Long, . . . . .	168
In the Portrait-Room—A Poem. By Arthur Lewis Tubbs, . . . . .	144	Madame de Longueville. By Imogen B. Oakley, . . . . .	169
Tiddy Grace's Temptation. By Marion E. Pickering, . . . . .	145	A Magnificent Marriage. By Lucy H. Hooper, . . . . .	172
Drifting—A Poem. By Lilla Price, . .	150	Death—A Poem, . . . . .	179
A Loyal Little Lover—A Poem. By Lillian Grey, . . . . .	150	In Spite of All. By Frank Lee Benedict, .	180
A Romance of the Big Horn. By Howard Seely, author of "A Nymph of the West," etc., etc., . . . . .	151	Mizpah—A Poem. By L. O., . . . . .	188
If We Knew—A Poem. By Genesee Richardson, . . . . .	157	The Cost—A Poem. By Ella Higginson, .	188
A Railway Episode. By Miss Lee McCrae, .	158	Talks by a Trained Nurse. By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil. (Broken Bones), . .	189
Watching—A Poem. By Agnes L. Pratt, .	160	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . .	191
Moonlight and Music—A Poem. By Harriet F. Crocker, . . . . .	160	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	200
Rescued by Custer's Men. By Anna Latham, . . . . .	161	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	201
Noblesse Oblige—A Poem. By Minnie Palmer, . . . . .	168	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	202
		Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	202
		Fashions for February (Illustrated), . .	204
		Our Paris Letter, . . . . .	205
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . .	206

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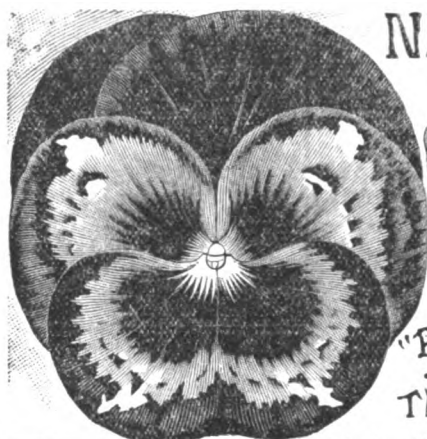
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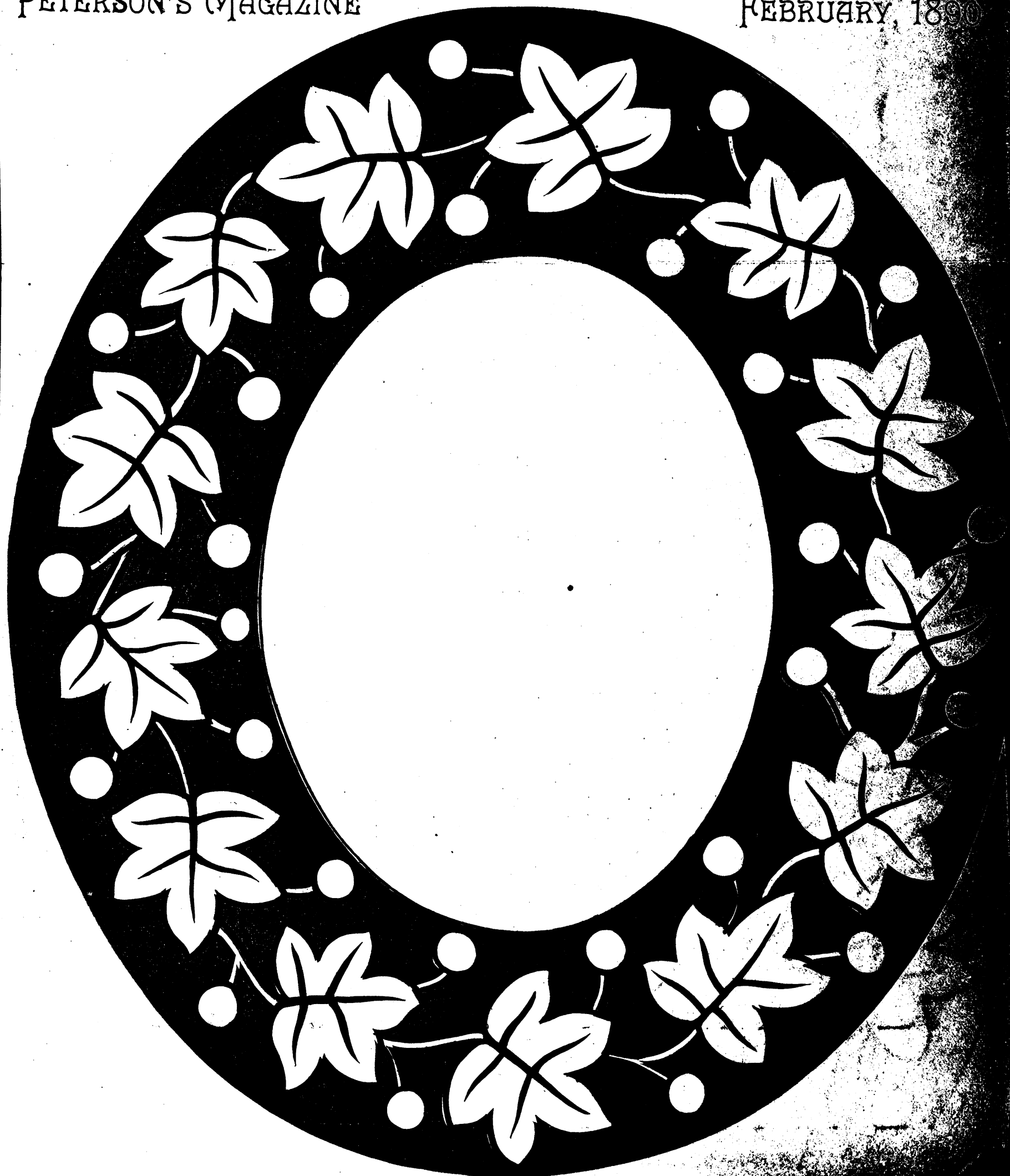




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FEBRUARY, 1890 IN THE BOUDOIR.





DESIGN FOR A MAT.

DESIGN FOR X MAY 11.





A TROUBLED HOUR. [See the Story, "In Spite of All."]



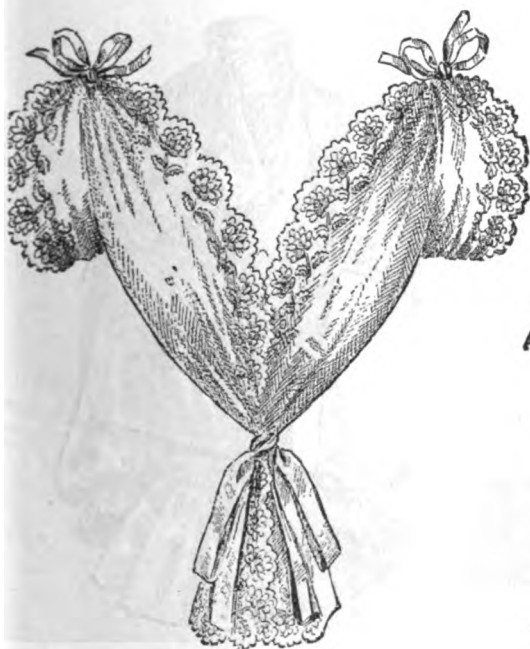


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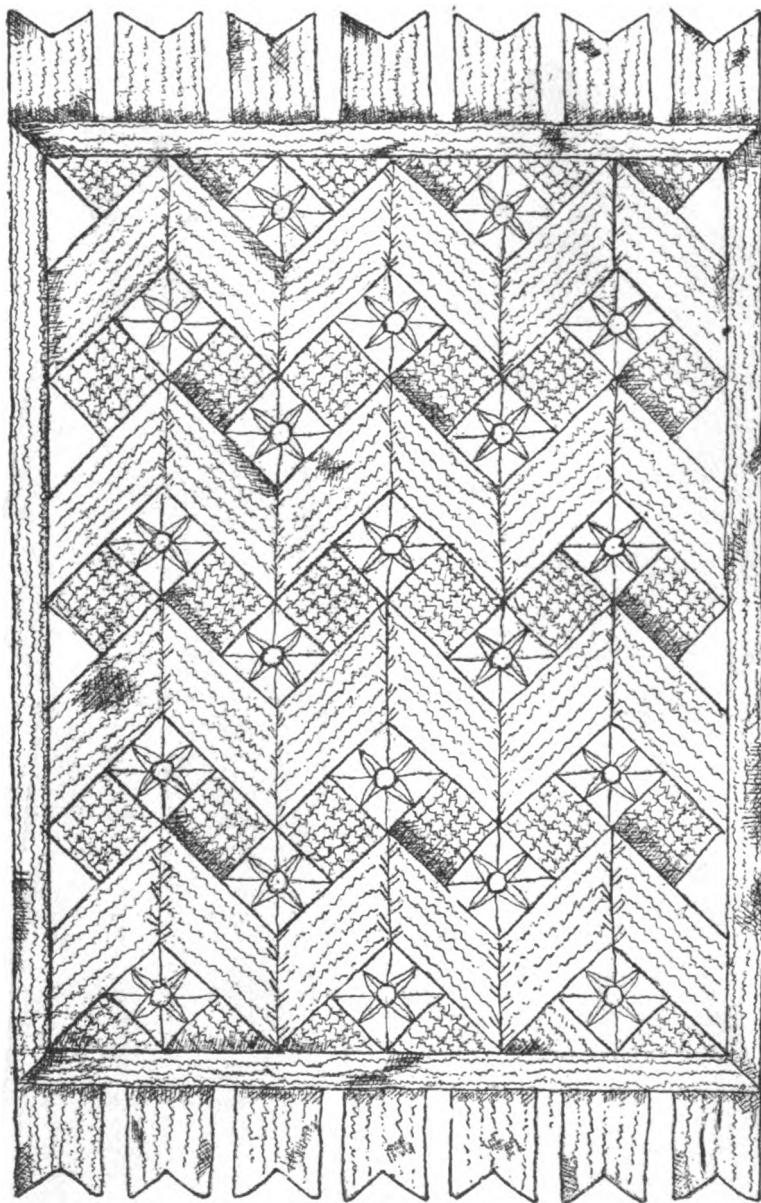
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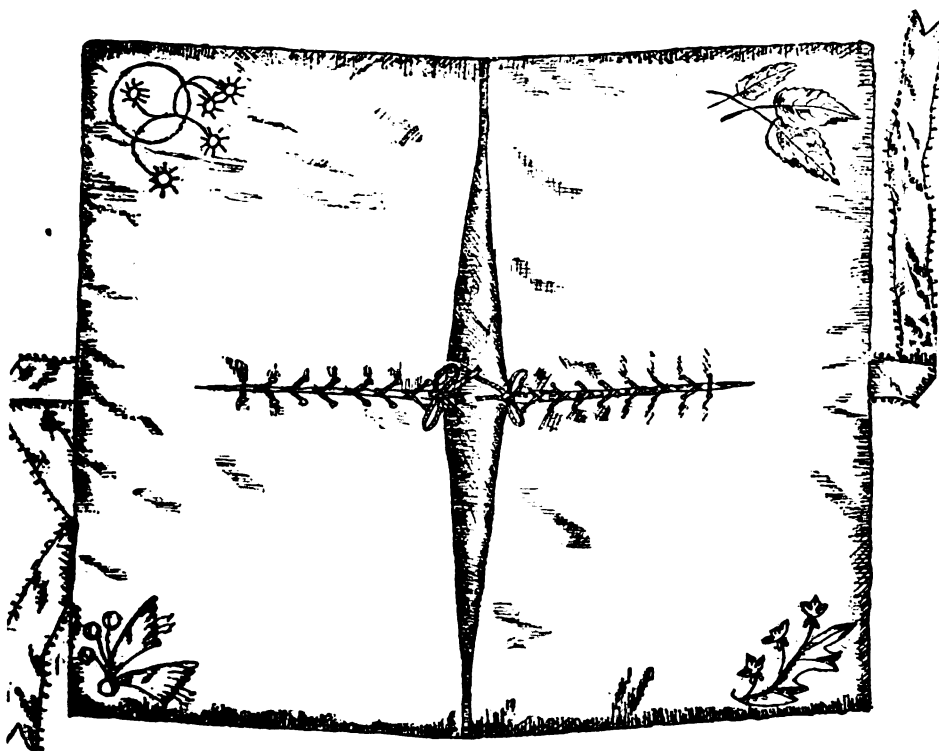


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BOOK-COVER.

# ROSETTE.

## VALSE FACILE.

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G. BACHMANN.

*Tempo di Valse.*

Piano.

*1* *2* *f* *p*

*cres.* *f*

*D.C.*

*p* *f*

*Legg.*

*ben cantando e sostenuto.*

ROSETTE.





LONG CLOAK. WALKING-DRESS.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVII. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 2.

## HIS COUSIN ETHEL.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.



IF "all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players," each one must have some particular role to fill, which nobody else could take quite so well.

In acting out our characters we thus unconsciously have our share in the drama of life.

Ethel Farrington was one of those women who are always playing the part of guardian angel to someone. Up to her eighteenth year, she acted in that capacity to her father, who had been a widower and the rector of Thornhurst for more than seventeen years.

Then, one dreary winter morning, the good old man was stricken with heart-disease, and Ethel found herself an almost penniless orphan. It was at this time that Mr. Darrell, of Darrell Hall, Yorkshire, who had married her mother's only sister, sent for her to come and live with him.

"Of course, you will not go," said Lady Thornhurst, who had been the rector's patroness and friend. She had exercised a kindly though somewhat tyrannical supervision over his daughter, and, on the death of her natural protector, had taken her to Thornhurst.

"Why not?" said Ethel, in surprise—she knew very little about her uncle. "He is the

only relative I have in the world," and the girl's voice faltered, as a sense of loneliness came over her.

"He isn't much of a relative—only by marriage; and both he and his son are anything but respectable members of society. It would be as much as your reputation is worth," cried her ladyship, who had hitherto held her tongue on the subject and was glad to speak out, "to go live with those two dissipated men," and she proceeded to free her mind on the subject of the Darrells of Darrell Hall.

In view of all her friend said, Ethel gave up the idea, and, in response to the kind things the former added about making Thornhurst her home, was very grateful. For the present, she could not but accept the invitation, but she silently resolved that her stay should be only temporary.

Autumn came, however, before Ethel succeeded in finding a place as governess, and, just as she was about to take a position which offered, there arrived word from Darrell Hall that her uncle had had a stroke of paralysis. Then she announced to her friend her intention of going there.

"You surely cannot mean it!" remonstrated Lady Thornhurst; "let his son take care of him."

But the idea of leaving an invalid to the tender mercies of another man, and particularly such a man as her ladyship had represented the younger Darrell to be, was more than Ethel's tender heart could bear. She knew she was not needed at Thornhurst Hall, where housekeeper and maid did everything that was required; so, after writing to her uncle and receiving a grateful letter from her cousin, she prepared to depart. One conces-

sion she made to her displeased protectress, in securing an elderly and highly respectable widow as a sort of companion rather than maid, for her scanty income was augmented by a generous gift from her uncle.

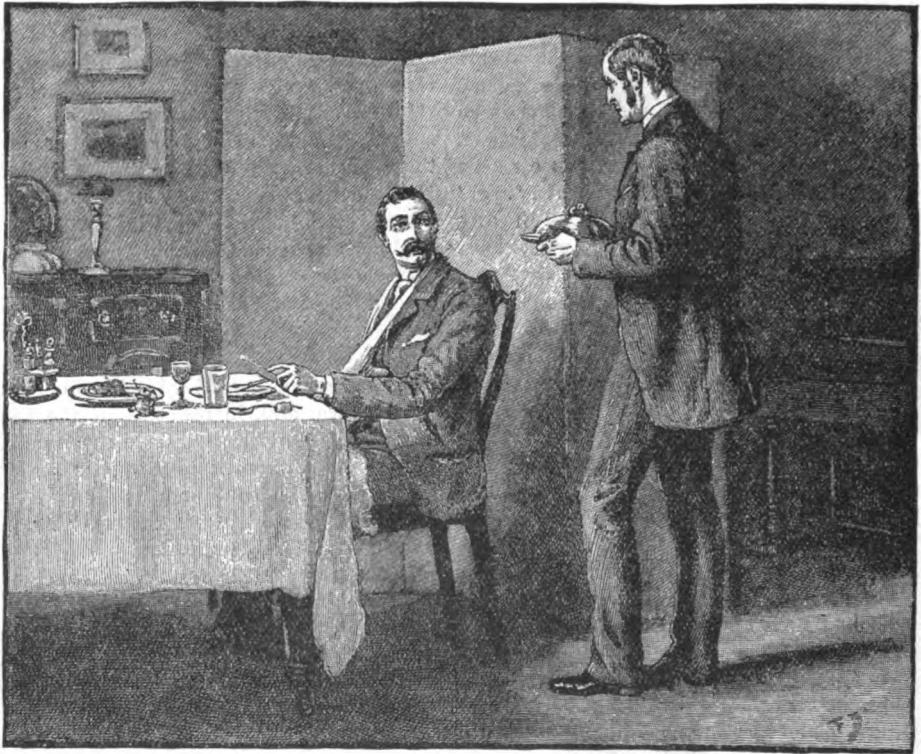
Lady Thornhurst, even in her vexation, did not insinuate that any mercenary motives influenced Ethel, so they parted in a friendly though somewhat cold manner.

Arrived at her destination, Ethel found waiting for her a tall good-looking man, with a dog-cart. He was not more than twenty-

remained always with her through everything that happened afterward.

During the two-mile drive to the hall, the pair said little; but, when young Darrell helped Ethel out of the cart and led her up the steps, he repeated his cordial greeting, adding to his "Welcome!" the words "to Darrell Hotel." Somehow Ethel did not find the beginning so inauspicious as she had expected it to be.

Her meeting with her uncle was hardly so propitious—the elderly man did not receive



eight, but his face bore lines that an experienced eye could have seen were not the marks of age.

"Welcome, cousin," he cried, cordially, hurrying toward her and taking both her little cold hands in his. "It was very good of you to come."

Somehow, a sense of nearness, of relationship, such as Lady Thornhurst's domineering kindness had never brought, stole over the girl, and the tears stood in her eyes, but did not fall. The memory of this first meeting and of her new relative's cousinliness

her very graciously; but pity for his comparative helplessness stirred Ethel's heart, and she could but overlook his seeming want of cordiality.

"Besides," as she told herself, "I did not come here for my own pleasure—and he married my mother's only sister."

Ethel soon found plenty to do at Darrell Hall, where, though much money was wasted, there was little comfort. She waited faithfully on her uncle, who received her ministrations with grudging thanks, yet, in spite of himself, appreciated them. With his rather



unwilling consent, she took upon herself the office of housekeeper, and soon order reigned in the hitherto neglected establishment. Of her cousin, she saw comparatively little, and her life would have been lonely had it not been too busy. Young Darrell's outgoings and incomings were somewhat irregular. Sometimes he would dine with her for a week, then disappear for that length of time.

It was during one of these periodical disappearances that Lynn Darrell, breakfasting alone in his sitting-room and waited on by his faithful old servant, Drummond, reflected on many things. In a break-neck hunt, he had managed to sprain his arm, and his musings were not so lively as usual. Presently, however, he hazarded a joke to Drummond.

"I think of turning over a new leaf—settling down and marrying," he said, looking toward his man as he entered with a covered dish in his hand.

"Indeed, sir, an' 't 'd be the best thing ye could do for yerself," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

"You think so, Drummond?"

"Yes'r, if ye choose the right lady."

"And have you the future Mrs. Darrell already selected?" the young man next inquired, amusement in his tones.

"Ye wouldn't 'ev to look very far fur 'er, Mr. Lynn," was the prompt response.

"You mean—" began young Darrell, really astonished.

"I don't mean to be impertinent, sir, but ye wouldn't 'ev to go out of the 'ouse."

After this remark, the subject was not pursued. Lynn ate his breakfast in silence, absorbed in his own thoughts.

A few weeks later, winter set in in real earnest. One of the snowy days which followed, Lynn drove to the village. As he came home, he passed a group of forlorn houses which belonged to some wretchedly poor people. No object was visible save a shivering cow. Just as he got by, however, he saw a woman's figure in the distance. On nearer approach, he recognized it to be his cousin.

"Ethel," he called, and she turned in surprise. "Let me drive you home—it is growing colder," and she accepted his invitation with her usual graciousness. "Is it allowable to ask what you were doing in this forsaken part of the village?" he laughingly inquired, as he tucked the rugs about his companion.

"Only visiting some sick people here," answered Ethel, in a hesitating way, blushing as if she were confessing a crime.

Lynn glanced curiously at her—she was a new type to him—growing to be almost a wonder. The rest of the drive home, he was strangely silent.

The winter slipped quietly away and March came. Ethel and her cousin were on excellent terms. She fancied his mysterious disappearances were less frequent, and certainly his manner toward her was unexceptionable—kind, gentle, but perfectly respectful. A new hope—very welcome, but which she hardly dared utter, even to herself, for fear its fruition might not come—entered her heart: a hope that not merely Lynn's outward manner, but also his mode of life, was changing for the better.

One day, she came in from a walk and went immediately to see how her uncle was. He had just been trying to get about himself a little, for he had been better lately and was able to stroll through the grounds. He had removed his hat and overcoat and slipped on his dressing-gown, but, evidently tired out, had thrown himself into his chair without stopping to take off his shoes.

"How do you feel after your walk, uncle?" asked Ethel, cheerfully.

"Tolerable," answered Mr. Darrell, in his gruff tones. He had opened a book, but laid it on his lap, upon his niece's entrance. "Can you sit down awhile?" he went on. "I want to talk to you."

"Certainly," replied Ethel, seating herself near him without stopping to remove her jacket and hat.

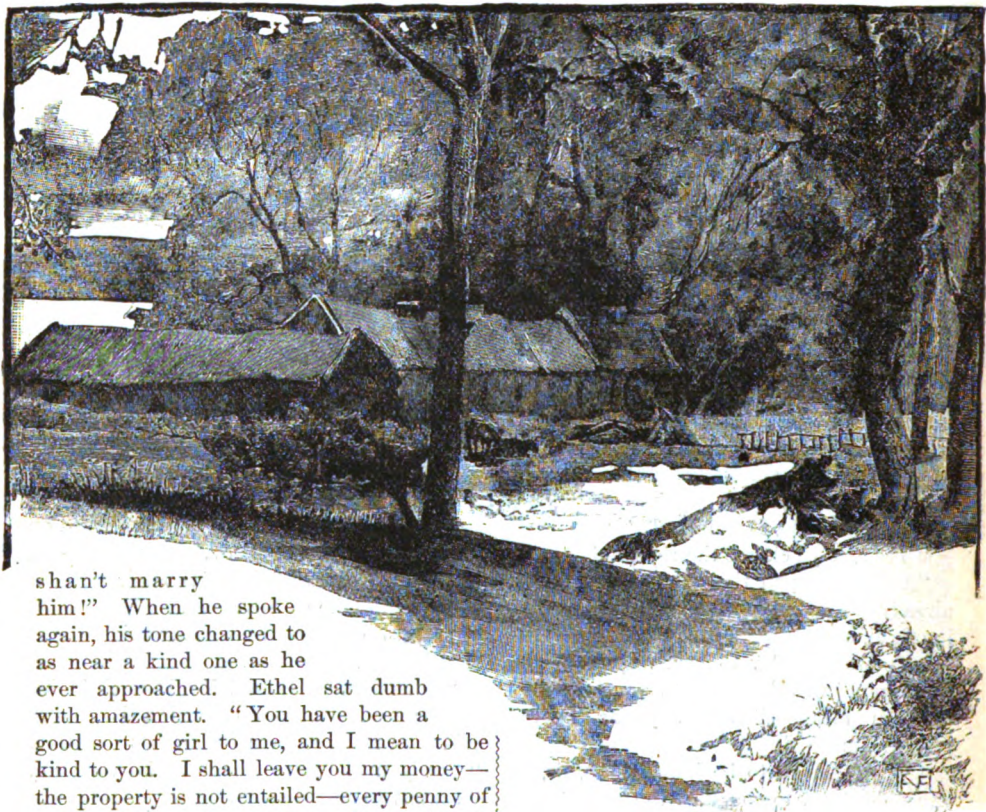
Such a long silence followed that she began to feel uncomfortable. She unbuttoned her sacque and pushed it open, for the room was warm, and then her uncle leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. As he did so, the book on his lap fell to the floor. Ethel would have stooped to pick it up, but he stopped her with a movement of impatience.

"Never mind that now—listen to me," he said. "I want to talk to you about that son of mine." To save her life, Ethel could not have helped blushing, though she knew she had no cause for so doing. The old man noticed the blush and frowned a little. "He's a good-for-nothing, worthless sort of fellow," he continued, bitterly; and, as Ethel put up her hand with a quick indignant gesture, he



hurried on with sudden vehemence: "Don't you defend him—don't contradict me. You are in love with him, or fancy you are; but you shan't marry him. Do you hear? You

luncheon—she could not—and daylight was drawing to a close when there came a knock at the door and a servant handed her a note. She took it, opened it mechanically, and then



shan't marry him!" When he spoke again, his tone changed to as near a kind one as he ever approached. Ethel sat dumb with amazement. "You have been a good sort of girl to me, and I mean to be kind to you. I shall leave you my money—the property is not entailed—every penny of it, if you promise not to marry Lynn; but, if you do, you shall not have a shilling."

"And Lynn—" Ethel's voice was very low.

"Oh, he shan't have it in any case," replied the invalid, in a vindictive tone; "I'm done with him."

Ethel rose proudly. She was deadly pale—there was a look on her face which no one had ever seen there before. All her dormant pride rose to her aid.

"I never thought of marrying your son till this moment, nor he me. Now I am willing, if he is—what you have said to me shows me my mind clearly for the first time."

"Leave the room this minute!" Mr. Darrell almost shrieked, and she obeyed him at once.

Alone in her chamber, she thought over everything her uncle had said, and tried to understand it. She did not go down to

sat down gazing at the lines before her in a dazed fashion.

"MY DEAR COUSIN:

I may call you that—nothing dearer. I am a miserable wretch, not worthy to touch the hem of your garment; but I have dared to love you. Lately I have even fancied that you might grow in time to care a little about me. I have hoped that you would not, for your own sake; to-day I made up my mind that you must not. So I am going away. Drummond, who is far from scrupulous, heard every word that passed between you and my father—he was in a large closet adjoining the dressing-room. I should not have listened to him except that he told me my father's threat, then I wanted to know all. You shall not have the chance of throwing away a fortune

for my sake—I am not worth it. My father will soon forgive you. I have seen him and sworn that I will not marry you. I am going away now—I am too weak to stay; and, besides, it will be best for us both. God bless you!

LYNN."

That was all. Ethel had to read the letter over many times before she understood its meaning or realized what her cousin had done. When she did, she knew that she loved him—and he was gone!

The days passed uneventfully. Mr. Darrell had returned to his usual manner, and never referred to his money. In reply to a question which Ethel ventured, he disclaimed all knowledge of his son's whereabouts, and

wearily along to the lonely girl. In the late spring, she paid a visit to Lady Thornhuret, but returned to her uncle's almost gladly. She was beautiful, and people said she would be that strange old man's heiress; but she did not want suitors, and her friend did not understand.

Once more the ground was white, and Ethel thought of a year previous. She was starting out for her usual walk, when Mr. Darrell's servant came to her with a scared face.

"The master has had another stroke," he said.

It was the end. They sent for doctors and tried every remedy, but without success.



everyone else seemed to be in equal ignorance. Drummond had accompanied his master, and the two seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. Time dragged

After a few hours of unconsciousness, he was dead and Ethel was alone. She went about in a sort of dream, until the will was read. Even then she did not comprehend. Lady

Thornhurst shook her and gasped: "He has left everything to that miserable son—you don't seem to understand."

But at last she did, and then she was—oh, so glad! She had not supplanted Lynn, after all! Her uncle, in spite of his threats, had not been wicked enough to carry out his cruel purpose. Why or when the old man had changed his intentions toward his son, nobody knew. His lawyer had never made but this one will, though his client had sometimes spoken of making another.

Of course, the next thing was to find the heir, and every means was tried. They inserted advertisements of his good-fortune in all the great European journals, either in England or on the continent, and even in North and South America and Australia, but nothing was heard of either Mr. Darrell or Drummond. So the great house was closed to await news of its owner.

Ethel, while trying to secure a position as

governess, again took up her residence with Lady Thornhurst, who comprehended her less than ever.

Coming out of the park gates one morning, she saw her cousin approaching.

"Lynn!" she cried.

"Ethel!" and their hands clasped.

"I have only just learned that you were deprived of everything—will you let me restore it to you? I am not worthy, dear, but I have tried to become so, the last two years."

"Well, since I can't have you without it, I suppose I'll have to take the money," answered Ethel, smiling up into the handsome face altered infinitely for the better.

And even Lady Thornhurst became reconciled in time. For the years that passed over Lynn and his happy wife proved to the most skeptical that young Mr. Darrell had indeed found a guardian angel in His COUSIN ETHEL.

## IN THE PORTRAIT-ROOM.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

THROUGH narrow windows the twilight fell,  
With just enough of a dingy gloom  
To cast about me a mystic spell,  
As I stood alone in the dim old room.  
From the walls hang portraits, faded now,  
Of those who lived in the olden time,  
When gallant lovers spoke tender vow  
In sweetest rhythm and quaintest rhyme.

From a queer old-fashioned and gilded frame,  
Peers a shy young face like a timid rose;  
I do not know what may be her name,  
Nor what might her pretty lips disclose—  
But, deep in her dark eyes' tender shade,  
There lies a witching coquettish light,  
And I think of her as the fairest maid  
Who danced at the ball one summer's night.

There's another face, in a frame near by—  
Of a cavalier, with eyes of brown,  
Where a shade of sorrow seems to lie,  
For they droop and falter and show a frown;  
And I fancy he may have been a beau  
Who was jilted once by a sad coquette,  
Who had pierced his heart with a cruel blow  
Which he proudly bore but could not forget.

There are stern-faced soldiers whose armors bright  
About their bosoms were gleaming seen;  
And I fancy them in the bloody fight,  
And hear the clang of their swords so keen.  
There are older men, with their braids of hair  
And high neck-handkerchiefs, fold on fold.  
What queer adornments they used to wear,  
The people who lived in the days of old!

There are calmer faces, of matrons prim,  
In queer old caps of enormous size;  
And I almost seem, in the shadows dim,  
To see the blinking of many eyes.  
As I view the faces, proud or meek,  
I quite forget they are only paint,  
And almost listen to hear them speak,  
Those silent people in garments quaint.

The twilight shadows have deeper grown,  
And darkness gathers more dense and drear;  
I wonder why I have timid grown,  
As I steal away with a sense of fear:  
And I know that over my spirit fell,  
Amid the flickering light and gloom,  
A silent charm or a mystic spell,  
Alone in the dim old portrait-room.



## TILDY GRACE'S TEMPTATION.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.



UST depend upon 't, Tildy Grace, Satan's got ye up in a high mountain, an' he's a-p'intin' out the kingdoms o' this world an' the glory on 'em!"

Aunt Seviah compressed her lips and carefully lifted from the glowing range the big preserve-kettle filled nearly to the brim with luscious quartered quinces floating in clear amber syrup.

The girl thus summarily addressed made no sign, save that the bright color flamed suddenly from cheek to brow, and the slender brown fingers trembled as they rounded off great golden coils of paring.

Aunt Seviah brought from the pantry the huge stone jar which, during fifty autumns of housekeeping, had never failed to be filled with her famous apple-quince preserve.

"Your Uncle Moses says to me, last night," pausing to wipe an imaginary speck of dust from the depths of the jar, "says he: 'Seviah, don't ye put a finger in that pie'; but, Tildy Grace, I can't see you, as was my only sister's child, as I've tried to bring up so careful, an' she in her grave nigh on to twenty year—I can't see ye throw yourself away, an' me not speak a word o' warnin'. To be sure, ye do favor your father's family mightily, an' sometimes I think there ain't a drop o' Wareham blood in ye!"

Tildy stooped to hide her flushed face, and refilled her pan from the heaped-up basket beside her.

"It seems to me," she hesitated, "you are taking a great deal for granted. I—I haven't made up my mind yet."

"That's jest it," interposed Aunt Seviah, promptly, as she steadily ladled the steaming fruit from kettle to jar. "There's more truth than poetry in what my old gran'ma'am used to say: 'Parley with Satan, an' you're a goner'!"

Tildy's cheeks glowed again, and her eyes flashed as she replied:

"One would think I was going to commit

a deadly sin if I accepted Harold Mayburn. Why shouldn't I, pray, if I choose, since he has done me the honor to ask me?"

"Tildy Grace," said Aunt Seviah, solemnly, facing her niece, the ladle slipping from her fingers into the jar, "do you mean to tell me that you love that air man?"

"Nobody said anything about love, that I know of," replied Tildy, with some asperity, paring off thick slices of fruit in her agitation. "Besides, how am I to know?" she added, incoherently. "I'm trying to think it out."

"Think it out!" echoed Aunt Seviah, almost contemptuously. "Tildy Grace, don't ye go an' spile your young life in the very beginnin'. When your Uncle Moses asked me, a matter o' fifty year ago, do ye s'pose I had to think it out? Wasn't I willin' to leave father an' mother an' the old home, an' go with him to the ends o' the airth, an' he no fortin' but his two strong hands? That's the test, Tildy."

Tildy Grace lifted her clouded blue eyes and surveyed the spare energetic figure before her with a new interest. She thought of her easy-going uncle, portly, red-faced, bald—was this, then, the secret of their contentment, jogging on together in what seemed to her such prosy humdrum fashion? She plunged her knife into the heart of another golden ball. "No, she could never care for Harold Mayburn like that."

"Tildy," continued Aunt Seviah, an unwonted softness in her sharp voice, "'tain't merely a fine weddin' an' a harnsome house; there's year arter year comin', that's got to be lived. There's sorer an' triblerlation that ye can't escape in this world nohow, an' he ain't the kind o' man ye can lean on when it comes. Ye'll have to see that same evil look o' his dawnin' on the innercent faces o' your childern, an' the same evil ways a-croppin' out in 'em. I tell ye, 'twon't ease the achin' o' your heart then, cause it's covered with a satin gown."

Tildy's head bent lower and lower, but she strove in vain to frame some reply. Aunt Seviah crossed the kitchen and softly stroked

the brown braids with awkward fingers all unaccustomed to caresses.

"Tildy, child, this ain't the Lord's leadin'. If it so be that He wants ye to take up a new life, He'll prepare the way for ye. One mismatch unmatches nobody knows how many more. It's like a stone thrown into the mill-pond—the rings reach clean across; an' what the Lord meant for a fair piece o' work becomes all higgledy-piggledy. Don't ye take it on yourself to snarl up His pattern like that. S'pose'n' ye meet the one of His app'intin', an' it's too late, Tildy Grace!"

With a swift motion, Tildy deposited her pan of quinces on the table and rushed up the stairway to her own room.

Aunt Seviah straightened herself and mechanically smoothed out her apron. "Wal, come what will, my duty's done; but I jest wish that dissipated young feller had staid in New York, an' never come bewitchin' Tildy with his di'monds an' fast horses."

"Oh, dear!" moaned Tildy, in her little chamber above, "it does seem to me there is no getting away from this narrow miserable life. How I detest it all—" the little brown hands tightly clenched in her lap—"the dish-washing, and potato-peeling, and churning, and scrubbing, forever and ever! It may be wicked, but I long to live with refined people; and it seems so ungrateful to dear old uncle and auntie even to think of it. And oh, I do hate to be called Tildy Grace."

She knelt by the window and looked away to the hills shutting in the farm valley—just as her life was hedged about, she pondered.

"It seems too bad, when good-fortune offers, that I cannot be free to accept it. Who would have imagined Aunt Seviah could be so sentimental? I'm sure Mr. Mayburn is very fond of me, and every girl in Mapleton envies me."

Tildy unconsciously bridled her head as she recalled the drives in the dashing city turn-out. "There would be the concerts and the art-galleries: I could go to all the delightful places in summer, and he more than hinted of a tour in Europe by and by. It's sheer flying in the face of Providence, to let such a chance slip, and I don't intend to do it."

Tildy rose determinedly, bathed her eyes at the little rickety wash-stand, and loosened

the thick braids of brown hair before the quaint brass-framed mirror.

Suddenly, from the very air, the homely sentences that fell from her aunt's lips seemed to re-echo. A great light dawned on her, showing in its true color the fearful sacrifice she was about to make of her whole future. Tildy threw herself on her knees beside the low bed whereon she had slept from childhood.

"Lord, Thou hast delivered me. Help me to put far from me this thing, which never was and never could be mine."

The guests at the Mapleton House were sauntering out of the spacious dining-room and dispersing to their several apartments. Stately Mrs. Mayburn leisurely ascended the broad stairway, accompanied by her two elegant daughters, pausing now and then to nod graciously or exchange greetings with her acquaintances and friends. As she entered her private parlor, a messenger handed her an ominous yellow envelope. She tore it open with the aplomb of the woman of the world to whom a telegram is an everyday occurrence and not the harbinger of terror it almost invariably proves to less accustomed receivers.

"Ah!" said she, scanning the brief message through her glass. "Harold cannot join us to-night, and he begs me to see Miss Warner, with whom he had an engagement to drive this afternoon."

"It seems to me, mamma," said Edith, slowly trailing her silken skirts before the long mirror, "this affair with Miss Warner really begins to look serious."

"She is extremely pretty," drawled Madeline, the younger sister, sinking languidly into an easy-chair, "but hardly a suitable match for Harold. You will discourage it, will you not, mamma?"

Mrs. Mayburn thoughtfully stripped the telegram into bits, and sifted the floating pieces through her white ringed fingers. "No, girls, I shall do nothing of the kind. You are well aware that Harold has been growing more and more reckless during the past year or two. This fancy for Miss Warner seems to have taken deep hold of him, and I hope much from her influence. No," she added, conclusively, "I shall not oppose it."

"Suppose he breaks her heart, mamma?" questioned Madeline, toying with her fan.

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Edith, pacing up and

down. "The position will amply compensate—it will be a great match for her. As mamma says, Harold is getting fearfully wild, and I agree that it is best to let it go on."

"Well," said Mrs. Mayburn, quietly ignoring Edith's retort and collecting her scattered papers, "I shall drive over to see Miss Warner. Will you accompany me?"

"Not I," replied Edith, arranging a handful of glowing asters in her belt; "I drive Colonel Mackay's tandem at five; but never mind: when she is actually Harold's fiancée, I'll cultivate her."

"And I," yawned Madeline, "join the tennis-party at the Wetomanuc House. You will have to go alone, mamma."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Mayburn, pulling the bell; "then I will order the ponies."

A few minutes later, she stepped gracefully into her basket-carriage, gathered up the ribbons in her slim gauntleted hands, and bowled swiftly down the village street, the admired of all observers.

She still retained the freshness and elasticity of youth, and few glancing at the fair placid face and graceful figure could believe her to be the mother of her tall son and daughters.

She drew rein at the farm-house gate, and her face lighted up with satisfaction when she saw the slight girlish figure already advancing from the shady porch.

"She'll never disgrace him," the mother thought. "Thoroughly well dressed, she'll be positively fascinating. What a sensation she'll make in our set!"

Tildy had donned a simple gown of clinging creamy material, adorned at the waist with a great cluster of the late-blooming scarlet honeysuckle. A dainty hat drooped over her wavy brown hair, brushed fluffily back from the delicate face, a face lifted now in some bewilderment to the unexpected occupant of the carriage.

Mrs. Mayburn beckoned her graciously to the seat by her side.

"My son was unexpectedly detained in New York," she said, softly, "so I have come, instead, at his request." Tildy, flushing, half in awe of the stately lady, half in pride and pleasure at her condescension, timidly seated herself by the lady's side. The ponies tossed their heads gayly, and at a word trotted briskly down the wooded road.

"Humph!" groaned Aunt Seviah, peering

through the kitchen-blind. "I s'pose that matter's as good as settled!"

"Never ye fret, Sevy," drawled Uncle Moses, carefully filling his pipe and pressing the contents into the bowl with his big red forefinger. "Why can't ye leave things to Providence, instid of allus takin' it on yerself to settle 'em? Ye can't regerlate all creation."

"Moses Linton," ejaculated Aunt Seviah, solemnly, "don't ye slander the Lord in no sich fashion. He hain't nuthin' to do with sich goin's on!"

Uncle Moses subsided, stumped heavily out to the porch, lighted his pipe, tilted back, and contemplated the rings of smoke in philosophical silence.

The carriage rolled swiftly along under the birches quivering in the afternoon light, their slender white trunks gleaming through the pale foliage, the silence unbroken save by the sound of the ponies' hoofs. As they approached Pine Hill, Mrs. Mayburn loosened the reins and glanced down kindly at the quiet figure by her side.

"My son was sadly disappointed that he could not get back, Miss Warner."

Tildy moved uneasily and looked shyly upward, but no answer was forthcoming.

"He has told me everything, and I hope you will be kind to my boy," added Mrs. Mayburn, softly.

The girl again raised her troubled eyes to the pleasant face bending toward her. "Mrs. Mayburn," she said, tremulously, locking her fingers tightly together, "may I ask you a question that under other circumstances might seem impertinent?"

"You may ask me anything you please, my child," responded the lady benignantly, yet not without a secret wonderment as to the purport of the girl's words.

"It is this," hesitated Tildy, carefully steadying her voice along the syllables: "did you love your husband when you promised to marry him, Mrs. Mayburn?"

The elder lady started slightly, shaken from her customary well-bred self-possession. She remained silent for a moment and then said:

"My dear, perhaps you do not know that my husband was many years my senior—a man who was a power in the business world, well able to give his wife a fitting position in society and a suitable establishment. It was

thought by my parents to be a most excellent match for me, and I was guided entirely by their judgment and counsel. Those of us who have reached middle life can decide far better, in such matters, than a romantic girl dazzled by dreams—natural to her age, to be sure, but unsubstantial and transient nevertheless.”

Mrs. Mayburn glanced at the girl's face, but the brown eyes seemed to look through and beyond her, far down the vista of the coming years. Was life like that, after all?

“Mrs. Mayburn,” she said, quietly, “what I ask may seem to you unpardonable. I have reason to believe that your son is dissipated. It is an ugly word—forgive me.”

Mrs. Mayburn reined in the ponies under the huge pine-trees at the hill-top, and laid her hand reassuringly on the girl's arm.

“My child, it would be useless for me to deny—in fact, it is perhaps better that you should know the exact truth. Harold has given us some anxiety during the past few years. New York life offers many temptations, and his associates, though belonging to the first families, are many of them fast young men. Yes, I confess, he uses wine far too freely. No doubt this seems very shocking to you, in your quiet innocent life; but let me assure you, out of my long experience, it is nothing uncommon. After he has sown his wild oats, I trust he will settle down into a steady family-man. I hope everything from your influence. He has had many fancies, but nothing like the fervent attachment he feels for you. You are charming and very beautiful, my child, and I truly believe you can win him back—and he can give you much.”

“You mean,” interposed the girl, unpromisingly, with her gaze still uplifted to her companion, “that, in spite of his bad habits, his wealth and position will offset what you are pleased to call my—beauty.”

The elder lady winced slightly. “You are very frank—yes, I may as well acknowledge that is what I had in my mind.”

“And, if I should fail to win him back, there would be the wealth and position as compensation,” persisted Tildy.

“Yes,” responded the other, “and I assure you a woman's life can never be empty where there is the means of culture and travel at her hand. You will come to us?” persuasively.

Tildy looked off on the wide scene, half cloud, half sunshine, spread before her. Again Aunt Seviah's homely words rang in her ear: “Satan's got ye on a high mountain, an' he's p'intin' out the kingdoms o' this world an' the glory on 'em. S'pose ye realize too late.”

She gazed almost in horror at the fair pleading woman beside her. Better a thousand times drudgery, limitation, loneliness, anything, rather than this sin of which she was sorely tempted to be guilty—this separating herself from all possible future joy.

“Oh, Mrs. Mayburn, never!” she ejaculated, the tears springing to her relief. “Don't you see it is not mine to take, this life that tempts me so?”

Lines of pain deepened on the face of the elder woman as she mechanically turned the ponies homeward. An inarticulate sob burst from her, and she faltered: “Miss Warner, consider—a mother will even humiliate herself to beseech you, since you hold the future welfare of her only son in your hands.”

But a strange composure had taken possession of the girl; everything was plain and clear before her.

“No, Mrs. Mayburn,” she said, with gentle dignity. “You are his mother—it is your work. God helping me, I will never do this thing.”

A silence fell again upon the two, as they sped back through the shaded wood-road. As Tildy alighted at the farm-gate, Mrs. Mayburn clasped her hand in a warm lingering pressure.

“You are a brave girl,” she said. “I wish he had been worthy of you.”

Harold Mayburn received his refusal through his mother. She wrote him a long letter that night, a letter which awoke glowing visions of a possible “might be”; but, alas! the good resolutions were of too feeble growth to reach maturity. The old temptations allured him onward. He did not appear in Mapleton again during the stay of his family there.

“Well,” remarked Edith, a few days later, “Harold's fancy for Miss Warner seems to have followed his thousand other likings. I was really deluded into regarding it as a settled affair.”

A spasm of pain flitted over Mrs. Mayburn's smooth forehead.



"It seems to have been only a passing attraction," she replied, in measured tones.

"Well, it would have been a mésalliance at best," said Madeline. "It will be better if he chooses a wife in our own circle."

"No doubt you are right, my dear," replied her mother, with studied indifference.

"The old Wareham common-sense won the day," commented Aunt Seviah. "The child's got it in her, arter all!"

"I told ye there's no need o' frettin', Sevy," said Uncle Moses, unfolding the evening paper, "ef ye'd only give natur' a chance to work."

"Wal, I dunno but you're right, Moses," replied his helpmate, with unusual submission; "but, somehow, I can't refrain from—assitin'!"

The days moved on in their usual monotonous round, at the homestead. Tildy entered heart and soul into the once despised household work. Aunt Seviah treated her with a certain respect, and a new bond of sympathy seemed to have been established between the practical woman and the dreamy girl. The snow blanketed the hills and wrapped the valley for its winter rest. Over in the village there were many changes. The summer guests had long since flitted away, the Mapleton House was closed.

Dr. Upham, who for a quarter of a century had ministered to the little flock that assembled weekly in the weather-beaten church, had been suddenly gathered to his fathers. Good motherly Mrs. Upham, rendered almost helpless by the unexpected blow, had been taken to her daughter's home, twenty miles away, to be cared for and comforted. For the first time in many years, the hospitable doors of the old parsonage were closed, and the windows that had been a beacon-light to many a poor wanderer were closely shuttered and looked blankly down on the deserted garden-path. The new minister was unmarried, a young man recently ordained. The great rambling parsonage would be an incumbrance to him. All he wanted was a comfortable chamber and study. Uncle Moses Linton, for many years deacon of the church, was commissioned to find a suitable accommodation for the new preacher. He pondered the matter in his deliberate fashion on the way home, and decided on a course of action.

"Mighty hard findin' a boardin'-place for

that air young minister, I'm thinkin'," said he, diplomatically, as he sipped the huge bowl of ginger-tea Aunt Seviah always prepared when unusual circumstances called him out of an evening.

"There's Widder Green!" Aunt Seviah threw out the suggestion between-times, as she "flew round" seeing that bolts and bars were safely adjusted for the night.

"Ain't good enough cook. Poor feed makes poor sermons," after a prolonged draught of the steaming tea.

"Polly Thorp, then!" said Aunt Seviah, politely showing the cat the door into the back kitchen, wherein was her basket for the night.

"Ain't room to turn round now, in her box of a house, an' her childern raise Cain. You don't s'pose, Sevy," fixing his little twinkling eyes on his energetic helpmate and slowly stirring the fragrant beverage, "you couldn't give him house-room for a spell—now, could ye?"

"Wal, there's room enough—if that's all; he might have the south chamber, and the little room off for his books an' fixins'. As for cookin', there's allus enough and to spare. It's kinder sanctifyin' to have a preacher round. I dunno but I'll let him come for the winter, anyhow."

"That worked well!" chuckled Uncle Moses to himself. "Sevy thinks it's her idee."

With Aunt Seviah, to plan was to carry out. A new stove was speedily set up in the little room, a crimson carpet tacked down, a couple of easy-chairs transferred thither, and, by the next Saturday night, the Reverend Mr. Morton was established therein, with all his belongings.

The minister's advent was the beginning of a new life for Tildy. The latest magazines, reviews, and books somehow always happened to be left on the sitting-room table, instead of being relegated to the study upstairs. The minister found this girl with the dreamy eyes and thoughtful face a curiously interesting study. Day by day, he understood better the fine sensitive nature, hedged in by circumstances, struggling bravely for the higher life and forcing itself to be content. Perhaps the sermons gained somewhat in vigor because the preacher was conscious of one absorbed listener who waited intently for the message

her soul craved. The second summer of the Reverend Mr. Morton's stay in Mapleton rested in its June freshness on the hills. The parsonage was again thrown open, for it was meet that it should be the minister's residence, since the only objection thereto was now removed. Once more a busy happy woman flitted from room to room, drawing aside curtains that the sweet summer air and sunshine might wander through the old rooms, banishing all traces of solitude and mustiness.

"Grace," said the minister, pausing beside his wife, as she leaned from the sunny south window and drew in a branch of climbing roses, which filled the air with fragrance, "the same hills shut you in here—and yet you are sure you will be content, my darling?"

She looked up with happy eyes.

"Not a doubt remains. If I think of them

at all, it is as the gates to a beautiful beyond for you and me."

"And yet," he continued, musingly, "life might have been so different for you."

She glanced up quickly.

"Aunt Seviah should not have repeated that to you. I was weak and foolish in the old days."

"No, Grace—not foolish, but longing unutterably for better things," replied her husband, fondly.

"I should really like to know, Edward, how you divined that my name was so utterly distasteful to me, and gave it the only Grace-ful rendering possible."

"Believe me, it was never distasteful to me," replied the minister, earnestly: "Matilda—a brave woman; Grace—the grace of God!"

"Oh, I never translated it so!" cried Tildy, with brimming eyes.

## DRIFTING.

BY LILLA PRICE.

In oarless boat, alone and sad,  
Adown an ocean dark and deep,  
I float adrift the waters vast,  
And dream of home and rest and sleep.

The sun hangs low, and flings a maze  
Of red-gold bars athwart the sky,  
And gilds the purpling clouds that seem  
To frame the gates of "by and by."

And, as I gaze and drift and dream,  
Bright days ago my thoughts engage,  
And mem'ry holds before my view  
A picture from her fairest page.

I see the waters blue and calm,  
My life's boat oared by faith and love—

A fond face smiling from the helm,  
A bright and cloudless sky above.

E'en as I look, the scene dissolves—  
The sky with clouds is overcast,  
And gloom-browed present rudely routs  
The sun-bright vision of the past.

The shades are falling, falling low,  
And twilight's pall will shroud the night;  
And still anent the dark'ning waves  
I drift, and wait the coming light.

I drift toward a future vague—  
Life's tide is ebbing, ebbing fast;  
And never can my barque return  
Upon the ocean of the past.

## A LOYAL LITTLE LOVER.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

"I'm going to send a valentine!"  
Said Hal unto his younger brother.  
"Why don't you send one, too?" said Tom.  
"I will; I'll send one to my mother."

"Oh, what a baby-boy!" cried Hal;  
"I'm 'shamed to own you for a brother."

"That makes no difference," said Tom:  
"I'll send my valentine to mother."

And so he did. He sought and sought,  
To find one fairer than another;  
And proudest boy in town was he  
Who sent his valentine to mother.

## A ROMANCE OF THE BIG HORN.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A TEXAN BOPEEP," "FRONTIER TALES," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 51.

### V.



GRACE BREVOORT woke in an agony of excitement and terror: the earth was shaking with a strong vibratory tremor, and she could feel the small adobe house thrill and quiver with the rush of some mighty object with-out, that went shrieking through the darkness and dying away down the wind. In the sudden recall to consciousness, Miss Brevoort could not, at first, remember her surroundings; and it was only when she heard a long wailing whistle, down the valley, that she realized it must have been the passage of a night-express that had caused her sudden alarm. Evidently, then, the ranch was near the railroad, and she had an additional opportunity of return. She was so overjoyed by this reflection, that she turned again upon her pillow and was soon asleep.

It was early dawn when Grace opened her eyes; the first lances of the sun were piercing the small window of the ranch and shattering themselves upon the rough wall above her head. Fearful of being surprised in her recumbent attitude, she arose and made a hasty toilet with the scant utensils the ranch afforded. Then, passing into the kitchen, she inspected the larder narrowly, to see what were the prospects for breakfast. She was rewarded by the discovery of some eggs, a side of bacon, and some canned goods in a small cupboard. She busied herself in building a fire in the stove, boiling some coffee, and cooking breakfast. This she ate in solitary loneliness, attended only by the black cat, which purred loudly like some mad thing and sat on a bench by her side during the progress of the meal. After breakfast, from a sense of neatness she could not explain, the young girl washed

the dishes and bestirred herself in tidying up the room. It must have been ten o'clock when, in some alarm at the solitariness of the place, she put on her hat and went outside to reconnoitre.

No one was in sight, and, after watering her horse at a small pool near the ranch, Grace tethered him anew and returned to the house. Her situation now began to give her the gravest uneasiness. She pictured to herself the alarm of Tom and Edith upon their return and the unexplained mystery of her absence. What would they think and what would they do? How long would it be before the owner of the ranch would return? And ought she not, under the circumstances, to saddle her horse and make a second attempt to find her way back? She was pondering all this in her mind with increasing perplexity, when a sudden noise at the door startled her. She sprang to her feet—a horseman had ridden up to the very doorway of the ranch and was about to dismount. Miss Brevoort recognized at a glance the gray horse that had figured in the incidents of the day before, and the trappings and habiliments of his rider. The horseman had a strong well-developed figure. The lower part of his face was hidden by a light-colored beard, and his cheeks were tanned to the very eyelids with exposure; but something in his expression made Grace fix upon him an eager and steadfast gaze. She gasped for breath. She was surely dreaming. It could not be—yes, it was: it was unmistakably Jack Harrison.

The sudden surprise of this meeting was so overpowering, that, for a few seconds, Grace was deprived of power to move or speak; she stood rooted to the floor, just as she had arisen, the rich blood crimsoning her face and neck, one long blonde tress escaping from its confinement and falling

upon her shoulder. The horseman, already apprised that he had a visitor, from the presence of the strange horse outside, came leisurely toward the ranch-house and in at the open door without removing his hat. When he perceived that it was a lady, he suddenly doffed this, disclosing a frank manly face and a pair of critical eyes that were widely distended, in the completeness of his astonishment.

"Miss Brevoort!" he gasped. "How came you here?"

The hat dropped from his hand, in his embarrassment.

The sound of his voice, richer and stronger than of old, thrilled through Grace with all the memories of the past; but his manner of address brought with it a strange chill. He had called her "Miss Brevoort." In the brief interval since she had first recognized him, it had flashed through her mind that their greeting, after so long a period and under such remarkable circumstances, would be as familiar as of old, and, accompanying her bewilderment, there had been a spasm of joy. She felt instinctively her mistake.

"I was out riding," she faltered, "and I lost my way. I am stopping with my brother, at the Big Horn Ranch."

"In Texas? Lost?" Harrison repeated, absently. He gazed about him vacantly, like one in a dream. "You have been here long?"

"Ever since last night," Grace returned.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed.

His eye wandered a moment over the little room and the poverty of its furnishings. Then his old pride asserted itself.

"I trust you were partially comfortable," he said. "This frontier life of ours is a hard one. The country is, just at present, full of road-agents and train-wreckers, and, living so near the line of the railroad, I have given little attention to the place. I did not return, last night, as I was detained by an imperative matter. I regret that I had so little to offer you."

"I have been very comfortable, I am sure," Grace rejoined, quietly. She had, in a measure, recovered her composure. "If now you can assist me to return to my people, there will be little to be desired."

"I will do so with pleasure, Miss Brevoort," Harrison returned, with grave courtesy. "I am annoyed at the thought of your having

been exposed to such danger. Are you aware, pray, of the condition of the country? How did you dare to risk so much?"

"It was quite an accident," Grace replied, carelessly. "I have my own folly to thank for it, I suppose. You see," she added, smiling, "I had been here so long, that I felt like a native and presumed upon it. But, judging from what I witnessed yesterday from the verandah, I am fortunate in having so skillful a protector."

Jack Harrison colored a trifle under the admiring glance of her amber eyes.

"I have fallen quite in with the ways of the country, and count myself quite a frontiersman," he replied, modestly. "But I was very fortunate yesterday. That fellow was the most notorious road-agent and train-wrecker in the country, and had given the authorities no end of trouble—myself included. However," he added, "I fear that the capture all went for nothing, for I learned last night that he had made his escape. It was that which detained me."

"Is it possible?" Grace exclaimed, involuntarily.

"It certainly is," her companion rejoined, "and it is that which makes me anxious for your own welfare. Granted that you were lucky enough yesterday to escape without attack, you might not be so fortunate again. Do you not think, now that you are here, it would be better to return as far as Ballinger by rail? We can hire a conveyance from that station to the Big Horn."

"That," replied Miss Brevoort, "is, of course, as you decide." She smiled graciously upon him. "I am in your hands—Jack." She could not bring herself to the formality of calling him Mr. Harrison.

They were standing at the door of the kitchen when she surprised him with this reference to old times. The color mounted to Harrison's face in an instant. He had stooped and picked up the water-pail, as if about to start for the spring. His embarrassment was so great that he stumbled.

"I must leave you for a moment," he said, hurriedly. "You must be hungry, after such primitive hospitality. I trust you can entertain yourself while I see about dinner."

With a half-bow, he passed out into the sunlight and disappeared around an angle of the house.

## VI.

LEFT to herself, the past, with all the irony of its associations and memories, came thronging upon Grace, and she sank into a chair with a plaintive little sigh. This man who had just left her was Jack Harrison—Jack Harrison! Could she realize it? She told herself the fact over and over again, putting both hands to her temples and staring before her in a confused way. How the ghost of their past love mocked her in this formal exchange of greetings and common-places! And what an eternity it seemed since they had dreamed that old dream over together. Ah! they had been so happy! And now she had lost him—she had lost him, to find him cold, impassive, apologetic, with no trace of his old feeling but his embarrassment, and, she half thought, a possible regret at the meeting. Oh! it was cruel—cruel!

A sudden report of fire-arms drowned these reflections and drove the blood in ice-currents to her heart. What had happened? She sprang to her feet and rushed to the door wildly. She could see nothing. The landscape without lay calm and unruffled beneath a summer's sun; a prairie-dog barked shrilly from his burrow; the fleeting shadow of a buzzard's wing, projected from the blue vault above, drifted lazily over the valley. She was about to put on her hat and rush from the doorway, when she heard a hurried footstep close at hand, and Jack Harrison staggered across the threshold, closing the door violently behind him.

He leaned against it, struggling for breath, and, with his right hand, endeavored to slide into place the heavy bar that fastened it. His left arm hung helpless by his side. The startled Grace saw that a stream of blood was running down his sleeve and trickling upon the bare floor.

"Help me!" he gasped. "They've hit me!"

In an instant, the courageous girl was at his side. With their united exertions, the bar was quickly slid into place. Then she turned and faced him.

"Jack—dear Jack!" she cried, making a dumb appeal in the direction of his wounded arm, "tell me—tell me what has happened!"

He did not at first reply. He made a helpless movement toward the corner where his rifles stood, grasped one of them, and

endeavored to load it. The effort was too much for him. A spasm of pain crossed his pale face. He set the heavy arm down upon the floor and turned to the terrified girl.

"Grace," he said, "it is useless to conceal it; we are surrounded by our enemies, and are prisoners in this house. Our only hope is to make a fight for it. The man I captured yesterday is outside. He is in company with three others; they are mounted and well armed; they fired on me suddenly when I went to the spring. Tell me: can you load a rifle or pistol? Do you know anything of fire-arms?"

The light of a strong resolution shone in the girl's face and flashed in her eyes. She turned to him with white lips.

"I think so," she said. "But, Jack, dear boy, you must not think of that now. You are wounded—you may bleed to death. Let me bandage your arm."

Jack Harrison set his teeth together. "Not till the arms are loaded," he said, firmly. "It is a mere scratch; I can wait."

He winced with pain, as he spoke. "My revolvers are in those holsters—there!—hand them to me. Thank God! they are loaded."

Miss Brevort took down the heavy belt from the hook where it hung on the wall, and laid it on the toilet-stand close at hand. Jack drew a revolver from its holster; he took his position near the single window of the ranch.

"Now," he said, "the rifle-cartridges are in a box, near the cupboard, in the kitchen. You must find them if you can. I will mount guard here till you get back; these rascals may try to break in at any moment. Quick! Keep away from the kitchen window, and be as careful as you can."

The girl flew on her unfamiliar errand. In a few moments, she returned with the box of cartridges in her hands.

"Good!" Jack exclaimed. "Now, the Winchester!"

She caught up the rifle from its place in the corner, and, taking a handful of cartridges from the box, filled the magazine with a deft case that surprised Jack. Grace had always felt an interest in fire-arms, and the knowledge she had gained while assisting her brother Tom now stood her in good stead. In spite of the peril of their surroundings, Harrison could scarcely repress a word of admiration.

"You are a treasure indeed!" he said.

He made an effort to loosen his coat, and the girl stepped forward quickly to aid him. A sudden shadow, darkening the window, fell upon them both. Harrison looked up. A fierce face, framed in a bristling black beard, was just drawing away from the window. The bright glare without dazzled the eyes of the intruder, and it was evident from his expression that he had not been able to distinguish objects within the room. As he disappeared from view, his hand fell away from the window-sash where he had been striving to force the fastening.

At the same time a violent blow was struck upon the door outside, causing it to leap upon its hinges. Miss Brevoort clasped her hands in terror.

"Come! come! Open up here!" shouted a gruff voice, with an oath.

For answer, Harrison grasped his six-shooter and stole to the window. From his point of view, he could just see the shoulder of his enemy. The sash and pane stood between them, but his assailant was not three feet away. A blinding flash lit up the room for an instant; there was a jingling of broken glass; and the man staggered back with a low curse. The smoke of the discharge poured through the opening.

There was a scuffle of feet without, and a hurried stampede. A moment later, they heard the shouts of the robbers, calling to one another, and then the neigh of their steeds. Grace breathed a sigh of relief.

"They have taken to their horses," cried Jack, joyfully, "but I reckon there is one less to deal with."

He seated himself in a chair and closed his eyes involuntarily, as if in intense pain. He had grown strangely pale in the interval.

"My arms!" he groaned. "I fear, Grace, I am hurt more than I supposed."

He drew from the pocket of his coat a flask which his trembling fingers with difficulty placed upon the table. Miss Brevoort hurried to his side. She hastily poured out a portion of the spirit into a tin cup which stood near, and held it to his lips.

"Drink!" she said; "it will revive you."

Harrison feebly swallowed the liquor.

"You must take off your coat, Jack," Grace entreated. "Your wound must be bandaged."

Even amid her extreme peril, the love she felt for the wounded man eclipsed all personal considerations. The fearful thought of anything serious happening to him made her faint, but not from horror at the fate which might be hers, exposed to the remorselessness of their foes. In the unselfishness of her solicitude, she did not think of that.

At this moment, there was a volley of rifle-shots from without. They could hear the crash of the bullets as they struck the sides of the house, and a few pieces of plastering fell from the wall.

Harrison opened his eyes.

"They're firing at us from their horses," he said; "but I think the walls are stout enough to turn a bullet. Thank heaven, there is but one window to the ranch!"

Grace put one arm tenderly about him, and gently slipped his coat from his shoulders. The sleeve of his hunting-shirt was drenched with blood. She trembled and turned faint, but the anxiety she felt held her to her task. Summoning all her courage, she stripped back the sleeve quickly and examined the injury. The wound was a deep one, but it was in the fleshy part of the arm, and she believed that the bone was not broken. Could she but stanch the blood, it might not prove serious. She glanced around for something to use as a bandage. Her eye fell upon an old quilt, through which in places the cotton filling protruded. Hastily plucking out several pieces of this, she applied them tenderly to the wound.

But she had nothing with which to bind them in place, and she was in perplexity. A sudden thought occurred to her. With a quick energy, she tore a portion of her skirt into strips, and, applying this to the cotton bats with a skill she did not know she possessed, she secured them tightly and firmly. In her accomplishment of this task, she exerted a nervous strength which surprised her and made Harrison writhe with agony.

It had grown strangely still in the last few moments. There had been no firing, no indication of the presence of their enemies. The silence struck Harrison as ominous. Keeping close in the cover of the wall, he reconnoitred through the broken pane. The staring sunlight shone vividly upon everything without, but no human presence was visible.

He bethought himself of a simple subter-

fuge. Resting the barrel of his Winchester upon the back of a chair, so as to command the opening, he crouched behind it, and directed Grace to place his hat upon the muzzle of the other gun and hold it so as to be visible at the window.

The ruse was successful. A running fire of bullets greeted its appearance, one or two of which struck the woodwork of the window. During this fusillade, Harrison kept up a most vigilant look-out through the opening. As he expected, he was rewarded with a sight of the enemy. In his anxiety to obtain a good view-point, one of the robbers, mounted upon a bay horse, rode out into the open, and Harrison glimpsed him through the broken pane. Dropping his eye to the peep-sight of his rifle, he pulled the trigger. The man reeled in his saddle, at the discharge of the piece, and disappeared from view amid the smoke. A second later, he saw a riderless horse with leaping stirrups dash past the window. His aim had been good.

But Harrison could not divest himself of a vague dread which possessed him, and of which he made no mention to Grace. After the ruse of the hat, there was no more firing, and a second recourse to the expedition had produced no result. What did it mean—this silence on the part of their assailants? Of their number, two were now manifestly either dead or disabled. Could it be that they would give over the assault? From his position, he could command but a small view of the space without, and the uncertainty of his surroundings increased his apprehensions. He was not long held in suspense.

A sudden cloud of black smoke, drifting heavily by the window, filled him with new alarms; in the air was the strong pungent smell of something burning. It flashed over Harrison in an instant that the robbers were trying to burn the house. He remembered a pile of cockle-burs removed from the fleeces of the sheep, that had been carelessly allowed to remain resting against the side of the house. He wondered if these had been used as the nucleus of a bonfire. They would not be readily inflammable, but, once kindled, might smolder indefinitely, and, added to other material, might make their position extremely uncomfortable. The walls of the house were built of adobe and would

resist the flames for a time; but the roof was shingled, and, should the fire reach this, they might be encircled in a whirling vortex of flame which would drive them from their shelter at the mercy of their enemies.

Filled with this new and terrible apprehension, he turned toward Grace. She was seated upon a low stool in the centre of the room, her hands clasped in her lap, her lips parted with the agony of suspense. The terror of the moment had blanched her complexion to the tint of a tea-rose; her great amber eyes were bright with excitement; and the glory of her blonde hair had slipped from its confinement, and shone like an aureola about her, as it rippled down over her back and shoulders. She looked so beautiful, as she sat there, that Jack could not bring himself to acquaint her with the new nature of his fears. She had been so brave, so calm, amid all their peril, that his heart stirred within him, and the memory of his early love for this radiant apparition swept over him in one grand wave of feeling. What mattered it—the foolish misunderstanding, the trivial jealousy, of a bygone year, that had estranged them? Perhaps these few fleeting moments were the last that both should live. He arose, and, drawing near to her, cast an arm tenderly about her.

The girl crept closer to him, in the darkening room. A few sparks amid the eddying smoke flew by the window. They could hear the roar and crackle of the flames without. He felt a tremor as of fear pass over her; the beautiful golden head fell upon his shoulder.

"Does your wound pain you, Jack?"

"Not now," he whispered.

The chivalrous falsehood made her turn her eyes to him, and he read there the candor of their old confession.

Sweet as the thought was to him, his enjoyment of it was but brief; a whirl of flame flashed suddenly by the window, carrying with it a volume of smoke that poured suffocatingly into the room; tongues of fire leaped to the sash, and soon the panes were framed with climbing color that swept its certain and destructive way to the low roof. Jack seized a half-filled water-bucket that stood near and dashed it over both window and wall.

He was too late. Already they could hear



the climbing currents of flame writhing and surging over the caves. The shingles began to curl and part with the fervent heat, and sparks and burning bits of wood fell like fiery blossoms into the room below. They could distinguish the exulting shouts of their foes. Half stupefied by the blinding smoke and desperate with the peril of their position, they retreated into a remote corner. Screening the person of Grace with his own body, Jack drew his revolver, determined to make a last stand.

At this moment, above the roar and whirl of the flames, they heard cries and startled exclamations from without. The earth shook as if with the tread of many galloping horses. There were shouts and hoarse voices, mingled with the rattle of fire-arms and the sounds of a sudden strife and confusion, that swept with increasing clamor round the house.

Breathless between hope and fear as to the cause of this sudden tumult, Harrison and Grace remained silent and listening eagerly. The heat scorched them, the blinding smoke stifled them; but, clasped in one another's arms, they awaited their fate. All at once, there was a crash and jingle of glass in the adjoining room; the door of the kitchen was torn open suddenly, and the leader of the robbers—the man Harrison had captured—dashed into the room.

He was evidently closely pursued, for his features wore a hunted expression. His face was bleeding in several places where he had burst his way through the window, and he brandished a cocked revolver in either hand. Facing about, he raised both weapons, just as Harrison brought his own revolver to a level. Grace covered her face with her hands and caught her breath.

The next moment, it seemed as if all the batteries of Inferno had been suddenly called into play; from all sides of the room and from the kitchen doorway, a succession of blinding flashes crossed and recrossed it with the rapidity of lightning; the air was full of sulphurous vapor and flying splinters; and the walls shook beneath the unearthly din as if with the throes of an earthquake. It ceased as suddenly. Grace had fallen to her knees in the extremity of her terror. Through the smoke that filled the room, a tall figure bounded from the kitchen doorway, crossed the room, and raised her to her feet. She opened her eyes, to find

the strong arms of her brother Tom about her.

"You are safe? You are unhurt?" he cried.

A sudden gust of wind, sweeping from window to doorway, cleared the room and made objects visible. The leader of the robbers lay prone and ghastly in that uncertain light, his hands still grasping his smoking pistols, where he had fallen. The eyes of Grace ran wildly past him to another object that lay upon the floor. In an instant, she had torn herself from Tom's embrace and thrown herself beside it.

"Jack, darling, speak to me!" she moaned.

Thomas Brevoort stooped down beside the kneeling figure and himself examined the prostrate man. At length, he raised his eyes to the imploring face of his sister.

"Do not worry, Grace," he said; "I think he has simply fainted from exhaustion."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thomas Brevoort was right in his opinion; but it was many days before Jack Harrison was himself again. An hour later, when he first recovered consciousness, it was to find himself in a covered wagon, proceeding he knew not whither, but under the armed escort of Sheriff Mosely and Thomas Brevoort. For a few moments, he lay quite still, oppressed by a dull throbbing in his temples and a feeling of fever in his veins. He stared helplessly about him in the dim twilight of the vehicle. Then he attempted to rise. A familiar figure seated beside him lifted a warning finger, and a voice, which even in his enfeebled condition thrilled him with a sweetness ineffable, lulled him to repose. He sank back again, and knew no more.

And so, through weary weeks that seemed endless in their succession of pain and suffering, he was sustained and soothed. Of his illness, he had never a clear impression, and surrounding objects seemed to change about him with the bewildering perversity of a dream. He had a glimpse of himself lying upon a broad porch, surrounded by climbing vines and verdure, patiently awaiting the arrival of somebody who gave him greater agony than before. Then the scene changed mysteriously to a spacious room; pictures were on the walls; books and flowers were round about him; but ever beside him was the same sweet presence, brooding over him,

anticipating his slightest wants, until, in his weakness and delirium, he came to regard it as a ministering angel that watched beside his bed.

And indeed, if sympathy and self-sacrifice are celestial characteristics, the comparison was not greatly forced. Grace never realized how the days went by, nor where the hours fled. Sustained by a devotion that defied fatigue, she gave herself no rest, and knew no comfort save that of the invalid. In her absorbed state of mind, the particulars of the search and rescue, so often repeated by her brother Tom, were hardly heeded. She only gathered, in a vague way, that the Sheriff had happened to observe her on her lonely ride, when she had first started in pursuit of the antelope; that the escape of his prisoner, and the consequent pursuit, had thrown Mosely and Brevoort together; and that the discovery of her horse in the neighborhood of the cabin had led to a surmise of the real state of facts.

Neither did the anxiety that consumed her permit her to appreciate the puzzled bewilderment of her brother, when he saw her thus suddenly transformed into a professional nurse. To a man like Thomas Brevoort, who had always been in total ignorance of this hidden romance in the life of his sister, the change in her was a complete mystery. It was Mrs. Brevoort who first enlightened him. The latter had always been the friend and confidante of Grace, and she took it upon herself to acquaint her husband with the true state of affairs. His amazement was complete; but, after several interviews with his wife on this most serious of topics, he was

fain to develop an exaggerated interest in Grace, and to indulge, after the manner of guardian brothers, in mischievous criticism of her attentions. This attitude on his part, however, was met by an annoyance so pathetic that the good fellow, out of sheer sympathy, desisted.

So the days came and went, until the girl's patient care was rewarded, and the man so nursed and tended came forth again into the warm air and sunshine. It was a glorious afternoon, and brother and sister were seated together on the broad porch—the latter still following with caressing eyes the figure of the convalescent, who, rejoicing in his new-found liberty, was strolling about the grounds.

"So you've finally decided to come round to my view, and not return North," said Tom, suddenly; he had been gravely regarding Grace.

"Who told you that, pray?" inquired his sister, with a sudden flush.

"Oh! it's all decided," Tom returned, laughing. "Don't try any of your mysteries on me, my dear. The idea of your keeping this thing away from me so long! I haven't quite forgiven you yet. Jack told me everything, last night, and we sat up and smoked cigars over the situation until the small hours of the morning. Permit me to congratulate the future Mrs. Harrison, and cheerfully extend my fraternal blessing. Perhaps you will be interested to know that I have a very high opinion of your beloved. At any rate, we've shaken hands on the matter, and decided, under the circumstances, to join ranches."

## I F W E K N E W .

BY GENESEE RICHARDSON.

THESE are gems of wondrous brightness  
Ofttimes lying at our feet,  
And we pass them, walking thoughtless  
Down the busy crowded street;  
If we knew, our pace would slacken—  
We would step more oft with care,  
Lest our careless feet be treading  
To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching  
For the comfort we might bring;  
If we knew what souls are yearning  
For the sunshine we might fling;

If we knew what feet are weary  
Walking pathways roughly laid:  
We would quickly hasten forward,  
Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us  
Feel a want they never tell—  
That some word that we have spoken  
Pained or wounded where it fell:  
We would speak in accents tender,  
To each friend we chance to meet—  
We would give to each one freely  
Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

## A RAILWAY EPISODE.

BY MISS LEE M'CRÆE.



It was a peculiarly November day, one which calls for the heart-sunshine which all provident souls have stored up for such weather. Next to a jail, there is no more depressing spot than a small station; and on the platform of one of the most dingy of its kind, on this most dreary of all days, two young persons were walking.

The gentleman was talking rapidly, and ended by saying:

"I wish you would not persist, Ella. The idea of going alone on an old accommodation train, when the express will pass only an hour later! And—well, to tell you the truth, I don't like to see my sister do it."

"Oh, nonsense! I think it is very 'accommodating' of the train to take me down so much earlier. There's a motherly-looking old woman getting on now—see? She'll be my chaperone. If I should wait for the express, you know I would not reach Fort Scott until eight o'clock, and the wedding is at half-past eight; so I would have to go without the 'wedding-garment': and what girl could bear to do that? Isn't it odd," deftly changing the subject, "how much interest people always take in weddings? Indeed, there are but two things that can arouse universal unflinching interest in human-kind—love and money."

"You forget politics!" put in Ned.

"Oh, the endless incomprehensible subject! Don't begin on that! Ah, the porter is bringing my trunk at last; so help me on this much-abused train—it will start in a few minutes."

"What a dingy old affair it is!" Ned exclaimed, as he surveyed the interior of the car, which was partitioned off—the fore part for the baggage, and the rear for passengers.

"I don't envy you the trip, I assure you. Good-bye, dear. Congratulate the happy pair for me."

(158)

He swung himself off the platform, waved his hand, and disappeared.

Ella Sutherland turned from the dreary view without, which the early winter twilight was making more dismal each moment, to find that the old lady was the only passenger beside herself, and that she was already half asleep. So Ella leaned back in her seat and settled down to quiet reverie.

Presently, however, she was roused by a half-angry, half-frightened voice from the adjoining compartment, saying with a broad Scotch accent:

"Dinna I tell't ye, mon, I'll na drink yer auld stuff? Awa' wi' ye!"

"Why, my lad, you're a fool, to refuse a drop with your friends," answered a persuasive voice; "men in America never do. Come now—just half this glass; here—you must. There—that will do. If you want to make friends in this country, that's the way to do it. Ha! ha!"

Ella's seat was near the partition, and the transom over the door, being broken, admitted the voices very plainly—even the sound of force used to compel the foreign lad to drink the "auld stuff," whatever it might be.

She remembered, with a shudder, Ned's advice to wait for the express, and his remark about these train-men being "the hardest set on the road," and concluded to tell the old lady at the other end of the car what she had heard.

"I don't like the looks of it, either," was the reply; "but, of course, we can't interfere and protect the boy. I will come and sit near you, and we will keep our ears open."

They listened intently for quite a while in vain. Finally, there came more indistinct sounds and then these words:

"Pshaw! he'll sleep for hours. What're you 'fraid of? It's in this pocket. Hold his coat open. I spotted it from the way he felt around when we weren't looking. Pinned up! I'll be blowed! Awfully cautious, weren't you, my tenderfoot?"

"Whew—ee! what a haul!" added another

rough voice. "Remember, Bob, it's half and half."

"Afiah my thuty dollahs." The Southern accent plainly betrayed the conductor himself, and made the women gaze at one another with pale despairing faces.

Then followed a fierce quarrel over the division of the spoils, interspersed with fearful oaths.

"Is there a station between here and Fort Scott?" whispered Ella.

"Yes—two, I think."

At this moment, the whistle sounded. She tore a letter from her pocket and penciled these words on the envelope:

"Telegraph for policemen to meet No. 7 at Fort Scott. Arrest conductor and two men. Robbery."

The train came to a standstill; Ella slipped to the rear end of the car and cautiously opened the door.

"You must not try to get off—the conductor will see you and come and gag us!" expostulated the old lady, half dead with fright.

But it was dusk; a light snow was falling; and, peering around the corner of the car, Ella waited until the conductor was busy with some freight, and then flew to the station window.

"Do this, for God's sake—and do it quickly!" she gasped, as she flung the paper in, scarcely waiting to note if anyone were there to receive it, and sped back to the already moving train.

She sank into her seat exhausted, and covered her face with her hands; but the old lady kept her post at the keyhole. Presently, she bent over Ella and whispered excitedly:

"They've remembered us, and are afraid we heard 'em. They're coming to see. Oh, what'll we do?"

"Go to your seat and play deaf; I'll be asleep," instantly answered the quick-witted girl.

Before the old lady had fairly reached her seat, the conductor entered.

"Anything I can do for you, ma'am?" he said, eying her suspiciously. But he had to repeat his question.

"Eh? Speakin' to me, sir? Yes, a chilly night. I'm a-huntin' that draught. How fer is it tew Fort Scott frum here?"

"About eight miles, ma'am."

VOL. XCVII—9.

"Eighty miles! You don't say! Then I must 'a drempt a lot. I thought we wur 'most there."

Satisfied, he turned toward Ella.

With perfect abandon and actresslike grace she lay back in the seat, her head in that uncomfortable position in which the last nod so often leaves it, and one ungloved hand hanging nervelessly over her satchel.

He leaned forward and scrutinized her closely. Not an eyelash quivered. He touched her hand in a cat-like way, but not a muscle moved. Oh, the length of that moment!

At last he passed on into the other compartment; but scarcely had the door closed before she had her ear to the keyhole, and heard him say:

"No wind to fear from that quarter; but I tell you, Bob, we ought to get this boy off, or he might prove an elephant on our hands at Fort Scott. You know we only run to that far."

"There's a station 'tween here and there? Well, we'll just dump him off, and tell the agent he's drunk, and halt-witted at that."

"All right; you can play his big brother for the occasion."

"We will soon be there?"

"Yes, in three minutes."

Ella repeated this conversation to her companion, and, clasping her hands, said piteously:

"The poor boy! Can't we help him, after all? How can I prove it to the policemen, if they do meet us, and he is not on board?"

"If they put him off," answered the old lady, "I will get down, just as the train starts, and take care of him. Don't worry, child—they won't see me."

"Then you must follow on the express, and bring him with you, and I'll tell the policemen you are coming," added Ella, excitedly.

The station was reached, and the boy, too drunk or too thoroughly drugged to make resistance, was carried out by the burly "Bob," and deposited unceremoniously on a bench.

The tears rose to Ella's eyes as she looked back, in the dim light, and saw the dear old lady bending over him, holding his limp hands and smoothing his hair in a motherly way.

The conductor came in once, to collect

the fare of a good-natured-looking drummer who had entered; but he was hurried, and, to Ella's great relief, left without noticing the old lady's absence.

"Fort Scott!" shouted the brakeman, and scarcely had Ella risen from her seat before she saw the brass buttons of the policeman, and, in a few moments more, the conductor, brakeman, "Bob," and even the astonished drummer were under arrest and hurried off into the station.

Ella's story was soon told, but she was obliged to wait the coming of the express that her strange evidence might be corroborated.

After watching the robbers led off to be searched and imprisoned, and seeing the old

lady start for home with the dazed half-conscious boy still under her protection, Ella took a cab and was driven to the brilliantly lighted mansion of Judge Mexam.

Hastily removing her wraps, she was ushered into the parlors just in time to hear the last words of the wedding ceremony. Many surprised half-contemptuous glances were cast upon her plain check traveling-suit, until, at the table, after the happy pair had been duly toasted, the host rose and said:

"I propose that we drink to the heroine of the hour, Miss Ella Sutherland."

Then followed the story in glowing words; but, before the glasses were raised, Ella said eagerly:

"Please include the dear old lady!"

## WATCHING.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

'Mid the hush of the star-lit gloaming,  
Where the shadows softly fell  
Across the path through the meadow,  
From the trees in the grassy dell,  
A woman, sad-eyed and patient,  
In her lonely woodland home,  
Watched till her heart grew weary  
For one who would never come—

Watched till the lovelight faded  
From her saddened eyes away—  
Watched till the nightfall darkened  
The earth at the close of day,  
Then slowly turned from her vigil  
And said: "He is false to me!"  
And wept for her dream that had vanished,  
For the joys that might never be.

Far away from the wind-swept meadow—  
Far, far from her sorrowing eyes—  
'Neath the shadow of death's own angel,  
The one she had watched for lies;  
Eternity's mystic symbol  
Is set on that marble brow,  
And the heart which had beat for her only  
Is hushed into silence now.

"He is false!" she moans 'mid her weeping.  
He is dead; but how can she know?  
So she sorrows for vows that are broken,  
For hopes that lie shattered below.  
But, up in the infinite distance  
Where glows the blest city of light,  
She will learn that her love was not wasted—  
The morning will dawn out of night.

## MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

BY HARRIET F. CROCKER.

The silvery moonbeams gild the little waves—  
The lake lies calm and quiet, fast asleep,  
While o'er the waters deep our light skiff glides,  
And from the shore come strains of music sweet.

Moonlight and music! loved by every heart,  
But doubly dear to ours, it seems, to-night;  
Faintly the melody comes to us here,  
And on the lake's still breast the moon lies white.

Afar, the woods of deepest, darkest pine  
Stand bathed in splendor by the moon's soft ray,  
And, over all, the sweetest silence falls,  
Save the sweet sound of music far away.

Gently we glide and drift and float along  
Near islands green, transfigured in the light,  
And from our happy hearts bursts forth a song  
In rapturous praises of this queenly night.

## RESCUED BY CUSTER'S MEN.

BY ANNA LATHAM.



### CHAPTER I.

THE summer of 1872 was a season of fearful peril to the scattered settlers of Dakota and Montana. A large proportion of them were immigrants, ignorant of the dangers that surrounded them on the border, and knowing nothing of the horrors of Indian warfare till awakened from their dreams of peace and plenty by the blood-curdling war-whoops resounding around their cabins.

The powerful and warlike Sioux, jealous of the encroachments of the whites, angered by the cheating of Government agents, and urged on by their own fierce tempers, donned their war-paint, many of the young braves going to join Sitting Bull's camp, while others roamed the country in bands, committing fearful depredations on defenseless ranchmen and outlying settlements.

General Custer, commanding the Seventh Regiment of Regular Cavalry, stationed at Fort Lincoln on the Missouri, taking six companies of cavalry supported by three of infantry, made a rapid march into the Indian country, to punish the marauders and drive them back to their reservations.

An unclouded June sun smiled down upon this fine array of blue-and-yellow, halted for their mid-day rest and refreshment in the midst of a vast prairie that, on three sides, stretched to the horizon. In the northwest, a range of low hills broke its dull monotony. The summer's heat had not yet curled and shriveled every green thing as it does later; but the broad plain was waving with grass and gay with brilliant flowers.

General Custer had ridden to the rear, to inspect, with his usual care, the wagon and mule trains—for nothing was too insignificant for his notice that concerned the comfort of his men. Close behind him,

almost as well mounted as himself, pressed the orderly who had just dashed down to him from the head of the column.

Reining-in his fiery steed at the head of his command, the general was quickly surrounded by a mingled mass of officers and orderlies.

"Runners in our front," said Captain Custer, handing him a powerful field-glass.

"Yes," replied the general, after a long and earnest survey, "they are scouts, and the running of the first is like the running of Bloody Knife. He comes, no doubt, with important information."

"What horsemen are those just rising the crest of the divide?" eagerly inquired the captain. "A pursuit?"

"I think not," replied the general, after a searching gaze. "There are but two riders, and one looks more like a squaw than a warrior."

"Possibly it's a decoy," suggested an officer, "and a larger body of the enemy may be on the other side of the divide."

"They ride," replied Custer, "as though they themselves were pursued. I do not think the enemy would dare attack us on the open plain, even with greatly superior numbers; however, it will do no harm to be ready either to march or to fight." And, in a clear ringing tone, he shouted: "Bugler, sound 'boots and saddles'!"

With the first notes of that stirring call, the men sprang to their feet, thrusting half-eaten rations into their haversacks, and, almost as quickly as one can tell it, were in their saddles, presenting, to the quick eye of the general, long lines of erect soldierly figures curbing their restive horses with steady hands. Nearer and nearer came the Indian runners. With characteristic impatience, he galloped forward to meet them, followed by his orderly and a few officers.

"How!" said the general, as his favorite scout reached his side; "what news, Bloody Knife?"

In terse Indian language, the scout told him that he had crossed the trails of

numerous hostile bands of Sioux; and that, after many successful attacks upon the whites, they were concentrating on the Tongue River, loaded with plunder and bringing scores of captives.

"Who are those that follow you?" asked the general, pointing toward the mysterious travelers, now at the foot of the hills and just entering upon the plain.

Waving the proffered glass aside, the Indian fixed his keen eyes, shaded by one brown hand, on the advancing party.

"Palefaces," said he, sententiously: "one squaw, two papoose; white man, arm hurt; carries gun across horse's neck; looks back every step—thinks Sioux on every side."

"That is true," said the captain, who had been studying them closely. "They are escaped prisoners or refugees, in momentary danger of being scalped."

"Go back," said the general, turning to an orderly, "and order the troops forward. Send an ambulance with all speed. Take horses, and don't spare them."

Away flew the orderly, and the party rode forward to meet the approaching strangers.

On dashed the cavalcade, and now they could plainly see what the Indian had described at a much greater distance: that the foremost rider was a woman mounted on a large gray horse. In her arms, she bore an infant; astride the horse's neck rode a boy of five; while, at her back, a girl of ten clung trembling to her mother. Behind them, on a black horse, came the father, one arm in a sling and his rifle across his horse's neck, as the scout had said.

All were fair-haired and blue-eyed—unmistakably German. Tears of joy ran down their pale faces at the sight of their deliverers, and thanksgivings fell from their lips.

Tenderly the kind-hearted officers lifted the mother and her tired children to the ground, while the general warmly extended his hand to the father, who, as he approached, respectfully gave the military salute.

At his side, the man wore an old cavalry sabre; his shirt was soaked with blood from his wounded shoulder; about his head was tied a handkerchief, also blood-stained; and a rivulet of blood coursing down his sunburned cheek showed the wound was severe. Under his shaggy eyebrows shone wide-open fearless blue eyes—while, in spite of his wounds and

fatigue, he bore himself with a soldierly air that at once took the eye of the general.

"You have been attacked by Indians," said Custer. "When did it happen—and where?"

"Ve haf lified," replied the man, "at Bald Butte—how var from here, I cannot tell. Ve haf tree neighbors—all German. The night before last, mine leetle girl Bretta had gone to spend der evening mit dem, ven, all at vonce, ve hear dreadful yells and screams—our neighbors' houses all one blaze. Ve haf no light—trees all around; dey no see us at first. Ve saddle our horses in der dark, und shtart to run away; ve not go var vhen a big Indian rose up before us und fire upon me.

"See," he said, pushing back his gray flannel shirt and showing his shoulder, closely bound with bloody cloths evidently torn from their clothing. "Den he dhry pull me off mine horse; ve fight; mine horse shy vone side. Den I hit him mit mine old sabre dot I carry in der vhars long ago; he lay down in der road und not vant to fight any more."

"You have been a soldier, then?" said Custer, with interest.

"Yaw; ich vas at Sadowa, und ich von dis," replied he, showing, on his broad sunburnt breast, a small steel cross suspended from his neck by a silver chain. "Our goot emperor gif it me mit his own hand. Ich tired of vhars; I dake mine leetle family und come here. I know notting about Indians. Agent say: 'All right; soldiers all around—dey take care ob you.' But ah! Gott in Himmel! mine leetle Bretta—mine leetle girl!" and the father's grief burst forth afresh.

"What is your name?" asked a young orderly, riding close to the German and gazing eagerly in his face.

"Van Ness, sir."

"And is Bretta Van Ness your daughter?"

"She is, sir—mine own dear leetle girl."

"What of her? Where is she?" asked the young man, the blood receding from his cheek, and his eye growing dark and stern.

"I haf every reason to believe she is a prisoner in der hands ob der savages," replied the stricken father.

"How do you know that she is a prisoner?" again questioned the young soldier.



"I vhas shtandin' in mine door, when I hear her cry 'Fader! fader!' und scream. I hid mine schildren in der bush, und, when der Indians gone, I creep back to vind her. All mine neighbors dead—every one—Bretta not dere."

Leaning his head on his hand, supported by his gun-barrel, he sobbed as only a man overwhelmed by sorrow can, while the low weeping of the mother mingled with the wails of her infant, at she in vain tried to soothe it.

"General," said the orderly, turning to that officer, "with your permission, I will go in search of this man's daughter, and snatch her from her captors, or perish in so doing."

A look of wonder overspread the faces of that circle, as they noted the deep intensity of his tones, the tight-drawn lips, and the pallor of his face, that showed even through its deep bronzing.

"Where had he seen Bretta Van Ness, and why did her fate move him so deeply?" was the wondering comment of his fellow-soldiers.

"It would be madness," said Custer, after a prolonged pause, during which time he keenly eyed the young soldier; "sheer madness! Why, man, your life would not be worth a straw, a mile from the column; the creeping savages would pick you off in no time. Better leave it to the movements of the regiment to bring them to terms. Besides, this band have probably retreated to their village or joined the main body of the enemy, and pursuit would be worse than useless."

"The greater need, then," replied the brave fellow, "that Bretta's friends stir themselves in her behalf. If they cannot save her a bullet through her heart will put her beyond the reach of those incarnate fiends."

The brave and generous Custer strongly felt the force of these words. He shuddered at the horrors confronting this fair young girl, but was keenly alive to the perils incurred by her would be deliverer.

"I will go with him, general, if I can be spared from the service," said a young man who now stepped forward. "I know this country very well—was through here when looking for the hostile camp. I think I know where those German families lived, and believe I can strike the trail of this band within twelve hours."

"But, Reynolds," said Custer, "it is extremely perilous!"

"I know all the chances for and against," returned the scout, "and am willing to take them."

"Thank you, and God bless you!" exclaimed Harland, warmly clasping the hand of this bravest of brave men.

"Well," said the general, springing lightly to the ground, "since you are bound to go, I wish you to have every advantage that can be given you. I cannot spare a detachment—but here, Harland, you must take my horse. Vic'll bring you through if any horse can. She's a Kentucky thoroughbred, and there's not her match on the plains for speed or endurance."

"Unless it is mine," said Captain Custer, "and Reynolds can have him."

Both men protested against taking their officers' horses, saying they would be needed in the coming campaign; but the general declared "they had good enough horses in reserve, as they did not anticipate the necessity of running away from the Indians, and, if Reynolds's theory was correct, they would be back before a blow could be struck at the enemy."

Still urged by their commander to lose no more time in vain protests, they sprang into their saddles, and, bidding the German mother—who, with her children and wounded husband, had been tenderly placed in an ambulance—a hasty farewell, dashed off across the plain.

"Go back, Blucher! go back!" shouted Harland, as the general's great stag-hound bounded along by his side. But Blucher had no idea of returning to headquarters for his congé, and kept steadily on, only falling far enough to the rear to be out of reach of any missile that might be thrown at him.

"Let him go," at length said the scout. "There is a great affection between him and the horse you ride; he goes where she goes, and sleeps by her side at night. He has a keen nose for the trail, too, and never gives tongue following it."

"If we're lucky enough to find the red-skins, he might help us out in a 'hand to hand,' you know; he has scars enough to prove him a good fighter. Come on, old dog!"

In his delight at being permitted to go, the dog fairly bounded over the horse, and

jumped barking at her nose, while she whinnied and playfully struck at him with her forefeet.

On the crest of the divide, the soldiers paused, waved a last adieu to their comrades, took a last look at the old flag they might never see again, and then plunged down through chaparral and cactus to the plain below.

## CHAPTER II.

It was an easy matter to follow the broad trail made by the flying family, and, no signs of Indians appearing, they traveled at a good rate of speed, and, late in the afternoon, drew rein on the top of the next divide and looked down on another vast plain, through which a sluggish stream crept to mingle its waters with the far distant Missouri.

To the west lay the great butte country, which, the scout said, "was filled with narrow and deep gulches, where the Indians could find a hundred secure hiding-places; and beyond, where the mountains were purpling in the setting sun, Sitting Bull was thought to have his camp."

"Do you see that film of gray smoke rising against the dark line of trees far in our front? That," said Reynolds, "probably marks the scene of one of their last attacks; now, by diverging from this trail and striking diagonally across the prairie to where those cottonwoods outline the river's banks, we shall probably find their trail. I only hope there'll be daylight enough left to see it before we camp."

An hour's hard riding, and they reached the first of the sentinel-like cottonwood-trees, and, as they plunged deeper and deeper into their shade, they began to look carefully for Indian signs. Both men had dismounted and were closely scrutinizing each leaf and blade of grass, when a deep growl from the dog caused them to look up. A short distance ahead of them stood an Indian, his gun reversed and his hand raised in token of peace.

With a savage snarl, Blucher sprang at his throat. By a dextrous movement, the Indian caught him under the jaw, and, the next moment, the dog crouched at his feet, licking his moccasins and whining softly.

"Bloody Knife, by all that's good!" cried the scout. And, springing forward, each grasped a hand of the friendly savage.

"Ouches tell-a-me come," said Bloody Knife, and then, in his own tongue, which Reynolds understood, informed them he had taken an Indian pony recently captured, and, following a more direct route where he found good traveling, he had reached the river before them. "And here," said he, "is the trail."

A few feet from where they were standing, the earth showed unmistakable signs of a party of about twenty having passed, but no trace of the captive girl. In one place, the trail dipped down to the river, showing the Indians had stopped for water; and their own horses, being sadly in need of similar refreshment, were led by the scout to the river's edge and drank deeply of its yellow tide. Meanwhile, Harland and the Indian followed along the trail, unwilling to lose a moment of daylight. A few rods brought them to a large sycamore-tree with wide-spreading branches. Here the short grass was much trampled, and the remains of a fire showed food had been prepared.

Bloody Knife next turned his keen eyes on the massive trunk.

"See," whispered he; "paleface stand here."

On one side, the grass was much trodden, and, following the movement of the dusky finger, Harland saw the bark was broken and worn, as by a rope or lariat bound tightly around it.

"And see," he cried: "here are gashes made by hatchets! My God! the red devils have amused themselves by throwing their tomahawks at her golden head! What has she not suffered?"

He turned away, to hide the emotion that almost overpowered him at this proof of their barbarous treatment.

A guttural ejaculation from the Indian caused him to turn back quickly, to see him deftly untangling from the rough bark a thread of long yellow hair.

"Thank God for that!" said Reynolds, coming up at that moment with the horses. "We will yet save her."

"God willing!" added Harland, with a deep-drawn breath.

The last gleam of daylight had now faded from the western sky, and the shadows of the great buttes, falling across their path, deepened and intensified the gloom till the keen eyes of the Indian could no longer

see the trail. Still he pressed on with stealthy steps, his attentive ear analyzing even the cries of the night-birds and the far-off howls of some wild animal, pausing till he made sure it was what it seemed to be.

For a mile or more, they pushed on in this manner, when suddenly the Indian, rising from a listening posture—his ear to the ground—drew his pony one side and directed the others to do the same.

To a whispered "What is it?" he simply answered: "Sioux—sh!"

They had barely quieted their horses, when their strained ears caught the click of a pony's hoof striking against a stone. Each scout, taking his horse firmly by the bits, patted and smoothed his nose to keep him from neighing at the presence of other horses.

Presently, a bulky shape showed in the darkness, then another and another, till seven warriors had filed along past them, so near that they could have touched them with their rifles. Blucher's body trembled with rage, and the first note of a deep growl rumbled in his capacious throat; but a vigorous kick in the side from the scout's foot stopped his growl, and breath too, for a time. After the file of warriors came their ponies, bearing heavy loads that crashed through the bushes on either hand—game, it was afterward known to have been. Silent as statues stood horses and men, till the last footfall had died away—then the Indian, dropping on the ground, remained long in a listening attitude. Starting to his feet, he pushed rapidly forward, followed by the others. They had covered another mile in this way, when, turning sharply to their left, he led them deep into the bushes and halted at the foot of a huge rock. With the muttered word "Reconnoitre," he was gone.

Long they waited, till dark thoughts of possible treachery began to fill their minds—waited till the tired horses noisily champed their bits and stepped about on the uneven ground. They had drawn close together, in order to consult in regard to the advisability of going on without him, when, like a shadow of the night, he rose at their side.

"Come," he whispered; "leave horses and come."

The animals were tethered, and the dog ordered to stay and watch them. After a sharp

scramble up what seemed a rough mountain side, they found themselves at the top of a high bluff overlooking a long narrow valley. Carefully parting the bushes that fringed its edge, a wild scene burst upon their startled vision: At the farther end of the glade, a large fire was burning, lighting up with fitful gleams and flashes the rugged faces of the rocks that hemmed in the little valley on three sides, and bringing into red relief the trunks of forest-trees that, on its farther edge, seemed crowding upon the plain like the ranks of an advancing army. Around the fire, several squaws were grouped, broiling venison for their masters' suppers. A few rods away and nearer the centre of the opening, a tall post had been set in the ground, and to it, bound hand and foot, was their prisoner, the girl they were seeking.

Around her circled in a wild dance twenty or more warriors, singing a monotonous chant, to which they stamped and gestured, occasionally breaking into a whoop, and brandishing their tomahawks and knives close to her head. So still she stood—or rather hung, for she drooped heavily on the thongs that bound her arms—that the scouts thought her already dead. But suddenly a squaw, becoming excited by their wild dancing, seized a burning fagot from the fire, and, rushing into the circle of warriors, applied it to her bare shoulders. A piercing scream rose on the air, and the whoops and yells of the fiendish crew were redoubled, while the squaw circled round and round in the dance, touching the shrinking flesh of the poor girl as long as the brand continued burning.

When they ceased their gyrations, two warriors stepped forward and began to untie the hard knotted thongs that bound her to the stake. Again a scream of mortal terror pierced the night. Instantly the scouts brought their rifles to their shoulders, and two locks simultaneously clicked.

"Not yet," said Reynolds; "when we do fire, you aim at her head, and I at her heart."

A deep groan answered him.

Released from her bonds, she dropped helplessly at their feet, for she neither moved nor stirred. To their intense relief, the squaws now left the fire, mingled with the men, and proceeded to tie her hands and feet, while her body was again securely bound to the stake. The men, gathering around the fire,

greedily devoured the food prepared for them, washing it down with copious draughts of "fire-water," of which they seemed to have a plentiful supply. Their meal finished, they rolled themselves in their blankets and lay down about the fire, their heads to the blaze and their feet outward. One big warrior, striding to the edge of the woods, sat down, his back to a tree, his gun across his lap, as sentinel, while the squaws, bringing two long poles, laid them across the body of their prisoner and lay down in a circle around her, disposing themselves in such a manner that a squaw lay on each end of the poles.

"That is hopeful," whispered Reynolds; "if they thought there was the least danger of an attack, they would never leave the squaws to guard the prisoner, or go to sleep in that careless manner. It is evident they feel perfectly safe."

Long they waited for sleep to close every eye of the drunken crew. At length, Bloody Knife rose and motioned the others to follow. Silent as shadows, they descended the western slope of the bluff, the Indian in advance. Fortunately the wind was rising, and the swaying and creaking of branches greatly favored their movements. Once the sentinel rose, apparently listening intently, his strong features and figure making a huge silhouette against the light of the camp-fire. At length he sat down, drawing his blanket about him and holding his rifle in the hollow of his arm. Nearer and nearer to the watchful Sioux crept Bloody Knife, a long bright blade in his hand. The hearts of the scouts stood still when he was near enough to touch the robe of this living statue.

Suddenly, without a cry or groan, he fell forward on his face and never moved. The knife of his enemy had entered his heart.

For some moments, Bloody Knife lay in the shadow of the tree, then rising, motioned the scouts to approach.

"Go," he said, "kill squaw, take paleface; me stay here."

With cat-like tread, they crept around till they were exactly opposite the circle of squaws. Then Harland went boldly into the light and made an attempt to step within the narrow cordon, in order to cut the thongs that bound the prisoner. Instantly a squaw sprang up, but, before she could utter a warning cry, he struck her a tremendous blow between the eyes, that effectually silenced

her. The motion given to the pole by this action awoke the squaw on the opposite side, who, in the act of springing to her feet, received an arrow in her throat from the bow of Bloody Knife, and fell back dead. Drawing the stunned squaw one side, he knelt beside the girl and placed the palm of his hand firmly over her mouth. Her blue eyes flew open with a great horror in them.

"Be brave," he whispered; "we will save you." The eyes closed again, while tears rolled from under her long brown lashes.

With a sharp knife, he cut the thongs about her wrists and the lariat that bound her to the stake. To get her feet free without waking the squaws who lay on the ends of the second pole was the next task. Stepping softly between them, he had almost cut the cord that bound her, when a squaw sprang up, but was instantly brained by a blow from the butt of Reynolds's rifle. Harland lifted the girl from the ground and dashed with her into the forest shades. The remaining squaw sprang up, with a yell that caused every Indian around the fire to bound to his feet and rush for his weapons. Reynolds aimed a blow at her head, and an arrow flew out of the darkness; but it only pierced her shoulder, causing her to utter terrible cries.

The scouts placed the helpless and almost unconscious girl in the shelter of a tree-trunk, and, dropping on one knee, brought their rifles to their shoulders, to meet the rush of their infuriated enemies.

At that moment, the report of a rifle rang out from the other side of the valley, then another and another, and each time an Indian rolled on the ground. Dazed by their late potations and the suddenness of the attack, they appeared for a moment bewildered, and then, with fearful yells, rushed into the woods in search of their hidden foe and to gain the cover of the trees.

The howling and firing ceased until it came faint and far from the depths of the forest, and the scouts, knowing that Bloody Knife, with his breech-loader, was making this diversion in their favor, lost no time in skirting the open with their precious charge, and were looking hurriedly for the path by which the Indians descended to the plain, when Bloody Knife appeared, and, swinging Bretta to his shoulder, sprang lightly up the rocks.

In a few moments, they had reached their

horses, and the Indian resigned his burden to her lover.

Bloody Knife led the van of the little procession, while Reynolds, calm and cool as at the beginning of the fight, brought up the rear, pausing often to listen for sounds of pursuit. Soon the great tree was reached that was fraught with such terrors for Bretta; but they rode quickly past, and she was not allowed to see it.

They halted where the trail led down to the river, and the horses again drank their fill from the waters now sparkling in the light of the rising moon. Pursuit was certain in the morning, and, in order to confuse their foes, they determined to follow as nearly as practicable the trail made the preceding afternoon by Harland and the scout.

The keen eyes of the Indian soon found it, and in single file they traversed it as rapidly as the nature of the ground and the condition of their horses would allow. They traveled in this manner till the moon set, when, feeling quite secure from pursuit until daybreak, they decided to camp and take a few hours of much-needed rest. The horses were carefully picketed; two blankets, raised on sticks a little way from the ground, made a shelter for them all, the men taking turns as sentinel. Blucher was company for each in turn, and gave them a wonderful sense of security and companionship. At the first faint streak of daylight, the little camp was astir; a hasty breakfast from their haversacks eaten, a draught of river-water from their canteens drunk, and they were in their saddles, following closely the trail of the day before.

They had reached the divide, and the men, dismounted, were toiling up the steep ascent, when a cry from the Indian caused them to turn, and, to their horror and dismay, they beheld a large body of redskins, double the number they had fought the evening before, coming after them at the greatest speed their ponies were capable of making, and not more than a mile distant.

At the top of the ascent, they vaulted into their saddles and dashed down to the plain. The war-cries and howls of their enemies were plainly heard, and the horses, scenting the danger, flew with the winds. Over the hill swept the Indians with triumphant whoops, for they deemed their prey almost within their grasp. Under favorable condi-

tions, the two thoroughbreds could have easily distanced the Indian ponies, fleet as they were; but Harland's noble animal was beginning to show the effect of her double weight in labored breathing and forced spurts of speed.

On came their pursuers, wilder than ever, elated by the slight advantage gained. Reynolds and Bloody Knife turned, and, without checking the speed of their steeds, emptied two Indian saddles. The fire was instantly returned, and Bloody Knife's pony fell to the ground, while Reynolds's horse got a severe wound in the shoulder, but did not lessen his speed—the scout, placing his hand on his companion's saddle, easily kept alongside. From the first, they had kept in the rear of Harland and his terrified burden—who, in pitiful accents, begged him to kill her and save himself; but, with a tightened pressure of his arm, he told her he would live or die with her.

The object of the Sioux seemed to be to take them all alive, and, spreading out over the prairie, they were gradually flanking them on both sides. Almost in their course, the fugitives descried a rocky ridge rising above the level of the plain, with a few scattered bushes beyond. Thinking if they could but gain its shelter they might check for a time the advance of their foes, they strained every nerve to reach it. Their horses were reeking with foam, and bloody spume-flakes flew from their nostrils. They were within a few rods of this desired haven, the enemy close upon their heels, when a line of smoke and flame burst from this natural earthwork, and the report of a dozen carbines woke the echoes of the hills, emptying as many Indian saddles. Instantly a troop of cavalry poured out upon the plain, and, without stopping to form a line of battle, charged the flying Sioux with their war-cry of "Ouches! Ouches!" (Custer's Indian name.)

The tired ponies were no match for the fresh horses of the troopers, and their riders soon abandoned them and sought safety in the tall grass and sage-brush. The old dog took a lively interest in this fight, and, wherever the grass waved in snaky undulations, there he flew with tremendous leaps, his eyes glaring and foam dripping from his huge jaws; then a series of yells and fierce growls told the troopers where he had found

an enemy, and many times the carbine finished the work the dog's fangs had begun. The fight was soon over; many ponies were captured, with rifles, blankets, and all sorts of Indian trappings.

The soldiers who had made so timely an appearance on the scene were a part of a company that Custer had sent out for the double purpose of securing supplies for his command and looking after the absent scouts, about whom he felt the greatest anxiety. They had camped, the evening before, in the dry bed of a stream, and were in the act of preparing their breakfast when the rush of hoofs and the yells of the Indians burst upon their ears. Snatching their arms, they met them with the result already detailed.

What had appeared from a distance to be bushes proved to be the tops of trees having their roots in the bottom of the cañon, and

under their shade the fugitives found grateful rest, bringing splendid appetites to the ample breakfast of the soldiers.

By making short halts and long marches, they soon overtook the regiment. We will not dwell on Bretta's joyful reunion with her afflicted family, the general's delight at the safe return of the party, nor Blucher's triumphal entrance into the camp, his collar filled with eagle-feathers, and barking with all his might in response to the acclamations of the men. Custer received his old favorite with many caresses, and laughingly assured him that he should be breveted for his gallant conduct.

Two weeks later, and a merry party—consisting of Will Harland, his lovely bride, the Van Ness family, and several Eastern-bound officers—crossed the plains, and only separated in New York.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

BY MINNIE PALMER.

Portico wreathed by a clambering vine,  
Where the rich trumpet-flowers gaudily shine—  
Maid in soft muslins, flowers at her feet,  
Weaves a fair chaplet to sell in the street.

Dark eyes of stranger the lovelight disclose—  
Fortune disdainful, he begs for a rose;  
A pure trusting heart soon awaits his command—  
Love and white roses he wins with her hand.

Courts rich in splendor acknowledge her power;  
Regal in diamonds, with beauty for dower,  
The flower-girl triumphs o'er haughty and proud—  
Royal and valiant before her have bowed.

Yet, pallid and drooping, why sighing alone?  
Awearied of pleasure her spirit has grown;

Sweet matins of love, falling soft on the ear,  
Of song-bird imprisoned, ring tuneless and drear.

Feet pause in the dancing, for longing to tread  
Green meadows of childhood, with blossoms o'er-  
spread;

Empty hands seeking lost jewels of gold—  
A bunch of bright daisies caught fresh from the  
mold.

When care like a mantle o'ershadowed the maid,  
Sweet peace like a dove sought the portico's shade;  
Where virtue so faithfully toiled in content,  
A rainbow of hope o'er the low cottage bent.

And there would she fain in her lowliness tread—  
Rude haunts of the hillside, with violets spread;  
Her heart, with its longings she fears to disclose,  
Lies cold in her breast like the dead summer's rose.

## THE PITILESS WEAVER.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

WHEN miles lie piled between us,  
Of earth and air and sea,  
My face will ever turn backward  
Where you sit waiting for me—  
Sit waiting with tired hands  
And memory's ghost of me,  
Holding close to your lonely heart  
Something that could not be.

O fate, so stern and heartless,  
Weaving there in the gloom—  
A mantle of sables to cover fair love  
You are turning out from your loom!  
Early and late, you tireless weave  
A mantle yet incomplete;  
But, the hour you bring it to me,  
I'll make it my winding-sheet.

## MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.

BY IMOGEN B. OAKLEY.



WE have two women in France," said Cardinal Mazarin, "who could rule or ruin the kingdom."

One of these was Madame de Longueville.

Her mother was that beautiful Charlotte de Montmorency, for whose fair sake Henry the Fourth had been willing to imperil his crown and kingdom; her father was Henry de Bourbon, Prince of Condé.

For resisting the authority of an insolent royal favorite, this prince was unlawfully imprisoned. Moved more by jealousy than love of his beautiful wife, he demanded that she be allowed to share his imprisonment. The princess at this time was only twentyone, in the flower of that beauty that had rendered her the pride of the court. She did not love her husband, and the life they led together had been far from happy; nevertheless, she besought the regent to grant his request, accepting the condition of remaining a prisoner as long as he should be the same.

For three years, they suffered a rigorous captivity, first in the Bastile, then in the fortress of Vincennes. In the latter place, on the 28th of August, 1619, the little princess, whose beauty was destined to eclipse that of her mother, first saw the light.

Her birth heralded a brighter fortune, for, a few weeks after, the prince, with his wife and daughter, was released and allowed to resume all the privileges belonging to him as first prince of the blood.

Near the Hotel de Condé was a Carmelite convent, which existed under the special protection of the princess; here she often retired when in need of peace or rest, and here the little Anne received her early education. The repose of the convent, contrasting, as it did, so forcibly with the dissensions she was witness of at her own home, affected the young princess so warmly that she had scarcely reached womanhood when she begged her father to allow her to join her

Carmelite friends. The prince, however, knew too well the value of his daughter's budding charms, and his answer was a command to prepare for a royal ball to be given at the Louvre.

Anne was in despair; she fled to the convent for sympathy. The Sisters dared not advise her to disobey, but after much thought they decided that by wearing a hair-cloth shirt under her ball-robes she would be protected from the snares of the world.

Relying upon the virtues of this penitential garment, Anne suffered herself to be conducted to the royal presence.

"From the moment she entered the ball-room," says one of her biographers, "and as long as she remained there, the eyes of the whole assembly were fixed upon her. Admirers flocked about her. On retiring from the ball, she felt her heart agitated by new emotions. She was no longer the same person." The hair-cloth shirt had been donned in vain.

The admiration she excited is not strange when we read what her contemporaries say of her beauty:

"She was of good stature and had an admirable form. Her eyes were soft and brilliant, of a blue similar to that of a turquoise. Poets could compare the white and red of her face to lilies and roses only. Her abundant light shining hair made her resemble an angel. Her voice produced the completest music."

Her peculiar charm, and the one oftenest alluded to, was a certain languor of manner which produced upon her associate a dreamy fascination comparable only to the effects of lotus-eating.

Introduced thus into the gay world, Anne plunged into its pleasures with the same eagerness she had evinced when seeking to efface herself amid the austerities of the convent. Her natural tastes drew her away from the frivolities of the court, and into the circle of the Hotel de Rambouillet. Her rank, her wit, and her beauty made her the chief ornament of that charming society.



Between herself and Mademoiselle de Rambouillet grew up an ardent and enduring friendship. She became the warm friend and patron of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who in glowing terms dedicated to her "*Le Grand Cyrus*." Under the name of Mandane, Mademoiselle de Bourbon is the principal character in the romance. "*Mandane*," writes Mademoiselle de Scudéry, "charms women as well as men, the humble as well as the great, strangers as well as her own kinsmen." "It was impossible to see her," says another friend, also a woman, "without loving her and desiring to please her."

The Prince of Condé, meanwhile, had been looking about for a suitable alliance for his daughter—one that would tend to increase his own influence and power—and he fixed at last upon the Duc de Longueville, the premier peer of France. It was eminently a marriage of convenience. Mademoiselle de Bourbon made a vehement resistance; but, finding it unavailing, she yielded to her fate and walked to the altar with an intrepidity that surprised her friends. The duke was a widower, with a daughter about the age of his new wife, and was wholly absorbed in a multitude of liaisons, each one more disgraceful than the other.

Shortly after marriage, the lovely face of the princess was put in peril by small-pox. Her husband was careful never to go near her room; but Mademoiselle de Rambouillet hastened to her bedside, and nursed her back to health and renewed beauty.

In 1645, the Duke de Longueville headed an embassy to Münster, there to treat for peace with representatives from the different States desolated by the Thirty-Years' War. Madame de Longueville followed her husband several months later. Her journey through France was like a royal progress: deputations were sent out to meet her, governors made addresses, and troops were reviewed in her honor. She reigned like a queen in Münster, and the princes, cardinals, and generals who were conducting the treaty were eager to be seen in her train. The Treaty of Westphalia was due as much to her charms as to the victories of her brother, "the great Condé."

On her return to Paris, she became more than ever the fashion. The star of the Hotel de Rambouillet was setting only to rise with renewed splendor in the Hotel

de Longueville. The modest salon of Mademoiselle de Scudéry retained more of the literary flavor that had distinguished the Hotel de Rambouillet; but the traditions of the latter were observed no less faithfully by Madame de Longueville.

Poets and wits taxed their muse in writing, in her honor. All agreed that she conversed divinely.

"This princess," says La Rochefoucauld, "had all the advantages of mind and beauty in such perfection, that it seemed as if nature had, in her, taken peculiar pleasure in forming a masterpiece."

"She was everywhere proclaimed the sovereign judge of all writing, the queen of wit, the arbiter of taste and elegance." "Her approbation was sought as if she had been a true sovereign."

As a critic, she was entirely frank. Listening, one day, to a much-admired epic by a popular poet and hearing exclamations upon its beauty, "Yes," she said, "it is very beautiful, but it is very tiresome."

In 1648, began a new phase in her life: Stung by the continued indifference and infidelities of her husband, she entered into an intrigue with the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the worldly-minded author of many wise maxims.

The difficulties between the court and the Parliament had by this time reached a climax, and the civil war of the Fronde was the result. La Rochefoucauld, fancying himself slighted by the queen, became one of the leaders of the Fronde, and Madame de Longueville was not slow in following his example. It is difficult to decide whether she was swayed more by love of La Rochefoucauld or by her own ambition, which had been strongly excited by the royal part she had played at Münster and by her excessive popularity in Paris; at all events, she threw herself heart and soul into the struggle. She alienated from the queen-regent not only her husband and her brother, the Prince of Conti, but later her warrior-brother, "the great Condé." Over both her brothers, she had always exercised a strong and unfailing influence. While the rebellion was confined to Paris, she remained in that city, equipping and reviewing troops and inciting people by word and example. The Prince of Conti was elected generalissimo of the parliamentary forces; but the people

feared lest his connection with the court might lead him to betray them. To reassure them, Madame de Longueville, leading her children by the hand, went to the Hotel de Ville, and, in a burning speech, offered herself and them as hostages for her brother's fidelity. Her only son was born in the Hotel de Ville, and received the name of Charles de Paris.

After the royal forces had captured Paris, Madame de Longueville fled into the provinces, where she renewed her efforts. She traveled through all the northern part of France, fanning the decaying embers of insurrection. In various disguises, in peril by land and sea, her courage never forsook her. But the country was weary of war—no new uprising followed her footsteps; and, in hourly danger of capture, she fled to Holland and took refuge in Stenay. There she issued a manifesto defending her conduct and denouncing the tyranny that had driven her into rebellion. A royal proclamation was issued in reply, declaring her guilty of high treason and her estates forfeited to the Crown.

Mademoiselle de Scudéry took advantage of this moment of disgrace to dedicate to her the tenth and last volume of "Cyrus." Though an exile, Madame de Longueville was surrounded, at Stenay, with her accustomed atmosphere of adulation. Allured no less by her talents than by her beauty, the leaders of the revolt flocked around her, planning campaigns with her in the morning, and, being but men, making love to her in the afternoon. This by no means unpleasant employment was interrupted by overtures of peace from the Government. Madame de Longueville consented to the terms proposed and returned to Paris, where her brothers had preceded her. She was then only thirty-two and the heroine of Europe.

"She had," says a recent historian, "achieved the position for which her soul thirsted: she was an acknowledged leader in European politics. She had made treaties, organized armies, liberated princes, and exiled cardinals."

But her glory was of short duration; the terms of the treaty were not carried out—chiefly owing, it must be admitted, to an error of judgment on the part of the princess. Mutual treacheries ensued, party spirit was again enkindled, and the scarcely-soothed dissensions broke out anew.

Two more years of turmoil broke the restless spirit of the princess; she wearied alike of love and politics. In search of rest, she joined her husband in Normandy, but only succeeded in falling a victim to ennui. Her attendants vainly tried to divert her.

"Madame, you are dying of ennui: why do you not take some amusement? There are hounds and fine forests—would you like the chase?"

"I detest the chase."

"Do you wish for needlework?"

"I hate it."

"Do you wish for a walk or a game at cards?"

"I abominate both."

"What, then, do you like?"

"I do not like 'innocent' amusements."

Whether the repose of Normandy gave her time for thought, or whether she listened to the accusations of her conscience, it is certain she soon became profoundly conscious of the errors of her past life, and felt that only by continual penance could they be expiated. On the death of her husband, she entered that Carmelite convent in which she had once sought to immure her youth and beauty. Not finding the rest she had anticipated, she left the Carmelites for the Jansenist convent of Port Royal. The Jansenists differed from the Jesuits on some debatable points, and were subjected to persecution as the latter order rose in power. Madame de Longueville constituted herself the protector of Jansenism, and warmly advocated its doctrines in a controversy with the Pope. Her arguments seemed so good that a truce was declared for a time between the two sects.

It has been said of her, rather uncharitably: "She had the art of making herself conspicuous while working out her salvation, and of saving herself on the same plank from perdition and from ennui."

It is more reasonable to assume that her controversy over Jansenism furnished a wholesome occupation to an intellect too active to be satisfied with the penitential routine of the convent. It is certain that, in her long penance of twenty-seven years, she never shirked one conventual duty, and that her death was owing to her austerities.

She was the most beautiful, the most talented, and the most lovable of the many heroines of France.

## A MAGNIFICENT MARRIAGE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75.

### PART II.—CHAPTER III.

#### EIGHTEEN.



EIGHTEEN years old to-morrow," ejaculated Mrs. Deane, as she surveyed with delight the graceful figure of her only daughter—arrayed in the dress that had just been sent home by Worth, and which was to be worn at the birthday-party of the following evening. The tall slender form of the young girl showed to fullest advantage in the folds of silver-embroidered tulle that fell around her like a snow-vapor. "Only I do not see why débutantes must wear white always. One gets tired of white. I should have liked something in sulphur-yellow for you, Alice, or in the new rose-red. But Worth said no—your coming-out dress must be white; and I suppose he knows best."

"I suppose he does," said Mr. Deane, coming into the room just at this juncture; "and, at all events, Alice looks uncommonly well in her new gown. And here's a string of beads to wear with it, to-morrow evening; papa's birthday-present, my girl." And he clasped around her throat a necklace formed of a single row of pearls, each the size of a large pea. "Now, how are you going to thank me?"

"This way!" cried Alice, throwing her arms around her father's neck and bestowing upon him a shower of kisses. "How beautiful the pearls are! And how good you are, to remember my birthday so splendidly!"

"And here," continued Mr. Deane, drawing from its case a vast fan of white ostrich-plumes, mounted on blonde tortoise-shell and with the interlaced monogram "A.D." set in diamonds on one of the outside sticks, "is a little affair, just to finish off your get-up. Give me another kiss. And now

(172)

take off your finery and get ready for dinner. Put on one of your prettiest frocks. I am going to bring home with me the son of one of my old Maizetown friends, to dine with us. You have heard me speak of Nelson Forsyth, haven't you, Lizzie? No? Well, no matter. This is his youngest son—John Forsyth—a fine young fellow, the image of his father. I've asked him to come to our party, to-morrow night. He leaves on Thursday morning, for Russia, on business for the firm—Forsyth & Steadman, iron-men, you know." And off went Mr. Deane, with a parting glance at Alice, who was toying with her new and gorgeous fan, but who did not fail to return her father's farewell look with a beaming smile.

Mrs. Deane made no objection, whether audibly or otherwise, to the unexpected guest who was to make his appearance at dinner—that was Mr. Deane's way. In the fast accumulating years of her married life, she had grown used to these sudden introductions. Sometimes the new-comer would be a famous American actor, or a pioneer scout from the Far West, or a newly-elected State Senator, or merely one of the friends of Mr. Deane's younger days; but scarcely a week passed without some one or other of his American comrades making his unexpected appearance at the dinner-table. Mrs. Deane was too wise to address even the slightest remonstrance to her husband on the subject. She had tried it when they had first settled down in their sumptuous Parisian home, but the first objections that she raised had been the last. Mr. Deane gave his wife to understand, in brief but emphatic terms, that it was his will and pleasure to invite to his house whomsoever he pleased, and he was not going to allow any interference with his privilege in that respect, as the master of the household. And Mrs. Deane, with her usual tact and keen common-sense, retreated gracefully from the position she had assumed, and the subject was dropped, never to be resumed. Only,

as Alice returned to the room, in her newly-donnéd, fresh, and pretty dress of silver-gray foulard, with a pink rose at her throat, she thought, with a shiver: "Now, what if this young man that is coming to-night should fall in love with Alice—and what if Alice should take a fancy to him?" But she stifled the thought as it arose, and smiled pleasantly on her daughter, who came to nestle at her side on the low satin-covered sofa that just held comfortably the two occupants.

"It is very nice to be at home for good, mother," said the young girl.

"Tired of school and of lessons, Alice?"

'Not exactly; but there are so many books that I want to read, and so many pictures that I want to see, and so much music that I should like to hear, and at school one never has time for anything but lessons."

Mrs. Deane passed her hand caressingly over the rippled gold of Alice's shining hair. The dream of her life rose up before her, as she noted the "budding charms of her daughter."

"And what about getting married, Alice? Have you never thought of that, now that your education is finished and you are about to make your entrance into society?"

"Yes, I have thought of it sometimes. But I shall never marry after the European style, mother. I shall love the man who is to be my husband, or I shall never become the wife of any man."

"Alice!" Mrs. Deane restrained with difficulty a sharp gesture of impatience. "Where did you learn these very emancipated ideas? I thought you had been taught better at Madame Ouvray's, and had come to comprehend that a girl's parents are the best judges of the person that she ought to select."

"You forget, mother, that I met at Madame Ouvray's a good many American girls—real Americans, not merely born in the United States and reared and educated in Europe, but genuine ones. And they told me a great deal about a girl's freedom of choice in marriage at home—how the gentleman must really woo and win the woman he desires to marry. Mother, it sickens me to hear of our young heiresses—and I shall be an heiress too, I have been told—handed over like a bale of goods to the man that tenders a title in exchange for her wealth. She is not even disposed of like a horse, for

that is trotted out, and made to show off its paces and prove its good condition, before the bidder will take it. Our girls are just accepted anyhow—so much money down, and the wife thrown in to fill up the bargain."

Mrs. Deane could not trust herself to speak. She rose from her seat and walked restlessly about the room. Alice continued without noticing her perturbation:

"However, we need not discuss the subject any more just now, need we, mother? I have only just come home, and I do not mean to think of matrimony for another year at least. Here, let me put one of those red roses in your corsage. That black lace dress requires a little relief. There, that is better. What a shame it is that I have such a handsome mother! Nobody will look at me when we go to parties together, and everybody will be saying: 'Not bad-looking, but nothing to what her mother was at her age.'"

And Alice merrily embraced Mrs. Deane, who returned her daughter's kiss with a smile if also in silence. She was too wise a woman to arm Alice's prejudices against her by forcing prematurely upon her her views concerning matrimony.

Just then, the door was thrown open and the valet announced somebody in an incomprehensible jargon. The new-comer, who was a noble-looking young man, powerfully built, with large laughing blue eyes contrasting with his brown curly hair and heavy dark mustache, remarked as his hostess rose to greet him:

"This is Mrs. Deane, I suppose. I have to introduce myself, I see, in spite of the card I gave your servant. My name is Forsyth—John Forsyth, of the United States. Mr. Deane told me that he had informed you of the invitation to dinner he so kindly extended to me."

"He did, Mr. Forsyth, and I am pleased to see you. French servants always make a mess, somehow, of even the simplest English or American names. Alice, this is Mr. Forsyth, of whom your father spoke to us this morning."

And, as the beautiful girl extended her hand blushing to the new-comer, the young Westerner looked at her with a sudden and unconscious expression of admiration in his glance, that made Mrs. Deane, in commonplace parlance, feel cold all over. However, nothing special happened to justify

her fears. Mr. Deane came in, a few minutes later; dinner was served; and, if Mr. Forsyth looked long and often at the charming daughter of his host, it was his host himself that monopolized the greater part of the conversation—with inquiries about Maizetown, its growth and progress, and the whereabouts of the old acquaintances of his past life there. And, when the repast was ended and the gentlemen had been left to the enjoyment of their cigars and liqueurs, Mrs. Deane was made quite happy by Alice's request to be allowed to retire.

"You know we always went to bed at nine o'clock, at Madame Ouvray's, mother," she meekly suggested. "It is past ten now, and I am so tired. I hope that Mr. Forsyth will not think me rude."

"I will make your excuses, little one," said Mrs. Deane, cheerfully. "You are right to retire early, for you will have a great deal of fatigue to undergo to-morrow evening. Good-night, and sleep well."

And her parting embrace to her daughter was even more tender than usual. What a good girl was Alice, not to have her mind disturbed for a moment by the good looks and pleasant ways of the young man from Maizetown, whose father was in the iron-trade.

The soirée of the following evening was a very brilliant affair. There were not many guests present—only something over a hundred in all. Mrs. Deane was accustomed to inform all her lady-friends that she hated crushes, and never expected to give large parties—the truth being that, having asked everyone that she knew, she would have been a good deal puzzled as to how to increase largely the number of her invitations. That would come all in good time—when Alice married a nobleman. Meantime, everything possible was done, in the way of decorations and refreshments, to make the entertainment as attractive as possible. The flowers for the supper-table were all orchids of surpassing beauty, set in a background of feathery ferns. The hall and the staircase were transformed into bowers of verdure by the dextrous grouping of tall tropical trees intermixed with flowering plants. The conservatory was lit with Oriental lanterns in wrought brass, set with great imitation jewels. Around the central fountain, a bank in moss had been arranged,

the basin being bordered with a row of tulips in colored glass sunk in the moss, and each containing a light, the effect of the varied hues thus illuminated being particularly striking. In fact, the skilled decorator who had charge of this part of the entertainment quite piqued himself on the glow-worm beauty of the gleaming glass flowers that edged the great basin. Mrs. Deane, in a wonderful brocade in pale-gray and gold—the Queen of Italy had had a dress made of that very material just a week before—received her guests with much dignity. And Alice, in her Titania-ropes of white and silver, her great blue eyes dilated with wonderment and delight at the novel scene, was as fair a vision of girlish loveliness as ever gladdened the heart of a fond parent.

Just before supper was announced, an incident took place which came near bringing the brilliant entertainment to a sudden and tragedy-shadowed end. Alice had been taken out for a waltz by a young viscount, famed as being one of the best dancers in Paris, and, in the whirl of the dance, he prolonged its circuit by waltzing his partner around the conservatory. As he swung her, with firm and practiced clasp and swift step, around the central basin, her floating filmy dress swept over the lamps set amid the moss and instantly caught fire. In a moment, the whole gauzy skirt was in a blaze. Alice, wild with terror, broke from her partner and was about to rush blindly and aimlessly away—the worst possible thing she could have done, as the rapid motion would only have fanned and increased the flame. But a strong grasp closed upon her wrist, and a peremptory voice, that of John Forsyth, cried:

"Throw yourself on the floor! Quick, Miss Deane—quick! quick!"

Instinctively she obeyed, the tone of command quelling her terror. Instantly Mr. Forsyth threw his own coat over the burning dress, pressing it down till he had put out the fire, and a few dashes of water from the fountain served to extinguish the last lingering spark.

All this transpired in far less time than it has taken me to narrate the incident. Alice arose from the floor, all dazed and quivering from the shock to her nerves, and with her pretty dress entirely ruined, but with no more serious injury than a rather extensive burn

on one of her arms. As to Mr. Forsyth, he had burnt his hands severely in saving the daughter of his father's old friend from a terrible death, and his dress-coat was a wreck. But it had so chanced that the guests had chiefly directed their steps to the supper-room just at that moment, so that there were scarcely any witnesses to the scene. Mr. Deane, who had been summoned by one of the waiters, undertook to pilot Alice and her preserver through a back staircase leading from the conservatory to his private suite of rooms. There the physician, who had been at once sent for, came to dress the injuries, both of Alice and her preserver, and greatly gladdened the heart of Mr. Deane by pronouncing them to be only skin-deep, and, though painful, not calculated to leave any lasting effects behind them.

"You've saved my child's life," said Mr. Deane, to his young friend, as, pale and well wrapped up and with bandaged hands, the latter was about to take his departure. "And you saved it at great peril and much pain to yourself. Now look here. I'm not a man of many words. But, if ever there's anything in a business way that Josiah Deane can do to help you—and I know you are just starting out in life for yourself—let me know: that's all. I'd like to give you a good old-fashioned hand-shake, but I mustn't hurt you—your poor hands will not be fit for a hearty American grip; this month or more. But you know I mean it, and here comes Alice to tell you herself what she thinks of you and your conduct."

Pale as a ghost, with her bright hair hanging loose, and with her ruined ball-dress exchanged for a tea-gown of pale-blue plush and white lace, her arm enveloped in folds of linen and reposing in a sling, but looking lovelier than ever, Alice glided into the room.

"I could not let you go without coming to thank you," she murmured, timidly approaching John Forsyth. "Are you in much pain? I am so sorry that you were hurt in saving me."

"I am in no pain, Miss Deane—that is to say, none in comparison to the gratification that I feel in having been permitted by Providence to do you this service," replied the young man, gazing with unconcealed admiration on the fair face upraised to his own.

"And I cannot even shake hands with you

to wish you good-bye and a pleasant journey. Father—may I—" And, blushing deeply, she bent her white forehead toward the young man's lips. In response to Mr. Deane's gesture of hearty assent, he touched it with a kiss as reverent as ever was bestowed by a Catholic votary on a holy relic.

"Good-bye, Miss Deane," he said, in a voice shaken by suppressed emotion. "I shall thank heaven all my days for having been able to serve you in that hour of danger. And remember—in the years to come, if ever trial or trouble or peril shall assail you, you have only to summon to your aid the son of your father's old friend, and he will come to you, even though he be separated from you by one-half the globe."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HER SECOND SEASON.

"ALICE's second season will begin in a few weeks, and she is not married yet or even engaged," mused Mrs. Deane, as she stood at the window of her gorgeous Parisian home, watching with unseeing eyes the dull-gold of a November sunset as it faded behind the Arc de Triomphe. "What a dreadful thing it is, to have a daughter whose head is filled with American ideas respecting matrimony! Alice might have married well a dozen times since her coming-out party, if she had not been possessed with that conviction that she ought to fall in love with her future husband. There was the Count de Viville, whose brother married Kitty Myers five years ago; but, to be sure, he was half an idiot. The Duke de Divonne was old, it is true—but then, such a superb ancient title! I think that Lord Paulton might have had a chance, if he had not come to dine with us, one evening, in a gray shooting-suit and a shirt striped with pink. As to the Baron von Klingenswerth, he spoiled everything by telling Alice that she ought to have learned the best way of killing chickens for her own table—there was nothing like the hand of the house-mistress herself in such matters. However, she has not manifested a preference for any poor man or one in trade—that is some comfort. With her opportunities, she might aspire to anything short of royalty. But how am I ever to induce her to become interested in anyone?" And Mrs. Deane sighed, considering the lot of a matron, bent upon social

advancement and having an only daughter who entertained republican and subversive ideas on things matrimonial, as altogether pitiable.

At this point in her musings, the door of her boudoir was thrown open, and the valet announced a visitor—the Baroness de Menars.

"Bring lights, Jacques. My dear baroness, how glad I am to see you!" And Mrs. Deane, who had been feeling rather bored as well as dismal, greeted the new-comer with much enthusiasm.

The baroness, who was old and very stout, wore a dress of pale-blue *sicilienne*, with boots to match, and a little pink bonnet, that sat very much askew on her tousled gray hair and niddle-noddled over her left eye in a decidedly eccentric manner.

"Where is Alice? Gone out with her father to an afternoon concert? All the better, perhaps, for what I want to say to you. My dear Mrs. Deane, is my bonnet on straight? No? But never mind—these little tulle things always work themselves crooked, sooner or later. Well, what was I saying? Oh, I remember now. I have just come from the Marquise de Sainte Alix's afternoon reception. You don't know the marquise, I believe? Such a sweet person—a good deal talked about, it is true; but then, if you listen to all the gossip afloat about people, you never will have any acquaintances at all. Her reception was very crowded, this afternoon, and, just as I was going away, I was introduced to a gentleman who is, they say, on the lookout for a wife; and I said to myself at once, Alice Deane is just the girl that would suit him. So I got my old friend—the Countess d'Ivors, who knows him very well—to tell me his whole history, and I got so interested and enthusiastic over it that I came at once to talk the affair over with you."

"And who is the gentleman in question?" asked Mrs. Deane, with a certain lack of interest. She had grown used to the raptures of the baroness concerning her marriageable male friends, and had, up to that moment, discovered that the greater part of those raptures possessed no foundation in solid fact.

"The Prince de Valdora, my dear—an Italian title, but an old French family. The Valdoras came to France in the train

of Marie de Medicis when she arrived from Italy to marry Henri IV." (The baroness had discovered by this time that, in talking about past times and historic personages to Mrs. Deane, it was as well to go amply into details.) "The head of the house married a French lady, and bought a great estate somewhere in the provinces, and it has been held by his descendants ever since. The prince is the last of his race; all his brothers and sisters died in infancy."

"And the prince himself?"

"A most elegant man, my dear—a true hero of romance—tall, with such a stately grace of bearing and such perfect manners! Not young—I should say forty at the very least—but so high-bred, and so accomplished, and with such an interesting story connected with his past."

"Story? Has he ever been married?"

"Never—but I'll tell you all about it. It seems that the prince had a friend—not an ordinary acquaintance, but a dear and intimate friend that he loved as though he were his brother. Some ten years ago, this gentleman, the Count d'Anglade, went, as he did every year, to spend some months at the Chateau de Valdora, and to enjoy hunting and fishing with the prince. He started out to take a walk, one hot evening during his visit, in the forest; a terrible thunderstorm came up, and he lost his way, it was supposed. But, at all events, he fell in with a tramp who had been prowling about the neighborhood for some time, and the wretch murdered and robbed him. The assassin was caught, and tried, and convicted, and guillotined. But the prince has never recovered from the shock of his friend's tragic death, so near his own doors and not twentyfour hours after he had saved the unfortunate gentleman's life at a boar-hunt. He has lived a very dreary secluded life down at his chateau ever since. But some of his friends have persuaded him that it would be a good thing for him to marry some young, bright, sensible girl—just such a one as your Alice—who would bring him a good dowry and enable him to reconstruct the chateau—which is in a rather dilapidated condition, it must be confessed—and who would, moreover, act as a consoler to him—help to bring up his moral tone, etc."

"If only Alice can be persuaded to take a fancy to him," responded Mrs. Deane, with



a dubious shake of her head. "She is so self-willed and opinionated, and unfortunately her father always backs her up in all her ideas, and declares that she shall never marry anyone that she cannot love. I really do believe that he would be best pleased if she were to marry an American. Only fancy!" And Mrs. Deane looked quite shocked at the horror of her own surmise.

"Well, we must try to avert anything so dreadful," said the baroness, whose grandfather had been a plumber and glazier, and who had been a Miss Brown, of Doylestown, Pennsylvania. "So I have planned a little dinner-party for Thursday evening, if you have no engagement; just you, and Mr. Deane, and Alice, and the Countess d'Ivors, and the prince, and one or two gentlemen of no importance to fill up. No engagement? That's well. Now, my dear, not a word to Alice about the prince. I want him to burst upon her, so to speak—to impress her as a sort of romantic hero. Don't forget—Thursday, at half-past seven precisely." And away went the baroness, with a full conviction that she was in a good way to earn a handsome commission on the dowry of the future princess—five per cent. possibly, and not improbably ten—to say nothing of a handsome present from Mrs. Deane, should the negotiations come to a favorable conclusion.

Alice could hardly comprehend why it was that her mother was so anxious respecting her toilette and her appearance in general for the little dinner at the Baroness's. However, she gently but firmly overruled her mother's desire that she should get herself up in a costume of extraordinary and ungirlish magnificence on the occasion, the slumbering tastes of Mrs. Deane for gorgeous apparel being apt to wake up and become clamorous from time to time. However, the anxious mother was forced to confess that Worth had done the right thing, when her daughter appeared before her in a cloud of pale-green tulle, through whose misty folds appeared, here and there, bouquets of lilies of the valley and long grasses, and with her birth-day pearls as her sole ornament. The delicate green of the dress set off to advantage the white skin and brilliant bloom, the sparkling blue eyes and golden-lighted hair of the young girl, while the artistic lines of the corsage showed off a figure unmatched for symmetry between the four seas.

"I never saw you look prettier in all my life, daughter," said Mr. Deane, surveying her admiringly, when she came to show herself to him before putting on her long ball-cloak of white *sicilienne* lined with pale-pink plush. And even Mrs. Deane smiled approval as she gazed.

Alice had made up her mind to pass a very stupid evening: for dinner-parties in Paris are but dreary affairs usually for young girls, the strict laws of French etiquette forbidding a gentleman who takes in to dinner an unmarried damsel from talking to her very much—or, indeed, from addressing her in anything but the merest platitudes. Her cavalier on this occasion was a Spanish marquis—the baroness never invited people that had no titles to her entertainments—and he was fat and old and stupid, spoke very little French and no English, and occupied himself entirely with his dinner. She found herself, however, seated next to the Prince de Valdora, who had the post of honor on the right hand of the hostess. She was much struck with the stately elegance and high-bred manners of her new acquaintance; and the story of the tragic incident which had darkened his life—and which had been whispered to her before dinner by her hostess—caused her to look upon him with an unusual degree of interest. In defiance of the rules of etiquette, he talked to her through the greater part of the dinner, the baroness being apparently absorbed in a flirtation with a very flighty little viscount who sat on her left. And he talked well, and told her so many interesting anecdotes concerning the painters and authors of the day, and about the new singers at the Grand Opera, and the projected alliances in the families of the Orleans princes, and all in a tone of such deference and courtesy, that Alice was altogether charmed and absorbed, and was really surprised when the baroness gave the signal for the return of the ladies to the drawing-room. The prince did not linger long in the smoking-room, but joined the ladies after he had finished a single cigarette. He hovered around Alice, taking care that she had a cup of coffee as soon as that beverage was served and holding her fan while she drank it; and he contrived, before they parted, to let fall just a few words which left on the young girl's

mind an impression that she had beguiled his thoughts from dwelling on the sorrows of the past as no one had ever been able to do before. And, as she sank to sleep, there rose before her a vision of a noble melancholy countenance with aquiline features and large dark-gray eyes; and a low-toned murmur, grave and tinged with mournful pathos, filled her dreams with a strange sad music.

Before a week had passed, the Prince de Valdora had taken up the position of the avowed wooer of Alice Deane. Not that the courtship, as conducted according to the laws of European etiquette in such matters, resembled in any way the frank open love-making of an American suitor and the sunny acquiescence of the girl who rejoices in the attentions of the young man she is fast learning to love. Of course, the prince and Alice were never permitted a moment's tête-à-tête—that would have been a proceeding too glaringly improper to be thought of for a moment. There were no moonlight walks together, nor stolen conversations in quiet corners, nor furtive hand-clasps exchanged when no one was looking, nor any other of the delicious bits of foolishness that mark this period in the life of an American youth and maiden, and that are so very nonsensical and withal so very delightful. The prince dropped in to Mrs. Deane's box at the Grand Opera, and always had a few very particular words to address to Alice; and he danced with her at the balls at which they sometimes met; and he sent her flowers occasionally, and now and then tickets for some picture exhibition or concert to which admission was only to be gained by special favor. Also he became a constant guest at Mrs. Deane's Tuesday-afternoon receptions, and always contrived to linger beside the tea-table over which Alice was wont to preside, drinking more of the fine California tea that formed the staple beverage of those reunions than was altogether good for him, and managing to take a very long time in the preparation and consumption of each cup. He also figured prominently at one or two of the dinner-parties which Mrs. Deane found it convenient to give just then. And so Dame Rumor had begun to connect the names of Miss Deane and the Prince de Valdora before the gentleman's friend and distant relative, the

Countess d'Ivors, called, according to custom, on Mr. Deane, to ask if the proposals of the prince for the hand of his daughter would meet with favorable consideration. For no well-bred gentleman in France ever hazards an offer of marriage, even to the parents of the young lady, till he is sure that in so doing he runs no risk of a rejection.

It cost Mr. Deane a sore struggle before he could make up his mind to consent to the union of his only child to a foreigner, even though he was so unexceptionable a parti as the Prince de Valdora. He knew perfectly well that almost invariably the girl that marries a European of high rank is, by her marriage, lost to her family and to the friends of her girlhood. The relatives of her husband take care that, thereafter, she shall be altogether absorbed in the duties and the details of her new life. They detach her in every possible way from the ties and the usages of her native land, and the trans-Atlantic bride becomes transformed in a very few years to a being that even the most intimate friends of her girlhood would scarcely recognize. Language, religion, social habits, are all those of her adopted country and her new surroundings. The wonderful adaptability of the American feminine nature is shown in the rapidity of the change. The European princess or marchioness or countess is generally, according to the old French proverb, "more royalist than the king, and more Catholic than the Pope." So, in view of this total separation from the daughter that had been the idol of his later years, Mr. Deane hesitated long before giving his consent to the marriage. But all his wife's influence was brought to bear to win his reluctant assent. Even that would have been powerless, had he not noted the fact that Alice's affections were for the first time engaged. Not that she was madly in love with her grave elderly suitor. But the grace of his bearing, the charm of his conversation, and, above all, the melancholy that overshadowed his existence, had exercised for the high-minded girl a subtle fascination. She longed to brighten the life that had been so densely and so undeservedly clouded. "You shall be my consoler," he had murmured, raising her hand to his lips as he spoke. And the idea of bringing back the brightness, and chasing away the gloom from that saddened existence, had proved, to

the gentle sensitive heart of the young girl, a surer passport than her lover's princely title and fascinating manners.

It was a magnificent wedding. The ball, given on the evening of the signing of the marriage-contract, was one of the most brilliant entertainments of an unusually gay season. Mr. Deane's settlements on his daughter and her possible offspring were superb, though, in case of her death without leaving children her wealth, was to revert to the Deane family, all except an income of handsome proportions, which her husband was to enjoy as long as he should live. The prince had argued strongly in favor of a fixed sum being placed in his hands, instead of the proposed income; but, on finding Mr. Deane inflexible on this point, he had withdrawn the demand with his usual good grace. All his noble relatives and friends were present at the ball. The Duke de Nemours and an Austrian archduke were the bridegroom's witnesses to the marriage-contract. Those of the bride were the American Minister and John Forsyth, the latter having returned for a space from his Russian expedition, and having been warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Deane, as well as by Alice herself. He was present at the church wedding with its crowd of distinguished guests and with a Cardinal to perform the ceremony, and also at the reception which followed, where Alice, in her vaporous toilette of point lace, heard herself hailed for the first time as the Princess de Valdora, and where Mrs. Deane, beaming with delight on the fashionable throng that filled her drawing-rooms, felt that at last the object of her life was accomplished.

As Alice left the room to go change her wedding-dress for her traveling-costume, she paused for a moment to speak to John Forsyth, who was standing near the door. Pointing to a faint crimson scar on her arm, the sole trace remaining of the catastrophe that had threatened her life on the night of her

coming-out ball, she said softly: "I shall never forget, Mr. Forsyth, the deep debt of gratitude that I owe you. I do not even need the reminder of this little scar."

"Then, when you look at it, princess," said the young man, "let it recall to you the fact that somewhere in this world—in Russia, in France, or in America—you have a friend that is ready to lay down his life to do you a service, and on whom you have but to call, if such service be ever needed."

"Very kind of him, to be sure," remarked Mrs. Deane, who had accompanied her daughter. "But your destiny, Alice, is too brilliant a one, and your married life is opening too brightly before you, for his offered services ever to be needed. What on earth could Mr. John Forsyth do for the Princess de Valdora?"

"The Princess de Valdora—and not my Alice any more," said Mr. Deane, as he clasped his daughter in his arms.

"Always your Alice, father—always—always," sobbed the fair bride, as she tenderly returned her father's kiss. But the old man only shook his head.

"No, dear. Had you chosen a good American husband, as I hoped you would do—but there, there: I did not mean to make you cry. Tell your husband he must make you happy, or else— Just think of my having a son-in-law who cannot understand a word that I say to him, and who cannot speak a word of his wife's native language." And, with this effort at jocularity, Mr. Deane said good-bye to his daughter and his son-in-law. But, when they had taken their departure, he did not go back to the drawing-room to bid the guests at the reception farewell. He sought refuge, instead, in his own dressing-room, locked the door to keep out all intruders, and then, burying his face in his hands, the sturdy old man wept bitterly—such tears as, he said to himself, he had not shed "since Sarah died."

[END OF PART SECOND.]

## DEATH.

O DEATH the Consecrator!  
Nothing so sanctifies a name  
As to be written—dead;

Nothing so wins a life from blame,  
So covers it from wrath and shame,  
As does the burial-bed.

## IN SPITE OF ALL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



HAVING reached Washington late on the previous night and gone out of my room quite early in the morning, I had had no opportunity to observe the slight variations in

the apparent sameness of the countless corridors.

This is the only excuse I can offer for my horrible blunder—not that at the time it seemed an excuse either to myself or the lady on whom I had so unceremoniously intruded.

It was considerably after noon when I returned to the hotel. I was in a great hurry, as I had several letters to write before going out again to keep a business appointment. I got my key from the office; there was some delay at the elevator, and, as I found on inquiry that my rooms were only on the third floor, I hurried up the stairs instead of waiting to make the ascent in an easier manner.

The second corridor to the left I elected to believe the one I had passed along in the morning; I remembered that the door of my sitting-room was the fourth on the right hand after quitting the main hall. I looked up without putting my glass to my short-sighted eyes and read the numerals 271, those of my temporary castle.

The key did not enter the lock easily, and, to get a better purchase, I took hold of the knob; it turned in my grip, and the door yielded. I had time to think that the chamber-maid must be arranging my apartment, and to reflect also that she deserved a reprimand for being there so late in the day—then I opened the door and closed it noiselessly behind me.

The room was a large one; I glanced toward the further end, and, to my unutterable amazement and confusion, saw a lady seated at a large writing-desk which was littered with papers. She held an unfolded letter in one hand; her head rested on the other, and she was looking upward with an expression of terrible anxiety in her beautiful eyes.

(180)

I saw all these details as by a lightning-flash, then, before I could step back, I dropped my stick, which struck the carpet with a dull heavy thud.

The lady turned her gaze in my direction. She did not cry out, as most women would have done; did not even stir; she looked full at me.

"What are you doing there?" she asked, in a clear vibrating voice which gave me a sensation of positive guilt. "What are you doing there?" she repeated, before I could open my lips.

"I—I beg a thousand pardons!" I began, stammeringly. "I thought this was my room—I have made a stupid mistake."

"A very singular mistake," she amended, as I paused to catch my breath, which was coming as fast as if I had just run up a steep hill.

"Indeed I'm not a burglar or thief," I said, so stung by the contemptuous suspicion in her voice that, for the sake of my own self-respect, I tried to smile and pull myself together. "If you want proof, I will ring and send for the book-keeper."

"There is no necessity," she rejoined, waving her hand toward the door.

I could not let well enough alone and go, but must needs attempt to disabuse her mind of the impression she apparently entertained of my belonging to the band of "hotel sneaks"—a mistake which under other circumstances might have been rather amusing to a lawyer who at five-and-thirty was ranked among the prominent members of his profession.

"At least let me try to excuse my blunder," I hurried on; "to—to explain, I mean!" I had got hopelessly confused again, aware that I was making a donkey of myself and yet unable to stop or to find the card-case for which I was wildly hunting, first in one pocket, then in another. "You may possibly know my name—that will prove to you I could not intentionally have—" An impatient movement on her part cut me short, and I blurted out: "It is Herbert Clevis."

She rose as suddenly as if moved by a spring and gave me one glance; I never saw a human face express such withering disdain. Then she closed the lid of the desk, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and moved as swift and still as a shadow close to the bell-pull, while I stood watching her in stupefied bewilderment.

"Your blunder is not difficult to understand," she said. "But remember this: I am always on my guard—always."

Once more she waved her hand toward the door; this time, it was no mere gesture of dismissal—it was a horrible insult, worse than her inexplicable words—it was the way one might order a dog accustomed to obey at a sign.

"She is mad," was my rapid thought, as rapidly dissipated. No—that face bore no trace of mental aberration.

"Must I ring?" the clear voice questioned, and I realized that I was so thunderstricken I had not attempted to move.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "I—I beg your pardon; I never was so ashamed in my life. But—but I can't understand what your words imply. You never saw me before—that my name should—"

"Not be pleasant hearing and its owner a welcome visitor, to Mrs. Fielding, surprises you, does it?"

"Mrs. Fielding?" I echoed, more dazed and horrified than before.

"No doubt it surprises you also to hear my name," she went on, with increasing scorn in her voice. "You did not know it—you mistook this room for yours—and you expect me to believe that! But let me assure you of one thing: I have learned to watch—to take good care; my valuable papers are never in my desk."

"Oh, madam! madam!" I fairly groaned.

"Will you force me to ring?" she asked, the fire of a sudden wrath obliterating the composed contempt in her face and eyes and fairly scorching my soul with its repressed passion.

"I am gone!" I exclaimed. "But do believe me—I did not intentionally intrude."

Again that gesture—a blow would have been easier to bear.

I was out in the hall; I had shut the door. I was looking closely at the number—211: my room was in the corridor beyond.

I kept my appointment; but I think the

man who tried to explain the business-matter on which he wanted advice must have fancied I was intoxicated or had been seized with softening of the brain. The recollection of my horrible blunder haunted me like a nightmare all day, and remained a tormenting humiliation for a good while afterward.

Mrs. Fielding was the widow of a man connected with my family, and a lawsuit was at this very time imminent between her and her late husband's half-brother and sisters. I knew the story—that is, the relations' side of it. Though the lady was quite young, they had no doubt of her being a thorough adventuress, who had inveigled Edgar Fielding into marrying her, and persuaded him, when enfeebled in mind and body by a sudden and fatal illness, to make a will leaving her his entire fortune.

There was more involved, however, than his own estate. Mr. Fielding had held in his hands property which belonged to his half-brother and sisters. He had been their guardian, and, as the youngest girl had only come of age a few weeks before his death, no settlement of matters had been made. The property left the heirs was, at the time of their mother's decease, worth thirty thousand dollars; but it was said to have increased in value, during the past ten years, to somewhere about two hundred thousand. The indignation of the family can therefore easily be conceived when they learned that their claim was set down at the original amount. Sundry sharp letters were exchanged between my cousin Howard Clevis and the widow's legal advisers; and, to add insult to injury, these gentlemen finally wrote that it had been and still remained their client's intention to increase the thirty to seventy thousand, implying that the surplus was an act of sheer generosity on her part.

This offer was flatly refused, and warning given that, unless different terms were proposed, a lawsuit would be instituted. The lawyers behaved oddly; they seemed trying to temporize, to discover how cheaply their client could escape. Between their apparent attempts at subterfuge and various other circumstances, a good deal of time was consumed before it became clear that the suit would really be necessary. Even after this decision was reached, so many unavoidable delays had arisen that, although Edgar

Fielding had been dead over a year, the matter had not yet come into court. Things looked so mysterious that it was difficult to decide the exact ground on which the case ought to be based, till at last it seemed possible to prove that Mr. Fielding had lost most of his own money, and that the fortune he left really belonged to the estate for which he had acted as guardian. Other revelations followed, and finally a claim to the whole estate was to be made, as the lawyer for the heirs hoped to show that the marriage was not even legal, though this expectation was kept as secret as possible.

Fielding's marriage had taken place some two years previous. Howard Clevis and several others of the relations had at the time written me very indignant letters concerning the event, which had proved an unpleasant surprise to them all. Some person out in California had sent the family information that odd reports were in circulation regarding the bride, and that she was said to have been mixed up with some very queer people in Sacramento.

Young Clevis had merely vouchsafed a brief cold reply in return for his half-brother's announcement, and the sisters paid no attention whatever thereto, so of course all communication ceased.

I went to Europe, partly on professional business, partly on account of my health, and came home some months after Edgar Fielding's death. When I was told how matters stood, I felt very indignant on my cousins' account, and advised them to push their claim, though I took no personal part in the business beyond writing to an old friend in San Francisco to learn if he knew anything about Fielding's marriage or the condition of his affairs.

This fact might have come to the lady's knowledge and roused her anger, but it seemed no good reason for supposing I had deliberately intruded into her apartment. Of course I chafed horribly under the incomprehensible suspicions which she had expressed and which I must remain powerless to remove.

In one way or another, during the next thirtysix hours, Mrs. Fielding was seldom out of my mind, and the recollection of her look and words burned my memory like fire.

To increase my chagrin, I received a letter from Howard Clevis, written in San Francisco,

where it seemed he had been for several weeks. His lawyer was ready with the case, but a delay had been asked for by the other side, and Mrs. Fielding had suddenly gone East. He was confident of success, and wrote sketchily of the important testimony he expected to produce. It struck me, however, that there was still more vague talk than evidence, where the former Miss Lafont was concerned. But what exasperated me most was this request: "I wish you could manage to see her without her knowing who you are—I'd like to hear what impression she would produce. Then I'd like to find out what sort of mind she is really in. I believe she is in a funk, and, if not pushed on by her lawyers—very keen unscrupulous fellows, who will no doubt bleed her well—would give in."

I threw the letter into the fire in a positive rage, and prepared to go out in far from a friendly state of mind toward my young relative. Meet her, indeed! Great heavens, if I were ever forced to endure another such look and gesture, I should inevitably either become a murderer or commit suicide—indeed, I would rather bear any species of physical torture than even see her again under any circumstances.

This was the state of mind in which I set out to drive to a friend's house, who lived some miles distant from town, and those absurdly exaggerated sentiments were the exact expression of my thoughts. Get the woman out of my head, I could not; her very beauty, the splendor of her eyes, and the grace of figure and movement which had so deeply photographed themselves on my mind were only an additional exasperation! Actually I felt so savage that I would have liked to think she looked capable of all the wickedness my cousin ascribed to her, and I was unable to enjoy even that petty satisfaction, for I had never seen a face which more clearly expressed delicacy and purity in every feature and line.

I was within about half a mile of my destination, when, as we gained the brow of a hill, my driver pointed toward the foot, saying:

"That fellow's got into a bad box down there."

By the aid of my glass, I could see that some accident had happened to a carriage. The coachman and footman had just unhitched the horses, which were still restless from

a recent fright. In a few instants, we reached the bottom of the descent, and, as my vehicle passed the landau, I could plainly see its occupant—it was Mrs. Fielding.

My driver stopped a little beyond and called out to know what was the matter.

"Axle-tree broken," was the laconic response.

"Robert," said that clear voice which I remembered so well, and which gave me a sensation as if someone were pumping cold spring-water down my back, "there must be a house in the neighborhood where you can hire a conveyance to take me into town."

"You can do it," I remarked, in a low tone, to my coachman; "it is only a short walk from here to Fairbanks. If you come back for me by three o'clock, that will be time enough."

In a second, I was out of the carriage. We were close to a sharp curve in the road, down which I turned and was lost to sight before the driver could even call to the footman; for I felt certain that, if Mrs. Fielding were to catch a glimpse of me, she would prefer to sit where she was till midnight, or make her way homeward on foot, in spite of the mud and a threatening shower, rather than accept a civility at my hands.

My man returned for me in ample season. As I got into the carriage, I said:

"Well, you landed the lady safely at her destination?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "She seemed mightily took aback when I told her your name—"

"I wasn't aware you knew it," I interrupted.

"Oh, yes, sir; I've been in Atley's livery-stables for years—seen you very often when you was on here."

"There was no necessity that I can perceive for mentioning me," I observed, rather crossly.

"Yes sir—there was. When we got to her hotel, she told her footman to pay me; and he explained to her what you'd done, and she asked your name. I s'pose she was afraid she had put you to trouble."

At first, I felt sorry that Mrs. Fielding should have had the annoyance of learning to whom she owed assistance; but remembering what mortification the thought of

her had caused me for two days past, I savagely decided it was only fair she should, in her turn, have a little worry on my account.

That very evening, we met face to face in a corridor of the hotel; but, fortunately, each was in the company of several other persons. The next morning, I found myself her vis-à-vis in a street-car, and got out at the nearest corner; two hours later, I ran against her as she was leaving a shop; and, before I had recovered from these encounters, I stepped into the elevator at the Arlington and perceived her seated there. I was coward enough to retreat, but had at least the consolation of knowing that on this occasion she did not happen to see me.

Toward six o'clock, I went back to the hotel. I had refused two invitations to dine, as I expected to be occupied during the early part of the evening; but, at the last moment, the committee-meeting was put off. It was the English Minister's "at home" night, and, as I meant to put in a brief appearance there later, I decided to dress and go over to the club, of which I had received a month's freedom, where I should be certain to meet acquaintances and so avoid a solitary dinner.

As I entered the vestibule, somebody called my name. There stood my old friend Fred Norris, whom I supposed to be still in Paris—where I had parted from him just before I sailed for America, after having spent several months traveling about the Continent in his company and that of his charming wife. It seemed they had returned only a few weeks previous; business had called Fred to Washington, where they had arrived only the evening before and were established in apartments in H Street. "Nettie saw your name in the paper," Fred explained, "and I promised to hunt you up; but I've not had a minute all day. You must dine with us; 'pot-luck,' you understand; but, as Welker is our caterer, you'll not be starved."

We were soon at the house; the servant said that Mrs. Norris was in the parlor. Fred threw open the door and pushed me in. The gas had not been lighted; but, looking through the dimness, I could see that two ladies were seated near a window.

"Nettie," cried Fred, "I have found and captured him! What a dungeon of a place!"

Mrs. Norris hurried forward, saying:

"How glad, glad I am! This is a day of charming surprises! Oh, Mr. Clevis, I am delighted to meet you again! Look in the window, Fred!"

"Why—why, it isn't possible!" cried Norris.

I could hear his voice and the lady's in rapid dialogue while his wife and I were exchanging hearty greetings. Then the servant was lighting the gas, and Mrs. Norris saying:

"It is my fault the room was so dark; you remember my old fancy for twilight, Mr. Clevis!"

"Pitch darkness, she means!" cried Fred.

"What manners!" laughed his wife. "At least, you might introduce our guests or let me! Adelaide, this is the fellow-traveler I told you about!"

"And this, Herbert, is my wife's ideal school-friend," said Fred. "You must have heard us talk about her times enough—"

The lights in the chandelier blazed up; by their radiance, I saw the black-robed figure, the fair face, and the sad eyes which had so indelibly impressed themselves on my memory; and, while my head swam, I heard our hostess saying:

"Mrs. Fielding, let me present Mr. Clevis. Now remember, both of you, I expect you to like each other from the outset, and not behave as one's friends usually do when one makes them acquainted."

Mrs. Norris had drawn me forward while she spoke; I was bowing to Mrs. Fielding; her eyes were full on mine—I saw a quick flash brighten them.

"I have met—I mean, I am afraid—"

I could not get any further in my attempt at an explanation—I knew that Fred and his wife were looking wonderingly at me. Then, as I stood positively spell-bound under the scrutiny of those merciless eyes, Mrs. Fielding said in her low clear tones:

"Mr. Clevis and I have already met. It was he who helped me out of my unpleasant predicament yesterday, Nettie—I am glad of this opportunity to express my thanks."

"How odd—how delightful—only fancy, Fred!" cried Mrs. Norris, bursting into a rapid recital of the little adventure, while I still stood looking at Mrs. Fielding.

Her eyes said so plainly: "I do not choose to annoy my friends by treating you as you deserve," that I felt my temper rise and had to struggle with myself not to blurt out the whole truth.

Dinner was presently announced. I always remember that meal as one of the oddest experiences of my life. There was a great deal of gay talk; occasionally some subject of importance would come up; and once or twice, when I spoke rather earnestly in answer to playful attacks on what our hostess called my "socialistic manias," I caught a glance of cruel suspicion or passionate defiance from Mrs. Fielding's dark orbs, which effectually checked my enthusiasm.

Why the woman should feel so bitter toward me was incomprehensible—my only sin consisted in being a third cousin of her dead husband's relations. I was in no way connected with the trouble between them and her. I thought, what a horribly vindictive unjust creature she must be; yet on general subjects her views were broad and noble. Sometimes I felt inclined to repay her by giving a smile of unbelief in my turn, but I could not. Mrs. Fielding fascinated me, though I tried to remember that perhaps she was merely acting a part—deceiving that frank honest couple. It came out in the course of conversation that the two ladies had been school-mates for several years in St. Louis. Since then, they had only met about the time Fred and Nettie were married. It seemed that, after the Norrises went to Europe, the friends had not even been frequent correspondents; that, beyond the leading events of Mrs. Fielding's life during those years—her marriage and her widowhood—the Norrises knew very little about her.

So finding her loved and trusted by Nettie Norris was no proof of the falsity of the evidence my cousin's lawyer expected to bring against this lady. Somehow, it hurt me to be forced to admit this, even in thought, and altogether my feelings toward her were the most extraordinary jumble. Indeed, between the charm of her face and manner, and the anger she every now and then roused in me by some quick inimical look or ironical smile, I got as dizzy as if I had drunk a bottle of champagne instead of the solitary glass of claret to which I confined myself.

I felt that I would like to provoke the explanation which I considered my due;



but, of course, no man above the civilization of a Hottentot could have done that under the circumstances. Dinner ended, and we returned to the parlor—the ladies having insisted that we should not smoke our cigars in bachelor banishment.

Mrs. Norris seated herself at the piano and began playing snatches from a new opera, while we all discussed musical matters in the pauses. Suddenly Nettie said:

"Adelaide, you ought to ask Mr. Clevis's advice—you might take a feminine advantage. What is the good of meeting a famous lawyer, if you can't get an opinion out of him gratis?"

"Has she any special need of one?" Fred asked.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know!" rejoined his wife. "Only fancy, Fred—her husband's abominable relations mean to bring a lawsuit—"

Before she could get further, Mrs. Fielding had moved quickly to the piano and laid her hand on Nettie's shoulder. Mrs. Norris looked up inquiringly; but Fred, who had been busy lighting a refractory cigar, had not noticed the movement, and he called:

"Well? Well? Please finish your sentence. Why do you rouse a fellow's curiosity in that fashion, and then stop at the point of interest?"

As he spoke, he turned round and stared in surprise at the tableau. Nettie was regarding her friend in a bewildered fashion; I had instinctively risen and taken a step forward. As I did so, Mrs. Fielding turned, and, still keeping her hand on Nettie's shoulder, looked intently at me with an expression which betrayed regret that the crisis should have arrived then and there, yet all the while there was a light in her eyes which said plainly that she felt no inclination to show me any leniency.

For myself, I was heartily glad the catastrophe had happened, and I determined to take the initiative.

"Mrs. Fielding," I said, "if it was on my account that you checked Mrs. Norris, I beg to—"

"It was not," she interrupted, haughtily; "it was in the hope of saving our friends here some annoyance. But since she would have had to be told—Nettie, Mr. Clevis is connected with my husband's family—"

"But has no part in this suit," I added,

quickly. "My cousin John Clevis married the widowed mother of the late Edgar Fielding. It is the Clevis heirs who are concerned in this matter."

"You ought to have concerned yourself, one would think!" Mrs. Fielding exclaimed, hotly. "I don't know how clear an explanation was given to you, but I do know that it was enough to show where the right lay and what it was your duty to do."

"Indeed, I have not the slightest idea of your meaning," I answered. "I suppose it was natural enough that my sympathy should go with my cousins. I did not know you—I had heard only their side—"

Mrs. Fielding interrupted me by a passionate gesture, and, turning toward Nettie and Fred, who stood looking at us both in distressed bewilderment, hurried on:

"I did my best to settle matters; I offered double the sum due the heirs. It was refused. They could not comprehend that I was actuated by generosity—they thought I was afraid!"

"Oh, madam," I pleaded, "their conduct was not my fault—not of my advising—"

"I will come to that," she interrupted again, not even deigning me a glance. "Mr. Norris, you are an upright man; Nettie, you are a warm-hearted woman: you can understand what I felt when I discovered how my motives were misconstrued."

"But since Mr. Clevis did not know the rights of the case, Adelaide," Mrs. Norris suggested.

"Did not know?" she repeated. "Oh, I am sorry this has happened here; but I must speak now."

"It is much better," Fred added. "If you and Clevis can only come to an understanding, I shall be so glad I brought you together."

"If Mrs. Fielding will say outright why she feels so bitter toward me," I pleaded.

But she went on, heedless of my words:

"The human being does not live who could have borne more, if possessed of an atom of self-respect. There is no insult to which I have not been subjected. Their lawyer is an unscrupulous man, who has a personal hatred toward me. Before I left California, an attempt was even made to carry off some of my private papers."

"Madam! madam!" I exclaimed, "I would stake my life that my relatives had no share in any underhand proceeding."

"I accuse no one—I state facts," she continued. "Since I came here, the whole nefarious scheme has come to my knowledge. It is proposed to try to invalidate my marriage; this plot was to be kept a secret till the suit came on."

"But they can't do it!" cried Nettie.

"No; even the Satanic craft of their lawyer cannot manage that. But it was proposed!" She turned suddenly on me and added: "The day I looked up and saw you standing in my room, I had just received the letter. I was face to face with the most troubled hour of my life; I knew that, to right myself, I must let the dead suffer. And you could have spared him and me—you! If you had granted his request—the prayer of a dying man; but you paid no heed—did not make the letter known—"

The door opened and the servant announced a couple of gentlemen; Fred had mentioned that they were coming, but we had all forgotten the fact. Before they could enter, Mrs. Fielding and Nettie had disappeared into one of the inner rooms.

"For God's sake, find out what it all means!" I whispered, as I wrung Fred's hand. "Evidently she supposes Fielding wrote to me about the matter. I never had a line from him in my life—tell her that!"

"I will," he rejoined. "I'll get rid of these fellows as soon as I can. If possible, you shall hear from me to-night."

The state of mind in which I returned to my rooms baffles all attempt at description. I was so confused that I felt as guilty as if I had been deliberately engaged in some nefarious plot; at the same time, I was angry and hurt beyond measure by the accusations Mrs. Fielding had poured out, though obliged to admit that, if she believed it had been in my power to right matters, she had every reason to loathe and despise me.

I never passed two more dreadful hours than those I spent before Fred Norris arrived; and the tidings he brought, though they threw light on the inexplicable business, were far from satisfactory.

"I do not know what my husband wrote," Mrs. Fielding had said; "but, in looking over papers after his death, I found a sealed letter directed to Herbert Clevis. There was a page of instructions for me; Mr. Fielding

looked forward to the possibility of his relations' trying to make trouble, and, in case they should, I was to send that letter. 'Herbert Clevis will settle everything,' he had written."

"Well? Well?" I asked.

"The will was admitted to probate," Fred continued. "When Mrs. Fielding found that the heirs meant to dispute her claim, she offered the extra money—"

"Very unwise," I interrupted.

"Yes; there's something I don't understand," Fred said. "It looks to me as if she had wanted to screen Fielding, and had been ready to despoil herself in order to do it; but, when she discovered what a plot threatened her, she became furious."

"Naturally. But that letter for me?"

"Ah! She forwarded it only a few weeks ago. She waited, it seems, till assured that your cousins or their lawyer would consent to no compromise. Instead of hearing from you, she received, the other day, tidings of that infernal plot. I don't know about your cousin Howard—but that lawyer of his is a consummate scoundrel."

"Couldn't you make her believe I never got the letter?"

"Oh, yes! Now, what she believes is that Strong the lawyer managed to intercept it. The story sounds like a chapter out of a sensational novel! She was boarding, at the time, at a hotel in San Francisco—she says she can prove that a waiter named Purvis, who did errands for her, was in Strong's pay—"

"For heaven's sake, try to tell the thing clearly!" I broke in. "Now let us get back to the beginning, and go through the affair as systematically as we can."

By the time we had finished talking, my mind was made up.

"I shall go to New York in the morning," I said; "in two days, I can start for San Francisco. You know me well enough to be certain I shall leave no stone unturned to ferret out the truth. At least, you can assure your friend I am an honest man."

"Oh, she does not blame you now," Fred declared. "You see, there's a good deal we don't understand! She felt outraged by those dreadful slanders, and then, as I tell you, I'm sure she has been actuated by some quixotic feeling, where her husband was concerned."

In a little over a week from that evening, I was in San Francisco. Besides having learned, through professional friends, a good deal that was detrimental to the character of Mr. Strong, one of those apparent accidents whereby fate so often elects to clear up mysteries had furnished me with a hold on Nick Purvis, the hotel waiter, which brought about the most satisfactory result.

I was able to convince Mr. Strong that, unless my letter were found, he was likely to suffer a severe penalty; but, if it did reach me, I should be content to think that some error in the post-office had caused its delay.

The letter made everything clear, and proved Norris right in his supposition. Adelaide Lafont had married Fielding rather because he loved her, and had been kind to her when her mother's sudden death left her alone in the world, than from real love on her part. Only a few months after her marriage, a relative died and bequeathed her several hundred thousand dollars. Fielding had speculated with his own money and that of his half-brother and sisters. He met with great losses, and, before he could settle matters, he was stricken down by illness. He told the whole truth to his wife, whose only thought was to save his memory from any stain. At the time of their marriage, he had made a will, leaving her everything he possessed, and this was the testament presented for probate—though in reality there was no fortune left. Adelaide meant, out of her own fortune, to pay her husband's debts and the sum due his half-brother and sisters, allowing it to appear that the means had been supplied by his estate.

The original thirty thousand dollars had not increased nearly to the extent which young Clevis thought. The truth was, the lawyer Strong wanted to make Mrs. Fielding trouble, and employed every artifice to urge his client on. Even after the production of my letter from Edgar Fielding convinced my cousin that he had no case, there still remained work for me—the clearing-up of the scandals in regard to the young widow. I discovered that Mr. Strong had originated the report sent to Howard Clevis at the time of Fielding's marriage. The lawyer had himself been wildly in love with Adelaide Lafont, who had always distrusted and detested him. Her maiden name was the same as that of a woman in Sacramento

on whom rested a suspicion of having benefited by a fraudulent will, and Strong took advantage of this circumstance, first to prejudice Fielding's relatives, and later, when he became Howard Clevis's counsel, to build up a plot which, though it could not have succeeded, might at least have entailed odious publicity and terrible trouble on his proposed victim.

The truth was brought to light, and Mr. Strong disappeared just in season to escape arrest.

Altogether, I was detained a number of weeks in California; and, when I returned to New York, I found Fred Norris and his wife stopping in town, and Mrs. Fielding with them.

During the next eighteen months, we saw a great deal of each other, and time only more thoroughly convinced me of a truth which had dawned on my mind soon after my second meeting with Adelaide Fielding—I loved her with all my heart and soul.

As a blunder caused our first meeting, so a lucky accident brought about the dénouement. I had managed to keep my secret, as I believed, although it had often been hard work. I feared to put my chances to the test—because, when occasionally I was ready to encourage hope for a little, something was sure to happen to fling me into the blackest depths of discouragement. During the autumn, an old admirer of Mrs. Fielding's appeared, and I was forced to add a frantic jealousy to my other woes. At last I could endure the torture no longer: I determined to leave the field clear to my rival; his ultimate success seemed certain, and I would not stand by to witness it. Professional business required that some member of our firm should make a journey to Jamaica. I decided to go myself, and called one evening to inform Norris and his wife of my intention.

Nettie was sitting alone in her beloved twilight, and I told her abruptly enough of my intention. She was profuse in her regrets, and teased me until at last, from sheer desperation, I gave her the true reason for my departure.

"I love Adelaide Fielding!" I exclaimed.

"That's no news to me," Nettie replied, calmly; "and I doubt if it is to her. You can ask, for here she comes, and must have heard your confession."

Away ran the little woman, with a gay laugh: I looked round—Mrs. Fielding was standing in the doorway. I hurried toward her: she stood quite still, with her face partly averted.

My first impulse was to rush after Mrs. Norris. It sounds a very cowardly admission on the part of a man of five-and-thirty—but I may as well own the truth. Indeed, if I am to make a full confession, I must add that I absolutely did take a hasty step toward the room into which that wicked Nettie had disappeared. Fortunately, the sound of the door closing behind her restored my senses sufficiently so that I realized what an undignified, not to say idiotic, appearance I must present.

I stopped and faced Mrs. Fielding, with an effort at composure which was born of sheer desperation.

"You heard what I said—I know you heard," was my brilliant opening speech.

Then I stopped, half choked, while all the blood in my veins seemed turning to ice. I knew that I should hear my sentence of doom pronounced; I felt that I would rather be treated with actual contempt than receive pity: however, speak I must—there was no help for it.

"Mr. Clevis—" she began, in a low tone. But I could not listen.

"It is the truth!" I went on, madly. "I didn't mean you to find it out! Of course, I never had much hope. And since—since— Oh, I wish you every happiness! Don't be angry! I am going away; I shan't come back till it's all settled—all settled."

"How can it be, if you go away?" she asked, softly.

Between plots, misconceptions, and mistakes, our acquaintance began inauspiciously enough; but I found my happiness IN SPITE OF ALL.

## MIZPAH.

BY L. O.

"MIZPAH!" I cry; "O God, keep watch between us,  
As we wander, homesick, many miles apart;  
Keep watch between his life and mine, O Father;  
Keep fresh the dear old love within our hearts."  
We little dreamed, when last we met and parted  
Within the twilight shadows, hand in hand,  
So many weary years would roll away  
Before we walked again the dear old sands.

"Mizpah!" Ah, once there was no need  
To offer cry like this at heaven's gate—  
For then we walked life's pathway side by side;  
But now this dreary, dreary, endless wait.

"Mizpah! Keep watch between us, Father dear,  
And guide him safe again to home and me:  
Help us be patient in this waiting-time,  
And keep him, God, on land and treach'rous sea."

One faithful heart awaits his coming home—  
When, side by side again, life's path we'll tread,  
And all the grief and sorrow of to-day  
Will lie, all silent, with the buried dead.  
"Mizpah!" Our faith grows brighter now,  
E'en though the tears we shed blot out the way:  
But surely He Who led us through the night  
Will guide us safely to the dawning day.

## THE COST.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

I SET my will upon one great desire—  
I worked for it and lived for it alone;  
All things that barr'd my way were overthrown,  
That I might mount the ladder higher and higher  
That led to it. Through disappointment's fire  
I came undaunted, with a heart of stone,  
And soul from which all tenderness had flown;

And never once in all those years did tire  
Or falter till the prize was in my hand—  
Then I looked backward on those dead days, and  
I saw the ladder, built of heart on heart  
Which I had broken climbing. All the art  
Of ages, I knew then, could not atone  
For one of those hearts used as stepping-stone.

## TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

### BROKEN BONES.

The bones in old people are dry and brittle and break very easily; a slight fall, even tripping over a hearth-rug or slipping on the stairs, may snap them in two. Children, on the contrary, can bear very hard knocks without any permanent injury. Their bones are comparatively soft and pliable, and yield to the force of the blow instead of breaking under it. This accounts for boys growing up without having fractured all their limbs!

When a bone is broken and there is no wound in the flesh, or only a very slight one that does not penetrate through the tissues down to the bone, the accident is said to be a simple fracture.

When the ends of the bone come through the skin, or the bone is laid open to the air, it is a compound fracture.

In a "green-stick fracture," the bone is partially broken, the fibres on one side being splintered and the whole bone bent, just as a green stick of wood is, when an attempt is made to break it by bending it across the knee.

A fracture may be detected by the unnatural motion in the injured part. The leg or arm can be moved or bent as it could not be if the bone were whole.

In examining it, the greatest care is necessary not to push the ends of the broken bone through the skin.

For this reason, a fractured limb should be kept still and in one position, as much as possible. This is the best guide to the treatment when the accident happens.

If an arm is broken, get two short pieces of board, shingle, stout pasteboard, or any similar material, and bind one on each side of the bone, fastening them by twisting strips of cotton round and round the arm. A broad sling, reaching from the elbow to the hand, must support the arm in a comfortable position. The ends are tied around the neck.

When the leg is broken above the knee, the bone can be kept in place by tying a long pillow around it, and then binding it to the

other leg. When the fracture is below the knee, pieces of shingle can be arranged to form a splint in the same way as for the arm. The point, in both cases, is to have them long enough to give firm support. It is not as easy to detect a fracture below the knee or the elbow, because there are two bones in the arm and leg below these joints, and one may be broken and the other not.

When the bones of the foot are broken, either by a person's falling from a height and alighting on the feet, or by a heavy weight crushing the latter, it should be kept quiet on a pillow, and cloths wrung out of cold water applied to reduce the inflammation. If the heel-bone is broken, the knee should be bent to relax the strong muscle of the leg that is fastened to it, and which would pull the fragment out of place if the leg were stretched out.

If the wrist or hand, is injured, it should be supported on a shingle or thin piece of board, cut the width of the hand.

When the ribs are broken, the patient should not be laid on the back, for fear the broken ends may penetrate the lungs and inflict a dangerous wound. When this has happened, the flesh is puffed up by the air that has escaped from the lung.

The constant movement of the broken rib, as the chest rises and falls in breathing, gives pain. Strapping the chest with broad strips of sticking-plaster, about two inches wide, reaching from the breast-bone round to the spine, and extending three or four inches above and below the break, will help to relieve the pain. If this cannot be had, a broad bandage will give some ease.

When the collar-bone is broken, the hand on the injured side should be placed on the well shoulder, and the arm bound to the body by a bandage passing under the point of the elbow and wound around the body over the arm.

Fractures of the skull may be recognized by feeling the loose pieces of bone with the

finger. A severe blow on the head is generally followed by unconsciousness. The person should be laid on a bed, with the head raised on pillows, and not disturbed by undressing or moving, until the doctor comes. Cold cloths may be applied to the head, and hot-water bags put to the feet if the latter are cold. The room should be darkened and kept perfectly quiet and well aired. No stimulant should be given, as the object is to quiet the brain, not to excite it.

### DISLOCATIONS.

In dislocations, the bone is displaced or thrown out of joint. When a limb is broken, it can be moved in many directions that would be impossible if the bones were whole; when it is dislocated, it cannot be moved at all. The flesh about the part swells rapidly and there is great pain. A broken bone can safely be left for hours without being set, but a dislocation should be put in place at once—"reduced" is the technical term—before the swelling prevents its being done. If a doctor cannot be found, cover the part with flannels wrung out of hot water to relax the tissues, keep it warm and moist, and prevent the swelling as much as possible.

### SPRAINS.

In sprains, the ligaments that fasten the bones together are strained and sometimes torn, but the bone is not put out of joint. They should be treated with hot applications and perfect rest. Sometimes a splint or a stiff bandage—that is, one covered with starch, glue, or soluble glass—is necessary to keep the part still and prevent movement until nature has time to repair the damage.

### BRUISES.

These are injuries to the soft tissues, the flesh, and do not involve the bone. They can be treated with very hot water or with ice, as is most comfortable. Ice is best about the face. Wrap it in muslin or cheese-cloth and lay it over the injury.

## OUR YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY ELLEN ALDRICH.

Children require more heat-producing than blood-producing food, and should not have meat more than once a day, and it should not be underdone, and between the first and second year to be minced fine—that is, until the first dentition is over. Milk should enter largely into the food of children for breakfast and supper until they are at least seven years of age. Vegetables should be thoroughly cooked and potatoes well mashed. The heat-producing foods are such as flour, potatoes, beans, eggs, chocolate, oatmeal, oils, and nearly all vegetables; the blood-producing are meats—all kinds—and fish.

Children will seldom need medicine in the

spring or have eruptions on the skin if they have plenty of stewed rhubarb minced occasionally with apples, and a thoroughly ripe orange before breakfast or sometimes a warm fig. A nice wholesome dish for children can be made in this way: Put some bread crusts in a saucepan and pour on boiling water, place on the fire and boil for five minutes, then strain as much of the water off as possible. Turn the bread out into a large basin, if you have milk to spare pour some in, if not, put in butter, and flavor to taste with salt. This will make an agreeable and healthy breakfast for children after teething, and tea and milk in equal quantities may be given to drink with it.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a winter cloak, of dark myrtle-green cloth, trimmed moiré, seal-plush, or fur.



No. 1.

The shape is gathered on the shoulders and plain at the back, excepting with one flat plait, and the skirt at the back is full. Hat of dark-green felt, trimmed with black velvet loops and ostrich-tips.

No. 2—Is a dinner or evening gown, of black silk and lace. The underskirt is kilt-

plaited, and the polonaise opens in front over it. The latter is trimmed on the right side with a wide ruffle of black lace, the left side is composed of a wide black lace floun-



No. 2.

ing plaited, and the front edge trimmed with lace. A piece of lace forms the under vest, (191)



No. 3.

over which the full fronts of the silk are



No. 4.

gathered. A wide buckle secures the polonaise at the waist. A waistband and loops of ribbon would greatly add to the effect. Full puffed sleeve, with a cuff of lace over the silk.

No. 3—Is a visiting-toilette, of cloth in any self-color, ornamented with braiding. The front width of the underskirt is braided in a simple effective pattern. The jacket is



No. 5.

double-breasted, the edges stitched, and a braiding-design adorns the fronts, the cuffs, and the corners of the turned-down collar. A simple round waist is attached to the skirt.

No. 4.—Front and back of plain and plaid cloth coat for a little boy of four to five years.

No. 5—Is a redingote, of figured or striped cloth, for a young girl. The coat is tight-fitting, with large pockets



in front. The cape is of three, four, or five pieces. Our model calls for five, but three or four seem to be more popular than the five. High standing collar. The edges of the capes are bound with silk braid.

No. 6.—Home-dress, of self-colored cashmere, for a young lady. The front of the skirt is slightly draped, sides and back hang straight. The surplice-waist opens over an under vest of the same or a lighter shade. Modified leg-of-mutton sleeve. Waistband

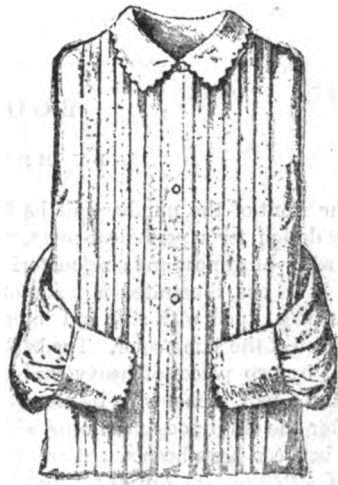


No. 6.



No. 7.

for this gown. The front is tucked. The turned-down collar and cuffs are worked in buttonhole-stitch. Briar-stitch is often used between the tucks.



No. 8.

of velvet. Ten to twelve yards of cashmere will be required.

No. 7—Is a new and stylish model for a little girl's dress of plaid woolens—any of the gay tartan plaids. The dress is cut on the bias, and the plaited front is of plain cashmere of the prevailing color in the plaid. The waistband and puffs on the shoulders are braided in rows of narrow braid. Felt hat, trimmed with plaid ribbon and wings.

No. 8.—Flannelette night-gown. Any of the fine French wash-flannels can be used



No. 9.

No. 9.—Knickerbocker suit for a boy of six to seven years. The waistband, side pieces, and front pieces of the jacket are of wide black worsted braid.

No. 10.—For description see Our Paris Letter.



No. 10.

## BOOK-COVER.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

In the front of the number will be found a pretty design for a periodical-cover, which can be made of almost any size, materials, or colors. The one illustrated is made of fine maroon cloth, lined with silk and interlined with sateen of the same color. The backs are stiffened by two pieces of heavy card-board, seven and a half inches wide by eleven long, and, after the cloth and interlining with the boards between have been sewed around, two rows of stitching are run down the centre between the boards, one-quarter of an inch apart. A second lining of silk or satin is added to each side, which is cut almost through to the edge, neatly bound, and furnished with eyelets and cord. This device renders it an easy matter to slip a stiff book within the cover, without breaking or even bending the backs. The sprays of flowers can be either embroidered or painted. A fancy stitch surrounds the edge and the name of the periodical for which it is intended is painted on or worked in outline across the middle.

## COACHING-CAPE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



For our Supplement, this month, we give the half of the pattern for this style of cape. It was first introduced in Paris and much worn at the Grand Prix. It is here illustrated with four capes, but our pattern is for three. It will make up into three capes and a turndown collar; but a fourth cape may be added, by making the fourth like the third, only shorter. It will be seen that the pieces No. 1 and No. 2 have gores taken in to fit the neck, No. 3 has none. Fine lady's-cloth is the best material to use. The edges are pinked out. Dark navy-blue, beige, and tan-colored cloths are mostly used for visiting and street wear. White cloth and even white velvet capes, with gold or silver braiding, are made for evening-wraps. Bright-red cloth capes are also made in this way for seaside and mountain wear. The sides of this cape are held in place by elastic straps inside, that pass under the arms.

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## DESIGN FOR A MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

To be used for a lamp, a vase for flowers, a dish for fruits or preserves on a supper-table, etc.

The design is worked on canvas. The oval centre may have a piece of velvet glued or pasted on, which can be done when the border is complete. Place the canvas over the design, fix it firmly with

pins or tacks; with ink and a camel's-hair brush, trace over the design—not too heavily—omit the line in the centre of the leaves. When this is dry, outline the leaves in cross-stitch with green wool, only covering the black outline. Then fill up the groundwork, either of the whole or only the border which is between the leaves; do this in

(195)

cross or tent stitch. Then fill up the leaves with the white bugles and cotton, doubled; these are the same kind that are used in embroidering on satin. The beads must be put on the canvas so as to lie in one direction, in the same way as cross-stitch is done in wool.

Begin at the point of a leaf and work downward to the stem, which also is done in beads, and a space in the grounding left for them.

When all the beads are on and the centre is filled either with wool-work, cloth, or velvet, turn the mat on the reverse side, on a table or board, putting a piece of linen between the board and the work; then, with

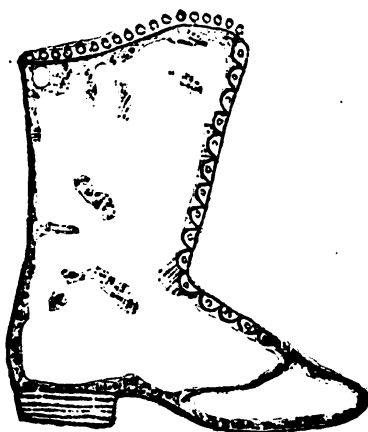
tin tacks or small nails, pull the work straight and nail it evenly. Now gum the work with stiff gum, and, when dry—in twelve hours—gum a piece of cambric to the back, but not so near the edge of the oval design as to prevent its being turned in with the edge of the canvas when taken off the board.

Take it off the board, cut the canvas round near the oval, leaving enough to turn in with the lining, which sew neatly together, as no cord or other trimming should edge the mat; this edge, which might show the canvas a little, must be inked.

This design can also be done in outline or in Kensington stitch.

## POCKET PINCUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



How often we have been placed in very trying positions for the want of one little pin to repair some damage done to our dress by some careless passer-by or awkward action of our own while walking through a crowded thoroughfare. No one should be without one of these little cushions, which

are as acceptable to gentlemen as to ladies, and might sometime prevent considerable annoyance where a quick remedy is needed. They are made in a variety of forms, but should always be covered with good strong silk or ribbon, as lying in the pocket with other articles would soon wear them out. Cut two pieces of stout card-board, the size and shape of the little boot, and cover each with some pretty colored silk. Cut the silk a quarter of an inch larger all around, turn the edges over on the card, and catch them from side to side with needle and strong thread. Draw the stitches in until the silk fits tightly and smoothly over the boot. In the round turn on the instep and under the heel, some small slits must be cut in the silk, in order to make it fit properly. When the other shape is covered, put the two together and over-cast the entire edge. The scallops for buttons, the lines on the instep, sole, and heel, are made with pen and ink. The buttons are very small pins, and larger ones can be put in around the edge.

## NUT-PATTERN FOR DESSERT-CLOTH.

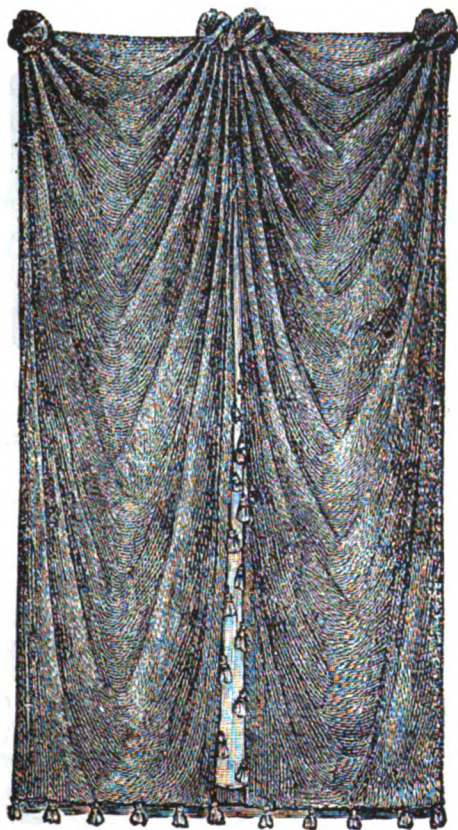
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The nut-pattern design on the Supplement is suitable for many purposes. It can be done in outline-stitch, or long embroidery-stitch, if preferred. Washing-silks should be

used, either of one color or of the colors of the fruit, if preferred. Or washing-cottons are very suitable. It is quite the fashion now to use coarse white embroidery-silks alone.

## PORTIERE OF VELOURS, FOR BED-ROOM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The manner of draping this portière is after the antique, and is certainly very pretty. Any soft velours or canton flannel may easily be finished on the edge with a narrow tassel-fringe, or the tassels may be sewed on at intervals and the portière draped after the design, over any bed-room door which is to be concealed, not used.

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## RIBBON TIDY.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

The tidy given in front of the number is of double-faced, inch-wide, satin ribbon, green on one side, gold on the other, and requires nearly six yards. Cut six strips of the ribbon, twenty inches long, and fold three of them spirally, just like the small illustration; for the other three, reverse the folds, which is necessary to make the long diamonds meet in a point. If they are green, the gold will show on the squares. Baste firmly, sew together on the wrong side, and afterward cover the seams with a fancy stitch. The open squares are filled with lace-work. Double the ribbon, with the gold side out, bind all around, and finish the ends as illustrated.

## PORTFOLIO FOR DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

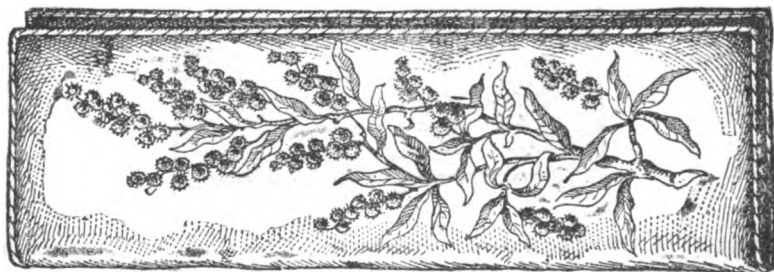
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Peacock-blue serge or plush, decorated with either painting or embroidery. The case is further decorated with a fancy galleon and bows of gros-grain ribbon with picot satin.

### GLOVE-SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty sachet for long gloves is made of olive-green satin, which has a design of mimosa embroidered or painted in natural colors. Both leaves and stems are of rather pale-green, and the fluffy blossoms are done in two or three shades of yellow—in feather-stitch, if embroidered. The sachet is lined with quilted yellow silk and bound with green cord. This will give a suggestion for a handkerchief-case to match. The two together make a very handsome wedding or birthday present.

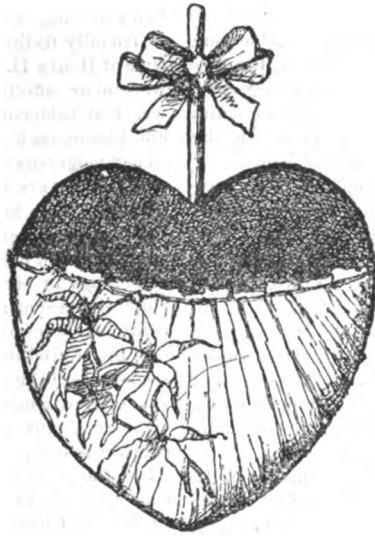
### DESIGN FOR PILLOW-SHAM.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a design for a pillow-sham, of a morning-glory design. It can be done in black, red, blue, or white embroidery-stitch. If done with white cotton, the flowers will look better filled up in long embroidery-stitch.

## FAN WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give a sketch of one of the innumerable wall-pockets made of fans, which are always so greatly in favor. It is a five-cent palm-leaf fan, the front of which is first covered with crimson plush. It may have a thin piece of wadding under the plush. A spray of palm-leaves is worked in outline with Japanese gold thread on a piece of terracotta silk; this is gathered across the fan with elastic. To form the pocket, a silk cord can be sewed all around, and a handsome bow in two contrasting colors is attached to the handle. This makes a useful as well as ornamental decoration for the wall.

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NAME FOR MARKING.

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*Anne Marie*

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**A SENSELESS CRIME.**—The indiscriminate slaughter of the loveliest and most valuable song-birds is a crime which in reality lies at the door of women. Untold thousands of the pretty creatures are yearly slain to form decorations for ladies' head-gear. Indeed, the extent to which this destruction is carried almost passes belief.

Not a great while since, a noted British naturalist entered a protest against this wickedness, in a prominent London newspaper. He saw, displayed in a single shop-window, nearly two hundred song-birds that had been killed for millinery purposes—thrushes, gold-finches, black-birds, and even the silver-voiced skylarks, were all represented. Perhaps it was even a sadder sight to see numbers of that exquisite species of sea-gull, the tern, for the breeding plumage which these were proved that they must have left young to perish of starvation in the nests.

It is generally conceded that animals may be sacrificed for the food and covering of mankind; but that those birds, whose mission it is to brighten the earth by their beauty as well as their melody, should be destroyed, solely to pamper to a caprice of fashion, is terrible indeed.

It would seem that no woman with a heart could bring herself to wear the plumage of these murdered victims after she had allowed the matter any thought, and it is time that a good deal of thought were given to this blot on our civilization.

Let us hope, since the subject is now attracting attention in so many quarters, that women will speedily free themselves from deserved reproach. Surely they cannot require to reflect long or deeply in order to decide that such decorations are scarcely less a mark of barbarity than it would be to imitate the North American Indians and wear human scalps dangling at their girdles.

**PLEASANT TALK.**—The soul of refined conversation is the same as the soul of refined manners, namely, good-will toward others and a desire to secure their comfort and increase their happiness. This great law underlies all the rules on the subject. The authoritative putting of this law is—do as you would be done by.

**"GROWS BETTER EVERY YEAR."**—A lady writes: "All the pretty articles of fancy-work in our home—and they are numerous—are copied from the pages of 'Peterson.' I have read your magazine from early childhood, and find that it grows better every year."

(200)

**SHAKING HANDS.**—We are informed that hand-shaking, which is supposed to be a proof of friendly feeling, first came into fashion in the time of Henry II. Up to that time, our ancestors were more affectionate in their greetings than we, their colder-natured descendants, embracing and kissing each other much in the same fashion as our neighbors on the other side of the Channel and in Italy are accustomed to do at the present moment. The historian who is pleased to date the commencement of hand-shaking in place of osculation and embracing about Henry II's time is perhaps in error, as it is more probable the close embrace of acquaintances began to be discontinued later on, perhaps when tobacco was first introduced into this country. This certainly seems a probable surmise, as even in our present year of grace a man who has been smoking a cheap cigar or a rank pipe is certainly not the most embraceable object in the world; and only think what the tobacco of Raleigh's time must have been like. Nothing can be more dignified than the way in which many Easterns salute a friend; their wishes for his welfare and of those dear to him, expressed in few words, are to the point. Nothing, however, can exceed the sublime imbecility of some tribes of Arabs, who seize each other's right-hand thumb in their right hand, and go on through the entire list of their relations, changing the grasp as each relative is named. How is your father, A grasps B's thumb; how is your mother, B grasps A's thumb; how is your uncle, grasp; how is your aunt, grasp; your nephew, your niece, your cousin, your grandfather, etc., grasp, grasp, grasp, and so on for a quarter of an hour. The Persian saves himself all this wear and tear by simply touching his forehead at you, whilst the Chinese, Burmese, and most other Asiatic nations do something nearly as simple.

**A SPECIALTY OF EVERYTHING.**—The Lexington (Tenn.) Progress says: "Instead of making a specialty of fiction, poetry, fashions, housekeeping, or some other department, the publishers of 'Peterson' make a specialty of the whole book and improve all departments alike."

**A NOBLE CHARACTER.**—She has the greatest honor and purest morals who is ready to pardon all mistakes in other people as if she herself offended daily, and at the same time as vigorously abstains from all appearance of evil as if she forgave nobody.



**MIND-FOOD.**—Have something for the mind to feed upon—something to look forward to and live for, beside the daily round of labor or the counting of profit and loss. If we have not any talent for writing splendid works on political economy or social science, or the genius for creating a good story or fine poem, the next best thing—and, in fact, almost as good a thing—is to possess an appreciation of these! So have good books and good newspapers, and read them—if only in snatches—and talk about them at dinner-time or by the evening fire. Cultivate choice flowers and fruits, and help some poor neighbor to seeds and cuttings; or take an interest in bees or fine poultry. Above all, study farm and household science, and take advantage of the new and helpful discoveries that are every little while coming to light.

**GEORGE ELIOT** well says: "If youth is the season of hope, it is often so only in the sense that our elders are hopeful about us; for no age is so apt as youth to think its emotions, partings, and resolves are the last of their kind. Each crisis seems final, only because it is new. We are told that the oldest inhabitants in Peru do not cease to be agitated by the earthquakes, but they probably see beyond each shock and reflect that there are plenty more to come."

**LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?**—Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Floraplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

**THREE FRIENDS.**—Three people are my friends: she that loves me, she that hates me, and she that is indifferent to me. Who loves me teaches me tenderness; who hates me teaches me caution; who is indifferent to me teaches me self-reliance.

**JOY AND SORROW.**—To love all mankind, from the greatest to the lowest or meanest, a cheerful state of being is required; but, in order to see into mankind, into life, and still more into ourselves, what is requisite is suffering.

**"A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY."**—The sender of a large club says: "I have fully tested 'Peterson's' merit, and feel that it is a household necessity. I desire as many as possible to know and appreciate its value."

**"THE BEST."**—A subscriber writes: "Your magazine is the best we have ever taken; we could hardly keep house without it."

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Erlach Court. Translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Mrs. A. L. Wistar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—This is the first translation of Ossip Schubin which has come under our notice. It is a real love-story. The heroine, a girl of noble but impoverished family, is studying for the operatic stage, and is a very interesting character. The hero is a fine conception, and the minor characters are well drawn. There is plenty of incident, misunderstanding, and so on, but the tale ends happily. The style is easy and natural, the story less heavy than is apt to be the case with German novels. It is needless to say that, in her translation, Mrs. Wistar has done the best possible for the author.

*The Pariah. By F. Anstey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—The author of those very amusing books, "Vice Versa" and "A Fallen Idol," has turned his attention in a more serious direction, and produced a work of greater depth and power, if less humor, than his previous stories. The characters in "The Pariah" are all admirably delineated, and the plot, though somewhat painful, is well worked out. The ending will hardly prove satisfactory to the lovers of the good old-fashioned style of romance—"They were married and lived happily ever afterward." In spite of this drawback, however, we commend the book to all novel-readers.

*Osborne of Arrochar. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard.*—Miss Douglas's novels are always far above the average: one may always feel certain that a book with her name on the title-page will prove well worth reading. Her style is simple and pleasant, her incidents are always probable, and her characters real living people. The present story is one of her very best efforts; its literary merit is high and its plot one of much interest. The work is sure to be liked by all lovers of good fiction, and it possesses the advantage—not too common in novels of our day—of being fit to put into the hands of the young.

*A Quiet Life. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This dainty little love-story is told in Mrs. Burnett's most graceful way. For delicacy, tenderness, and pathos, it is not surpassed by any of her more ambitious works. The book is issued in the neat twenty-five-cent series in which most of the author's other tales have been included. The same publishers send us, in a similar edition, "Retribution"—one of Mrs. Southworth's earlier but always most popular novels.

*With Gauge and Swallow. By Albion W. Tourgée. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.*—A book of great interest, written in the author's most spirited manner. It is a novel on which much thought and care have evidently been bestowed: there is no careless writing from the first page to the last. The plot is excellent and its

unraveling well executed. The legal incidents are managed with a fidelity and skill which are winning much approval from the profession.

*Margaret Ellison.* By *Mary Graham.* Philadelphia: *Jas. B. Rodgers Printing Co.*—The author of "Nellie West," "From Ten to Twenty," "Gertrude Terry," etc., has given us a book which is a decided advance on even her former agreeable tales. It is the story of a young girl's life, and is at once exceedingly interesting and thoroughly healthy in tone. It is a novel we can heartily recommend.

*Henriette; or, A Corsican Mother.* By *François Coppée.* Translated by *Edward Wakefield.* New York: *Worthington & Co.*—This is a touching and unusual love-story, and the translation, like all Mr. Wakefield's work, is admirably done. The plot is both natural and powerful, and the style of the narrative graceful and fascinating. The work is enriched with numerous handsome photogravure illustrations.

*Everyday Biography.* By *Amelia J. Calver.* New York: *Fowler & Wells Co.*—This is a collection of brief biographies arranged for every day in the year. It makes a birthday-book of a very original character. Designed expressly for practical use, Miss Calver has spared no pains to render the work as complete as its moderate size and small cost would allow.

#### OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**CATARRH CURED.**—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

**THIS IS AN AGE OF PROGRESS,** is a saying especially true of the art of piano-manufacture. What a difference between one of the old boxes of strings called a spinet or harpsichord and a modern upright, such as those manufactured by the Vose & Sons Piano Co., of Boston, Mass.

These makers have, by nearly forty years of conscientious endeavor and the use of the best materials, produced an instrument unsurpassed in tone, workmanship, and design.

Their recently-issued catalogue is a work of art, which you can obtain gratis on application. Their prices are moderate, terms easy, and pianos first-class. We take pleasure in recommending them to anyone desiring a first-class instrument.

**CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING.**—One of the fairest dreams conjured up by Edward Bellamy, in his popular book, "Looking Backward"—and

one which, in these days when servants are the mistresses, has a special attractiveness to every home-maker—is co-operative housekeeping. It is claimed—and the claim is not disputed, to our knowledge—that, in the manufacture of the well-known washing compound, Pearline, chemical science, the most advanced mechanical appliances, and bold and sagacious business methods are all co-operating in an eminently successful manner with the housekeeper in her difficult task of "keeping things clean." The best results, at the least outlay of time, temper, and money—each one of the millions of packages of Pyle's Pearline sold every year is a practical demonstration of how to solve this difficult problem, in one direction at least.—*Boston Congregationalist, Oct. 3.*

**BUCKWHEAT-CAKES** are the most cherished of all the griddle-cakes, and, when properly made, the most delicious. It has been against buckwheat-cakes made in the old-fashioned way, with yeast or risen overnight, that they were frequently heavy or sour—that disagreeable effects followed their eating. It has been found that these objections are completely overcome by mixing them with the Royal Baking-Powder instead of yeast. Quickly made; no setting overnight; no materials spoiled. Risen with Royal Baking-Powder, they are most delicious—light, sweet, tender, assuredly wholesome, and may be eaten by anyone without the slightest inconvenience. Once tested from the following receipt, the buckwheat-cake will be awarded a prominent place among our table-delicacies:

*Receipt.*—Take two cupfuls of buckwheat flour, one cupful of wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of Royal Baking-Powder, one half-teaspoonful of salt, and sift, dry, well and thoroughly together. Then mix with sweet milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle. Try them made this way. They will be a revelation.

Royal Baking-Powder is specially made for use in the preparation of the finest, most wholesome, and delicate cookery. Because of its great strength, it is also the most economical of leavening agents.

#### OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

##### TABLE RECEIPTS.

**Noodles for Soup.**—Beat one egg light, and add to it enough flour to make a stiff dough. Knead it, and roll it out thin, and cut it into long narrow strips, and dry them in the sun or near the stove. Put them in the soup a short time before serving, or they will boil to pieces.

##### FISH.

**A Savory Way of Dressing any Fish.**—Carefully remove the bones from cold white-fish, and cut

it into slices. Beat very smooth about three ounces of butter in rather more than three ounces of flour. Make about a pint of milk very hot, pour it gradually over the butter and flour, making it a thick and very smooth paste. Boil two eggs very hard and chop them fine, with a sprig of thyme and parsley; set it over the fire, adding to it the butter and flour, and let it just come to a boil. Put the cold fish into a buttered dish, with pepper and salt, set round each layer, pour the dressing on it. Cover the top with grated cheese and breadcrumb, and bake nearly an hour.

*Fricassee Oysters.*—Take a tablespoonful of cream and the beaten yolk of an egg. Mix them well together, then drain the liquor from a dozen oysters, thicken it with butter and flour, add the egg and cream, season to taste, and simmer for five minutes, stirring all the time. Lay in the oysters, let them warm through, then pour up over slices of buttered toast.

*Escalloped Oysters.*—Butter some scallop-shells and line them with breadcrumb soaked in milk, drain the oysters and lay them in—four are enough for one shell—season with pepper and salt, cover with a thick layer of crumb also soaked in milk, put tiny bits of butter on the top, and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.

#### VEGETABLES.

*Potato Snow.*—Choose the whitest and most floury potatoes you can, which are free from spots; put them into cold water over a good fire; directly they crack, strain off the water, and put them into a clean stewpan by the side of the fire until they are quite dry and fall into pieces, then rub them through a fine wire sieve into the dish in which they are to be served, which should have been previously well heated.

*Potatoes Dressed Italian Fashion.*—These are merely baked and their tops cut off; the inside is then scooped out and mixed with thoroughly well-boiled rice, seasoned with a little grated cheese, pepper and salt. The mixture is put back into the potatoes, the tops are replaced, and they are put back into the oven to heat through again, and served when ready.

#### DESSERTS.

*Mince-Tarts.*—Six large lemons, one-half pound of apples, one pound of raisins when picked and stoned, one pound of currants, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of fresh butter, two ounces each of candied lemon, orange, and citron. Grate off the yellow rind, cut the lemons in two, and squeeze out the juice; boil the rinds in spring-water till tender, but not soft, changing the water four or five times to take out the bitterness, and putting a large tablespoonful of salt in the water in which they are first boiled. When done, drain the water from them and take out the seeds and skins; then chop them with the raisins, in a wooden bowl. When finely chopped, add the currants, sugar, the apples—

previously prepared as for apple-sauce—some of the grated rind of lemons, the juice, half a salt-spoonful of cayenne pepper, a small teaspoonful of mace, the same of cinnamon, and twelve drops of almond-flavor; the candied fruit cut in thin slices; and lastly, the butter melted and stirred well in. Make the tarts in the usual way. Put the mince-meat in a jar, tie paper over it, and keep in a dry cool place.

*Gertrude's Pudding.*—Peel, pare, and cook some apples in a saucepan, as if making apple-sauce. In an ordinary pie-dish, put about a teacupful of tapioca, with milk and sugar, which is to be baked until nearly done. Then take it out of the oven, and, having your apples ready, put a layer of tapioca, then a layer of apples, and proceed in this way until your dish is full. Then put it in the oven, and bake for a short time.

*Nursery-Pudding Without Milk.*—Half-ounce of gelatine soaked, dissolve on the fire in one pint of water, add the juice of a lemon or some oranges, sugar to taste, and the whites of one or two eggs slightly beaten. Pour into an oiled mold until cold and set. Serve with or without a syrup of the fruit-juice and water. This is a popular jelly with children.

#### CAKES.

*Sugar-Cakes.*—Three pints of flour, nine eggs, one and one-half pounds of sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, two nutmegs, a good teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of sour cream; leave out half of the yolks of the eggs. Beat the eggs very light; add the butter and sugar creamed, and then the flour. Roll them out and bake.

*Sweet Soda-Cakes.*—One and one-half pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, three eggs beaten light, a small teaspoonful of soda in a teacupful of sour cream; rose-water and nutmeg; work them very smooth; roll out and cut into shapes.

*Sultana Cake.*—Beat six ounces of butter and one pint of sifted sugar until very light; add yolks of six eggs—well beaten—one teaspoonful of vanilla, one gill of milk, one and a half pints of flour, and one teaspoonful of baking-powder.

**THREE TIMES ITS COST.**—There is no article of food or drink regarding which the public have been so deceived as tea, and now a most commendable work has been undertaken by a strong company of producers and capitalists to supply the people of the great United States with perfectly pure tea at a reasonable advance over the cost of production. Give up drinking poor adulterated and colored tea, and drink only the O. & O. Tea, which is worth *three times its cost*, and will have a more beneficial effect on the health of our people than any food-reform of modern ages.

## FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF STEEL-GRAY SICILIENNE, the side-panels of which are trimmed with a gray-and-steel gimp. The dark-red plush mantle is ornamented with steel passementerie and Alaska sable. Steel ornaments in the hair.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING, for a young lady. The skirt is ornamented with gimp stars or may be braided, and it opens on the right side over plaitings of blue silk. The bodice is made with a little fullness about the armholes and crosses from the left shoulder to the right side. A sash of blue silk ties at the back. The sleeves are straight, with full puffs at the top, finished by bows of ribbon.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-YELLOW BENGALINE AND PLAID SILK OF YELLOW SHADES. The sides and the back of the skirt and the sleeves are made of the bengaline, the front and part of the fullness at the back are of the plaid silk, and the front side-panels are of the silk, with turned-back facings of the bengaline fastened with large ornamental buttons. The bodice, wide revers, and cuffs are of the plaid silk, the bodice and cuffs being ornamented with large buttons; the broad open collar is of crêpe-lisse.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, opening in front over a light-green woolen skirt, trimmed with a wide figured band woven in the material. The skirt is edged on either side with bands of chinchilla-fur. The close-fitting bodice opens over a vest of the light-green, and has revers of narrow woven trimming. The broad collar is trimmed in a similar style. Rather full high sleeves. Hat of dark-green velvet, ornamented with light-green feathers.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF REDDISH-BROWN VELVET, with facings down the front of light fawn-colored sicilienne; these facings are trimmed with rows of gimp, finished at the end with small buttons. The plaiting down the front is of reddish-brown silk. The bodice, which is round at the waist, opens over a vest of sicilienne trimmed to correspond with the facings on the front, and has large revers, which open over a soft silk vest of the same color. High loose sleeves, with sicilienne cuffs. Bonnet of reddish-brown velvet, trimmed with gold lace and velvet bows. This costume, made in cloth of the two colors, is very stylish.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PLAID WOOLENS. A plain round skirt, plaited at the sides and gathered at the back. The jacket-bodice opens over a full vest of China crêpe or silk, either plain or figured; it may be cream-white or of a color corresponding with the plaid. The revers of the jacket are covered with a flat worsted braid. Tiny gilt or pearl buttons orna-

ment the fronts. Coat-sleeves, with cuffs of braid to match. Hair dressed high.

FIG. VII.—MANTLE, MADE IN SEAL-BROWN VELVETEEN. There is first a jacket, with a full front held in at the waist with ribbon tied in long loops with ends. The double cape is lined with silk or satin to match and edged with brown cord or braid; high standing collar. The cape may be made separately and worn with or without the under-jacket. The Rorke hat is faced with drawn velvet and trimmed with ostrich-feathers.

FIG. VIII.—RÉCAMIER COIFFURE, for dinner or evening dress.

FIG. IX.—WINTER WRAP. Two capes of beaver-cloth, with yoke and collar of Astrakhan-cloth or fur.

FIG. X.—BRETTELLES, OF LACE OR FIGURED GAUZE, for the bodice of an evening-dress. Shoulder-knots of narrow ribbon, wider ribbon loops for waist.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE-AND-GREEN PLAID WOOLENS. Plain round skirt, slightly wrinkled in front, and at the sides covering the front breadth; back hangs straight. Plain under-vest of the plaid, with sash of the plaid folded over the front and tied at the back, falling from under the sleeveless jacket of dark-blue or green serge corresponding with the colors of the plaid. Sleeves of the plaid.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN SERGE OR VICUNA CLOTH, with a deep band of plush or velveteen of a darker shade at the bottom. The Zouave jacket, with its short sleeves, collar, and cuffs, is of the plush or velveteen. The vest is of chestnut-brown silk. A row of buttons or gimp daisies heads the band at the bottom, defines the waist and throat, and outlines the vest. Hat of brown felt, trimmed with gay striped ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—NEW-STYLE FELT HAT, trimmed with standing loops of velvet ribbon and stiff feathers.

FIG. XIV.—EVENING-BODICE, OF PALE-BLUE SURAH, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. Under-sleeves and cravat of cream-white silk muslin or China crêpe.

FIG. XV.—TOQUE, OF PALE-PINK VELVET, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and a tiny wreath of pale-pink rose-leaves. Strings of black velvet ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE, OF STRIPED LACE, for an evening or dinner gown.

FIG. XVII.—THE "TROSSACH ULSTER" IS IN NAVY-BLUE CHEVIOT SERGE, lined with checked blue-and-white woollens. Cape to be worn either buttoned over or turned back to display lining. Round felt hat, trimmed with a band of the plaid lining.

FIG. XVIII.—LONG CLOAK, OF FIGURED CLOTH IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN, trimmed with seal-plush. Muff to match. Hat of felt in the lighter

shade of brown and trimmed with brown velvet. A band of gold-and-brown passementerie passes around the crown, and some loops of gold-colored velvet ribbon are added in front.

FIG. XIX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LADY'S-CLOTH OR CAMEL'S-HAIR IN NAVY-BLUE. The plain round skirt is bordered with three bands of black moiré ribbon and is caught up a little at the left side over a plain petticoat. The cape is accordeon-plaited and ties at the throat with a wide moiré ribbon. Felt hat, trimmed with a band of black velvet and a wreath of velvet flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season, there is little new to record in the way of fashions. Every woman with the least taste or ingenuity can alter a trimming or arrange a sleeve or skirt to suit her own particular style and yet be in the mode; for, if the corsage is much trimmed, the sleeves rather high and full, and the skirt-effect plain, that is all that is necessary—the minor details can be added as is thought best.

*Skirts* are worn with little or no bustle, and fall in straight lines or in very slight lengthwise drapery. Slimness of the figure is the present style.

*Bodices*, on the contrary, are much trimmed and in the greatest variety of ways: some have pointed waists, some round waists without belts, and in other cases belts with buckles are worn. A little trimming or fullness on the shoulders is almost universal.

*Stripes of various colors, large flowers, rings, dots, etc.*, are on most of the silks and on many of the woollen goods; but these brocades are nearly always made up with a plain material of the same color or of some other which harmonizes with it.

*Brocades* are so rich that they admit of little or no trimming on the skirts; but, for young people, the lighter materials may be trimmed with ribbons, passementerie, lace, or braiding, as may be suitable.

*Fichus* are much worn, to give a dressy appearance to a gown.

*Black lace or net dresses* are as popular and convenient as ever.

*Waterproofs* are made like redingotes—tight at the back and loose in front, with sleeves. They are made of the softest woollen materials, and are as elegant as any other cloak or redingote.

*Capes*.—The rage for capes still continues. They are worn with dresses, jackets, coats, cloaks—everything. They are three, four, five, and even seven fold. Some are filled on to a yoke, which is also covered with little frills. They are made to match the dress or cloak, or they may be made of a soft white woollen material when they are accordeon-plaited round the neck or a shoulder-piece, instead of being gathered. When gathered or plaited round the neck, they are not shaped—they shape themselves.

*Jackets* are nearly always opened over the

under-dress or bodice. Some of them, however, are made with a simulated bodice or waistcoat attached to them—such as a pretty gray cloth, embroidered with gray silk and steel over a white cloth waistcoat, also embroidered with silk and steel.

*Buttons of immense size* are used to fasten these capes, cloaks, redingotes, and jackets. Open jackets are frequently buttoned just at the waist with one or two large buttons.

*Fur* is greatly used for all sorts of trimmings.

*Bonnets and hats* have not changed in style. The capote bonnet is almost precisely like the toque hat, with the addition of strings.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

### RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

There are few novelties to signalize just at present in the way of dresses or bonnets, for the winter styles are definitely settled, and the severely simple make of gowns leaves but little scope for variety. Everybody is wearing plaited cloth skirts, with braided borders or side-panels, and braided corsages to match for everyday wear. Never since three-flounced skirts were the rage has such uniformity in feminine dressing been known. This severe simplicity has invaded even the realm of evening-dress, and Parisian belles now often array themselves in perfectly plain toilettes of white or pink or pale-blue satin, without a particle of trimming on the full long-trained skirts or the perfectly-fitting corsages. Yet, with all this simplicity of make, I doubt if very dressy dames spend less time and thought over their toilette than they used to do. It is much more difficult to make an undraped untrimmed dress look elegant and effective than when all the resources of draperies and puffings and loopings were at the dressmaker's command. Plaids are less worn than was anticipated, and are now only seen in dark subdued colors. Made up with a vest and sleeves in black velvet, a plaid dress forms a pretty change of costume for a youthful wearer. Furs are more popular than ever. As a change from the universal boa, the old-fashioned flat tippet with long ends has been revived; but it is not so graceful and becoming as the boa, and will not, I think, take its place. There was an effort made by some of the leading fur-houses of Paris to revive the huge muffs which were carried by our grandmothers; but they were too large and clumsy, and no fashionable lady with any respect for her own appearance would be seen with one. Moreover, such a muff in plush or velvet would look absurd, so there was no possibility of getting one up to match the cloak or walking suit. The latest novelty in this line is a dainty little affair in peacock's plumage. Boas formed of curving ruffles of black or white lace are shown for

evening-wear. Jackets of black Astrakhan, or of sealskin, or of fine sealskin-plush are extensively worn. A handsome suit is composed as follows with one of these jackets: The short cloth dress has a pointed Swiss-peasant girdle and cuffs on the corsage, and three bands encircling the skirt, of the same material as the wrap. These bands are an eighth of a yard wide. The first one is placed a little above the knee, and the lowest one borders the skirt at the hem, the third being set just between the other two. For mourning, the jacket, bands, and corsage-trimming may be made of crape.

Another very pretty novelty of the season is the Spanish jacket—or, rather, its simulation—in *passementerie* or braiding on the corsage, and accompanied by cuffs and collar to correspond. Deep pointed collars and cuffs in fine Irish lace are a good deal worn by elderly ladies. They are both of unusual size—the cuffs reaching nearly to the elbow. The lace is in the fine rose-point pattern, and not of the coarser style that was so fashionable a few years ago. Bands of this fine lace are employed by Worth for trimming ball-dresses. They are set longitudinally on crape skirt-fronts in *accordeon-plaits*. Worth's latest combination of color for evening-wear is a rich shade of orange in silk or velvet with pale-blue crape—the corsage and train being composed of the heavier material, and the skirt-front of the crape.

The latest style of fan is very delicate and perishable, but has the advantage of being a good deal less costly than the vast wing-like affairs in ostrich-feathers mounted on tortoise-shell, or than the artistic hand-painted Louis-XV fans with sticks in mother-of-pearl elaborately carved and gilt. These new-fashioned fans are in transparent crape or gauze, in a tint matching the wearer's dress, painted by hand with a single large flower, and having slender sticks in gilt or painted wood. They are really very charming, and one prominent dry-goods store in Paris has made a specialty of them, retailing them at sixty cents apiece. Other hand-painted gauze fans are much more elaborately ornamented, and are mounted in a handsomer and costlier way; but they are so perishable, that, the cheaper they can be procured, the better. Such a fan is not an actual investment, like one in real lace or ostrich-feathers or with the leaf painted upon silk or kid—it is only an accessory to the ball-dress, like the gloves and the satin slippers.

The long-handled eye-glass is more in favor than ever. An American lady who has just sailed for home takes with her, as a memento of the Exhibition, one in solid gold, the long handle being a very beautiful specimen of workmanship. It is altogether in handwork, having been wrought with a hammer. The device is an arabesque of flowers and foliage. These eye-glasses are mounted with silver handles, and also

in jet for ladies in mourning; but the lightest and most practical of all the mountings is always tortoise-shell.

In the way of undergarments, certain innovations are to be noted. Skirts in woven or hand-knitted worsted are superseding the once universal flannel petticoat, as they cling closely to the wearer's form, and so do not interfere with the set of the severely cut cloth costume. The outer petticoat is in lace-trimmed black surah. White knitted worsted skirts are prepared for evening-wear, and the outer petticoat may be in pink or cream or pale-blue surah, to match the ball-dress. Night-dresses in canton flannel, cut in a loose gored shape, are shown, embroidered down the front in large scallops in white cotton and buttonhole-stitch, a large dot being worked in each one of the scallops. A hood of the same material, and finished in the same way, is sometimes attached—to be pulled over the head as a night-cap—but is cumbersome and is only comfortable when the weather is extremely cold. The sleeves are full in to a band and are finished with a scalloped ruffle. This new night-dress supersedes advantageously the flannel ones that were introduced some time ago.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, FOR A GIRL OF TEN TO TWELVE YEARS, OF CLOTH OR SERGE. Our model calls for a rust-brown cloth, trimmed with black braid. The skirt has three rows of narrow braid bordering the edge. There is a plain yoked waist to the skirt. The over-jacket fits closely; it is bound on the edge with the braid, and above the binding are two rows of braid. The straps across the front are finished in the same way. Turnover collar. Long coat-sleeves. Hat of felt to match, with a rolling brim, trimmed with black velvet and black ostrich-plumes.

FIG. II.—LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEBOY SUIT, OF INVISIBLE-GREEN VELVET OR VELVETEEN. The collar and cuffs are of Irish crocheted lace, vandyke-shape; the sash of cream-white surah.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S PALETOT, OF STRIPED CLOTH. Our model is a cloth of blue, brown, and dark-green pin-stripes upon a drab ground. The paletot has sling-sleeves, which turn back in front to form the revers, which are faced with brown velvet. Collar of velvet. Around the waist, from under the side-seams, a girdle of brown velvet ribbon is tied in front. Hat of brown felt, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with drab ostrich-tips to match the prevailing color of the cloth.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S HIGHLAND CAP, OF BLACK VELVET, trimmed with a gray quill and fancy ornament.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1890.

A Picture from Italy. By Garrett Foster (Illustrated), . . . . .	237	Humility—A Poem. By Henry A. Parker, . . . . .	271
An Unmatched Remnant. By Harriet Francene Crocker, . . . . .	242	The Story of Dagmar. By Miss Alice Bowman, . . . . .	272
Rest—A Poem, . . . . .	244	Gertrude—A Poem. By Kate Auld Voorhees, . . . . .	282
A Magnificent Marriage. By Lucy H. Hooper, . . . . .	245	Things Worth Knowing: The Linen Closet. By Isabel R. Wallach, . . . . .	283
"Give Us This Day—"—A Poem. By J. T. Burton Wollaston, . . . . .	252	Reform in the Kitchen, . . . . .	284
Ninon de L'Enclos. By Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley, . . . . .	253	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . . . .	285
A Dreamer's Dream. By Maude Meredith, . . . . .	255	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	293
His Mistake. By George T. O'Daniels, . . . . .	256	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	294
Michael Widman—A Poem. By Isaac B. Choate, . . . . .	262	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	295
The Professor's Boys. By Clara Augusta, . . . . .	263	Mothers' Department. By Abram Livezey, A.M., M.D., . . . . .	295
The News He Brings. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	265	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	296
		Fashions for March (Illustrated), . . . . .	297
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . . .	298

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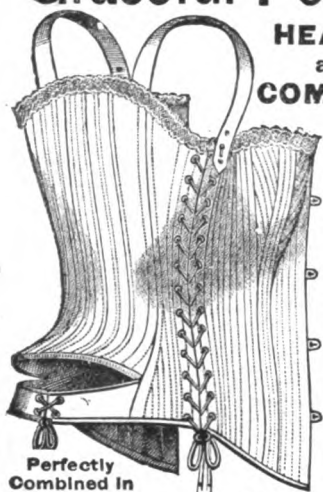
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THE EVENING WALK.





Engraved & Printed by H. Man Brothers.

LES MODES PARISIENNES. PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

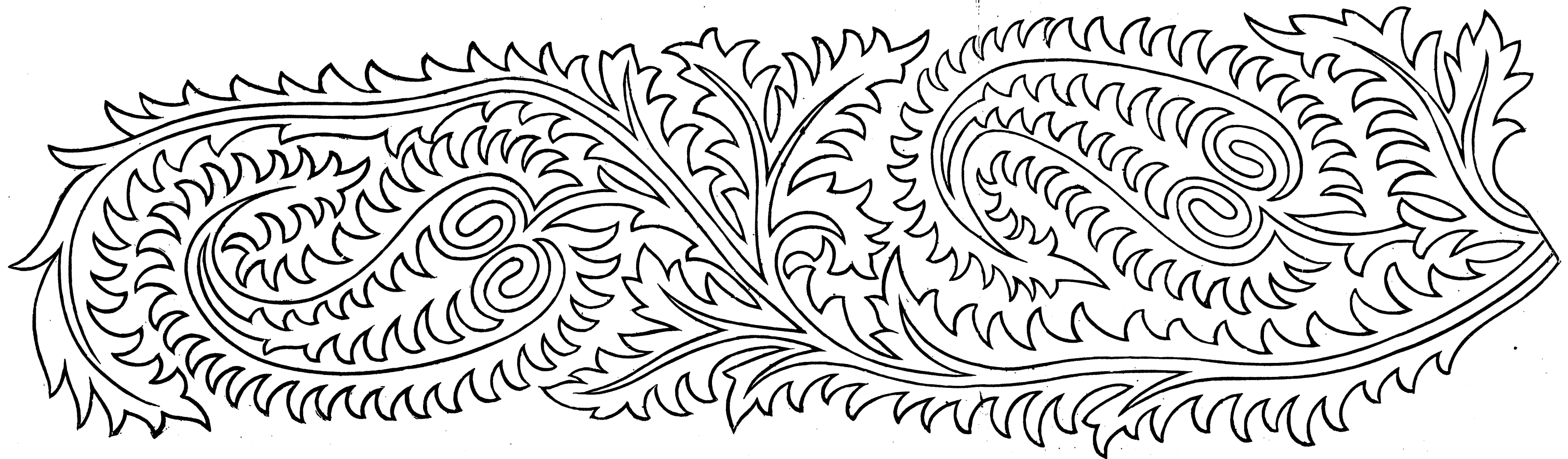
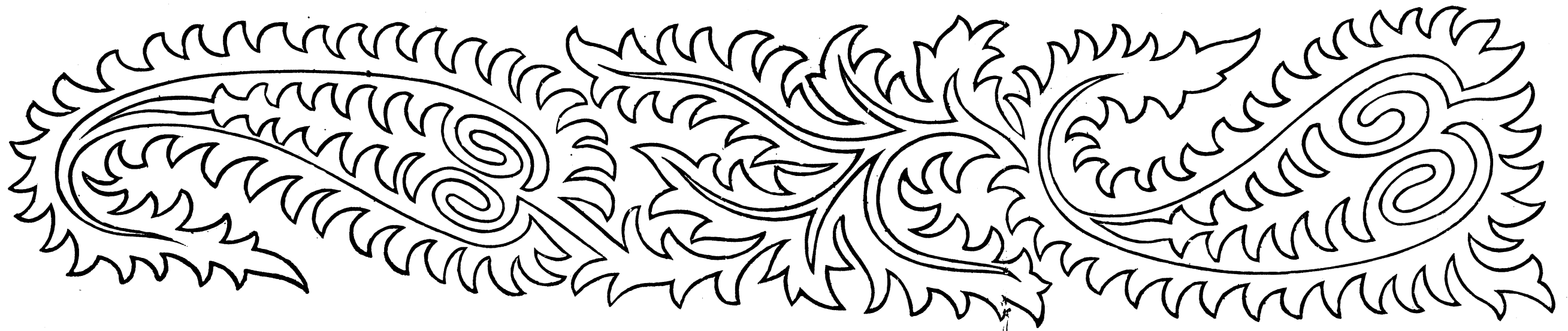
MARCH, 1890.





**"The children, flower-laden every one,  
Walk slowly homeward when the day is done."**

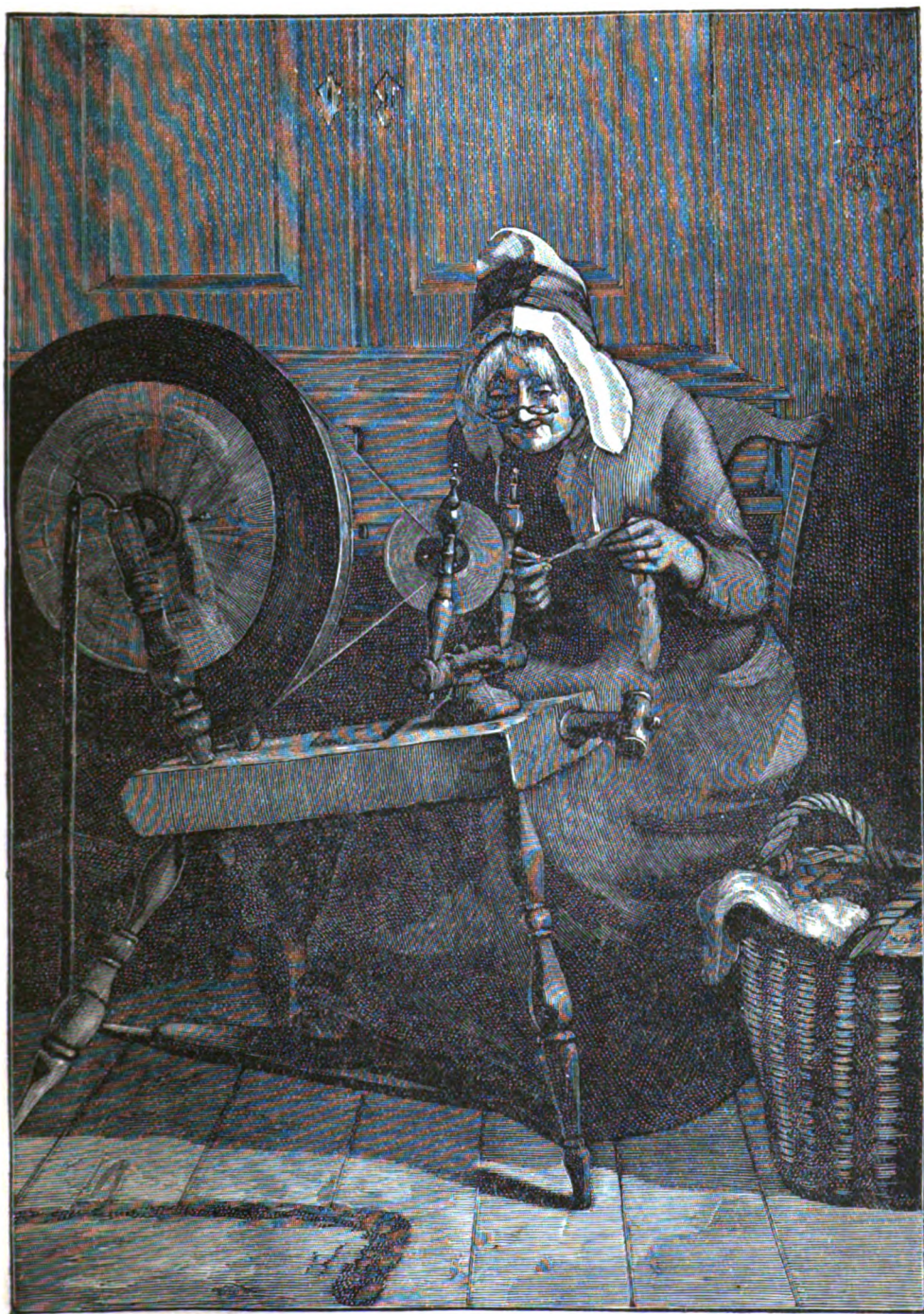




DESIGNS IN BRAIDING OR STEM-STITCH FOR DRESS-FRONT OR JACKET







**"GIVE US THIS DAY—"**

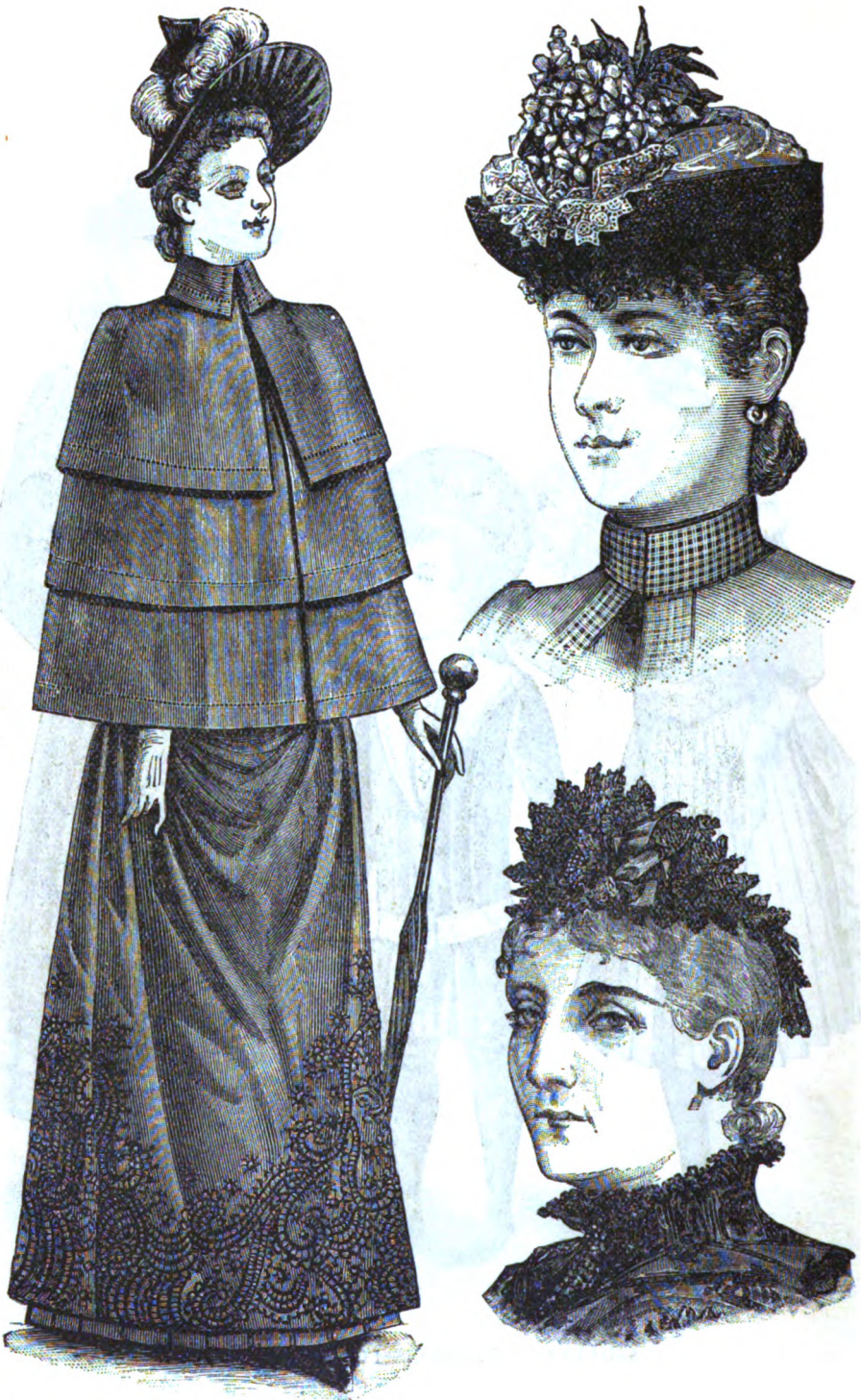
**[See the Poem.]**







CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.



WALKING-DRESS. HAT. HEAD-DRESS.





**BONNET. CAPE. WALKING-DRESS.**

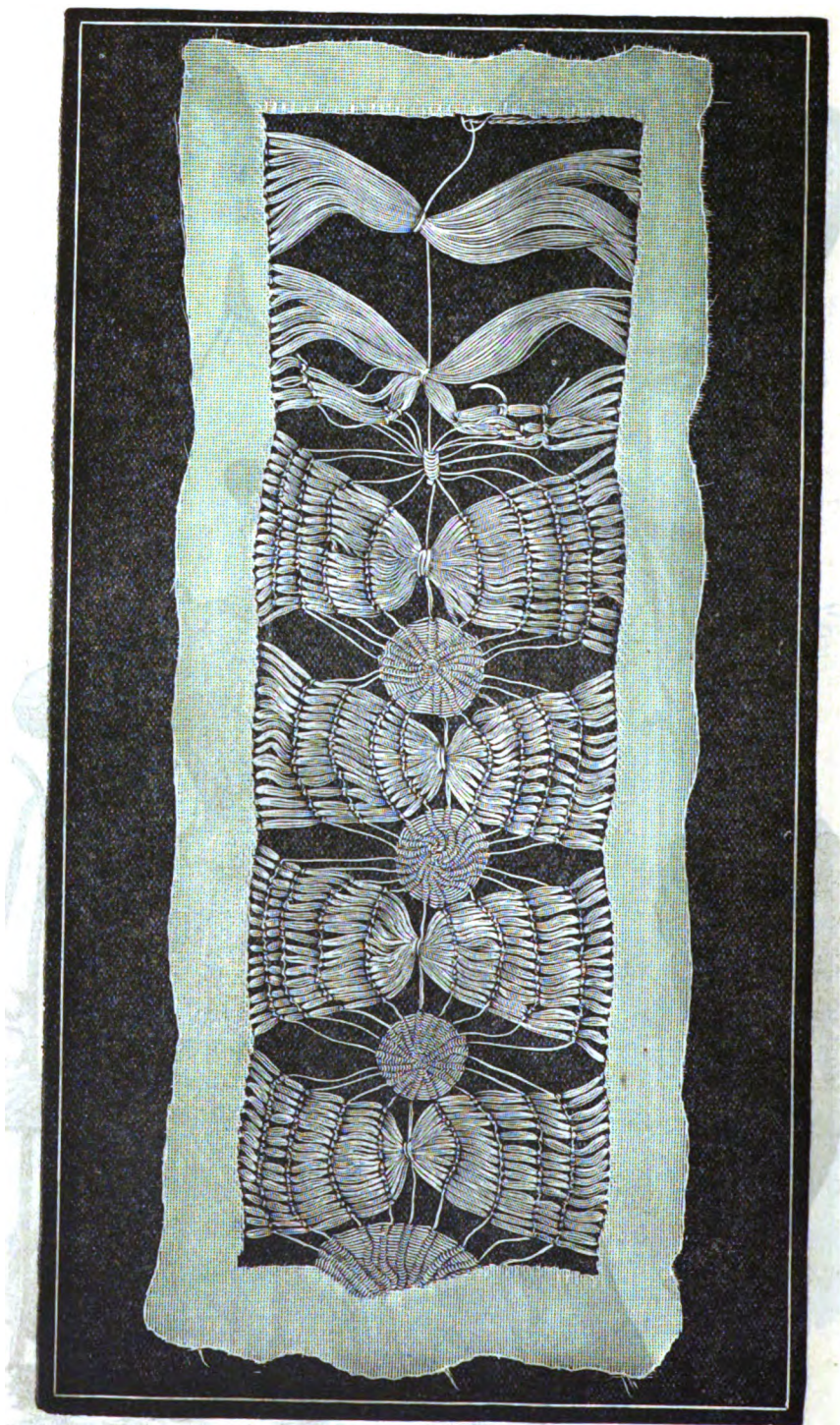


WALKING-DRESS. WRAP.



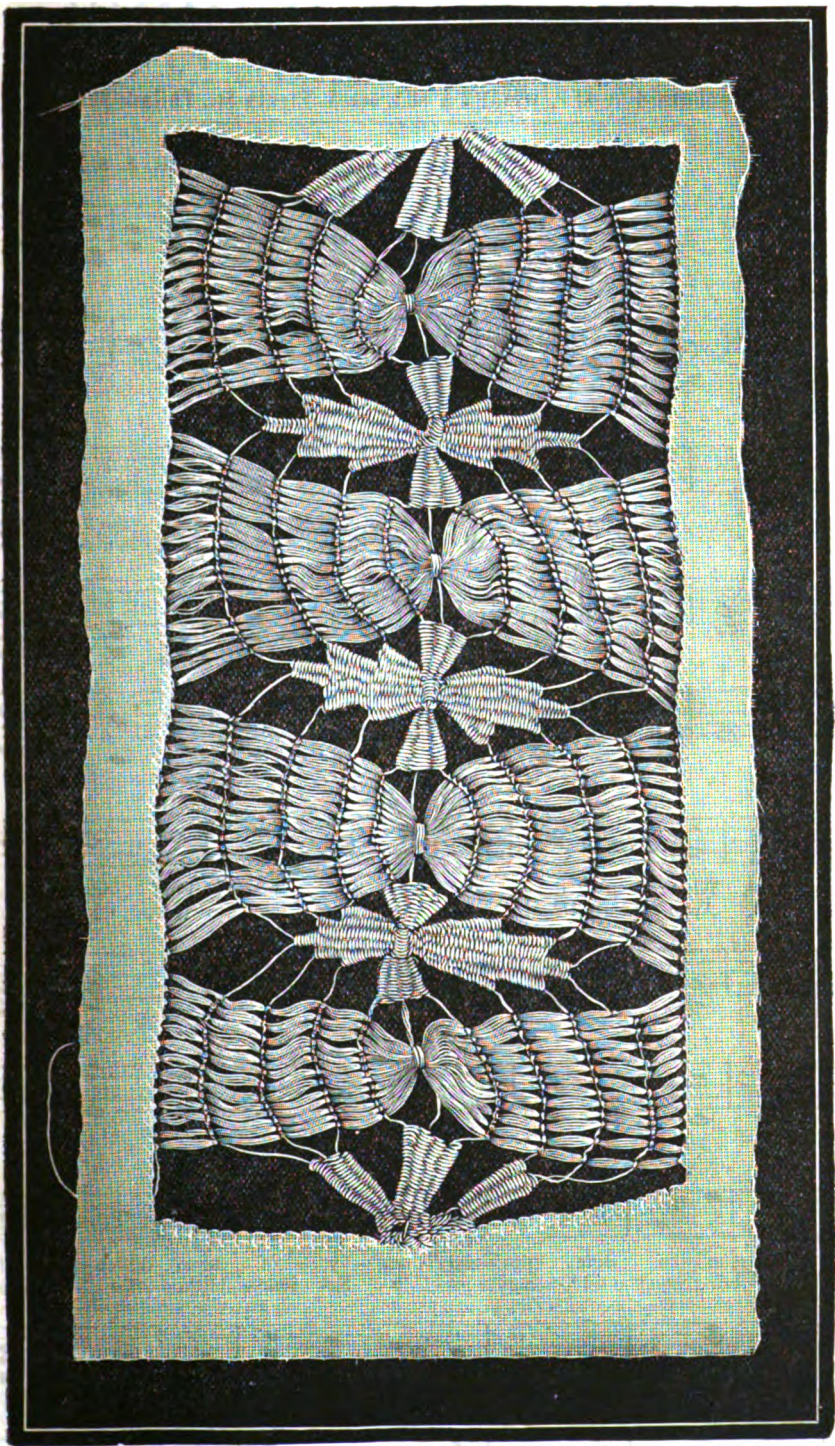
**HAT. SLEEVE. HEAD-DRESS. WALKING-DRESS.**





**DRAWN-WORK.**





**DRAWN-WORK.**

# CHRISTIANS AWAKE!

(Published by request.)

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Arranged by DR. A. S. HOLLOWAY.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in a descending sequence, while the left hand plays a simple bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

8:

1. Chris - tians a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py  
2. Then to the watch - ful shep - herds it was

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest followed by a half note, then continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time.

morn, Where - on the Sav - iour of man - kind was born.  
told, Who heard th' an - gel - ic her - ald's voice, "Be - hold,

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a similar rhythmic pattern to the first system. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a bass line. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time.

Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love, Which hosts of  
I bring good tid - ings of a Sav - iour's birth, To you, and

The third system of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is common time.

# CHRISTIANS AWAKE!

an - gels chant - ed from a - bove: With them the joy - ful  
all the na - tions up - on earth, This day hath God ful -

tid - ings first be - gan, Of God In - car - nate and the Vir - gin's  
fill'd His prom - ised word, This day is born a Sav - iour, Christ the

Son. Lord.

D.C.

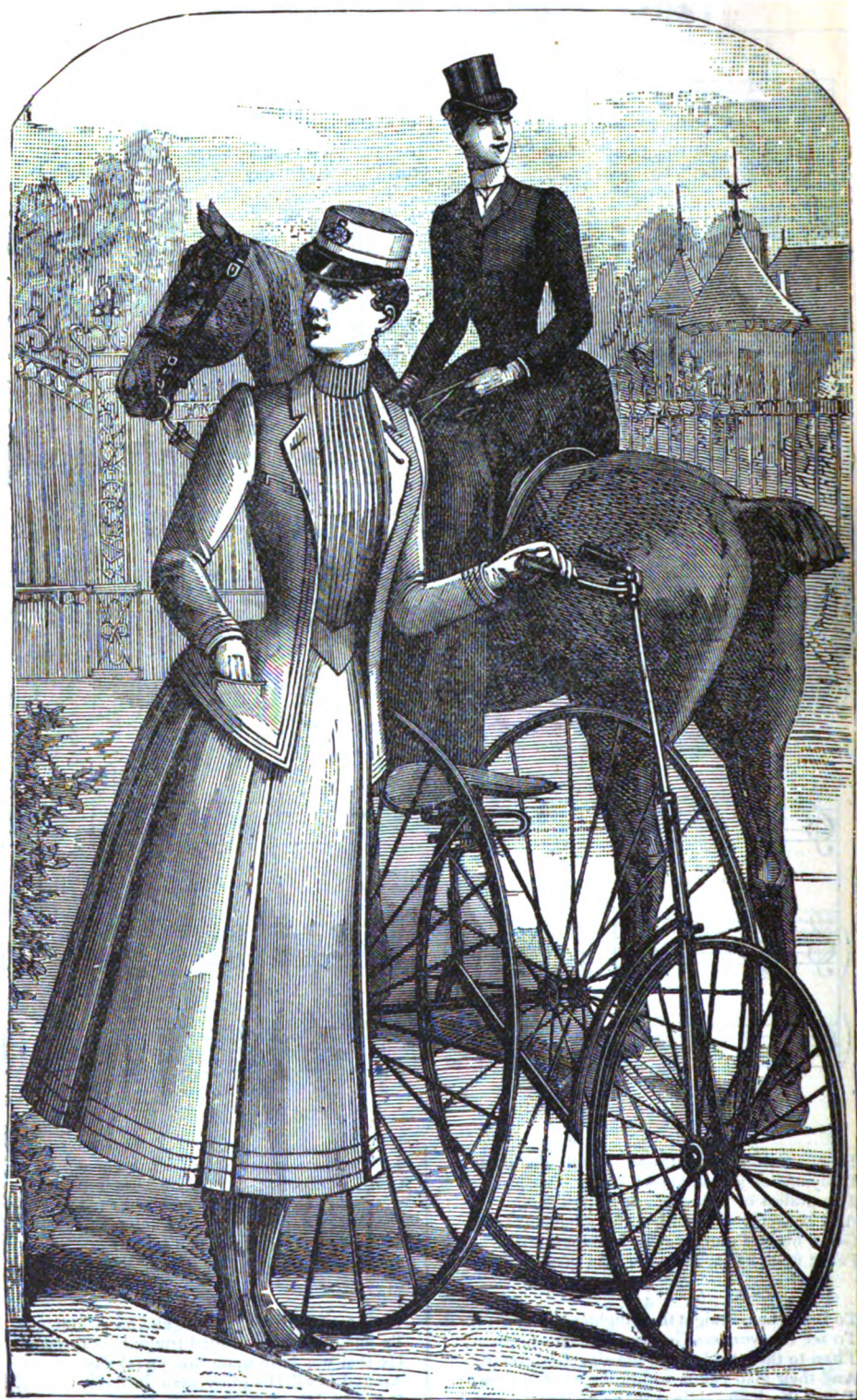
3.  
He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang,  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto man good-will.

4.  
To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherd ran,  
To see the wonders God had wrought for man;  
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;  
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,  
The first Apostles of the Saviour's fame.

5.  
Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

6.  
Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng:  
He that was born upon this joyful day,  
Around us all His glory shall display:  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.





CYCLING-COSTUME. RIDING-HABIT.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1890.

No. 3.

## A PICTURE FROM ITALY.

BY GARRETT FOSTER.



HERE is a peculiar charm about Sorrento, which it is difficult to describe. Castellamare is less shut in, Amalfi more picturesque, yet the

traveler who has spent any length of time in

the three favorite resorts of the Neapolitan coast invariably gives the palm to lazy, sleepy, beggar-besieged Sorrento.

Here Tasso was born, and thither he came back to die after having been crowned at the Capitol; and in our century it has been, at different periods, the temporary residence of scores of notables, potentates, poets, students, and most of all beloved by artists.

Thirty years ago, traveling in Italy was a more serious and more interesting business than now. Railways were few, and the journey from Rome to Naples had to be made by post-chaise or diligence.

There were two routes: the one by the sea, which led through lovely Terracina and Mola di Gaeta; the other the mountain road, which was as picturesque in its way, and, though sadly uncomfortable, gave one an opportunity to visit the famous Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino.

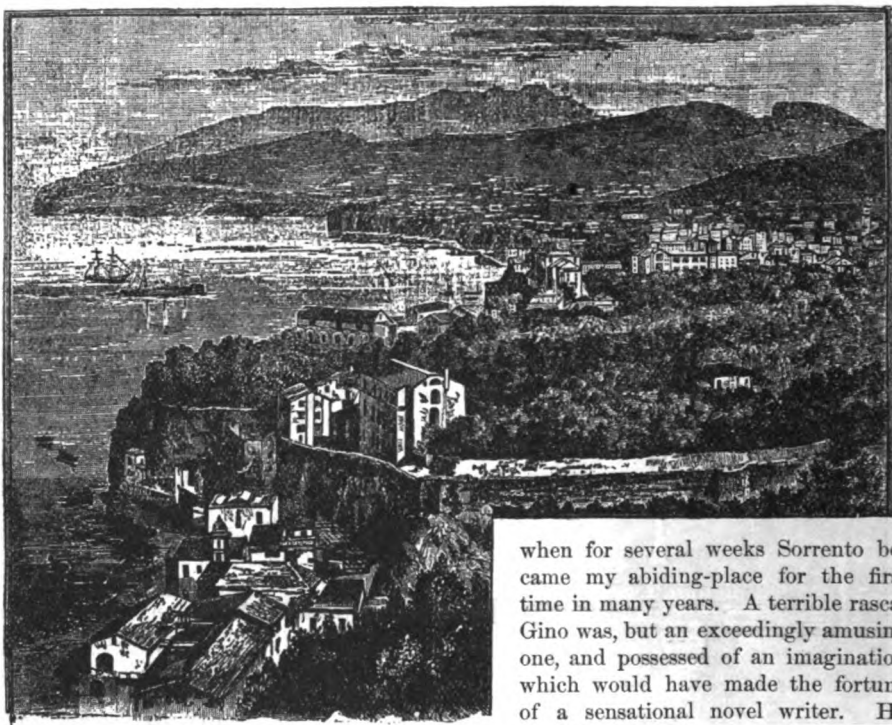
Travelers usually went down by the sea road and returned by the inland, and, if not frightened out of their wits and their purses near Terracina, had the expectation of meeting such a fate later among the mountains. This

sounds blood-curdling, but in reality it only gave an agreeable dramatic interest to the journey. Indeed, the brigands were so few and the travelers so many, that the latter were forced to draw on their imaginations to make their public or private letters exciting enough, and, in the end, out of their own consciousness evolved such troops of bandits that all the inhabitants along the route would have had to turn highwaymen in order to equal the numbers described.

In those days, Sorrento was well known to Italianized Americans and English as a charming place of residence. In this era of rapid transit, the "tourist" goes in an express train from Paris to Rome, "does" the Eternal City in a week, then dashes down to Naples, whose marvels he exhausts in three days, including the ascent of Vesuvius, a visit to Pompeii, and a morning at Capri and Sorrento, and, at the end of his two months' Continental tour, seeks his native land with the agreeable consciousness that henceforth he can set himself up as an authority in regard to Italy.

Even now, for those who can find enjoyment in monotonous quiet, Sorrento is a pleasant retreat in which to spend a winter. The hotels are comfortable, and there are delightful excursions for every day in the week. Unfortunately, the streets are absurdly narrow and terribly dusty—shut in, too, on either hand by high walls which effectually obstruct the view as one winds on foot or donkey-back up the steep ascent of Capo di Monte. Safely arrived, however, one is well repaid for the fatiguing climb.

The town lies stretched below, among the orange and lemon groves; the hotels are nestled on the verge of the cliff which over-



SORRENTO, FROM CAPE DI MONTE.

hangs the waters, the beautiful bay laughs in the sunlight, the sail-boats dance about like restless sea-gulls, and off in the distance one sees Ischia looking like a fairy barque moored amid the purple haze.

Of course, as elsewhere, the picturesque costumes of the natives, which added so much to the artistic effect of the place, are rapidly dying out. The girls adopt lilac cotton gowns with flounces and furbelows, and the young men make themselves hideous in sack coats and Derby hats. Luckily, the old folk cling to their national dress from the force of habit, and to any professional guitar or tambourine player it is naturally part of her stock in trade. Fortunately the picturesqueness of the attire to a certain extent atones for the wandering minstrel's ugliness, which—I regret to dispel anybody's cherished illusions—is usually something positively phenomenal.

The fishermen still sport their very undress garb of former days, and big, brawny, splendid animals they often are, with their bare legs, blue shirts, and bright-red caps.

Gino, whose portrait graces the page, was a fine specimen of the tribe not long since,

when for several weeks Sorrento became my abiding-place for the first time in many years. A terrible rascal Gino was, but an exceedingly amusing one, and possessed of an imagination which would have made the fortune of a sensational novel writer. He

was always hunting our party up with elaborate secrecy, to display smuggled goods for sale. He brought all sorts of articles, from Spanish cigars to Algerian scarfs, and related such thrilling adventures about evasions of coast-guards and the perils he had run in getting his treasures on shore, that, though one might decline to purchase his wares, one could not be cruel enough to warn any fresh-comer against his wiles.

The truth was, the articles were of honest home manufacture, and Gino's relations earned a good livelihood in their composition.

Years ago, the inhabitants of Southern Italy were supposed to be in a chronic state of singing and dancing. Sorrento was especially celebrated for its graceful dancers, and indeed boasted of a tarantella of its own which many thought even superior to the Neapolitan. But, as the years have gone by, life has grown harder, more work has been necessary, and the peasant has had less time for dancing. Tourists increased, however, and to them Sorrento would be a failure without its traditional amusements. Songs and tarantellas had therefore to be provided, for the Sorrentines, like Italians in general, are as shrewd as Yankees.



A regular troupe of the best-looking and the best dancers among the youths and maidens has been organized, and these go about regularly to the different hotels, dressed in the



A TAMBOURINE PLAYER.

gayest possible costumes, and perform unlimited tarantellas for the delectation of travelers. But the whole affair, though pretty, is too evidently a matter of business. It is obvious that, to the performers, the sole interest lies in the amount to be gained. Indeed, during my last stay there, I never once saw a party of young people dancing a tarantella for their own amusement.

Take the inhabitants in general, and they are an industrious race. Silk-weavers are plentiful, and the workers in olive-wood have long been famous. I have seen much really admirable work done there—beautifully inlaid tables of different woods and whole suits of artistic furniture.

The swarms of beggars make the chief drawback to comfort. Whichever way one turns, these are as numerous as grasshoppers in midsummer. They do not confine themselves to the town, either; but, along every road or path for miles about, mendicants of all sizes start up from behind bush and rock, after the fashion of brigands in old-fashioned novels.

Perhaps the finest view in the entire neighborhood is to be had from the church

and monastery of San Antonio. As one stands on the summit of the hill, the town shows at its very best, and one can look for miles along the curving shore, while Vesuvius looms directly in front across the sweep of the glittering bay. The road up is so stony and difficult that the very donkeys lose patience; but even there the beggars lie in wait at each turn, and a cheerful troop is certain to be found bivouacked within the shadow of the convent walls: for, no matter how secretly or unexpectedly a foreigner attempts to make an excursion in any direction, the beggars hear of his purpose and reach his destination before him.

The beggars of Pisa are famed throughout Italy and are worthy of their celebrity, but they fade into obscurity before their Sorrentine brethren. By these, mendicancy is elevated to a science, and they imbibe the first principles of the art before they can speak plainly. I have seen little babies stretch out their arms imploringly, while their first words are not the familiar "papa" and "mamma," but "give me a penny." With this training, it is no wonder that, when the fat black-eyed babies are released from swaddling-clothes, they take as naturally to begging as ducks to water. They haunt the



GINO.

dark corners of the streets, and, when a foreigner appears, they fall on him with such a chorus of supplications that the unfortu-



nate victim usually succumbs and bestows the coveted soldi in self-defense.

It is utterly useless to appeal to the authorities. Once, when the little rogues were rather worse than usual, and I threatened to give them in charge to a carabinieri standing by, the biggest of the party made a low bow and entreated me to do so, adding: "He is my cousin and good friend."

Unlike most lazy folk, these Sorrentine beggars seldom quarrel. Disagreement is systematically avoided by each individual among the grown-up beggars being allotted a special beat, out of which they rarely stray. For instance, one-legged Francesco had established himself on the Massa road. We paid him a regular tribute, and he loyally defended us against the unruly boys by valiantly using his crutch as a weapon and a rod of justice; sometimes catching a little rascal and laying the staff about his shoulders till we pleaded for mercy in his behalf.

There were two aged men who made a very pathetic picture. The oldest was blind and the other lame; they were inseparable, and, although clothed—the one in a bit of sack-  
ing, and the other in a tattered blue blouse—

possessed a certain dignity which elevated them above their companions. The dignity was their chief capital; and besides, each so eloquently besought alms for his friend, that, until reflection suggested that the gains became common booty, tender-hearted persons were deeply touched by their beautiful exhibition of altruism.

The group of photographs gives the likenesses of some of the most interesting, whether or not the most deserving, of the well-known beggars during my last-season stay there. The old fellow with the pipe and the half-cynical smile—Master Angelo, as his brethren styled him—used to tell such marvelous tales of his youthful career as a seaman, of the dangers he had dared, the lives he had saved, the shipwrecks he had escaped, that one could listen for hours. It was credibly reported that he had never been in a ship in his life, and had never but once gone in a row-boat as far as Amalfi.

Old Martino, who sat day after day in the principal square, was less imaginative, but he enunciated such sublime moral sentiments that one felt he must be a sort of village Socrates, until one learned that, before he



VIEW FROM SAN ANTONIO.



A GROUP OF BEGGARS.

grew nearly helpless from rheumatism, he had been a most expert smuggler.

Old Anna, whose portrait is below his, always set me wondering, because she looked so exactly like a North American squaw. Elisabetta, the next, was celebrated for her rhetorical powers when roused.

Teresina, whose picture is the first, used day after day to sit in the shadow of the wall just beyond a bridge on the Castellamare road. She was so infirm, so wrinkled, and so wretched-looking, that all strangers pitied her, and many coins found their way into her extremely dirty apron. As she never moved from her seat, and required all alms to be carried to her, we naturally supposed she

could not walk. Judge then of our amazement, when, on the morning of our departure, we met our friend over two miles from the town.

Not a whit discomfited by the encounter, she wished us a prosperous journey with much cordiality and begged for a double donation, as it would probably be the last that we would ever have the satisfaction of bestowing on her.

But, old as she looked, I have not a doubt that, were I to return to my beloved Sorrento anytime within the next ten years, I should find Teresina seated in her accustomed place, as eager for copper coins as ever, and just as well able to walk a league to obtain them.

## AN UNMATCHED REMNANT.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.



FROM her looks, one would not have dreamed that romance with its magic wand had ever touched her life. Little, old-fashioned, "old-maidish" to the last degree—of goodness, let me add, for truly none of those peculiarly disagreeable qualities usually attributed to members of the sisterhood belonged to Mary Field—she lived her simple life among us and did her duty.

Her sweet face was welcomed everywhere. All the children loved her, even the village dogs were ready to fight for her. Hers the solemn office of preparing for its last quiet sleep the body of some poor neighbor who in life had listened for her step; hers the arms that made the first cradle for the little ones that came among us; and hers that sweet low voice, the most beautiful thing about her, that laughed and sang with the young and joyous or spoke gentle words of consolation to the aged who sorrowed for their dead.

Mary Field kept the millinery-store of our little village. She was far from rich, yet who could call her poor!

Her earnings sufficed to keep her in comfort, and that was all. As she herself said once: "To be sure, what do I need more than comfort? Luxury? Why, I have little luxuries that you people never dream of!"

And she laughed her soft infectious laugh. No one could resist her when she laughed, and that she did more than any other person I have ever met.

Every morning, Mary Field—what a lovely name she had! strong and fresh and sweet like her own nature—could be seen working energetically in her little flower-garden.

Pansies were her especial delight. Great beds of them, glowing rich and fragrant, grew under her sitting-room windows. They were the admiration of the whole village, next to the little milliner herself.

Pyramids of velvety pansies and dainty  
(242)

plate-bouquets smiled from the altar of the little church every Sunday morning, from May till October. People fell into the habit of looking for them and smiling a little when they saw them, like little human faces, fluttering when the Bible-leaves were turned and sending their fine fragrance up like incense. They were always there in their place as regularly as the minister was in his. After service, they were always sent to some sick child or bed-ridden old person whose days of worship in the little old church were long since past.

Although my heroine was "past forty," no one ever thought of her as old or even growing old. How did she manage it? How could she keep so young. People wondered. Sometimes she would answer, with her quick little nod and fresh laughing voice: "It's because I'm an old maid, you see! no children to bring up, no wild boys to worry about, and, above all, no man to see to!" Then out would come that rippling laugh which was so contagious and so delightful.

"An unmatched remnant, girls," she said, one day, gayly, as we stood in her bright little shop, "like this piece of ribbon. See!" and she took out from a box of odds and ends a faded purple ribbon left over from some old lady's bonnet.

But we would not have it so. One of the girls, an impulsive young creature, discovered in the box a bit of pink ribbon, old-fashioned in design, with a sprinkling of field-daisies, on its soft rosy surface.

"More like this, Miss Field! See, the pretty lonely ribbon, an unmatched remnant!" and she drew it softly between her fingers.

Miss Field's clear laugh put an end to the "nonsense," and her slender little fingers were soon dexterously weaving a clump of tips among the lace of the bonnet she was making for the squire's wife. Miss Field was, above all, practical. That is why I said that it did not seem easy to imagine any romance in her life.

But it was there. Once, when we two

were passing a summer Sunday afternoon on the bank of our beautiful river, she grew confidential, and did what was rare indeed in Miss Field—talked of herself.

I listened entranced at the simple little story of her life, told in her sweet low voice. The laughter seemed absent that day, I remember, and her eyes were grave and thoughtful, though filled all the time with a light of exquisite tenderness.

"I don't know why it is," she said, "but you make me want to talk to you about myself; so lay your head in my lap and be comfortable, and I'll tell you all there is to tell about the little old maid.

"It was when I was sixteen—a long time ago, wasn't it?—that I first knew what it meant to fall in love. You don't know yet, my child, but it was very strange and very sweet.

"He was a nephew of one of our neighbors, going through college, and, when I first met him, was spending his summer vacation at his uncle's, and helping in haying and harvesting. I can't begin to tell you how handsome he was, straight and tall like a young pine—I lived up in Maine, and I sometimes compared him to one of the pine-trees in father's wood-lot—with such a frank, honest, manly face.

"We met a good many times that summer, and went to all the merry-makings together. It seemed natural, somehow—I suppose because we lived so near; but, anyhow, we grew to be great friends.

"When fall came and he went back to college, he asked me to write to him, and I promised. I was only an uneducated country-girl, and I felt that I would be ashamed to answer his well-written letters; but I promised.

"Every evening, after the work was done, I used to practice writing, so that he might notice some improvement in my letters. All winter, I studied and read at odd times, trying to fit myself for him when he should come next summer. His letters—I have them still—were the happiest events of my dull hard-working life. Mother was an invalid and father could not afford help, so I had all the work to do; but I kept cheerful through everything. It seemed to be my nature.

"Well, the next summer, he came again; but only for a few weeks, as he was going off with a camping-party up to Moosehead Lake.

"Those three weeks were like gold to both of us. We made no secret of our feeling for each other, and all the neighborhood knew that we were 'keeping company.' He had two years more in college, and so it was no use thinking of marriage for a long time to come; but neither of us thought of anything but waiting.

"Well, so things went on and I was happy. In two years, his aunt and I went down to the college town and saw him graduate. I was very proud of him that day; he was so handsome and so tender toward the little country-girl, that it was no wonder I was proud and happy.

"But we soon found out that something was the matter—his health seemed breaking down; he owned that he had studied too hard, but would be all right after a week in the country.

"But he grew worse and worse, and I thought my heart would break. Night after night, his aunt and I sat up with him, while he burned with a slow fever. But at last, thanks to the fresh pine woods and the pure sweet air, he began to get well. Then came a letter from his grandmother in the South, a rich proud old lady, aristocratic to her very finger-tips, inviting him to make her a visit.

"She sent a check with the letter, and it seemed as though he couldn't refuse; so, when he was strong enough for travel, he went.

"He wrote often, the same kind letters; but, one day, when I went to the post-office as happy as I could be, expecting his letter, it wasn't there. I never heard from him again by letter. I bore up awhile as brave as could be, telling no one my trouble; and then, one morning, his aunt came over to see me. I saw she had been crying, and was crying then. She had bad news for me, but I was ready for it. He was married—had been married several weeks, to a rich young Southern girl, who had just finished her education in Washington.

"I took it very quietly—people thought I didn't care; but I knew. Everybody blamed him, even his relatives; and it used to cut me to hear the hard things they said of him. But I cared enough for him to forgive him. I might have expected it—how could he spend his whole life with me, so uncultivated and ignorant and poor? I couldn't find it in my heart to blame him for marrying her, with her beauty, her education, and

her rich beautiful home in Virginia. I thought his aristocratic grandmother influenced him some, perhaps.

"Well, life passed along quietly a good many years. I was called an old maid, but I had plenty of friends and was quite happy. I staid at home with my father after my mother's death, and then, when my father died, fifteen years ago, I came here and learned my trade.

"The rest you know, my dear; it isn't much of a story, is it?"

It was not much of a story, but the sequel was yet to come.

One Sunday morning, the pansies were massed about the pulpit as usual, and smiled their bright welcome as sweetly as ever; indeed, they were more luxuriant and more beautiful than ever, that morning, I thought, shining with dew-drops and rising from a bed of cool green moss.

I glanced at the pew of Mary Field. Others were glancing, too—all were interested in the mystery; for mystery there was, and I alone held the key.

Miss Field sat primly upright in her gray silk gown and dainty little bonnet, a pretty pink tint in her cheeks, a happy little smile about her lips, her eyes dropped demurely upon her hymn-book, and at her side a stranger.

A stranger in our village was a rare event and one to be appreciated to the utmost extent.

He was about five-and-forty, one would judge, a tall strong-looking man, stout and broad-shouldered, the very opposite of little Miss Field, short of stature, slender and small. The stranger, who unwittingly was disturbing the religious frame of mind of half the worshipers, looked both proud and humble, I thought, as he sat there beside the little woman.

On the lapel of his handsome broadcloth coat, there rested a tiny cluster of pansies—pinned there, I knew, by the milliner's slim little fingers.

To me it was all clear as crystal, to others an absorbing mystery discussed throughout the village over the Sunday dinner.

The next morning, I heard my name called by a familiar voice as I was hurrying down the street, and I found myself in the little shop. There was no mistaking the look on the dear, sweet, homely face as she took both my hands and laughed up at me in her own sunshiny way.

"After many days," she said, softly, and then blushed as pink as the unmatched remnant in her box of odds and ends.

"Sit down a minute, dear, and I will tell you," she said, and I sat down, glad to see such perfect happiness.

"He has been solitary so long and is so lonely. His wife died seven years ago, and he has two children, twins, a boy and a girl. They all need me, he says, and he wants me now, so what can I do? He has had a hard life in some respects, although he is very well off. As you know, I forgave him long ago, so why shouldn't I marry him now—if only to punish him?" she added, with a little laugh; "and besides, it's my duty, isn't it, dear? Think of those little motherless children!"

I thought of them and blessed them in my heart, thinking of the mother that was coming to them in their Southern home.

As I walked homeward through the village street, with my hands full of Mary Field's pansies, I thought that there is nothing on earth so strong and beautiful as a true woman's love.

She left us, one bright June morning, a bride, and, though every soul in the village loved her and mourned at parting with her, yet, for her sake, we were very glad.

## R E S T.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career—  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear, without strife,

Fleeting to ocean  
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The highest and best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving—  
And that is true rest.

## A MAGNIFICENT MARRIAGE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179.

### PART III.—CHAPTER V.

THE DIARY OF A PRINCESS.

CHATEAU VALDORA, July 29th.



HERE I have been now for three months; three months only, and time is already beginning to hang heavily on my hands. Not that I am at all wearied of my husband's companionship or of our country life—but the weather

has been, for a fortnight past, unseasonably cold and rainy, so we have been forced to give up our rides on horseback and even our walks in the forest. Charles—how long it was before I could make up my mind to call the dignified Prince de Valdora by his first name! it took a week's coaxing on his part to induce me to do it—tells me that I will find the hunting-season here very pleasant; but it is a good while yet before that will begin. Already I am looking forward to the coming winter, which we will spend, he has promised me, in Paris. Here I have nothing to do except to read and write and do a little fancy-work; that is, when I am kept a prisoner in the house by the rain. So I shall e'en take to keeping a diary, after the fashion of heroines of romance in general.

Three months! Is it only three months since I bade good-bye to my Paris home, and to my dear old father, and to my mother? Life, it seems to me, has been made up since then, for me, of disappointments. Not so far as my husband is concerned. Charles is everything that is kind and devoted. But, to begin with, I am sorely disappointed in my new home. I had had a vision of a grandiose old castle like Chambord or Chenonceaux—with towers and turrets and immense rooms and stately staircases—an edifice needing only repairing and refurnishing to regain all its former splen-

dor. But the Chateau de Valdora is merely a large, rather dreary-looking, country house. The ancient chateau was burned by the rioters during the great Revolution, and the present one was built after the Restoration, and is a bad specimen of the tasteless architecture of the period. There is not much furniture, and what there is dates from the First Empire. The drawing-room chairs and sofas are all in worsted-work, the pattern great sprawling lilies and roses on a faded sky-blue background—all worked, I am told, by the prince's mother and aunts. It is hideous; but I suppose, under the circumstances, it would be considered sacrilegious were I to try to modify it or to replace it by more appropriate articles sent from Paris. I shall endeavor to persuade Charles to let me do so, however, before we come back here next season. My bed-room is hung with dingy gray cloth, with borders in the same ugly style of worsted-work. The moths have run riot there for years, I should say. I shook one of the door-draperies incautiously on entering the room quickly, the other day, and brought down on my head quite a shower of the hateful little white moth-worms. Josephine, my Parisian maid, quite groans at times over the lack of comforts and even of the conveniences of life, in this pompously-named chateau.

But I should not care for the defects or inconveniences of my home, if only the vision wherewith I began my married life had been realized. I had so hoped that my presence and my affection might chase away from my husband's nature the gloom that has so long weighed upon his life. At first, I had every reason to anticipate that such would be the case. Charles seemed greatly to enjoy my companionship as well as our rides and drives together in the neighborhood. To be sure, it was a mistake—our going to that ball to which we were invited by the Marquise de Haut-Castel. My cheeks still



tingle at the remembrance of the covert insults that were heaped upon me by the proud narrow-minded wives of the provincial nobles—aye, and even by their husbands. Shall I ever forget how the Duke de St. Flor asked me, on taking me into the supper-room, if I thought that the pretty blonde Baroness de Linieres, who was standing just opposite to us, dyed her hair, adding: "You, princess, are naturally an authority in such matters?" That was the first entertainment to which we accepted an invitation, and I have sent regrets to every other one for which we have since received cards. But it was not the slights shown me on that occasion that renewed my husband's melancholy; on the contrary, he simply laughed the whole affair to scorn. "We shall have more society than we care for when we return to Paris," he remarked. "Till then, we can be happy in our own home and in each other's companionship. Is that not so, madame la princesse?" I smiled and acquiesced very frankly and candidly.

But of late the black cloud has rolled back denser than ever. I hear Charles sighing deeply to himself as he sits at his desk, busied with answering letters from his notary or in looking over the accounts of the estate, matters which are by no means calculated to arouse emotion. Then, often, when walking or riding with me, he will sink into a reverie so profound that he does not even hear me if I speak to him. Of late, he has taken to shutting himself up in the library, and remaining there in solitude for hours. What is he doing there? He is not reading, for there is not a book in the whole collection that could arrest one's attention for a moment, excepting a bound set of the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," and that I had removed to my own sitting-room the week after my arrival. He is not writing, for all his papers and stationery are kept in the large *escritoire* in the small drawing-room. Moreover, I hear him pacing up and down sometimes for hours. Oh, that weary incessant footfall! How it goes to my heart, as I sit, with an unopened book before me, in the next room, listening to that monotonous tread blended with the rushing of the rain outside. I have longed—oh, how sorely!—to open the door and go in to try to comfort him, or at least to draw from him some explanation of the causes

of his unhappiness; but I dare not—I dare not!

I have ceased for some time to believe in the theory that Charles is wearing his life out in grieving for his dead friend. To be sure, the Count d'Anglade was his companion-at-arms during the Franco-Prussian War, and they loved each other like brothers; and it was a dreadful thing to have this tenderly beloved friend assassinated just at the door of the chateau, so to speak; but men do not mourn in that fashion over the loss of a friend—no, not even a man of a sensitive and morbid nature like my husband. What, then, can cause this terrible and overwhelming sadness? Only the other day, impelled by my anxious affection, I threw my arms around his neck, when he came into my dressing-room after breakfast, and besought him to take me into his confidence.

"Dearest husband," I said, "will you not tell me the cause of your unhappiness? Surely I, as your wife, have a right to learn the reason; and, if once I know it, we can then seek together for a remedy."

"How do you know that I am unhappy, Alice?" he responded, with a frown.

"From your ways and looks, from your love of solitude and—"

"So you have taken to playing the spy on my actions? Understand me, once and for all, that that is what I will never endure. Amuse yourself with your fancy-work and your toilettes, and trouble yourself no more about my affairs."

So saying, he threw off my hands, which were still clasped upon his arm, and instantly left the room.

What was there to anger him in my words or my actions? I cannot imagine. Truly, the mystery surrounding his gloom and his avoidance of my society is stranger and more impenetrable than ever. I must have patience, I suppose, and wait till chance or my husband's growing confidence in me shall reveal to me all that I want to know. I suppose that I seem to him only a childish inexperienced girl—one not to be entrusted with the keeping of a momentous secret.

AUGUST 5th.

Josephine came to me, to-day, to tell me that she was afraid she could not bring herself to stay with me till the date originally fixed for our return to Paris—namely,



the first of November. When I asked her the reason of her desire to leave me, she began to cry and refused to answer. The only thing she would say, amidst her sobs, was that she could not live such a life as she had been leading ever since she came to the chateau for three months longer. I suppose, genuine little Parisienne as she is, that she is bored by the quiet uneventful tenor of our existence. Indeed, it begins already to weigh upon my own spirits. I wish that Charles would invite someone here, or would permit me to invite someone, to make us a visit. But to that he will by no means consent. His own spirits are none the brighter since I last sat down to confide my perplexities to these pages. In fact, he has been even more depressed and irascible than usual, ever since he received that long letter from Lyons, the other day. Some business annoyances, doubtless. If I only knew what they were, I think, by appealing to my good father for aid, I could manage to help him smooth them away.

Never mind! I am determined that, sooner or later, I will find out the cause of this secret trouble, and then it will go hard with me if my woman's-wit and my devotion as a wife cannot find out a remedy. I am inclined to think that pecuniary difficulties are at the bottom of the whole affair. And Charles is too proud and too delicate to call upon his wife or his father-in-law for money, so early in his married life. If that is all, how easily the clouds can be swept away!

AUGUST 7th.

Josephine has at last revealed to me the cause of her anxiety to leave the chateau. It is whispered, she tells me, amongst the servants, that the prince—my husband—is insane! Oh, I cannot believe for an instant that this horrible rumor is true! Yet, would not that account for all the strange peculiarities of his manners and his disposition? I have called up Jacqueline, who has been cook and housekeeper here ever since the death of the prince's mother, and have tried by indirect questions to learn something from her. But it was all in vain. She told me the old story of the death of the Count d'Anglade, and declared that the melancholy and the changed habits of my husband date from that event and were caused solely by it. On the other hand, he has received a second letter from Lyons, and it has plunged him

into even greater despondency than did the first. I must and shall learn the truth. It is my right as his wife; it is my duty, as his consoler that ought to be.

Josephine has finally consented to remain with me; at least, for the present. Of this, I am very glad, for, in the lonely isolated life that I lead here, even the companionship of my lively little maid is a comfort to me, and I should dislike to replace her by a stranger, though, of course, my mother could send me another maid from Paris, at three days' notice.

AUGUST 10th.

I have just received a dispatch from my father's young friend, John Forsyth, who is now in Paris, settling up his affairs prior to his return to America. He asks permission to come here to pay us a visit of farewell. I have taken it upon myself to send him a telegram, assuring him that he would be a welcome guest. Surely my husband cannot object to receiving the man who once saved my life.

AUGUST 11th.

I was right—Charles began at first to declare vehemently that he wanted no visitors; but, on seeing the agitation and annoyance caused by his words, he changed his tone, kissed me on the forehead, and declared that he would be charmed to see Mr. Forsyth. He is coming next week. How glad I shall be to learn all the latest news respecting my dear father and mother, from someone who has just seen them.

AUGUST 15th.

Such a strange thing—such a disagreeable thing—has just happened! Charles was occupied with his notary, and had shut himself up in the library to transact some important business, so I summoned Josephine and started out for a walk in the park, with intent to stop at the lodge, the lodge-keeper's wife having fallen and sprained her ankle badly the other day. I wanted to carry her some old linen and a lotion and some other little matters. Arrived at the lodge, I found the keeper, old Simon, in vehement altercation with a man, who was insisting upon forcing his way into the grounds.

"I tell you, I will see the prince. I must and will see him," vociferated the new-comer.

"And I tell you that he is busy and can see no one, and here is madame la princesse to tell you so," responded Simon, with equal vehemence.

The man stepped back and took off his hat with an awkward attempt at courtesy.

"So that's his wife," he muttered, gazing at me. "He isn't young—and he's a—a—but never mind! And yet he gets a pretty girl like that—with lots of tin, too, they say. Beg pardon, madame la princesse, but I ain't to be sent away nohow—not even by you, with your nice ways and soft words."

He was a big broad-shouldered rough-looking man, not ill dressed and not looking like a beggar. But his face was red and his voice was hoarse, and he had evidently been drinking.

"What is it that you want to say to the prince?" I asked, being desirous of getting rid of this ruffianly-looking intruder with as little trouble as possible.

"That's what I do not mean to tell anyone, unless I'm pushed to it. Now just see here, ma'am. Send that stuck-up little popinjay of a maid of yours up to the house, and let her say to the prince that one Bertrand Claye wants to speak with him at once—right away—no dilly-dallying nor shilly-shallying—you understand—else it will be the worse for him, and for you, and for all of you."

He pushed old Simon aside and advanced toward me with so threatening a gesture that I involuntarily recoiled, uttering a cry of alarm.

"Alice—dear child—what is the matter?" said a voice close behind me. I turned and saw, to my inexpressible relief, my husband, who had approached us unperceived. Josephine, meanwhile, had taken to her heels and was rushing back to the house as fast as she could run.

"What is the matter?" repeated my husband. Then, catching sight of the new-comer, he stopped short, and an expression, half of anger and half of fear, stole over his countenance. "What, Bertrand—you here? And what have you been saying to the princess? Have I not forbidden you ever to come here?"

"I've said nothing rude to the lady, and, when a fellow writes letter after letter and gets no answer, the best thing he can do is to come and look after his affairs himself. And a nice reception I've had of it. D'ye think to disgust me from ever coming here again?"

I stood perfectly aghast at the tone and manner assumed by this brutal stranger, but

the prince said hurriedly and in a half-apologetic tone:

"Oh! it is all a mistake, Bertrand. Come up to the house in half an hour, and we can talk things over at our leisure. Meanwhile, I shall escort my wife home—or would you prefer, Alice, that I should send the pony-carriage for you? You look fatigued."

"No, I will go back at once," I cried, clinging to his arm, for I could not endure the idea of being left at the lodge, or indeed anywhere in the neighborhood of that rude stranger.

"As you please. Come, then. In half an hour, Bertrand." And he drew my hand within his arm and we set off, followed by the muttered expostulations of Bertrand Claye, who evidently did not care to wait. In fact, he literally followed us back to the chateau, for I saw him, as we proceeded, dodging from side to side amongst the trees that skirted our path. Charles either did not see him or chose to ignore his presence.

"I am sorry that this man should have alarmed you, Alice," he remarked, as we neared the house. "He is a rough-looking fellow, but is good-hearted and inoffensive when he is sober, and he and I have had some important business transactions together in which he has more than once laid me under serious obligations. I will see that he does not annoy you again, but I cannot have him dealt with as his rudeness to you deserves, on account of old scores."

"Nor would I have you treat him harshly, Charles, on my account. But, dearest husband, would it not be as well to get rid of all obligations toward such a man, at once and forever?"

"Yes, truly—if that were only possible."

"It shall be possible, if I can only help you. Will you not accept me as a creditor instead of Bertrand Claye?"

He sighed heavily and kissed my hand, saying only: "Now, go to your own room, Alice—go and rest, while I settle matters with this importunate visitor."

But I was so tired with my long walk and with the fright that I had sustained, that, instead of going upstairs, I merely threw aside my hat and jacket and took refuge in the cool and shaded little back drawing-room, which adjoins the library and which was originally connected with it by a pair of folding-doors, now closed and locked and

having a low bookcase placed against them on the library side, while in the drawing-room they are partially concealed by a half-length portrait, by Ingres, of my husband's grandfather. Underneath this portrait stood a comfortable little sofa, with cushions and covering of the invariable worsted-work. I threw myself on this inviting couch, settled one of the cushions under my head, and in five minutes I was fast asleep.

I must have slept for some time, when I was startled broad-awake by the sound of angry voices in the next room—the voices of my husband and of Bertrand Claye in loud altercation.

"You've fooled with me long enough," cried the latter, "and I've made up my mind to take nothing less than ten thousand dollars, cash down! Oh, yes—I know what you are going to say. I did begin with asking five thousand only; but, since you are married, it shall be ten thousand, or else—"

"Listen to reason, Bertrand," interposed the voice of my husband. "Money is scarce and hard to get just now. My business-agent came to see me, this morning, on this very affair, and he tells me that even the smaller sum cannot be procured at a moment's notice."

"What! when your pretty princess is the daughter of one of those colossally rich Yankees that one reads about in the *Figaro*? That's all nonsense!"

"I have not the slightest control over the fortune of my wife."

"Ask her for the money. She'll give it to you fast enough, particularly if you'll just explain to her how badly you need it."

"And, if I raise that sum, will you consent to give me back that—paper?"

"Not if I know myself. Not for less than a cool fifty thousand down, in good solid gold pieces or in bank-notes—whichever you like. Now, look here—I'm going back to the hotel at Montargis for the present. I've got to see a man here in the neighborhood about some old furniture and pictures that he wants me to buy, so I shall stay here just three days longer. And if, at the end of that time, I haven't got the ten thousand down, we'll see what the nearest magistrate will say to that little bit of paper that I keep safe locked up in the bank at Montargis. Oh, you don't get rid of all your debts as

easily as you did of the gambling-debt you owed that poor Count d'Anglade. No offense meant, prince. You needn't start and bite your lips. But take my advice—make a clean breast of it to that good-looking wife of yours, and maybe she'll help you out of the scrape. Who knows?—she might even give you the fifty thousand dollars to square matters at once and altogether. Good-bye—I'm off on Thursday for Lyons. Forewarned is forearmed."

And I heard the library-door shut with a bang—Bertrand was gone. I left my couch and hastened upstairs, for I did not want my husband to know that I had overheard the conference and learned his secret. I see it all now: a gambling-debt, and money advanced to pay it by this man Bertrand Claye, and a note signed by the prince for perhaps five times the amount of the loan. Why could not Charles have confided the whole matter to me? and the trouble could have been ended long ago. I remember now that Jacqueline told me that my husband and the count used to play at cards together for long hours at a time, and that they were so engaged on the night that the unfortunate gentleman lost his life. It may be that Charles imagines that, by detaining his friend till so late an hour, he was indirectly the cause of his cruel fate. And I appreciate his delicacy in not wishing to apply to my father for so large a sum of money so soon after our marriage.

But I have a plan now—such a delightful plan—that will clear up everything, and then Charles and I will live like two people in a fairy-tale, happy forever after! I will send for this Bertrand Claye, and will negotiate with him myself for the paper that he holds with my husband's signature. If he insists upon the fifty thousand dollars, he shall have the money. And then I will take the note to Charles, and will say: "See here, sir, how much worry and distress of mind you would have saved yourself, if you had only confided in your wife." Then I will tear the paper in pieces, and all the clouds will be dispelled, and henceforward there will be no more gloom and moodiness. But whom can I get to take charge of the matter for me? How am I to summon Bertrand to come and confer with me? I cannot write to him, as I do not know at which hotel in Montargis he is staying. I do not like to send a servant on so

confidential and delicate a mission. And whom can I have at hand during my interview with this importunate creditor? He is not a man in whose presence I should care to trust myself, did I not have a protector within call. But how stupid I am, not to remember that John Forsyth will arrive this evening, to pay his long-talked-of visit! He it is that shall look up Bertrand Claye for me, and shall help me to settle the whole matter. How fortunate it is that I shall have so good a friend at hand at such a momentous crisis, and so capable a business-man to advise me how to raise the fifty thousand dollars. I am determined to have the money, even if I sell my diamonds to obtain it, though I should be loath to part with my dear father's wedding-gifts to me. But I would make any sacrifice to restore the happiness and peace of mind of my husband.

A note from Charles, saying he has been forced to go to Orleans to see his business-agent, and that he must start at once. He will be gone for two days. That will just give me time to work out my little plan, and prepare a pleasant surprise, in the shape of the canceled note, for his return. Also, he begs me to make his excuses to Mr. Forsyth for not being here to receive him. It is just as well, my dear husband—just as well. We shall have enough to do to keep us busy during the two days of your absence. How nicely everything has worked together for the realization of my project! I was just wondering how I could have my talk with Bertrand Claye without letting my husband know anything about it, and here he is called from home precisely at the right moment.

Now to lock up my journal, and then I will go to see if Mr. Forsyth's room is in good order, and afterward I must change my dress. I have already ordered the carriage to be sent to the station to meet the train. He will be here in an hour. We will drive on to Montargis to-morrow and look up Bertrand Claye. How wonderfully everything has worked together for the success of my little scheme!

Here closes the diary of the Princess de Valdora. Many months were to elapse before the young wife should again open the richly bound manuscript volume, of which so few pages were filled and to which no more should ever be added.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE Chateau de Valdora was looking its brightest at the moment of John Forsyth's arrival, and so too was its mistress. The sun was shining brilliantly, the flowers on the lawn and bordering the façade of the chateau were in all their August splendor, and Alice, in all the flush of her anticipations and projects, and charmed with the exercise of hospitality toward the first guest she had received in her new home, displayed even more than the vivacity and brightness of her girlish days. The tête-à-tête dinner was a very animated repast. Mr. Forsyth had much to tell about his experiences in St. Petersburg, as well as many messages to impart from Mr. and Mrs. Deane, to say nothing of those sent by Alice's former friends and schoolmates. There was a package of beautiful gifts from the young wife's parents to be opened and examined, as well as a parcel of new books and music. And then Alice had to tell all about the service that she wanted Mr. Forsyth to render her, though with natural reticence she confided to him nothing respecting her reasons for desiring an interview with Bertrand Claye. She felt instinctively that the story of her husband's troubles was not to be told to any third party, not even to her father, and still less to even so good a friend as she considered her present visitor to be. Mr. Forsyth readily acquiesced in all her wishes, and declared himself ready to do anything that she wanted him to do.

"I would tell you the whole story, Mr. Forsyth," she said, looking in his face with eyes as clear and steadfast as the summer sky outside, "but I do not think that Charles would like me to talk over the affair with anyone. Only, when it is all settled, I shall be so glad to have you know how valuable your help has been to me, and then you will learn from me the whole history of this very troublesome business."

"Tell me nothing or tell me just what you please, princess," responded the young man, heartily. "All that I need to know is that I can be of service to you in any way."

But, as he sat thinking at the window of his own room after he had retired for the night, he sighed heavily as he looked abroad over the wide expanse of the moonlit park "Troubles and mysteries already," he murmured to himself, "and not yet six months

married. Will this magnificent marriage turn out as so many other matches of the kind have done? Well, thank goodness, she will be back in Paris with her parents in some two months more, and Mr. Deane can take care of her then, if such care is possible for any human being to exercise. But the French law gives such unchecked control to the husband over the existence of the wife that I fear—I fear— But bah! what nonsense am I dreaming about, anyhow? Why should I imagine that Alice is bound to be unhappy because she does not choose to confide to me all her affairs? I'll go to bed and sleep off these absurd ideas." But, long after he had retired to rest, he lay awake, disturbed by a vague presentiment of coming evil.

The next morning dawned cloudless and balmy, and, after a promenade in the park and gardens, Alice did the honors for her guest at a sumptuous lunch, in the preparing of which Madame Jacqueline had exerted her best skill. Then the pony-carriage was ordered, and, with her English groom behind her, Alice took the reins and drove off, accompanied by Mr. Forsyth, for Montargis, there to seek for Bertrand Claye. It was some time before they found him. At last, in a little tavern called *The Silver Lion*, situated on the banks of the wide canal forming one of the network of similar waterways which unites Paris to Marseilles, they discovered the personage in question. He came out to the carriage when summoned to speak with the graceful elegant girl, already known throughout all that part of the country as the Princess de Valdora, the greatest lady of the province; and, being perfectly sober and rather abashed at the presence in which he found himself, he showed to far less disadvantage than he had done on the occasion of Alice's first meeting with him. He stood twisting his hat awkwardly in both his hands, as Alice addressed him in her usual gentle but dignified manner:

"Can you come to the chateau, this afternoon, Mr. Claye?" she asked. "I understand that you have a claim upon my husband, which I am anxious to settle; and, if you will talk over the business with me, I have no doubt but that we can come to terms."

"Has he—the prince, I mean—told you anything about it?" ejaculated Claye, staring at her in surprise.

"I know all about it—the paper that you

hold, and the large sum that you desire for it. When can you come to the chateau? I will give orders to have you admitted."

"I'll be there in an hour's time, punctually—on the word of Bertrand Claye."

"In an hour—very good." So the ponies' heads were turned homeward, and in less than half an hour Alice drew rein in front of the wide doorway of the chateau.

"Now, Mr. Forsyth," she said, as she mounted the steps, "I want you to do me still another favor. I should like to have you present at my interview with this man Claye, but I fear that he would not speak frankly before a third party. Still, he is rather a rough customer for me to deal with unless I were sure of having at hand a protector on whom I could rely, in case of need. Would you mind smoking your cigar out here on the terrace? See, here is a delightful shaded seat, and I will send you out all the morning's papers. You will thus be within sight of the library-windows, and also within hearing should I need your presence. It is a shame for me to take up so great a piece of your visit with my own affairs, but I hope my husband will make things pleasanter for you when he returns. You know, I expect him by the midnight train."

"I can imagine no pleasanter occupation than that of watching over your safety, princess," responded the young man.

"You seem destined to act as my protector, Mr. Forsyth," she answered, brightly, as she entered the house.

It was not long before Bertrand Claye made his appearance, being as exact in keeping his appointment as he said he would be. He was at once admitted to the library, where Alice was awaiting his coming. The door was closed, and the momentous conference began. John Forsyth, as he walked to and fro, enjoying his cigar and absorbed in the contents of the latest arrived American papers—which Mr. Deane had caused to be forwarded regularly to his daughter—could hear the indistinct murmur of voices from within the room from time to time. Once he was startled by what he thought was a cry from Alice, but no summons to him followed, so, after pausing for a moment, he recommenced his perusal of the papers. Suddenly the front door was thrown open, and Bertrand Claye hurried down the steps and disappeared down the avenue of chestnut-trees that led

to the lodge. John Forsyth turned to enter the house. As he did so, he started back in alarm. He was confronted on the threshold by a being that he scarcely recognized as his gay young hostess of an hour before. Pale as ashes, with her great blue eyes dilated to unnatural dimensions, her lips white and parched as with a sudden fever, Alice clung convulsively to his arm with quivering hands whose icy cold struck a chill even through the sleeve of his light summer coat.

"What is it—what ails you, princess—what can I do for you?" he cried.

"Take me away from here—take me to Paris—to my father—anywhere, to get away from this place!" she panted.

"But will you not wait till the prince arrives?"

"The prince—my husband? Oh, never—never! I cannot meet him. The very sight of him would kill me. Oh! Mr. Forsyth, help me to hurry away from here before he comes back. If he finds me here, I shall die!"

"But Mr. and Mrs. Deane are not in Paris. They went to their villa at Trouville three weeks ago."

"I know—I know—but send a telegram to my father, and he will come to Paris to meet me. Bertrand Claye is to go there to-morrow, expressly to see him—my father. Help me—do help me! Call Josephine—tell her to get ready to go."

She paused, pressing her cold hands to her temples, as if trying to collect her thoughts.

"The train leaves Montargis in an hour. We have plenty of time. But the telegram—and—and—"

"Calm yourself, dear lady. I will drive

into Montargis at once, and send a dispatch to Mr. Deane. Then I will come back here to escort you and your maid to the station. Here is Josephine—now you can give her your orders." And, placing the weeping trembling Alice in the care of her maid, he hurried off on his mission.

An hour later, the train for Paris steamed out of the Montargis station. Amongst its passengers were the Princess de Valdora and her maid, and Bertrand Claye as well. John Forsyth did not accompany Madame de Valdora, having contented himself with taking all possible precautions to have her met at the station by Mr. Deane's secretary, who had remained in Paris to superintend some alterations in the hotel.

"There is something wrong about the Prince de Valdora," said Mr. Forsyth, to himself, as the last whistle of the departing train died away in the distance, "and I do not mean to put it in his power to say that I ran away with his wife, as he is apparently quite capable of saying. My poor Alice! No, not mine, even in thought, though I think I should have made her a better husband than her princely spouse seems to do. I wish I knew really what all her terror and her troubles were about. But she will be under her father's roof and his protection in a few hours. I shall not return to the chateau, but will go to the hotel here and send from thence for my trunk. And then to-morrow I too will be off to Paris, to see if there is anything I can do for—for Mr. Deane."

[END OF PART THIRD.]

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## "GIVE US THIS DAY—"

BY J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

LIFE brought her nothing men call good—

None of its brightest or its best;

But sorrow broke her solitude

And anguish sought her patient breast.

Yet through it all her faith was strong,

And strongest when most dark her lot

She knew that peace was hers ere long

Where sorrow dies and tears are not.

So, with clasped hands and bended head,

Her lips could say:

"Give us this day

Our daily bread."

She climbed the weary hill of life

With feet unaided and unshod

Save by God's grace, and constant strife

Attended every step she trod.

Yet, through the gloom these shadows made,

A light about her feet was cast,

And, lifting up her voice, she laid

Her load where loads must come at last.

Hence those poor lips, so scantily fed,

In faith could say:

"Give us this day

Our daily bread."

## NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

BY MRS. IMOGEN B. OAKLEY.

THIS remarkable woman was born in Paris, in 1616, and was an only child. Her father, though a man of sense and education, indulged her every caprice, while her mother as constantly thwarted her.

Madame de l'Enclos was a devotee and a bigot, whose only idea of educating her daughter consisted in taking her to church twice a day; but Ninon, encouraged by her father, always carried with her an entertaining book with which she beguiled the hours she was forced to spend upon her knees. Madame de l'Enclos died when Ninon was but fourteen, and, her husband following her a year later, Ninon was left the mistress of herself and fortune at an age which consigned her playmates to the rigorous discipline of the convent-school. Her course in life was swayed by the dying advice of her father: "My daughter," he said, "you see all that remains to me in these last moments is the fruitless remembrance of pleasures which now abandon me. You, my child, who have so many years to survive me, profit early of your time. Be always less scrupulous about the number than the choice of your pleasures."

Shocking as such advice appears, the moral defects of Ninon's education caused it to fall upon willing ears, and she immediately prepared to follow her father's counsel. Renting a small but well-appointed house near the Palais Royal, she established in it herself and her household, which consisted of a waiting-maid, a valet, a footman, a coachman, and a cook.

Her yearly income amounted to about twentyfive hundred dollars; she managed it with rare discretion and economy, always reserving one year's income, that she might be charitable without pinching herself. Notwithstanding her youth, she was already celebrated throughout Paris for her wit and sense. Her father had inclined her tastes toward literature and music, and, after his death, she continued her studies, urged only by a genuine love of knowledge. By the time she reached womanhood, she had

acquired a thorough knowledge of Spanish and Italian, and was perfectly at home in history, philosophy, and poetry. She both wrote and spoke with charming simplicity, and was an accomplished musician, playing the lute, oboe, guitar, and harpsichord.

In an age of beautiful women, her beauty was conspicuous. She was above the average height; her skin was fair and smooth, and never lost its youthful freshness. Her eyes were large and dark, to harmonize with her rich chestnut hair. Her voice was sweet, her manners cordial and free from the slightest tinge of affectation. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted crowds of suitors, but she early avowed her intention of never marrying. The domestic contentions witnessed in her childhood, coupled with her father's repeated warnings, had bred in her mind a hearty distaste for matrimony.

Ninon's house boasted a handsome drawing-room, and there she received her company, who usually assembled at five and dispersed at nine; a few chosen friends remained to supper, which was frugal in quantity, but daintily served. Ninon never drank anything but water, but she ate heartily, and was always so gay and lively at the table that her guests were wont to declare "the soup had gone to her head."

Although the irregularities of her life barred, for a time, the doors of society against her, many persons of the highest station were her warm friends. Men and women of every rank could mingle in her salon, free from the irksome conventionalities that fettered them elsewhere.

Dullness was the only unpardonable crime in Ninon's drawing-room. A marshal of France, who was the soul of rectitude but very stupid, once paid her a long call. As he rose to go, Ninon exclaimed: "Ah! my lord, how many virtues you make me detest."

Notwithstanding her wide reading, she disliked making or listening to quotations, declaring they were tiresome and pedantic. Mignard, the celebrated painter, was once lamenting to her that his daughter had no



memory. "I give you joy, my friend," cried Ninon; "she will not be able to quote."

She told a story remarkably well, and the few of her letters that are extant are so lively and witty that one cannot help regretting that she did not follow the example of so many bright women of her century, and leave a volume of memoirs for the delight of posterity. She said, one day, that she returned thanks to God every night for the strength of her mind, and prayed every morning to be preserved from the weakness of her heart. The young Marquis de Sévigné was one of those who sought to magnify their own importance by a flirtation with Mademoiselle de l'Enclos; but all her regard for the good opinion of his mother, the incomparable letter-writer, did not prevent her from declaring that he had "the simplicity of a dove, a soul of panada, a body of wet paper, and a heart of orange-gourd soused in snow—in short, a man beyond all manner of description."

Though fickle in love, Ninon was a true and faithful friend. A certain Monsieur de Gourville, for whom at one time she had professed the warmest feeling, was proscribed during the civil war of the Fronde and obliged to leave Paris. In the disturbed condition of public affairs, he scarcely knew what disposition to make of his money, which amounted to forty thousand crowns. At length, he decided to leave twenty thousand crowns in the hands of Ninon and entrust the remainder to a gentleman noted throughout Paris for his integrity. After the lapse of six months, Monsieur de Gourville was permitted to return. He at once called upon his friend for his money; but what was his astonishment to hear that honest man solemnly deny ever having received a penny from him. Thinking it folly to expect Ninon to prove faithful to a trust that had been betrayed by a man of repute, Monsieur de Gourville did not go to see her, but sought to reconcile himself to his loss. A letter from Ninon finally decided him to go to her house, though without cherishing the slightest idea of hearing anything of his twenty thousand crowns. His face, pale and dejected in spite of himself, quickly caught Ninon's attention, and, on her asking the cause of his trouble, he told the story of his friend's perfidy.

"Sir," she answered, "I also have met

with a great misfortune during your absence, and must throw myself entirely on your indulgence for forgiveness. I have lost"—here she paused—"the liking I had for you, but I have not lost my memory. The twenty thousand crowns you left to my care remain undisturbed in the same casket in which you brought them to me. Carry them away with you."

Christina, the learned but eccentric Queen of Sweden, declared that she had not met any woman in France whom she liked and admired so much as Mademoiselle de l'Enclos. She tried to prevail upon her to leave Paris and become a member of her own household; but Ninon was too fond of her freedom to relinquish it, even to be the favorite companion of a queen.

Ninon's faults, great as they were, arose from her keen sense of justice. She early perceived that men and women must of necessity be subject to the same moral law; hence, she argued, if one sex might violate it with impunity, so might the other. With a less perverted education, she would have been able to draw just the opposite conclusion from the same premises.

As Ninon grew older and renounced the excesses of her youth, the rather lax morality of the time freely forgave the past. Her house became more and more the resort of people of wit and learning. It was one of the few places in Paris where an evening could be passed without scandal, gambling, or ennui. Her drawing-room was deemed the centre of good company, and even the strictest parents eagerly sought admission for their sons in order that they might profit by its atmosphere of wit and elegance.

High birth and wealth were no recommendations, to Ninon; and, as advancing years and purer life widened her circle of friends, it took unusual ability and much urging to gain her acquaintance. She seems never to have lost the charms of her youth. She was past sixty when the famous Swedish general, John Bannier, threw himself at her feet. Twenty years later, having just listened to a fervent declaration of love, she declared her vanity satisfied. "I piqued myself upon having a lover at four-score, and it was only yesterday that I was eighty complete."

At ninety, her company was still in eager request, and she preserved such an air of youth and beauty that it was said "Cupid

had retreated into the very wrinkles of her forehead."

We can only regret that she did not bequeath to a grateful posterity her secret for preserving her beauty from the clutches of time; there is, however, good reason to believe that she made use of no magic beautifier, mysteriously concocted in the innermost recesses of her apartment beneath her own vigilant eye, but depended rather upon the wholesome influences of an active mind, plenty of sleep, and systematic outdoor exercise.

Hygiene as a science was utterly unknown in Ninon's time, yet she was wise enough to formulate its laws for herself and adhere to them with unswerving regularity.

Although the loveliest woman in France,

Ninon was unsparing in her contempt for mere personal charms, rating high above them the more lasting attractions of gracious manners or a cultivated mind.

As old-age settled down upon her, in reality though not in appearance, she withdrew more and more from the world and devoted herself to works of charity, and, in a lavish generosity to the poor and suffering, sought to expiate the faults of her youth.

It was not until 1706 that she closed her still beautiful eyes upon the world that she had known for nearly a hundred years. In the glowing eulogy pronounced upon her by a well-known abbé occurs this sentence as a fitting epitaph: "Her faults were those of her age; her virtues were of all time."

## A DREAMER'S DREAM.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

"Ah, give me your hand," she whispered,  
 "And sit you here by my side;  
 Fasten the oars in the rowlocks—  
 We will drift with the downward tide.

And here, where the soft waves murmur  
 And the tumults of traffic cease,  
 I would rest in your love, my brother,  
 And dream me the dream of peace.

It is true that the sun of the morning  
 Will tint with its crimson lights—  
 That the blue of the heavens will sparkle  
 On a thousand of summer nights;

But for me, I must walk in the valley,  
 The shadow of death at my side.  
 Let me bathe in the waters of Lethe—  
 Let forgetfulness claim me his bride.

Talk thou of the days of the future,  
 And tell me of hope or of strife!  
 Oh, I would that we died in dying—  
 Or living, that it were life.

I have whispered my heart of courage;  
 I have sung it the song of rest:  
 Take thou the muffled harp-strings  
 And teach me the most and best.

Ah, teach me a far better living  
 And help me to banish my fears;  
 Then show me a way to o'ermaster  
 These miserable long, long years.

For, whoso would feed his hunger  
 With the love of a dim ideal,  
 He will choke on the husks of seeming:  
 Far better that, in the real,

He burn his heart into ashes  
 With the dead-white flame and heat  
 Of passionate burning embers,  
 And fall into dust at the feet

Of the soul as his own soul's answer,  
 That meets him as fire meets fire—  
 'Twere better to dare the tempest  
 Than perish by slow desire.

But what if the heart outgoing,  
 A passionate lovelit flame,  
 Shall meet but pretense and seeming  
 And love that is but a name?

It shall melt with its burning pulses;  
 It shall crush with its awful pain;  
 And its sobbing breath shall blister  
 Where breath or where voice were vain.

And the ghost of a love all soulless  
 Shall bind him and hold him still,  
 While his soul in purple surges  
 Beats, maddened, against his will.

You may hold to the truth of the singer;  
 You may teach what the poet sings—  
 That only from our dead sorrows  
 Arise we to better things.

But the soul that is crushed and baffled  
 And conquered and trodden down,  
 Shall its cries of impotent anguish  
 Be more than the victor's crown?

Ah, give me the oars, my brother,  
 I would dash with the speed of light.  
 I will no more dream on the river—  
 Then, dearest, good-bye—good-night!"

## HIS MISTAKE.

BY GEORGE T. O'DANIELS.



T was October, and in the country! Linda Marle stood at the gate of the farmhouse in which she was a guest, and gazed on the beauties spread before her. Abundant harvests had blessed the labors of the husbandman; fields of waving grain, ripened by the sparkling dews and golden sunlight of summer, were rustling now in the wandering breeze; the fat sleek herd yet feasted upon the juicy pastures, or drank from the brook whose pellucid waters sang softly as they rippled away to the far-off river; forest-trees had exchanged their emerald robes for others of gold and yellow and brown, and the distant horizon wore the soft rosy flush which only the declining suns of October can impart to the western skies.

Linda seemed entranced. To her, it was all novel and beautiful, and each day appeared to be a new masterpiece in nature's picture-gallery, hung for her especial delight and inspection. She was a city girl, and this was her first experience in the country. She had left school the June previous; but, her mother and elder sister being absent in Europe, she had begged the privilege of spending the months which would elapse between that time, and their return home with her old nurse, who a few years before had married a prosperous farmer. After the interchange of many letters, in which the daughter had pleaded so eloquently that the absent mother gave a final consent, Linda had come unheralded to the pretty cottage, of which her quondam nurse was now the contented mistress.

Mrs. Wilson received her with a glad surprise. She conducted her to a light airy chamber above her own, and helped her remove her dusty attire. She brought fresh water and spotless towels for her use, and

a handful of June roses and fragrant honeysuckles for the stand between the windows.

"Oh, if I had only known you were coming, Miss Linda," she said, "I would have had everything so different."

"You could have made no improvement," replied Linda, sincerely. "This is the purest room I ever was in, and I would not have it changed. I didn't wish you to go to any trouble for me, and I came unannounced on that account. You mustn't regard me as company, nor let my presence interfere with your domestic arrangements. I have come to receive pleasure and to bestow it if I can."

In the course of the conversation which ensued, Mrs. Wilson imparted the information that she had another guest, a young gentleman who was boarding with them during the summer months.

"A boarder!" exclaimed Linda. "How horrible! What shall I do?"

"Oh, he will never notice you," replied Mrs. Wilson, consolingly. "He is a poor young man, and is completely wrapped up in his books and papers. He just comes and goes as he pleases, and we don't mind him at all."

"I'm sorry he's here," said Linda, thoughtfully, "but I believe I'm equal to the situation. I have a wonderful plan in my head."

Her pretty face glowed like the sunset, and her eyes danced mischievously.

"I've arranged in my mind that you are my aunt, Margaret Wilson, and I am your niece, Lucy Smith. Will you consent?"

"Why, certainly, if you say so, Miss Linda, but indeed I am just so proud to have you here that it will be hard for me not to tell who you are. Such a pretty young lady as you, and the daughter of the Hon. Augustus Marle, of Philadelphia, would receive more attention than my niece, Lucy Smith, would. I'm afraid I can't keep such a great secret."

"But you must!" urged Linda, imperatively. "I have come here to rusticate, not to receive attentions from your neighbors. I shall be sorry I came, if you do not combine with me in this little scheme."

I wouldn't think of entering into it, were it not for that horrible summer-boarder of yours; but, if he knows who I really am, he may feel inclined to be attentive to me. And, Margaret," dolefully, "I have never been in society and know nothing of entertaining gentlemen."

"You always would have your own way," said Mrs. Wilson, doubtful of the feasibility of Linda's plan; "and I'll have to yield this time too, I suppose."

"You haven't forgotten the time when I used to tease the life nearly out of you, have you, Margaret?"

"Not I," was the reply. "You were one willful little miss, sure; and I see that you have not recovered from it. But I loved you better than anything, and I have all of your little letters yet, and the book-mark you worked for me, and the pretty collars and handkerchiefs you gave me when I married. But how did it ever happen that you came away out here to see me?"

"Mother and Katherine are in Europe," replied Linda, "and have been for nearly a year; the house is shut up and the servants all dismissed, and father is boarding at a hotel. The arrangement was made for me to go to the seaside with Aunt Mildred—you remember how dignified and ceremonious she was; but I knew what it meant, to be chaperoned by her, and I was awfully anxious to keep out of the net. I have often heard Katherine tell how strict her ideas of propriety are, and I concluded that my disposition couldn't adapt itself to her requirements; so I wrote to mother to be allowed to visit you. She consented—and lo! I am here. I don't know what to do about your summer-boarder, though. I'm in an awful quandary: I brought only the plainest of my wardrobe—for, in coming to enjoy myself, I wouldn't be bothered with unnecessary finery."

"If you are to be presented as my niece," said Mrs. Wilson, cheerfully, "expensive clothing would be inappropriate."

"That's so," assented Linda, readily. "It's settled now, isn't it, Margaret? Henceforth I am 'Lucy Smith, your niece, a milliner from New York, who has come to the country to recruit her jaded health.' Don't even tell your husband our little secret yet. But what is his name? He is a relative too, you know."

"Jack," answered Mrs. Wilson.

"Uncle Jack and Aunt Margaret!"

exclaimed Linda. "That is a delightful combination. But, if you should forget and call me 'Miss Linda,' I will never, never forgive you. By the way, you have not told me your boarder's name."

"Edgar T. Lane," was the reply.

"And where is he from?"

"From Massachusetts, I believe. We know very little about him; but you will meet him at tea."

"Oh, Margaret, if it weren't for all those horrible rash promises I made to mother, I should love to cultivate his acquaintance."

"What did you promise her, Miss Linda?"

"Three almost impossible things," replied Linda, meditatively: "First, to obey you implicitly; second," counting upon her pretty fingers, "to wear a sun-bonnet and kid gloves night and day; third, to have no conversation with young gentlemen unless politeness demanded it—lest I should become involved in a love-affair and encourage a fortune-hunter. As if I possessed no attractions but my fortune!"

Mrs. Wilson laughed.

"You have broken one of the promises already," said she. "Instead of obeying me, you have forced me into obedience to you. I shall use my authority, however, and compel you to regard the others."

"My alias and the millinery business together effectually release me from keeping the third promise," reasoned Linda, sagely; "politeness demands that I should have some conversation with your guest, and, as it is presumable that I have no fortune, I will not of course be encouraging a fortune-hunter. As for the kid glove and sun-bonnet affair, I shall make it a matter of prayerful consideration and leave it to my conscience. Circumstances alter cases, you know; and the truth of it is, Aunt Margaret, I was forced to sign the contract."

"You were a willful child and you are a willful maid," said Mrs. Wilson; "but I think I can manage you. I must go now and arrange for an early tea. You can lie down and rest awhile, and, whenever you choose, you can come into my room."

"What an awful nuisance!" thought Mr. Lane, savagely, as he saw from his window a pretty young girl alight from a hack at the gate. "Must be a relative, if one may judge by the effusive meeting between her and my hostess. I imagined I had found a Paradise

on earth; and behold, here comes the inevitable serpent before I've been domesticated a week. Right pretty, though, and looks as if she might be somebody. She's come to stay too, for she's got a regular Saratoga."

He resumed his book, and, in following up the fortunes of the inimitable "Pip" in *Great Expectations*, he forgot for the time the pretty girl who, a few moments before, had trodden the flower-bordered path with the air of an empress. Nevertheless, he made a careful toilet before descending to the evening meal, and, when he was introduced by his hostess to Miss Smith, his bow and air of surprise were a compliment to her beauty which Linda fully appreciated. They sat tête-à-tête during the meal, a neat hospitable country supper of deliciously broiled fowls and snowy bread, preserves as clear as amber, light feathery cakes and golden butter, great red strawberries smothered in sugar, and cream, and milk, such as Linda had never seen before.

Mr. Lane watched her as she ate, and decided that she was well-bred even if she were related to these ordinary people; he noticed that she was prettily dressed, and that the pale-blue muslin and the filmy ruching at the throat became her wonderfully well.

Linda's observations were as minute as his, although each was unaware of the other's interest. She saw that Mr. Lane was a remarkably handsome man; poor he might be, but he certainly seemed well educated and cultivated. He was not a great talker—he spoke but once or twice during the entire meal; but his voice was decidedly pleasant, his teeth perfect, and his smile actually fascinating.

This summer-boarder seemed quite a formidable personage, and, as they rose from the table, Linda, in her mind, laid aside the sun-bonnet and kid gloves and the dainty Mother-Hubbards that had been made especially for the summer campaign.

Mr. Lane watched her as she walked among the flowers, the setting sun irradiating her face, and decided that this bright unsophisticated girl would be an addition, instead of a drawback, to the summer's pleasure. And yet there was something indefinably familiar about her. His memory was too tenacious of names and faces for him to have forgotten the fact if he had ever met her before, but certainly she was a reminder of

someone, or perhaps of some picture, connected with the past.

"Did I understand your wife to call her niece 'Miss Smith'?" he asked, of Mr. Wilson, who occupied a seat beside him upon the veranda.

"Yes—Lucy Smith. Didn't know that Margaret had such a relative until this afternoon. She's apprenticed to a milliner in New York, and, having an unexpected vacation, she thought she'd come out here and rest."

After the first night, the two were often together. Mr. Lane sought Linda's society, and her many conversations with him were, no doubt, the result of the "demands which politeness made upon her."

He played on the guitar and sang well, and Linda sometimes accompanied him in the little home-ballads and love-songs which she declared were the only ones in her repertoire. They read Hyperion beneath the branches of the sugar-maple; discussed Bismarck and Grévy and Carlyle when the daily papers were brought in, and weighed the merits of Tasso and Dante and Tennyson in the cool quiet parlor.

"You are fond of flowers," said he, one morning, when he met her in the veranda laden with wild blossoms from the woodland.

"Indeed I am," she replied. "It is delightful to be where one has the freedom of wood and vale, and where a flower can be purchased with less than a day's wages. Those who live in the country do not appreciate their independence and privileges."

"You have never visited here before, I believe."

"No; my aunt has been married but a few years, and, since that time, my duties have been of such a nature that there has been but little intercourse between us."

"I imagine you have been a student much of your life," he said, interrogatively.

"Then you imagine vain things," replied Linda. "Our public schools are open to the poor as well as to the rich, and I had pride enough to accomplish my tasks. But as for being a student, I haven't the time for that. I have education enough for my needs, and that is all one requires."

"And what are your needs?" he asked, with a peculiar smile.

"To distinguish between right and wrong, shallowness and depth, truth and falsehood."

Somehow, Mr. Lane felt uncomfortable. After an acquaintance of six weeks with this pretty girl, she was still incomprehensible to him. He began to wish that she had not come into his vicinity.

Was it fate that brought her there to test his truth, his depth, his manliness?

He assisted her in arranging her flowers, his hand touching hers so often that she was continually blushing, and he continually begging to be excused for his awkwardness. He twined a wreath of myrtle about her head and called her the queen of love and beauty. And this young girl, fresh from school and with no male acquaintances except Mr. Lane, was fast becoming entangled in the meshes his fascinations were weaving about her.

Mrs. Wilson expostulated in vain.

"Your mother will never forgive me," she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "if she finds out that I am allowing this intimacy."

"She will never know it," declared Linda, stoutly. "He cares nothing for me, and I am not the girl to bestow an unsought affection. If you don't betray me, he will never learn that I am different from what I pretend to be."

"You are such a beauty, Miss Linda," continued Mrs. Wilson, "and I know how proud and ambitious your mother is. We don't know a thing about Mr. Lane, except that he's young and handsome, and, indeed, I'm becoming alarmed about it all. I do wish he would go away."

"I do too," said Linda, indifferently; "but then, I suppose he'll remain several weeks yet. Here, tie my sash, please, and don't quarrel any more—that's a darling!"

Mrs. Wilson sighed audibly as her deft fingers knotted the pink sash over the white dress, and she wished most heartily that one or the other of her guests would depart.

September came.

"My vacation will soon be over now," said Linda, one evening, as she and Mr. Lane sat in the moonlit veranda. "I am expecting every day to be summoned home."

"You have enjoyed your holiday?" he asked.

"Beyond my most sanguine expectations."

"Have I contributed anything to your enjoyment, Lucy?"

"Certainly," she answered, unhesitatingly.

"In what way?" he asked.

"In a thousand ways," she replied, lightly. "Mention some of them, won't you?" he insisted.

"Well," she answered, carelessly, "you have admired all of my pretty toilets; and untangled all of my knotty silks; you've read so many of those dull prosy articles about tariff and revenue and diplomacy to me that I am really quite learned in national affairs, and besides—"

"That is sufficient," he exclaimed, proudly; "you needn't swell the list."

"But I must tell you that I am much obliged to you," she continued, innocently.

"I can imagine that," he replied, impatiently. "But," in an injured tone, "I didn't expect you to answer me in that strain, Lucy."

"Didn't you expect me to tell you the truth?" she asked, in surprise. "How could I have answered differently? I cannot recall any other way in which you have contributed to my enjoyment."

"What a misspent vacation mine has been," he exclaimed, in low tones. "How utterly love's labor has been lost."

Linda was startled, but she did not reply. He observed that there were tears in her eyes, and he took advantage of the discovery.

"May I tell you in what manner you have contributed to my enjoyment?" he asked.

"Certainly; I have no objection."

"The afternoon of your arrival, I regretted your coming."

"You are candid," she said.

"Listen, and you may judge. An hour after I met you, I was glad that you came. You have added to my happiness by awakening within me an emotion of whose existence I never dreamed. You have taught me what it is to love."

"You are under many obligations, then," she answered, lightly.

"So many that I cannot endure that you should jest about them."

He looked into her face—it was indeed a beautiful one. He saw that she was expectant and hopeful, although she appeared to be careless and indifferent. He was a man of the world, she but seventeen.

"I shall always look back to this as the very brightest summer of my life," he said, sadly. "I am sorry, though, that our intimate association suggests nothing to your

remembrance but prosy political articles and tangled silks."

The pathos of his voice, the tenderness of his glance, disarmed her.

"I am sorry if I have wounded you," she murmured, in low tones; "believe me, I did not mean to."

"Then, when we part, you will remember me kindly?"

"Indeed I will."

"And oh! Lucy," he said, clasping her hand in his, "if you will only remember me as I shall you. Would you know how that will be?"

She did not answer.

"I shall hold you in remembrance with a love that will last through time and into eternity. Have you nothing for me in return?"

He felt her hand tremble within his own; he could hear her quick breathing, could see her dewy eyes.

"You do love me, Lucy," he cried, "notwithstanding your pride. Such love as mine cannot, cannot go unrewarded."

Still she was silent, but he knew that love had gained another victory.

"I am not worthy of you, Edgar," she said, after a while.

"And why are you not worthy, little one?"

"Because I am poor and unknown."

"Am I not poor and unknown too? Poverty is very sweet to me now, since it has revealed to me the brightest, purest gem that man could hope to wear next his heart."

Thus he talked, and silently she listened. The pale moon went down the September sky, and, when it kissed the earth good-night, Linda Marle was the affianced wife of Edgar Lane.

October came—that calm glorious October evening which saw Linda at the farm-house gate, enjoying the fair autumn scenery spread like a picture before her. All day long, she had been thinking of the new relationship in which she stood to Edgar Lane. She regretted now that she had been sailing under false colors—he was so true and honorable that he might not regard her folly with leniency; and, much as she dreaded it, this very night she would tell him. He might condemn her course as silly and romantic; but he certainly would not cease to love her. She anticipated his surprise and pleasure when he should dis-

cover that she was not plebeian by birth nor dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood. She felt a pride in telling him of her distinguished father, of her proud dignified mother, of Katherine so beautiful and stately. She had thought of it all many times that day, and had wondered how his sincere truthful nature would regard her freak.

After a while, Mr. Lane came out and joined her at the gate. He drew her down on a rustic seat underneath a maple-tree. He seemed constrained and ill at ease; he tried to talk, but failed. She noticed his peculiar mood, and inquired the cause.

"I am going away to-morrow," he said, after a moment's hesitation. "I received a letter, this afternoon, which renders my departure inevitable."

Linda's heart beat wildly for a moment.

"I shall be so lonely without you," she said.

"You will soon recover from it," he answered, lightly. "When you return to your former associates and impatient lovers, you will forget this little episode in our lives."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a startled voice. "I don't quite understand you."

"I mean that 'out of sight, out of mind'; that our casual meeting and the little drama we have acted will soon cease to be even a memory with you."

"I don't quite understand you yet," she said, after a pause, looking into his eyes with a gaze so true and steady that his own fell beneath it.

He scarcely knew how to reply.

"I mean, Lucy, that this love-making of ours was a game at which we both seem to have played remarkably well. Of course, you entered into it as I did—to assist the flight of time."

She understood him now. Her brain was throbbing, her heart was aching; but she could not allow him to believe that she had stooped to base falsehood in order to conquer.

"I have no impatient lovers awaiting my return," she said, courageously. "Yours was the first heart I ever tried to win—you the very first who ever tried to win mine. You are the first, too, to tell me that hearts are playthings."

"I supposed of course that you were



trifling with me," he said, in feeble extenuation of his conduct. "I never dreamed that you were in earnest."

"You were mistaken," she answered coldly: "I was in earnest."

Mr. Lane moved uneasily in his seat. He felt uncomfortable. She had received his disclosure very differently from what he had anticipated. He would rather, ten thousand times, that she had called him a scoundrel. As it was, he felt humbled and silenced.

She moved as far from him as the length of the seat would permit, and, looking into his face again, said, in low deliberate tones:

"I met you to-night with the full intention of confiding a secret to your keeping; but your open confession of hypocrisy has rendered my little surprise unnecessary. I know nothing of you, your home, nor your friends, and of myself you are equally ignorant. It is barely possible that you and I will ever meet again."

She spoke with the emphasis of self-recognized superiority; rose with the dignity of a queen, and, bidding him good-night, slowly entered the house.

"What a beautiful, beautiful woman you are, Katherine," exclaimed Linda, as she gazed into her sister's face, the day after the reunion of the family.

"I can reciprocate the compliment, I assure you," answered Katherine, smiling into Linda's uplifted eyes. "I shall have to keep you in the background, lest your young fresh beauty totally eclipse me."

"I think you will not envy me if I do," replied Linda, slyly, "for mother tells me that you are already betrothed."

A red-rose flush suffused Katherine's pearly face as she answered softly:

"You may make as many conquests as you please, little sister, so that you do not rob me of one heart—one is all I ask."

"Tell me something of him," urged Linda. "I feel much interest in the person you are to marry."

Katherine told her of her lover, whose name was Marcus Howard: that she had met him two summers before at Newport, and that he had addressed her just previous to her departure for Europe. He knew of her return, and she was expecting his arrival at any moment. They had corresponded during her travels in Europe, and she had promised that their engagement should be

announced immediately and their marriage take place in a few months.

"I feel supremely happy in his love," she added. "He is noble and good—when you see him, Linda, you will not wonder that I love him. But tell me something of yourself. Are you still

‘heart-whole,  
In maiden meditation fancy-free’?"

"I have not been as fortunate as you," she answered, softly. "I have had one little love-affair, but it ended disastrously. I shall never love again."

"What!" inquired Katherine. "Was not your love returned?"

For answer, Linda told her all—of Edgar Lane: how he had won her love, and then cast it aside.

"And oh! Katherine," she concluded, "how I loved him! I thought him all that was honorable and true, and I found him base and deceitful."

"He was not worthy of you," said Katherine, in full sympathy with her weeping sister. "No man who would trifle with a woman's heart is worth a regret from her. Better be thankful that you discovered his baseness, than regret that you failed to win his regard."

"I detest him now," exclaimed Linda, scornfully; "but tell me, Katherine: do all men make such conquests when they can?"

"No, not all. Heaven grant that there are but few. Your lover, let us hope, was the exception and not the rule. It is probable that you will never meet him again, and absence will bring forgetfulness."

"If absence brings forgetfulness," said Linda, through her tears, "how is it that you and Mr. Howard have been faithful throughout your separation?"

"We have each been worthy of the other's remembrance," said Katherine, softly.

Linda sighed audibly as she dried her tearful eyes, but in her heart she was thankful that her sister's experience had not been like hers.

The next afternoon, Mr. Howard was announced. Katherine passed the card to Linda after she had read it, and the latter could not fail to observe the trusting expression of her sister's countenance. She watched her as she made her toilet, and envied her the sweet tranquillity that faith gives to love. Katherine fastened a creamy rose at her

throat, and, taking up her lace handkerchief, said to Linda.

"After a while, you must come down. I am anxious to present you to Marcus—I want you two to be the very best of friends."

It was twilight when Linda entered the parlor, and the gas was not yet lighted. She could not see Mr. Howard's face distinctly; but his manner, his figure, his voice, were strangely familiar. As soon as her eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, she rose, and, turning to her sister, exclaimed:

"Katherine, is this man Marcus Howard?"

"Certainly," answered Katherine, in surprise. "What a question, Linda!"

"Then he has an alias!" returned Linda, scornfully. "This man is the hero of the little story I confided to you yesterday. This is Edgar Lane, that irresistible person who spent his summer in winning the heart of a poor unknown milliner's-apprentice."

She turned from them both, and, as she turned, she saw depicted, in his face, surprise, anger, and mortification; in her sister's, amazement, incredulity, and pride. Immediately, she left the room.

An hour later, Katherine entered Linda's chamber. Her eyes showed traces of recent tears, but she was calm and self-possessed.

"I have dismissed him forever," she said. "He tried to excuse his offense; but I could not now give my happiness into his keeping. We will never refer to the matter again. I will explain it to mother."

Linda's love-affair with Mr. Lane resulted as he had predicted. In less than a year it had "ceased to be even a memory with her," for at the end of that time her engagement was announced; and, later, the most brilliant event that had occurred in society for years was chronicled by the papers as "the marriage of Houston Moore, of Boston, to Linda, youngest daughter of the Hon. Augustus Marle, of Philadelphia."

Katherine is still unmarried, so is Marcus Howard. They have met but rarely since Linda exposed his duplicity; but they have not outlived the remembrance of the love which once united them. Even now he is pleading for reinstatement, and Linda, supremely blessed in her own domestic relations, is his advocate and friend.

## MICHAEL WIDMAN.

BY ISAAC B. CHOATE.

'Mong the legends manifold,  
The heroic stories told  
Of a triumph bravely won  
Or a good deed nobly done,  
Comes to mind this simple one—  
Of Widman and of Washington.

Michael Widman—name unknown  
But for this incident alone  
In his uneventful life  
Spent apart from mortal strife;  
Man of peace, he must abhor  
As vain and wicked every war.

What of sympathy had he  
In our struggle to be free?  
What were rule or rulers here,  
When his homage and his fear,  
When his loyalty and love,  
All were owed the Throne above?

What to him could be the name  
Of Tory? What could be the blame,  
To seek a conference with the foe

And entreat he would forego  
His dread purpose and relent?  
"For," he said, "our strength is spent."

Howe was firm. His errand vain,  
Widman crossed the lines again.  
Caught by pickets as a spy,  
He was tried and doomed to die,  
When a neighbor, hastening on,  
Came to plead with Washington.

Warmly was the suit preferred,  
Kindly the petition heard;  
But the pressure of the cause  
Gave stern rigor to the laws.  
Said the chief: "But for the end,  
Glad would I relieve your friend."

"Friend? He is no friend to me,  
But my bitterest enemy."  
Then was said in gracious tone:  
"Thanks for what thy course has shown,  
And, for Christian charity,  
Thy request is granted thee."

## THE PROFESSOR'S BOYS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

FIVE and twenty year, cold and hot, wet and dry, in storm and in sunshine, I've been Titus Jones's loving wife, and in all that time me and Titus has never had no trouble to speak of. Oh, of course, we've had our little differences—everybody has them, and loves each other the better for it. Five and twenty year, and not a speck of new furniture in the house, excepting the cradle and a churn and a pair of steelyards and two water-pails!

All our neighbors has got chamber-sets, and it was last spring that I says to Titus, says I:

"I want a chamber-set for the fore-room chamber."

Titus was a-laboring away on a piece of rather toughish beefsteak, and he waited till he'd come off conqueror and got it swallered down, afore he spoke. Then says he:

"Why, Sary Ann, what in natur' put that idee in yer head?"

"Wal," says I, "all the neighbors has got 'em."

"Sho!" says he, "is that so? What do they cost?"

"Oh, anywhere from twentyfive dollars up to two hundred or so."

"Jimminy jinks!" says he. "Wal, now, Sary Ann, 'tain't no use expecting me to put out any such sum of money as that are! Taters has rotted like blazes, apples hain't brought half-price, and that sorrel colt has got a spavin, and won't bring nothing nigh what I callated, and one of the calves got choked with a pesky turnip! And here you be talking about chamber-sets!" Says he, as if a bright idee had all to once struck him: "why don't you take a few boarders and get the money?"

Then he went off outdoors to ploughing the cabbage-lot, and I went to cleaning out the front-room closet. Jest as I'd got everything on the floor, and all the chairs piled full of glass jars and crockery, the bell rung and Elder Jacobs called.

The elder is a fine man, though he does preach them old-fashioned peppery sermons

and bangs the Bible dreadfully, but he's ginooine; and, strange enough, he'd called to see if I wouldn't take a friend of his'n, and his wife and five boys, to board for a couple of weeks.

"Prof. Hubbard," says the elder, "is a great naturalist, and he wants to examine the bugs and other insexes of this part of the State. His wife is a confirmed bookworm, and the boys is full of mischief, but real bright and smart."

And, as I thought of it, it did seem as if Providence and Elder Jacobs was a-trying to help me git that chamber-set.

Wal, to cut a long story short, I agreed to take them boarders, and the next Tuesday they arriv.

The professor was long and lean, and wore green glasses, and was so nigh-sighted that he couldn't tell the doors and winders apart, and twice in the morning he walked right up to Mary Ann Leary, that helped me with the work, and kissed her and asked her how she felt—a-thinking that it was his wife, who was a great sufferer from neurallogy, and information of the brains, and several other diseases.

Mrs. Hubbard was light-haired, and had watery eyes, and a voice that sounded as if it had been run through a clothes-wringer and flatted out thin.

Them boys—my goodness! it was enough to drive anybody raving crazy to see 'em! They had all been sick with the measles and the dysentary, and such of 'em as hadn't had them complaints had had the rebellious fever, their mother sed, and they hadn't got no appetites worth mentioning; but, good land! what must they have been when they hadn't had any measles and dysentary and rebellious fever?

The fust day they eat us out of house and home, and Mary Ann and I got up bright and airy and baked nineteen pies and fifteen loaves of bread, and fried a peck of dough-nuts; and my goodness! it didn't last twenty-four hours!

The professor, he went a-bugging the heft of

the time, and filled the house with worms and flies and bugs and toads, till I dassent step anywheres without looking sharp, for fear I should squelch a "specimen."

We got to talking about ghosts one night, and the professor, he sed that there warn't no such thing.

"Pa," says George Washington, his oldest boy, "if there was a ghost right here in this room, should you be afraid?"

"No indeed!" says the professor.

"Shouldn't you holler, pa, if it touched you?"

"Not I!" says the professor, running a wire through the inards of a black-and-red bug, and fastening him onto a piece of paste-board.

"Pa, should you like to be a bug?"

"Of course not, my son."

"Does the bug like to be stuck through?"

"He doesn't realize it!" says the professor, pursuading to wire up another specimen.

"Did God make the bug, pa?"

"I suppose so, my son."

"Where will the bug go to when he is dead, pa?"

"Arethusa," says the professor, calling to his wife, who was deep in a novel, "take this boy away and give him some supper. His mind is living on his body, and his stomach must be filled at once, or there will be cerebral disturbance."

So we filled George Washington with four pieces of pie, two turnovers, some cheese, some bread-and-butter, some cold meat, some gingerbread, and three apples.

The next night, after all the boys was abed, as we thought, and we all sot there a-talking about what a hot day it had been, the door slowly opened that led out into the front entry, and two figgers come in, dressed in white from head to foot. Their faces was white as chalk, and their teeth seemed to rattle as they walked. One of 'em dropped down his winding-sheet—and, heavens and airth! there stood old Grandsir Burke that used to live with us, and had been dead and buried ten year!

The professor started to his feet, snatched off his specks, and looked at the ghostly figgers, then put them on agin and looked, and then, with a wild howl of fright, he jumped under the table, and upsot it, lamp and all, onto the floor.

Our dog, which was asleep on the rug,

roused up and barked like mad; the newspapers on the table ketched fire from the kerrysene-ile; and Mrs. Hubbard throwed down her novel and come to the rescue like a major-gen'ral, and beat out the fire with a braided mat that she tore up from the floor.

She knocked the eyes out of Professor Hubbard's specks, and knocked Titus's false teeth into the fireplace, and smashed the head off from the plaster-Parish image of Joan of Ark that stood on the mantel, and then she fainted away, and I hit another lamp, and surveyed the ruins.

"Don't touch of me!" yelled the professor, from under the table. "I ain't a member of the family! I don't belong here! I hain't done anything to anybody! Please to let me alone, dear ghost—please do!"

"It's Grandsir Burke!" says Titus, as pale as a sheet; "though what on airth possessed him to git out of his grave all to once, after keeping still ten year, beats me! My insides is all of a trimble."

"Nonsense!" says I, for I had suspected all along who the ghosts was, and I'd got one of 'em by the collar now, and found that he was pritty substantial flesh and blood; and he smelt of onions, too—and we had 'em fried for supper.

And I jest pulled off the white mask that ghost had over his face, and showed the grinning countenance of George Washington Hubbard. He and his brother Thomas Paine had been and dressed theirselves up in grandsir's old clothes that hung in the attic, and played that joke onto us.

The professor was as mad a man as ever you see, and he come out from under that table and he took George Washington over his knee, and that boy got a licking that it did my soul good to see.

Wal, that was only one of the hundred pranks that them dreadful boys played onto us while they stayed; but, thank goodness! everything has an end, and they went away in August; and, by the last of September, I had got the house clear of worms and insexes, and I have bought my chamber-set. It's a beauty, and you can see your face in it anywhere, and the Smiths, and the Riches, and the Horns, and all the rest of the neighbors are just as envious as they can be. But, land's sake! they needn't be—the saints knows that I ain't it!

## THE NEWS HE BRINGS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



MISS THORNE is walking along the terrace which, on two sides, flanks the old country house.

In front sweeps the ocean, not more than a quarter of a mile distant, while, to the

left, one looks down a steep descent and across a crescent-shaped sheet of water. An arm of the sea has thrust itself inland, and has gradually worn away the base of the hills, and likes its quarters so well that it has remained there, looking like a woodland lake connected with the ocean only by the narrow creek. Trees crown the summits of the cliffs, mountain torrents in the spring and autumn thunder down their sides, and altogether Deep Pool is a picturesque feature in the scenery.

A road winds round the foot of the rocks below the grounds of Seacombe and plunges through a natural archway out into the valley country beyond, which is dotted with country-seats, villas, and farms.

The nearest house is Fircliff, the summer home of Elinor Thorne's most intimate friend, Fanny Heaton.

The pair have not met for months, as Fanny has been with relatives in New York. It is the middle of June now. Fanny has reached home, and sent her friend word that she will make her a visit sometime during the morning. But it is four o'clock, and Fanny has not yet come. Elinor knows what the delay means, and her heart is sore within her. She is a handsome girl of nineteen, tall and lithe of movement; a graceful object to watch as she paces along the broad stone terrace.

Suddenly some sound from the library, the windows of which open like doors on the side terrace, attracts her attention and she hurries in. It is not more than a quarter of an hour before she reappears, and with her is Miss Heaton.

Fanny is such an exquisitely pretty creat-

ure that it is a pleasure to look at her; with a mouth so willful under all its dimples and such stormy dark eyes, that it is a pain as well to any thoughtful person who cares for her and reflects on the suffering her ill-disciplined character can scarcely fail to bring on herself and others.

The two motherless girls have grown up in a close intimacy; Elinor reared by a wise practical aunt; poor Fanny the spoiled child of a selfish reckless man, who by indulgence has fostered his daughter's faults till, were it not for her warm heart and noble impulses, the poor girl's nature would be utterly ruined.

"I wrote you I had some news," Fanny says, abruptly. "I knew you would guess at once what it was."

"I did not, though," Elinor answers. "I have been wondering about it ever since."

"Then let me put you out of suspense," Fanny says, with a laugh which sounds a little hard. "I am engaged to be married to Mr. Edward Bertram."

"Oh, Fanny!" Elinor fairly groans. "It isn't true! Mrs. Osgood wrote to aunty, but I would not believe it!"

"Quite true," Fanny persists, still laughing. "Really, my dear, you have an odd way of congratulating one!"

"I don't mean to—I can't!" Elinor cries, excitedly.

"And why not, pray?" Fanny asks, lifting her arched brows. "You know him, at least a little: is he not a gentleman—worthy any woman's hand?"

"Oh, I'm not saying a word against him; he is a fine man—a good man—everybody says that!"

"Ah, then it is I who am not worthy to draw such a matrimonial prize?" Fanny suggests. "But, my dear, you are not obliged to congratulate Mr. Bertram!"

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny! You know what I mean—you are doing a wicked, wicked thing! You don't love him! Oh, I believe what I heard is true: that—that—"

"Say it! I insist on hearing!"

"That he helped your father in his money difficulties—and—" Here Elinor breaks down.

"And buys the daughter, as men do devoted heroines in old-fashioned novels," continues Fanny. "No, my dear, the money assistance did not come till after he had asked me to marry him and I had agreed to think about it."

"Oh, Fanny!"

"Wait; let me tell it all out while I am in the humor! I don't think I am worth any good man's love, but I really do admire and esteem Edward Bertram. He is able, or believes he is able, to bear with my whims—well—then, too, the fortune influences me—I told him so. I'm tired of impecunious luxury, if you can understand the term. Poor papa, he is always over ears in debt! We live like rich people, and are actually bothered for car-fare—keep a troop of servants, and owe for our dinners—there's the whole story!"

"But you needn't sell yourself—"

"I would, my dear," Fanny breaks in, "if there were no other way! But I'm not going to—and, Elinor, don't say that again!"

"No; I beg your pardon! But oh, Fanny, you know it is my love for you makes me speak—and it is not right—you know what stands in the way of its being so."

"I do not!" Fanny answers, sternly, looking full in her companion's face. "I know what you mean, however—so let us settle that too. You are thinking of Jack Ronaldson."

"Of course I am!" cries Elinor, with a sort of pathetic indignation.

"Well, I never do think of him—there is the difference," rejoins Fanny, in a voice which she tries to make careless, but which she only succeeds in rendering reckless and hard. "I was a very silly girl and he was a very silly young man. That matter came completely to an end months ago—I wrote you so."

"I could not understand. You seemed to have quarreled; but—but—" Elinor pauses abruptly; she is a little afraid of Fanny in her new mood, and does not know how to finish her sentence.

"We came to the end," Fanny says, steadily. "We both discovered our mistake in time—more fortunate than many persons. Now, that is all there is to tell. I only say so much because I don't want you to call me

hard names, because I have about decided to marry a good sensible man."

"Oh, then you are not really engaged!" Elinor cries, with a sudden ring of hope in her voice.

Fanny looks annoyed at having afforded her friend this loophole for expostulation, and hastens to add:

"It is the same as settled; I could not draw back if I wished, and I have no desire to do so."

"Oh, Fanny, you are always so hasty and so determined!" sighs Elinor. "I feel sure it was only a quarrel which separated you and Jack; if you had waited!"

A quick fire of wrath kindles in Fanny's eyes at some memory roused by her friend's words; but she looks straight before her, out toward the sea, and answers steadily:

"The feeling I once thought I had for him is gone as completely as if it had never existed. I can't use language strong enough to make it plain. I can only tell you that I am not angry—that I am simply indifferent. If he were dying before me, I could only offer the cold sympathy I might give an utter stranger."

Her voice grows so relentless as she speaks, and she suddenly turns on Elinor a face so set and inflexible, that the latter is stricken absolutely dumb. Fanny walks slowly along the terrace, and her friend mutely accompanies her. They make the entire circuit—and it is a long walk—and have returned to the spot from which they started, without either having gone back to the subject. Fanny has done most of the talking—spoken of the kindness of the relatives she has been staying with in town, and with whom she has since spent a week at their place in New Jersey. She has talked of gayeties, of her father, of any matter on which she can speak with a decent show of interest, and Elinor has listened and answered almost at random. In her heart, she is not deceived; but she knows that even she has no right to venture further in entreaty or reproach.

As they reach the steps which lead to a steep path that zigzags down to the shore, Elinor says abruptly:

"How rough the water is! See the white caps! There has been a thunder-storm and a gale up in the mountains—the wind has just struck Deep Pool!"

The sunny sheet of water has a treacherous habit of catching stray gusts of wind, both from ocean and the distant mountains, and getting up temporary tempests of roughness on its own account which subside as unexpectedly as they burst forth. While the wind lasts, no experienced person ever tries to cross, though each family in the neighborhood owns a boat, and the summer-hotel on the other side always keeps a large supply of craft ready for its guests, so that, in ordinary weather, boating is everybody's daily amusement during the warm months.

One of these fierce gusts has been sweeping over the water; the white clouds are piled in threatening masses high up in the sky and the thunder peals out now and then, though no rain is falling or will fall—the storm is driving past too rapidly.

"I had not noticed that Deep Pool was rushing into one of its tempers," Fanny says, indifferently. "How fine the clouds are! I must be getting home, I think; I will go round by the avenue and through the village."

Elinor has been leaning over the terrace-parapet and gazing down the descent. She turns back quickly, saying:

"Something has happened—the men are getting out a life-boat. There must have been an accident. Some of the people at the hotel, perhaps, were crazy enough to try to cross. Oh, I must run down! Don't come—I know you can't stand that steep path. I won't be gone long. I must see what has happened."

"I am coming—then I'll go home by the shore-road," Fanny says, and follows Elinor down the path, which is narrow and twists and turns about the rocks, and hangs itself out like a ribbon over small precipices in a fashion more picturesque than enjoyable to a person not blessed with a steady head.

Elinor is at the bottom—near the boat-house; she is questioning one of the men standing there, and Fanny is close enough to catch his answer:

"Yes, Miss Elinor, it's that; some silly body over at the hotel has got upset. We didn't see the boat till just as the wind struck them. It was that little cranky sprit-sail thing that Ledgrove ought to be shot for keeping."

"Who was in it? Where is the life-boat?" Elinor asks.

"Coming round the bend there—don't you see? They've picked the two up; there was a man and a boy. I expect we'll find it's that crazy nephew of Ledgrove's and one of the stable-lads. I heard the young fellow'd come last night: he allers gets into mischief as soon as he does, and never leaves off till his uncle sends him home."

The life-boat is nearing the shore—Elinor steps back to where Fanny is standing—both girls watch in silence. They see the lad lifted out and hear one of the men say:

"He's a-comin' round all right a'ready—it's little Jim Downs—he's so used to drownin' he don't mind it."

"Who's the gentleman, Joe?" calls the old man.

"Wal, I know his face, but I can't remember his name—he was at the hotel last year—"

Elinor pushes forward—Fanny automatically follows. Both at the same instant catch sight of the white face of the young man whom the boat-house guards are bringing on shore—both at the first glance recognize Jack Ronaldson.

Fanny is standing on the terrace again. Nearly an hour has elapsed since the men brought their inanimate burden into the house. Elinor's aunt is a woman always equal to any emergency. The unfortunate young man is in bed, and various remedies for his recovery have been tried before the doctor arrives. That functionary, however, has been on the scene for some time, and Elinor has again disappeared to learn how the patient is.

She has not said where she is going, but Fanny knows—indeed, the pair have exchanged few words during their suspense of waiting. The girl stands now looking out across the sea, and her face grows colder and harder with every instant of reflection. She has not told Elinor so, but she knows well what has brought Jack Ronaldson into the neighborhood.

Isabel Drake has been for several days at Ledgrove's hotel, and, since leaving town, Fanny has heard gossip enough to know that at any time she may expect to hear Ronaldson's engagement to the heiress announced.

A step sounds on the flags; Elinor hurries toward her, saying:

"He is doing very well, the doctor says. He is afraid the hurt on the head may cause



fever and temporary delirium—but he apprehends no danger.”

“I am very glad,” Fanny says, quietly, and Elinor wonders how she can speak and look like that. “I must go home now—papa will be expecting me—good-bye.”

With a hasty embrace she is gone, so cold, so changed that poor Elinor marvels if this can be her impulsive Fanny—wonders, too, that any anger, however deeply seated, can keep its hold at a time like this.

“It seems almost as if what she said is true,” Elinor thinks. “Oh, I can’t believe it—such a warm heart as Fanny always had at bottom! How can a few months in the world have altered her so completely?”

And Fanny walks homeward, revolving one single project in her mind, which she will carry into action without delay. By to-morrow, Isabel Drake will appear; she is a girl to like scenes. Everybody will hear that she and Jack are engaged before many days are over.

“They will hear of my engagement first, though,” she thinks. “I promised Mr. Bertram that he should have an answer within a week. It would be behaving like a child to make him wait—he shall read the answer to-morrow.”

Her father is ready to start away when she reaches home. He explains easily that he has had a telegram from some old friends who are at Low Beach. He has business with one of the party, and must take the evening train over. He is awfully sorry to leave his pet alone, but business is business, and he will certainly be back to-morrow.

In her heart, Fanny knows that he will certainly not return before several to-morrows have become time present in turn, and that he will almost as certainly have dropped a good deal of money at cards; but she neither coaxes nor expostulates. She follows her old rule: shuts her eyes to her father’s faults, and loves him with a pitying fondness which she scrupulously dignifies by a loftier name.

The night is over—the new day has come. While at breakfast, Fanny receives a note from Elinor. Jack Ronaldson has roused out of his torpor, but he is delirious. The doctor says there has been a somewhat severe concussion of the brain, but he does not consider the case alarming. Elinor begs her friend to pay her a little visit, as she shall not be able to get out, for her aunt is busy with the patient.

So, in the course of the afternoon, Fanny does start, taking the way by the village and then a path through the woodland which will bring her out on the high-road very near the entrance to the grounds of Seacomb. As she is close to the road, she hears wheels—looks out from the screen of alders and sees Isabel Drake and her mother seated in the open carriage. They are doubtless going to Seacomb also—her own visit can be deferred, and she turns quickly homeward in a mood of mingled anger and injured feeling which she does not attempt to analyze.

In the evening comes another note from Elinor, and now she is both hurt and pathetic about the manner in which Fanny is treating her. Poor wretched Fanny is by this time so wrong-headed and so nearly out of her wits that she twists Elinor’s tender messages into harsh reproofs. Indeed, she finally convinces herself that Isabel Drake has managed in the course of her visit to poison Elinor’s mind against her, and so goes to bed, more wretched than ever.

The morning, which comes at last—after what has seemed, to Fanny, an endless period—brings no consolation in any form. Her father has not returned; but she prefers the solitude which reigns in the house. There is no communication from Mr. Bertram, which is also far from a subject for regret, although Fanny does not put it in this bald coarse way. She simply tells herself that it is not yet time to hear; she cannot expect an answer before to-morrow—unless, indeed, he may telegraph—and that will look silly. Such dramatic haste, appropriate enough to a mere love-affair—which ought always to rank under the head of temporary insanity, Fanny interpolates, with a bitter smile—would be sadly out of place in a matter which is based solely on the firm ground of reason, with no more fanciful or romantic decorations than can be comprised under the head of respect, admiration, and esteem.

But there is no note, either, from Seacomb, and this is sheer unkindness on the part of Elinor—who, if she is prevented from coming out, ought to remember that her friend is alone and quick to feel such flagrant neglect.

Then there rises, as there has so often done during the night, a vision of Jack Ronaldson’s white face—the closed eyes, the drawn lips, the pinched death-like appearance of every

feature—and Fanny is forced to remind herself that long before now he is doubtless quite beyond any necessity for anxiety—able to sit up, and have Isabel Drake to attitudinize by his chair and amuse him—or, very likely, already driving back to the hotel, with the heiress and her mother smirking and flattering him in their vapid fashion. To that silly pair, the unstable reckless young man will seem a real matrimonial prize, poor as he is; for he belongs to a family who are powerful in that mysterious circle called “society,” into which the Drakes, with all their money, have never succeeded in establishing a secure footing.

“What a gossiping censorious creature I am growing!” Fanny breaks off in her soliloquy to exclaim. “I don’t know what ails me—nerves, I suppose. Oh, it is such a tiresome world—there’s no reason to be found why one should ever have been born!”

She surprises herself by a sudden burst of passionate weeping—which does her good, for it rouses her pride. She goes resolutely away to her books; when they pall, she even takes up her needle—an instrument which, though she can employ it deftly enough, is seldom seen in her hands.

The luncheon-hour comes and goes; some callers arrive; but, as they reside ten miles distant, they have heard nothing of the previous day’s accident. They have heard, however, that Miss Drake, the heiress, is in the neighborhood, and they talk about her and her costumes till Fanny is nauseated.

Then one of the party adds: “There are several of her swains already to the front. Report says a young Mr. Ronaldson stands the best chance. It is very probable, for they say he is over ears in debt and a worthless creature altogether.”

Then somebody else suddenly remembers that Jack Ronaldson used to be quite intimate in this very house, and tries to choke the first speaker off, which has the result such well-intentioned efforts usually do—of causing the blunderer to be more positive than ever and add half a score of awkward remarks which put the whole group on tenter-hooks.

They are gone at last; more hours pass: it is well on toward six o’clock. Fanny can endure no longer—she does not explain to herself what it is she cannot bear further. She catches up her hat, runs downstairs and

out of the house, and takes the path through the wood toward Seacombe.

The gates stand wide open, as all gates do in this neighborhood. She hurries up the avenue and enters the wide hall, peers into the library, the octagon reception-room—nobody is visible in either apartment.

Elinor is, no doubt, in her own room; neither girl ever dreams of decorously ringing and seeking the intermediation of a servant when she visits the other. Fanny goes quickly up the broad staircase and along the corridor till she reaches an arched space from which two side-halls branch off; the one to the left leads to Elinor’s dainty rooms. Just at this turn is a great square chamber, the doors of which stand open. Thick portières screen the entrance, through which comes the sound of a voice that makes Fanny stop as suddenly in her hurried course as if held in the clutch of some invisible but potent grasp. She hears her own name spoken over and over in accents of eager pleading.

“Fanny! Fanny!” the voice calls. “Oh, I started to go to you, and I’ve lost my way in the dark! Fanny! Fanny!”

Then the words cease to be audible, but the monotonous voice keeps on like a dirge. Presently she catches more words:

“I love you, Fanny—I love you! They lied to you! It was your relations and mine. I found it out; he told me. I started to—Oh, the dark! the dark! Fanny! Fanny!”

Her hand is on the curtains; she pushes them just far enough apart to catch a glimpse of the shadowy room, the great old-fashioned canopied bed, the restless figure stretched thereon, the doctor, Elinor’s aunt, Elinor herself present.

Then lines of fiery writing dart to and fro before the eyes of the wretched girl—she is reading her own letter to Mr. Bertram, which some spirit seems to be inscribing in blazing characters on her seared eyeballs.

“And so I promise to be your wife; and, if I cannot offer more than esteem and affection, I can at least assure you that no human being occupies so near a place in my heart as that which belongs to you.”

She knows now that, though honestly written, these words are a hideous lie! She is looking in through the darkened distance at the beautiful face on the pillow—Jack Ronaldson’s face—that of the man whom she

loves—loves—whom she has been mean enough, lunatic enough, to doubt!

There he lies in her sight, but the sweep of the universe is not wider than the space which separates them and must continue so to do while life lasts, for she has promised her hand to another and she cannot break her word. He will not let her; her father and the world will not; they will hold her more inexorably than he.

She is downstairs—she is out on the terrace—she has rushed thither unintentionally—it is no matter—she will go down by the steep path—she has no fear now. Then she hears Elinor call:

"Fanny! Oh, Fanny!"

In another instant, they are holding each other in a close embrace; but it is only Elinor who weeps—Fanny has no power.

"I wrote you that he had had a bad night," Elinor says.

"I have not heard—not heard all day," Fanny replies—her throat is so parched that it is difficult to articulate.

"Oh, then the boy forgot—the wretched creature—it was the boy who brought the medicines—he said he was going right by your house—and the servants were all busy—"

"I didn't get it," Fanny interrupts, withdrawing her hand from Elinor's and leaning heavily against the parapet.

"Fanny," her friend says, softly, "I saw you at the door—you heard him—poor Jack—poor Jack—"

"Don't!" Fanny interrupts again. But the monosyllabic expostulation is all that she can manage—an actual physical contraction of the throat stops her.

"My aunt says he did not talk in the night," Elinor goes on; "this forenoon he was delirious, then he went to sleep and only woke a little while ago—he has been moaning like that ever since."

Fanny does not, can not, speak. Elinor sees that she is torturing her.

She makes a little gesture; Elinor is wiping her eyes and does not catch it. She forces her lips to move, but no sound escapes them, and Elinor goes hesitatingly on:

"What made you run away, Fanny?"

"What!" the white lips frame, but make no sound.

"There was nobody but aunty and the doctor there, but now you needn't even see

them; they've gone to talk in another room. Come, Fanny—I'll go to the door with you."

She puts her arm about Fanny's waist; the frenzied girl pushes her back with such violence that Elinor is startled, but that is nothing to the actual terror which seizes her as she looks at the ashen face and the strained eyes.

"Fanny!" she moans. "What is it—what is it? Oh, you can't be angry with him still—not after—after—"

She stops to choke back a sob. She hears Fanny's breath—it is like that of somebody suffocating.

"In a minute!" Fanny gasps, in a hoarse whisper. "I'll speak in a minute!"

"You see, dear, just the sound of your voice might bring him back to consciousness," pursues poor Elinor, with a patient sweetness which is worse than maddening. "The doctor says he has something on his mind—get that off and there will be no danger—just a matter of time."

A matter of time! The eyes that watch her are like those of a tortured spirit who has passed forever beyond time's limits, time's blessed possibilities.

"Nobody but I knew what poor Jack meant," Elinor goes on. "Aunty may guess—but—I should have gone after you. Oh! Fanny, how fortunate that you came! Don't wait—let us go up—come, Fanny, come?"

"Come where?" she whispers.

"Why, to Jack's room, of course! You can't hesitate—no matter if he had been to blame—and he hasn't—you heard—you know he hadn't!"

"I know!" Fanny's mute lips echo.

"Come, Fanny, come!" Elinor pleads, again putting out her hand.

"I cannot—I have no right!" Elinor hears the words pronounced, but the tones that wait them out are no more like Fanny's than the corpse-like face and despairing eyes are. "As soon as I got home yesterday, I wrote to Mr. Bertram—I shall be his wife in six weeks."

Before Elinor can even cry out, Fanny is gone.

An hour passes—another. The sun has set—the twilight has faded; the full moon is up, and all the stars of heaven are out, and all as bright as if some celestial gala were in progress.

Fanny is at home at last, but she has only

just reached there, though she can hardly tell whither she has been except to rush aimlessly back and forth along the rocky paths by Deep Pool—up into the wood and back again. Every horrible thought which can torture her has done so; more than once she has felt her brain reel under some insidious suggestion—whether born of her own half-madness or framed by an invisible power, she cannot decide—to plunge down into the waters; down, down, and let them close over her head and be done.

Edward Bertram is a man who never gives up, and her own father, for all he is so lavish of demonstrations of tenderness, allows no human being to thwart a pet purpose of his, and this marriage is one.

And Jack will die, and she must live on—on! Oh, maybe to grow old, and always to be haunted by the ghosts which have wrecked her life; ghosts of the hopes and dreams slain by her temper and her jealous wrath.

And now she has reached the lawn which fronts on Deep Pool. She passes up the verandah-steps; she crosses the hall and enters the book-room. There is no light, but the moon shines in and falls directly on the eager face of Edward Bertram, who hurries forward, crying:

"I thought you would never get back! They told me you were probably at Seacombe; but you had gone! I have been looking for you ever since."

"I am very sorry. I did not expect you. I—"

"I know—my coming was awfully abrupt. You see, I only just heard this morning—about Jack Ronaldson, you know; Mrs. Drake sent me a telegram. Now, we must go at once to the house. Jack knew me; it will be all right as soon as he hears your voice."

"You—I—"

She stops; either he is mad or she.

"Oh, I forgot!" Mr. Bertram hastens on. "I'm so clumsy! Jack came to me as soon as he reached New York; you had just gone. We got at the bottom of the scandals—for they are such. My dear girl! my poor Fanny! I never dreamed how you had suffered! So I told Jack to come right on and explain the whole matter—"

"You—you got my letter?"

"No—I have had none," he answers. "Never mind now; the thing for us is to get to Jack—"

"What do you mean? What do you want?" she breaks in, pushing him away with the fierceness which has already startled Elinor.

"Mean? Why, to take you to Jack, my dear Fanny," he replies, with a happy little laugh. "Want? Why, to see the nicest girl I ever knew and the best young fellow I am acquainted with made happy for good and all, just as soon as circumstances will permit."

## HUMILITY.

BY HENRY A. PARKER.

A VIOLET in the grassy meadow grew,  
And sun-glints painted it a beauteous blue;  
In pensive thought, it drooped its head so fair  
And said its life was worthless—that the air  
Of that seclusion ne'er its sweet perfume  
Would waft to mortals nor show them its bloom.

The queen passed by one morn; her garment's hem  
Swept through the dewdrops, each a sparkling gem,  
And, stopping a brief time for thought and rest,  
She plucked the flower and laid it on her breast.  
"Oh, blissful thought!" said Violet; "I have seen  
My mission—and it is to please the queen!"

Art thou dissatisfied with what thou art?  
And doth it sometimes seem that, in the part

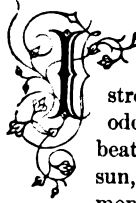
Of life's great drama, thou dost fill a place  
That makes thee do thy acting with ill grace?  
Does discontent within thy bosom dwell—  
Ambition lure thee with its fatal spell?  
Or wouldst thou truest worth and honor know  
And life's unsatisfying gifts forego?

If thou wilt seek some useful humble sphere  
And give thy life's best treasure without fear;  
If thou with humble faith and trust will try  
To treasure up a good beyond the sky:  
Then will the King reach down His hand from  
heaven  
And give thee richest gift to mortals given—  
The "pearl of great price": 'tis a rarer gem  
Than ever graced a queenly diadem.

## THE STORY OF DAGMA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN.

### I.

T was early March in New Orleans. The wind blew strong from the Gulf waters, ninety-odd miles below. The Mississippi beat against the levees, while the sun, shining, adorned it with diamonds, and the wind crested each wave with pearls. In the swamps, a richer life-vein crept through palmetto, moss, and water-plant. Along the river, men were busy in broad plantation-fields, stretching brown to the edge of these swamps, while the magnolia showed gold buds, rich casings of the pure blossom within, and the dewberry threw forth long waving trails of snow-blossom; the thistle stood rich in regal purple on its thorny throne, butterflies floated, the gardens were gay in roses and bridal bloom, clover stood high in the pastures, and late-lingering snipe and duck, sniffing the scent of new hay and orange-blossoms, hastened to hunt the north-wind in cooler regions.

The gardens of New Orleans—those surrounding suburban homes—those surrounding the villa homes of the upper district—those enshrined like beautiful nuns within the high walls of old French town—all had caught the touch of the new spring, all cast their rich odors on the sunshine. And in dark narrow streets, where little urchins bent over green gutters, swimming mimic boats; or in queer old courtyards, where the lumber of junk-shops accumulated; or in dark offices of byways and alleys, where men worked, with thin yellow hands, over books of God-knows-what business; or in the wretched houses, where blackened calico curtains, much torn and handled by years of passing back and forth, hung before the low doorways: in all these, and in a thousand other spots where courses that dark vein of a darker life which flows through all cities, the March wind crept, bringing often that faint sweet odor of orange-bloom. And the boys lifted their faces from the stagnant gutters to see who held flowers; and the men and the women,

in their hard dark lives, felt the breath touch their souls as of something sweeter and purer and better—a whisper of what life might have been—and, under the breath, a stirring of that little heaven-germ scarcely quite dead in any human heart.

Down narrow — Street blustered the wind, making little cyclones among the pots of flowers ranged within the tiny iron galleries hanging like cages before high-up windows, creeping into the courtyards of the old French homes, scoffing at the high walls, and bringing to the enshrined nun-flowers kisses from distant brethren. Seeing the restaurants and the stores, the bar-rooms and billiard-halls, the offices and warehouses, strangers do not dream, as they pass now and then a high wall, that behind that wall is a garden, and, behind the garden, a luxurious home. For the little gateway is scarcely to be distinguished save by its keyhole and the brown knob of the lock, and the big gateway with double doors is also as imperceptible. A passer-by on the opposite side of the street may note, with careless eye, a green vine clinging to the bare brick walls, rising high either side the enclosed courtyard; but, if a stranger, he does not recognize this as the sign of beauties below.

It is rough driving on — Street; the horses' feet clatter as they strike the gray stones; but Dagma Goudain, seated in the Goudain carriage, sat erect, unconsciously swaying a little as the wheels rolled over the uneven street. Her great eyes looked calmly forth from the carriage-window. A close observer might have seen, now and then, little gleams of recognition streaking through the greenish-gray of the iris; yet she was a stranger, and knew only from her father's lips, now silent in death, all the features of this old street in French town.

"It is just what he told me," she thought, as the double green gateway of a high wall opened and the carriage rolled through, and she, all impatient, stepped forth on the gray flagstones.

"Yer will please ter go on. De madam's erwaitin' yer upsta'rs, young missus," said the old coachman, touching his hat.

But Dagma did not heed.

The kitchen and wash-rooms, pantries and store-rooms, and a small study filled the ground-floor of the building, and several servants came forth from the doorways of these, looking at Dagma.

Still she did not heed, but stood a statue in the March sunlight, its gold falling over her mourning-draped figure.

Ah, was it not all just as if his dear words had taken shape? Had they not carved that Neptune for her, rising on his shell from the fountain? Did they not live again in those cool little rivers sparkling down from his trident into the water below? Did they not bloom in the white blossoms of the orange-trees, and hang in gold on the big orange-balls, which had lived all winter among the dark leaves? There were the oleander-bushes, rising gracefully from their big square wooden boxes; the birds, hanging in cages—descendants of those the dear father had known; the vines, creeping all over the high brick walls; the wisteria, bursting into purple blossom; the slender magnolia, each leaf a sparkling mirror in that bright sunlight; and there the row of great yellow Ali-Baba jars, filled with Mississippi water allowed to settle for drinking.

"The sweetest water in the world, he said," whispered Dagma; and then she remembered how he had sighed, as if homesick for the dear river. And then the soft look died on her face, and she moved and crossed over the courtyard and through a small summer-house, and so reached a niche in the high wall beyond.

Here there was a statue of the Virgin. Once the marble had been white, now it was gray and seamed and weather-worn. Every crack, the scarred cheek, the broken finger, all took the voice of the dead father; and, as the shadows of the swaying pomegranate sheltering the statue played over the gray face, almost the daughter thought to hear words from those lips of stone.

"Help me, O Virgin!" she whispered.

A step sounded beside her.

Dagma turned quickly.

"Mrs. Goudain has sent me to show you the way upstairs."

Merely a well-bred mulatto servant-girl

VOL. XCVII—15.

and a respectful message, but the blood surged over the stranger's face, and, as in a dream, she followed, her feet pressing the flagstones with a firm step, her lips compressed, body erect, and eyes looking forth with that cold calm expression, singular in one as young. For Dagma was just twenty.

The stairway, under cover, wound upward from a hall paved with flagstones. The change from the bright light of the courtyard to the twilight of the hall was almost blinding, but, as Dagma reached the upper square hall, she had sufficiently regained sight to note the exceeding grace and slow motion of a tall lady who advanced from a doorway to welcome her. There was no warmth in the white hand extended, and the girl, as coldly, gave her own, cased in its black glove.

"I expected you two hours since."

Again no warmth in the voice.

"The train was late," said Dagma.

"I regret," continued the lady, leading the way into a small richly-furnished library, where a few coals burned in an open grate, and the sunlight fell in two little streams through the bowed blinds, and the wind swept soft through the opened windows, playing with the lace curtains, "I regret that my son is absent, and that I had only Henri to send to meet you. I myself would have gone, but I suffer from neuralgic headaches, and one has unfortunately seized me to-day."

"Thank you, but I have arrived safely," responded the traveler, in a tone evidently meant to stop all further excuses.

"And so, you are Dagma," said the lady, standing now quite still and looking into the girl's face, as she paused by the doorway, where the softened light from the courtyard fell full on her features.

"Yes, Madame Goudain."

"Madame Goudain? We are not foreigners, though we have lived in French-town all these years. Mrs. Goudain, if you please—or Aunt Goudain, which I prefer. Well, you are welcome."

She bent and kissed Dagma's cheek.

"I hope I shall be of some use," said the niece, evidently shrinking from the proffered caress and sinking into the arm-chair half rolled toward her.

"You are tired?" questioned the lady, taking the chair opposite.

"Without doubt, madame."

"Madame?"

"A thousand pardons—Mrs. Goudain."

"So it is Mrs. and not aunt?"

"Aunt, since you prefer," said Dagma, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. "But it is my wish to live here—as—as I wrote," she added, a slight tone of impatience touching the close of her answer, "and I should like directions at once," lifting here her calm eyes.

"Take off your hat, Dagma. Now I can see you better. There is no need of haste. The children must learn to know you first. I take it for granted that your French is pure?"

The girl silently bowed her dark head.

"I regret that the children have not learned French earlier. Your Cousin Louise married a Northern man, and the children lived North till they were four and five. I have had them two years—I was about engaging a governess to talk French with them, when your letter came."

Again Dagma bowed.

"As for directions, I think we had better wait till to-morrow."

"To-morrow will be as good for me as to-day," answered the niece, lifting her large eyes and regarding steadfastly a portrait hanging against the rose-colored wall.

"Your Uncle Edward," said Mrs. Goudain, marking the observant gaze. "He resembles your father somewhat."

"Yes," said Dagma, pressing her lips and still looking steadfastly into the grave face, which seemed to gaze down as steadfastly on her. "Yes," she repeated.

"Your father's portrait has been hung in his room, which is prepared for you."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl, looking gratefully toward her aunt—the voice soft and a swift color rushing into her cheeks.

Mrs. Goudain was as nearly surprised as her even nature allowed. The change was marvelous—as though a dumb instrument, touched by a master hand, vibrated with melody.

"Your Cousin Chancellor does not resemble either his father or your father," she continued, after just an instant of thought. "I was very young when he was born, and he seems more a brother than a son. He is very large and blonde. He will be home, I hope, to-morrow."

"Indeed?" said Dagma, listlessly. She

had again fallen into the passive indifference which, except for one brief moment, had marked her manner during the whole interview.

"Had you any trouble during your journey?" questioned Mrs. Goudain.

"None. One of father's old friends accompanied me to El Paso, and from there it was easy traveling. He met another friend, under whose care I was placed, and who saw me from the train to your carriage. He gave my trunks in charge to a man who entered the train with a book. I suppose they will come safely."

"Oh, yes."

"I would not like to lose them," said Dagma, sighing.

They seemed indeed, at that moment, all that was left of the old home on the border twixt Texas and Mexico.

"You are tired," said the aunt. "I will ring for Patsy to show you to your room," and she stretched forth her white hand and pulled a red bell-cord. "The children dine at one, and the grown folks, Chancellor and I, at six. As it is past the children's dinner-hour, I suppose, for to-day, you will dine at six."

"As you please," said Dagma, rising with, in truth, a very wearied look on her young face. "Just now, I think there is nothing that I want—nothing, except rest."

While she passed up the dim stairway and the faint colors of a subdued skylight fell on her slender figure, Mrs. Goudain, as one puzzled, stood watching.

And thus it was that Dagma entered at last the old Goudain home, toward which her father had turned, in his last days, many longing thoughts, all tender and glowing with the bitter-sweet memories of a dead past.

## II.

IN the French homes of New Orleans, those at least standing on the narrow thoroughfares and behind courtyards in the lower city, there is generally no intricacy of plan—straight halls, regular staircases, stories—counting the lower floor—usually four, rising with rooms evenly piled on rooms below. Only the daintiness of French taste and French furnishing removes monotony and stiffness. The brick walls are broken at regular intervals by long windows opening



on galleries extending across the front of the house—sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes three galleries piled above each other, like those in a theatre.

But the Goudain mansion differed somewhat from the generality of these homes. The great-grandfather from the North, claiming his Creole bride, had wrought various changes, and the son of this marriage, barely overlooking the large business left by the father, had devoted much time to the painting of pictures—the one foible of his strong nature. The wife, a convert to Romanism—like most converts, a devotee—spent much time at prayer. Thus there were odd little rooms introduced from the homes of New England, thus there was left to the house, as an heirloom from the artist grandfather, a paneled studio, rich with rare paintings, and, as heirloom from the devotee, a chapel-room, where a crucifix hung in one alcove, and a Virgin looked forth from another, and candles burned on a high altar. And in these two rooms, side by side, under the roof and in the fourth story, artist and devotee spent many hours—lifted far from the world below, and each, in a way, near heaven.

The house was a poem to Dagma—not the Eastern-touched poem of her own old home, with its three beautiful courts and low adobe walls and flat roofs, where she sat evenings, playing her guitar and singing the songs of the land to her father—but a poem of a strange new life—an art poem. For the mingling of tint—the rich ornament, which yet did not offend—the quaint form of old French mirrors and French chairs and mosaic-laid tables, these all spoke to Dagma, and a voice within answered, and she passed from room to room, as if all had been made for the bloom of her nature.

Nevertheless, a foreign grace touched the girl, and, during that long six-o'clock dinner, which she had eaten with her aunt, Mrs. Goudain's cold regards again rested in puzzled expression on the young face opposite. Several times during the half-hour spent after dinner in the library, she detected her niece's eyes wandering to the face of her dead husband.

"He was a handsome man, your Uncle Edward, Dagma," said the aunt, when once a glance rested longer than usual on the portrait. "Far handsomer in after years. He had a great sorrow," continued Mrs. Gou-

dain, watching her niece narrowly, "and it gave to his whole bearing an air of extreme dignity—even melancholy."

The niece did not answer. She had removed her eyes when her aunt commenced speaking, and she sat perfectly still, the lids drooping, the lashes resting like circles of ink on her cheeks.

"Your father, too, was a handsome man," pursued the aunt, still closely watching.

"I cannot speak of my father to-night," interrupted Dagma, without lifting her eyes.

"I cannot—"

What she intended saying was never known. Louise and Cecil Russeldorf entered—the little grandchildren of Mrs. Goudain. They were pretty little ones—brown-haired and brown-eyed—the Creole, English, and German blood in their veins mingled into that brown type, fast becoming the type of the American nation—well-behaved little creatures, who obediently held forth their hands when told, sat straight on their chairs, and answered grandmamma's questions, like drilled soldiers. They promised to speak French with the new cousin, and to obey her, and to walk with her every day, and give no trouble at meals. As they offered to kiss Dagma at the close of the visit, she received the caress, then, with a sigh, turned again to look into the fire, and presently, pleading fatigue, asked permission to retire.

An expression of relief covered Mrs. Goudain's face when the girl disappeared. She fell into deep thought, and sat immovable as the chair within which she rested, and, when Pierre came, at ten, to close the long windows, he started, seeing his mistress rise in the stillness. There was a deep dent in the cheek, where the fingers of the left hand had left the mark of a two-hours' pressure.

Meanwhile, in the room above, Dagma stood almost as one adoring before that other portrait—the portrait of the dead father. It was like sunlight—that bright boyish young face—yet, under the sunlight, under the grace, under the gentle smile of the proud mouth, the daughter traced the strength and the power and the tender love which she had learned to know as the strongest traits of her father's character.

After she had stood thus a long time, she glanced around the walls of his room; there were two doors hung with rich portières. One opened into the hall—through this she

had entered; the other—Dagma lifted the portière.

"It leads into my Uncle Edward's chamber," she whispered. "Yes," she went on, dropping the portière, "and there are the two windows of father's room, and the others are the windows of my Uncle Edward's room. Two in each chamber, opening on this front gallery. And across the hall are the store-room and the chapel and the studio."

She opened the blind as she spoke, and stepped forth on the gallery and leaned over the railing. She could see the water playing; for a lamp, hung by the house-wall, lighted the courtyard—a dim subdued light, in whose misty glow the scene looked, even more than in daylight, like the picture painted by the words of her father. It was only when Pierre closed the library-blinds that Dagma also awoke from her reverie, and, chilled by the March night-air, shivering, re-entered her room. She heard several other windows close below. Gradually the house sank to silence.

When all was quite still, she opened the door of her room and peered forth into the square hall. The circular skylight above made the gloom into a faint twilight. She could discern three large dark doors opposite—the central one Gothic and double, those either side smaller and single and rounded like arches. She crossed over the hall, stopped before the single door on the right of the Gothic, and, stretching forth her hand, grasped the knob. It turned, but the door did not yield—evidently securely locked. With a gesture of impatience, she moved to the doorway adjoining, and, opening, entered. The room was the chapel. A faint light came from two tinted glass dormer-windows, and Dagma could see, between them, the dim outlines of a marble altar. She crossed herself, lifted a prayer, and stepped softly forward to look through the window on the right of the altar. The roof on this side of the house sloped somewhat.

"Father said there were four dormer-windows—two from the chapel, one from the store-room, and one from the studio," she murmured. "Well, I can see better to-morrow."

Before the altar, she knelt a moment in prayer, then passed to the door, closed it

behind her, and walked to her chamber. Just as she gained it, the rays of a candle streamed in pale-yellow from the stairway below, and Dagma could see her aunt mounting slowly. Her face was pale—it really gleamed forth from the brown hair gathered in a heavy coil—and the soft folds of a white cashmere wrapper added to the ghostliness of her appearance. She did not see Dagma. Her eyes were downcast, but the face had not lost its usual expression of chilly calm. She went quietly within the chapel, leaving the door open behind, and Dagma saw her place the candle on a low shelf by the side of the crucifix, then throw herself prone before the steps of the altar.

It was a study in white: the pallid worshiper lying before the marble altar, the angels and the Virgin shining forth in the light of the waxen taper, and, from the crucifix, the carved face of the Saviour bent as if listening.

But the young girl did not think of this, and there was only the pain of bitter memories in her deep eyes as she shut the door softly, again looking upward to her father's face.

### III.

HIGH noon, and Mrs. Goudain awaited the coming of her son. Seated in the draped window, she made a very elegant picture—thin, tall, stately; sixty years had left no trace of snow on the brown head, no wrinkle on the high smooth forehead. They had robbed the thin lips of red, and had left paler tints in the cold blue eyes, and had drawn a little more the slender aquiline nose; otherwise, Mrs. Goudain had defied time—had walked calmly and serenely down the road of life, unmoved by the sorrows of that life. Self-contained and self-dependent; a cold woman, under whose frigid exterior of Arctic snows there burned for her son a heart all aglow with the fires of love, intense because her only love. The children of her dead daughter—fatherless as well as motherless—held aloof from the grave grandmamma, dutifully receiving their morning and evening kisses, dutifully answering questions, dutifully obeying all commands; but their little arms were never wound round the grandmother's neck; their griefs and their joys were never laid under

her eyes: rather, tears were wiped and laughter hushed when this grave grandmother came toward the nursery-chambers.

Sitting in reverie, a book lying closed on her lap, suddenly a faint flush spread over Mrs. Goudain's pale face. It was the outward sign of a heart-greeting given the beloved son, for the mother had seen her carriage rolling through the gateway below.

The son had been absent three months, yet Mrs. Goudain did not go down to meet him, and, when he at last appeared in the doorway, did not go forward. As one claiming homage, she stood; as one receiving homage, she took the kiss which he pressed on her lips, warming beneath the precious caress. A Hecla, but without sign; a woman of ice without—of fire within.

"Home is the dearest spot, after all, mother mine," said Chancellor Goudain, throwing himself negligently into a great arm-chair and stretching his long legs contentedly toward the fire.

Mrs. Goudain smiled, well content also.

"And what have you been doing, all these weeks?" he asked, springing up suddenly and seating himself in the window beside her.

"Wishing for you, Chancellor."

"And have you been quite alone?"

"Almost. Roselle remained with me two weeks after you left, as I wrote. She will return again in a few days. She is a very charming companion."

"Glad you enjoyed her, mother," replied the son, in a careless tone, and looking, as he spoke, through the windows and down to the courtyard below. "Halloa! there are the young ones just coming in, and—Who is that, mother—the young girl with them? It isn't possible you've carried out your project? You haven't burdened the family with a governess already?"

He turned and looked at his mother as he spoke, a slight frown between the serious eyes.

"Stop, my son—listen," said Mrs. Goudain, laying calming fingers on his arm and speaking slowly. "That governess is—your cousin Dagma Goudain."

"What!" cried Chancellor, looking as if he did not quite comprehend, yet sitting bolt-upright, like one startled.

"Yes, she is here," said Mrs. Goudain, "and we must make the best of it."

"Make the best of it? Mother, I don't understand! How did she come here without my knowledge? Why was I not told? What does this mystery mean?" and Chancellor looked keenly into his mother's face.

"There is no mystery," said Mrs. Goudain, quietly. "You wrote me that, in your wanderings about your mining-business, probably many letters might be lost—that the mails in a Western wilderness were irregular—and I thought it better to await the detail of family matters till your return."

"Family matters?" exclaimed Chancellor. "Surely, not—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Mrs. Goudain, with a peculiar smile; "there is nothing to fear in that quarter. A man of your experience can certainly defend himself, and Dagma knows nothing of the matter, which rests only now between you and me."

"But just tell me how my cousin managed to make her way through these doors?" asked the son, hastily.

"The news of your uncle's death came to us—about three months before your departure, was it not?"

"Yes—I believe so."

"Two weeks later—I think you had been gone two weeks—there arrived a remarkable letter from his lawyer. I will get it," said Mrs. Goudain, rising.

"Spare me the letter now. I will read it another time," pleaded Chancellor. "Tell me the contents as briefly as possible."

"Briefly, then," continued Mrs. Goudain, reseating herself, "the letter stated that your uncle's plantations were heavily mortgaged; that, after the sale of all except the home and the payment of debts, his daughter would be left quite poor and unfit to face the world, having lived all her life in the greatest seclusion and as companion to her father. He then mentioned the father's morbid disposition, his shrinking from men generally, and the fact that he had died without one friend to whom he could confide his child. Of course, you can imagine that the letter closed with an appeal to my generous heart. How would you have answered it, Chancellor?"

"Answered it?" said the son, thoughtfully. "Why, offer to settle so much a year on the girl, and ask the lawyer to find some respectable family who might be willing to retain her for compensation. Anything, mother—"

anything rather than have this cousin in our home—a continual reminder of the disgrace on our name."

"That would have been rather an expensive proceeding," said Mrs. Goudain.

"Expensive? What! was that the reason?"

"You are impatient, my son. Listen! I was perhaps a little influenced by your father's wishes. At any rate, while still pondering over the matter, there came a strange letter from the young lady herself. The lawyer had told her of his communication, and she informed me that her father, on his death-bed, had begged a promise—this promise: to seek shelter under his old home; but she would come only on one condition."

"And that?" demanded Chancellor.

"Employment and independence. Not as niece, not as dependent—but as hireling, receiving wages. Then followed a list of her accomplishments and a description of her personal appearance. Both—the latter especially—were rather startling."

"What did you answer?"

"I wrote that she might come as French governess to the children."

"You did write this? And here she will be for life," said Chancellor, frowning heavily.

"Well, if she remains till Louise is grown, she will relieve me of care," pleaded Mrs. Goudain; "and, by that time, we cannot tell what will happen. I may then be a helpless woman, needing a companion to stay my steps."

"Are you not well, mother?"

"Very well, and happy to have you home, dear son; only—"

"Only?" repeated Chancellor, inquiringly.

"Only sorry to think that I have not pleased you."

"Think no more of that," answered the son, smothering a sigh, as he passed his hand over his brow and smoothed out the frown. "Western experience has taught me that my life is an easy life—too easy for health, perhaps; and this Cousin Dagma shall be," here he smiled faintly, "shall be the crumpled rose-leaf in the life of the Sybarite. By the way—what an odd name! Where did she get it?"

"She's an odd girl," said Mrs. Goudain, looking gravely into the fire. "Her mother was a sort of Creole Mexican—if such a thing can be: that is, the father of your uncle's wife was a Creole, and the mother

of Mexican descent. Your cousin bears her mother's name."

"I suppose she's dark," muttered Chancellor, who had an aversion for dark women.

"I don't know what she is," answered the mother, lifting puzzled eyes. "Her own description is this." And here Mrs. Goudain resolutely unlocked her desk, drew forth a letter, opened it slowly, and read aloud:

"These, Mrs. Goudain, are all the accomplishments I possess. As for my appearance, if you consent to receive me, do not be surprised. I am of many nations, and each has left a trace in feature or color. My complexion is yellow, my eyes green, my nose flat, and my brown hair too curly for beauty. I have good teeth; I believe, rather a good figure; and a foot and hand so small that they are out of proportion to my height, and therefore not pretty. And I write this sitting before my mirror, so that I make not a mistake."

"Why, she must be a monster," observed Chancellor, who had risen while his mother read, and now stood, poker in hand, ready to stir the low fire.

"Not by any means," said Mrs. Goudain, coolly. "But, whatever she may be, my dear son, Dagma is as nothing to you. Her life lies with the children, and she will seldom cross your path, while to me her services will be invaluable. Leaving everything else out of the question, Chancellor," pursued Mrs. Goudain, gravely and impressively, "your Uncle Everett's lawyer is well known here, and imagine: it would not sound well, simply much talk might arise, if it became noised abroad that we had refused shelter to his orphan daughter. You know, for years we have tried—"

"I know," interrupted the son, taking up his hat, "and of course, mother, your far-seeing good sense has gotten the better of my selfishness. Moreover," he added, thoughtfully, "I should remember my father's wishes. I will do what I can for his niece, mother: be assured of that."

"Where are you going?"

"Where? Why, to see the tots and to inspect this newly-imported monstrosity."

"Wait, Chancellor. You have told me nothing of yourself," objected the mother; "wait till after dinner, when the children come. I will send for Dagma to come with them."

"What!" exclaimed the son. "And have this green-eyed cousin hanging like an unknown terror in the dim future? A brave man, mother, always faces trouble at once."

"Then let me have her and the children called here."

"No, thank you, mother; I prefer taking the citadel by storm."

She said nothing more, but stood looking again from the draped casement, watching till he stepped forth into the courtyard below.

#### IV.

CHANCELLOR GOUDAIN was not handsome—not an Adonis—but anyone might have excused the mother's pride as she stood looking down on her son. His broad straight form shot up into the sunlight—a personification of strength and power. The grace of well-knit limbs and good health marked every motion. The features, rather heavy for artistic beauty, yet expressed truth and intelligence, and the keen blue eye won by the kindness of its glance.

Just now, the expression was not a happy one. A heavy frown rested in deep cleft between the eyebrows, as he stalked forward. He would have given half his fortune, if this girl could been tossed back into her distant home. She would always be a roughness in life, vexing his artist eye with her homeliness, recalling the dishonor of his family, recalling a certain solicitation expressed on his father's death-bed, which he could never fulfill, yet which rankled like a thorn—Chancellor having loved his father above all on earth. Like a heavy burden, these thoughts pressed, and it was with no generous welcome that he passed beyond the palm and entered the summer-house, whence came the children's young voices. In the door of the summer-house, he paused and looked forward.

The group gathered without the further arch, and thrown in relief against a background of green foliage, was picturesque. The children were holding Bruno, the great black Newfoundland dog, and Dagma, kneeling, was fastening a garland of brilliant flowers about the shaggy neck. She had thrown back her head and was smiling, while trying to fasten the frail collar. On the ground lay her black hat, filled with rich flowers, and a string of twisted white clover-blossoms shone like a circlet of stars in her

brown hair. The position was singularly graceful. There was glowing color on the rich cheeks, glowing color on the red lips. Was it possible? Could this be the monster he had come forth to meet and face—this creature, blooming and bright and graceful?

The frown deepened. For what purpose had she written his mother that false description of her personal charms?

But was it false? Certainly her skin was yellow, her hair very wavy, her eyes—Chancellor could not see, where he stood, except that they flashed out like stars.

"Reste tranquil, méchant," he could hear her say.

What a soft voice—the girl was deceitful. Bah! What else expect of such a father? And, with this thought, Chancellor stepped forward and showed himself.

His appearance destroyed the pretty group. The children rushed to him, with noisy greetings. Bruno sprang away, bounding toward him, the gay collar hanging in a broken trail, while Dagma, rising, picked up her straw hat, and, gathering the flowers in her hand, settled it soberly over her clover-decked head. She stood then, with eyes downcast, arranging the flowers hastily gathered from her hat, and Chancellor, lifting Louise in his arms, noted the mouth, not smiling now, but strangely serious, and the nose—flat certainly, yet not the nose of the African race. There was a deal of expression in the piquant little feature—nothing heavy—decidedly in keeping with the whole face, which was gentle and starry and lovely, suggestive of Southern lights and Southern flowers and graceful zephyrs. In an instant, all this flashed through Chancellor's mind, and then he thought of his dead uncle and of that dead uncle's disgrace, and the face turned toward Dagma was almost stern in its gravity. He placed the child on the ground, took off his hat, and advanced with extended hand.

"So you are my Cousin Dagma?"

"And you are my Cousin Chancellor," said Dagma, suddenly lifting her eyes, and as suddenly letting them droop, while she stooped to pick up her glove, which had fallen from the flowers she held.

Chancellor also bent, and rescued the glove.

"Thank you," she said, calmly, receiving it.

"Uncle Chancellor, we are learning French," interrupted Louise, tugging at his coat-sleeve. "Look! this is 'une fleur,'" and, laughing, she held a red rose toward him, "and it is 'rouge,' and it is 'une rose.' Mademoiselle is teaching us."

"Mademoiselle?" repeated Chancellor, inquiringly.

"Yes," interposed Dagma. "I have requested the children to call me 'mademoiselle.'"

"Run off, little ones. Go! Take Bruno and finish dressing him. I want to talk to your cousin. Will you sit down?" he asked, motioning to the low bench which ran either side the vine-draped walls of the summer-house.

She hesitated, glanced toward the children, then sank, as if unwillingly, on the gray bench.

"I shall call you Dagma," he said, seating himself near, "and I shall expect you to call me Chancellor."

She did not reply directly, but silently arranged and rearranged the flowers she held in her hand. The face was bent as in reverie, and the work typical of the brain arranging and rearranging thoughts.

"Do you know," she said, suddenly letting the gay bunch drop on her lap and lifting her eyes, which Chancellor remarked were indeed green, though the most peculiarly tinted eyes, as if lustrous and changeable and full of unfolded depths, and, under the long lashes, like pools of water fringed with soft grass-sprays, "do you know that I have laid aside my claim to relationship—simply I mean that it is a French governess who has come into your home?"

"Yes—so my mother says," he replied, shortly, somewhat surprised by the business-like tone.

"That I do not eat your salt and your bread as friend and relative or dependent, but as one who gives service and takes wages?" she persisted, inquiringly, and still keeping her eyes fixed on his face.

"Those are hard words," he answered, looking at her reflectively, "and," he added, with slow distinctness, "utterly untrue. The mere fact of your being here—the mere fact of your seeking this shelter after the death of your father, Dagma—is an acknowledgment of our relationship."

"You are mistaken," answered the girl,

drawing up her head, as a proud young tree beaten by a storm lifts its head from the blast. "Father acknowledged the relationship—I did not. It is by his request—his dying request—that I came here."

"And have you come as he wished?" persisted Chancellor.

She shivered a little, and head and eyes fell. The blast was bitter, but it passed; and she looked up again, strong and straight.

"I have come as I have thought best."

"But not as he thought best," again persisted Chancellor, "not as I think best. You are the daughter of my father's only brother; you bear our name. We are wealthy—my mother and I; we prefer that you live with us as a daughter of the house. Your position here as governess will only create idle talk and uncomfortable complications. Our friends must know you, receive you, visit you, as my father's niece. This foolish talk about independence must be laid aside."

"And why," cried Dagma, indignantly, "why were not all these objections made in the answer to my letter? Why do you wait to give them now?"

"When your letter came," responded Chancellor, firmly, "I was away: I was not consulted."

"So it is only you, and not your mother, who objects?"

"My mother," he replied, gravely, "my mother thought it best to receive my father's niece on any terms."

"It is too late now," said Dagma, eagerly, "it is too late now to object. The terms have all been arranged, and—"

"Pardon me," said Chancellor, firmly; "in this matter, I, as head of my father's house, reserve the right of decision. My mother did wrong, not to consult with me."

"And so," said Dagma, "so you regard your mother's word as nothing—you throw it aside like a broken toy? Brought by that word, I have been taken up from the soil I loved: I have been transplanted here."

"You can be carried back," said Chancellor, coolly.

Dagma shook her head.

"No, scarcely now—scarcely for one year. But in one year—surely, for one year, I may live here as I please? The home-plantation has been leased, and the lawyer thinks he may pay off the mortgage little by little, giving up the rent each year—"

"I know the process," interrupted Chancellor: "a proceeding of years. And, when completed, Dagma, how can you, a young girl, live alone on that exposed borderland?"

"Oh, but that is not necessary. I could marry; I have had some lovers—quite furious lovers. Only my father—he—he would not listen."

Her voice fell here.

"Do you regret them, Dagma?" asked Chancellor, who had been not a little startled by the girl's frank confession.

"The lovers?" she cried, lifting surprised eyes. "Oh, no! One of them sang well, and they all danced well. But," sighing, "that is long ago."

"Well," said Chancellor, "you would not marry a man because he sang and danced well, and you cannot live on that borderland alone; and, after all, Dagma, it is far better to remain here, as I propose."

"I cannot!" cried Dagma, "I cannot."

"You must!" said Chancellor, pressing his lips and looking like granite.

"I will not!" replied Dagma.

Chancellor pulled at his mustache and ran his hand over his forehead. The cleft between the brows deepened.

"You respect the wishes of the dying?" he asked, in a hard tone.

She bowed a silent reply; only her eyes questioned his meaning.

"Then listen, and you will hear why I hold myself, to a certain extent, responsible for your welfare. When my father died, I was away. The end came suddenly—an hour's suffering, all was over. In the midst of that terrible agony, he found strength to say to my mother and to a friend that he wished me to marry you."

"Marry me?" cried the young girl, pressing both hands over her heart and regarding him with wide-opened eyes. "But that is not possible. It cannot be. It can never be."

"As you say," repeated Chancellor, coolly: "it can never be."

"Why, you are too big, and too old, and too cold," continued poor Dagma, the words tumbling over each other, as if piling bricks for a wall of defense, "and—"

"You need not continue," interrupted the cousin. "We both agree that the arrangement is impossible. But you will also agree with me that this request from my father necessarily makes me, to a certain extent,

feel responsible for your welfare. If you remain with us as a daughter of the family, if you go into society with my mother eventually, I have no doubt we shall see you comfortably settled. There are other reasons, too—other reasons, Dagma—why I particularly desire that you enter our home as—as I wish you to enter it. Be assured, they are strong and good."

"You allude," said Dagma, quietly, "you allude to my father's disgrace—to the disgrace which fell on my father's name."

Chancellor hesitated, then went on bluntly.

"Yes, you judge rightly. I am an honest man, and I speak plainly—but for your good. You must see that, taking the position you desire to take in our home, the world will wonder, and, wondering, will point a finger to those dark days, and will say: 'The sin is visited on the child. She is not considered worthy of a higher place in her father's home.' The knife cuts deep," said Chancellor, bending over, not looking at the young girl, but apparently watching a trail of ants winding over the earth at his feet—"you force me to use it."

"Will you," said Dagma, in a voice so constrained and low that her cousin scarcely caught the faint words—"will you tell me about that past?"

"Why open a closed wound?" questioned Chancellor, sitting straight now and looking full on the downcast colorless face.

"Not closed, since it is my heritage," she said, bitterly. "And out of that wound I was born. Texas was the refuge of scoundrels in those days. There he carried his broken life and his broken heart—there he met my mother, who learned to know him and his innocence, and, when she died, there I came to him, and there I too learned to know him and his innocence. And when at last he died, when he died," went on Dagma, her voice thrilled with emotion, "I saw him laid away—Christ's cross in his dear hands, and it was as the emblem of his life—for life had been but a crucifixion. He had borne the sin of another—as Christ our sins. And, knowing this—knowing this, can you think I care—"

"For what the world says? Yes," interrupted Chancellor, his voice touched with unwonted gentleness, "for the world does not believe as you believe."

"Nor do you," said Dagma, regarding



him with hard eyes. "Therefore I ask to be allowed only one year in your home. It will be a year of mourning. If the world, which you fear, ask 'Why does the brother's child live in seclusion?' tell them it is because a great grief has stricken my heart—tell them it is because I wear yet the outward badge of my woe. Oh, yes, I know well it is not for love of me, nor for love of the dear father, that you would call me a daughter of your house. I know that I am only the sign visible of the sin with which you think he has darkened his people, but I throw it all back to you—indifference for indifference—scorn for scorn—because you cannot feel a deeper scorn for what you consider my father's weakness than I for your worldliness, your coward fear of what the world thinks, what the world says. Great strong man—what a timorous one!"

She had risen now, and the anger and scorn in her heart seemed to have heightened her slender figure—sparks seemed to fly from her eyes—the lids rose and fell, as if trying to smother the fire beneath—the cheeks were colorless, but the red lips appeared to burn the hot words on the air and into Chancellor's brain.

"Hush," he commanded, "hush! You willfully misunderstand me. I spoke for your good."

"Misunderstand you? Oh, no, I understand you but too well. The old disgrace must be hushed up, and you offer, as bribe, a comfortable settlement in life. Hear, then: I do not care for your settlements in life—I throw them all away—so," and she flung the flowers in her hand with violence to the ground. "You are honest, eh? I am more

honest. You use the knife for my good? Ah, and I use it for yours. I tell you just what I think—just what I know. You may call me Dagma, and I will call you Chancellor, yes—and you will never again hear me talk as I talk now. All the same, we are far apart, and I know what you think, and you know what I think. There is no mask between us. I have torn off your mask and I have thrown off mine, and I see you with clear eyes, and I judge you with a clear head."

"That is not possible," remarked Chancellor, coldly. "Those who are angry do not see clearly."

"I am not angry now," replied Dagma, standing quietly before him, with hands clasped loosely, "and I do not judge you differently."

"Do you often lose your temper?" he asked, quietly rising, and looming like a tower in the cool green of the vined roof.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, earnestly.

"One whole hour," he muttered, taking out his watch and looking down, with the deep cleft between his brows. "I could compel obedience," he went on, slipping the watch back into his pocket; "but, after all, it is scarcely worth while. Have your way, Dagma. I shall tell my mother that you will pass this year of your mourning in seclusion with us."

Dagma flashed on him a peculiar glance as she stepped soberly out of the summer-house, joining the children and Bruno; while her cousin, heedless of the children's calls, stalking hurriedly past, as if anxious to make up for lost time, re-entered the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GERTRUDE.

BY KATE AULD VOORHEES.

A RHAPSODY upon thy clear blue eyes  
Would not be what you'd care, my love, to prize;  
To praise the glow of each bright thread of gold  
Would be a story quite too often told:  
I would not bring upon thy smooth white brow  
A darkening frown, for it is lovely now.

Just entering upon your teens to-day,  
Laying aside most gladly childhood's play  
And looking forward to the wished-for goal

That stirs an eager hope within your soul  
The womanhood you long for: may it be  
A time of joy and happiness to thee.

Dear Gertrude, to your woman's heart be true!  
Set high your aim—above the ether blue  
There is an Eye that reads your inmost soul.  
Oh, may His arms tenderly round you fold!  
And may His love to you henceforth be given  
And safely lead thy precious soul to heaven!

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### THE LINEN-CLOSET.

BY ISABEL R. WALLACH.

A GOODLY supply of household linens is a necessity in every well-conducted home, yet the expense of providing it comes within the limits of a moderate income.

A closet in which to store the linens is specially desirable, as they appear to far less advantage when placed in drawers or upon scattered shelves.

A very shallow closet will answer for the purpose; but it should be shelved from ceiling to floor.

To exclude dampness, it is necessary to cover these shelves with glazed cloth—pure white being preferred, as a usual thing.

A pretty finish to the shelf—which, at the same time, conceals the wooden edge—can be provided by trimming it with a row of white cotton lace two or three inches deep, which can be bought for four or five cents per yard. This lace is held in place by brass-headed nails driven at regular intervals through a strip of red, blue, or pink tape, running along even with the upper edge of the shelf. Such a finish will not slip from its place, is more durable than lace-edged paper, and is exceedingly effective against the background of white linens.

To guard against disordering as well as dishonest fingers, the linen-closet should always remain locked.

The young housekeeper whose mother has been thoughtful enough to add a stock of linens to her trousseau—which addition, by the way, is fully as important as personal apparel—already possesses the nucleus of a linen-closet. The growth of this is assured, if she will but adhere to the fixed rule that should also govern elder housekeepers in matters of this kind—namely, to replenish her shelves as soon as she is forced to draw upon their reserve stock to supply the household needs.

A roomy closet, and plenty of linens to fill it, is, in the eyes of the true home-lover, a thing of greater beauty and value than the fancy *étagères* loaded with costly bric-a-brac.

Yet, though the space be ample, unless the purse be in the same condition—which, alas! is not always the case—it is not necessary to fill each available nook at the outset.

On the other hand, it is not good to put off purchasing until the linens are imperatively needed, because one then misses the real pride and beauty of a linen-closet, which always lie in its reserve stock—a reserve stock which, although gradually, even slowly if need be, should be ever on the increase.

In the arrangement of a linen-closet, it is best to leave the top shelf for bulky quilts and extra comfortables. Honeycomb and piqué bed-spreads should occupy the second shelf, and, resting upon them, safe from creasing, may lie the laundered pillow-shams and cross-pieces that are held in readiness to replace those in actual use.

The reserve stock of bed and table linens, even when rather scanty, can by skillful arrangement be made to put its best foot forward. Tie napkins and pillow-cases into little sets of six each, with bright tapes or ribbons. The table-cloths and sheets also may be tied in sixes, if your stock permits; otherwise, in sets of three each. All linens should be uniformly folded, and, although the table-cloths may vary in length, they are usually of equal width, and only the extra thickness will betray the difference.

If your reserve stock permits, make the bed-linen and table-linen cover separate shelves, by placing the table-cloths and sheets lengthwise, and flanking them on either side with a pile of napkins for the former, and towels and pillow-cases for the latter. These piles of threes or sixes, if you have many of them, may rest one upon the other, the binding-ribbons tied first one way and then the other, bringing the tiny bows toward the front.

The table-linen that is in use usually finds accommodation in the sideboard; the towels

and bed-linen, however, must occupy another shelf in the linen-closet. These should not be tied in groups because of the inconvenience of such an arrangement.

Homely as they may appear, the reserve stock of kitchen-linen, dish, glass, and roller towels, also tied in groups of six each, deserves its own section in the linen-closet.

So, too, do the neatly-hemmed rags and lengths of cheese-cloth, which make such serviceable dusters, but which so quickly disappear when servants are allowed free access to their hiding-place.

Another pretty addition to a linen-closet, and one better known in Germany and France than in this country, is a set of labels to indicate the contents of the shelves to which they are pinned.

They are usually made of scrim or white sateen, edged with tiny valenciennes lace. They measure five inches by two and a half inches, and the word "Table-cloths," or "Counterpanes," or "Napkins," etc., etc., is embroidered with cross-stitch in the centre of each.

The tape that fastens the lace edge to the shelf, the ribbons that tie the groups in the reserve stock, and the lettering upon the labels usually harmonize in shade.

If you desire to keep your closet in good order, allow no one but yourself access to its shelves.

In replacing linens that have been returned by the laundress, and when removing others for use, observe the following rule: Place the fresh ones at the top of the pile and take those at the bottom into use.

In this way, each piece is used in turn, and the snowiest lie at the top, where they show to most advantage.

To preserve the desirable order and uniformity in the piles of napery which are in actual use, insist upon having them ironed and folded in the same way after every washing.

With a linen-closet thus arranged, you can at any time throw wide the door and with a pardonable pride exhibit your snowy treasures to Mrs. A, the fan-collector, or Mrs. B, whose "craze" runs to ceramics; for, although yours may be less ornamental, they are certainly more productive of comfort and well-being; nor need you, when unexpectedly overrun by an influx of guests, find yourself in the awkward predicament of being "short" of requisite linens which even a surreptitious and hasty laundering can only partly relieve.

## REFORM IN THE KITCHEN.

THERE are so many reforms in progress, it seems time to look after the kitchen, and wake persons to the fact that there is no reason why a kitchen should be the symbol of discomfort. Food is the preservation of health and mind, and its suitable preparation is as "noble" an occupation as any other. The trouble arises from the fact that any sort of room and furniture are "good enough for the kitchen;" the result of this theory is, that no one can blame a refined woman for "hating the ugly place," and becoming morbid and gloomy when obliged to work there.

If the walls are too broken to be whitened or tinted, cover them and the ceiling with cheerful paper. It decreases the amount of wall-paper and protects the wall from chair-backs, to wainscot it to a height of four feet; this ceiling is, of course, to be painted like the doors and window-frames. All of the wood-work, including the wood-box

and cupboards, should be painted to harmonize with the paper.

Carpet the whole floor with a bright clean carpet, placing bound oil-cloth in front of the stove, sink, table, and cupboard; avoid loose nondescript pieces of carpet or anything shabby. Protect the walls behind the stove, sink, and table with washable splashes of oil-boiled red, green, or white; make the window-curtains of the same, and wash them all frequently.

Paint the old wooden chairs some harmonious color, and place a soft bright rocking-chair in a retired corner. There must also be a bracket or high shelf for the lamp, so that the light will be diffused for evening work.

Make some large pretty holders of some thick pliable material, and keep these, the tongs, etc., hung on nails; everything of this kind should be neatly made and kept on particular nails.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a young lady's house-dress, in cream-colored woolen striped with almond-

in straight lines. The jacket-bodice is a novelty: the stripes are arranged by the seams to taper into the waist. Small gilt buttons fasten the jacket, and larger ones adorn the pocket-flaps. Collar and cuffs in Irish lace. The V-shaped opening may be produced at will by merely turning in the corners of the fronts toward the neck. From eight to ten yards of double-fold material



No. 1.

green or beige or copper-color—in fact, any of the pretty light-colored striped woolen fabrics suitable for the early spring. The skirt is slightly draped in front and lifts a little at the right side; the back hangs



No. 2.

will be required for this gown. We would also suggest that this model will be a good

one for making up a striped gingham or a challis.

No. 2—Is a pretty style for making up a stylish plaid woolen or gingham for a little girl of eight to ten years. The epaulettes, collar, cuffs, waistband, etc., are all of English embroidery.

No. 3—Is a walking or traveling costume, in pin-striped serge. The plain round skirt is simply gathered at the waist, and the edge

No. 4.—Home or walking dress, of striped serge. The skirt is finished with a hem, above which is one row of heavy braid, and is slightly draped across the front. The bodice defines a short point back and front, with the material arranged to form a full surplice, crossing from right to left. The inside vest is made by crossing the braid in diamonds over some soft surah to match. The epaulettes are done in the same manner.



No. 3.

No. 4.

is finished by a number of rows of narrow black worsted braid. The jacket opens over a vest of the same, fastened by small crocheted buttons; larger ones adorn the fronts of the jacket. The turnover collar, revers, and edge of jacket, pocket-flaps, cuffs and collar proper to the vest, are all trimmed with rows of the narrow braid to match the skirt. Eight yards of fiftytwo-inch goods will be required for this costume.

A double row of small buttons finishes the sleeves at the wrist, and two large ones are placed upon the skirt, as seen in the illustration. From eight to ten yards of double-fold material will be required; two dozen small buttons and two large ones.

No. 5—We give an illustration of one of the most useful jackets of the day. It may be made in any material, and can be worn over one of the cotton skirts so much liked





No. 5.

or over a blouse-bodice. It is usually lined with a color, and has revers of velvet to con-



No. 6.



No. 7.

trast with the material. Cuffs and collar are also of velvet. In cashmere or surah, it will



No. 8.

be found a most useful addition to the toilette of any young lady.

No. 6.—Coat and pants, of striped flannel, for a boy of eight years. Cap to match.

No. 7—Is a pretty little walking-costume for a little tot of three to four years: made



No. 9.

of soft cashmere or camel's-hair, with a gathered surah yoke, frill for the neck, and waistband and rosette of the same.

No. 8—Is a model quite new for the dress of a little girl of five to six years. It is made of Scotch plaid, with the inside yoke of plain cashmere tucked back and front. The revers are of velvet, as also the wide belt and cuffs. For a wash-dress in plaid gingham, make the inside yoke of plain gingham, also the revers, cuffs, and belt.

No. 9—Is a useful school or home dress, called the "Doris," for a girl of ten years. It is made of self-colored French foulé, serge, or cashmere, with yoke and cuffs of velvet. The sleeves and neck of bodice are shirred on a heavy cord. Three tucks or rows of narrow velvet ribbon edge the skirt above

the hem. This model will serve well for a wash-dress of plaid or striped gingham, using plain gingham of the darkest color, for the yoke and cuffs, also making a sash of the same material, instead of a waistband as in the illustration.

No. 10—Is a simple model for a house-dress, for a young lady, suitable for either a striped or figured challis, sateen, or gingham. The skirt is plain, and the front and sides are trimmed by a wide and a narrow flounce of embroidery. The surplice-bodice is edged



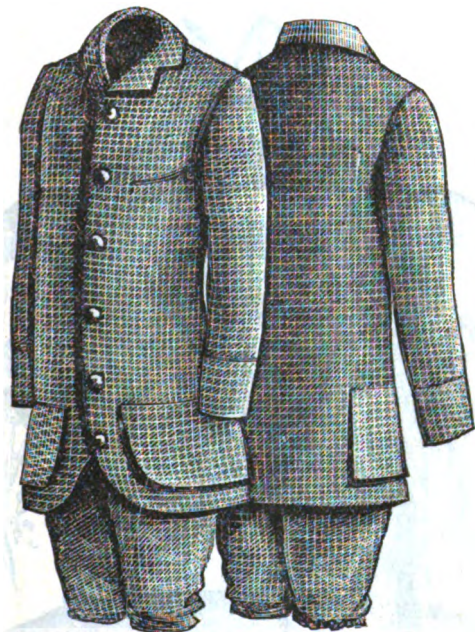
No. 10.

with a still narrower piece of embroidery. A wide sash of surah corresponding with the prevailing color of the dress ties at the back with a long loop-and-ends. From twelve to fifteen yards of single-width material will be required. This model may be used for an evening-dress of striped black lace, with a wide and narrow flounce on the edge of the skirt, also for a striped gauze in any evening shade, made over a silk slip of the same color.



## BOY'S SUIT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, the entire pattern for a suit for a small boy—coat and pants. It consists of seven pieces:

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT OF COAT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

Nos. 3 and 4. ONE LEG OF PANTS.

No. 5. POCKET OF COAT.

No. 6. COLLAR OF COAT.

No. 7. SLEEVE OF COAT.

The letters and marks show how the pieces join. Our model is made of a fine-checked cloth.

## ROSE, IRIS, AND GOLDEN-ROD, IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On our Supplement, we give a design for in wash-silks, in the natural colors of the either outline or solid embroidery, combining flowers, stems, and leaves, on pongee, China the national flowers of England, France, and silk, satin, or plush. Claret or garnet colored satin will be a good background and America. The design will be suitable for a sofa-pillow, small screen, or scarf-end. Work bring out the colors of the flowers.

## DESIGN FOR DUSTING-APRON OR BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a design for an apron—or of gray or brown holland. It a dusting-apron or for a duster-bag. The can be done in colors, in outline-stitch, but material can be either white cambric—if for black silk will probably look the best.

VOL. XCVII—16.

(289)

## THREEFOLD LAMP OR CANDLE SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The three panels are bordered with plush or painted. A satin bow at the top, of the and filled in with tightly-stretched canvas, centre panel finishes the screen. The back may be either pink or cream-color. The designs in the centre of each panel are either embroidered China silk.

## PATTERNS FOR DRAWN-WORK, SUITABLE FOR TOWELS, TABLE-CLOTHS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a number of designs for drawn-work. The embroidery-hoops are less useful for drawn-work than a frame made of the size of an ordinary matte frame. Wrap the frame with strips of muslin, sew the linen in and stretch it tightly, being careful to have the wrong side toward you, upon which work. Of course, before doing this, the thread must be drawn and hemstitched, the strands together, two by two or four, according to the texture of the linen; if it is coarse, two are enough.

The cross-pattern or the wheel-pattern can be made large or small, according to the depth of the pattern. The wheels, crosses, etc., are gone over, two, three, four, or five times, according to one's taste.

## BED OR WALL POCKET, ORNAMENTED WITH PEACOCK-FEATHERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pretty pocket is first made up of silk cord, with a plume at both ends, ties in a bow, by which the pocket is suspended. This will serve as a suggestion for a variety of articles for household ornamentation, in which the peacock-feathers can be used to advantage.

## DESIGN IN BRAIDING OR STEM-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Our colored work-table design for this month is a very pretty one for braiding the front of a dress or jacket. As braiding is one of the newest and most stylish modes of ornamenting dresses and wraps, the pattern is most appropriate, as the garments can be prepared for spring wear. We have seen this design done in stem or Kensington stitch, with very coarse black silk, and it is most effective and very quickly accomplished. Narrow black worsted braid is generally used for braiding.

## POCKET FOR SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

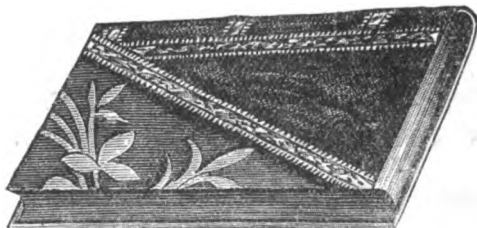


This useful pocket should be suspended upon the inside of the bed-room closet or wardrobe door. It is to be made of gray linen or canvas, with some simple design embroidered in crewels. The edges are bound with either ribbon or worsted braid. The back should be lined with a stiff card-board and covered before the outside is put on. The pockets are plaited at the sides, to give the proper fullness.

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## BOOK-COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Covers for books and magazines are now quite the rage. They are usually made of some old brocade, combined with plush. The joinings are concealed beneath a rich galloon that corresponds in coloring with the brocade. For magazines, make the cover of some stout canvas or linen, in écreu or gray, and either paint or embroider some simple design, such as poppies, daisies, pansies, etc., upon the outside, with the addition of the lettering of the word "Magazine," which may be outlined with gold thread.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**MAKING HOME ATTRACTIVE.**—If you wish to keep your boys at home, begin as early as possible to train them in the love of it. Make home the centre of pleasure, and not a place where a growl is heard in the morning, and a lecture at night. Mothers who permit their boys, even of ten and twelve, to foster a love of other places than the home, may expect to reap a harvest of sorrow before their children are well in their teens. It rarely happens that boys are so willful as to ruin themselves, but many are ruined by their parents. If you make home a prison, the boys will be waiting to escape therefrom at the earliest opportunity. Give them games, books, companions, hobbies—anything reasonable to attract them. It is very easy for a mother to murmur: "I am glad to have a moment's quiet, now the boys are out." And she urges them out, in order that she can take her ease. But all the talking in the world will not bring the boys back to her side once she has encouraged, even driven, them to seek their pleasures elsewhere. The boys grow up, and year by year they get to love outside entertainments rather than the quiet humdrum of the fireside. At twentyone, they become club-frequenter, theatre-goers, or street-saunterers, with companions of doubtful habits. Then they develop into married men who like the clubs better than home and their wives' society. The future habits and tastes of boys depend very much upon the mother, and she is to blame if they dislike home. Even if a father is inclined to scare the boys away from the hearth, there are a thousand and one ways by which the mother can counteract this influence. But she must begin early, before the boys are into their teens, and afterward she should use every art to make home the "golden milestone" of her children's lives. Train the boys to love home, and they will never like any other spot so well.

**THE FIRST ORDER OF MERIT.**—The Boston Journal of Education says: "'Peterson's' stories are of the first order of merit. Its fashion department presents the freshest Parisian novelties, and its numerous engravings are invariably artistic in design and finish."

**STALE CHEESE** may be grated and dried, and is available in numerous dishes. The custom of serving grated cheese with apple and other fruit pies and puddings is a good one, which might be more commonly adopted.

**MANNERS.**—Much has already been written upon good manners, but it is a most fertile theme, and too much can hardly be said about it. A new leaf in the book of manners requires to be turned over. There is too great laxity in almost everything in this our day—too much brusqueness, too little reverence for anything human or divine.

Nothing ought to be pleasanter or more exalting to our minds than social intercourse, and this may be made pleasant, or the reverse, by the due observance of good manners. When we come to look back upon our lives, we must own, every one of us, that we have liked best those among our acquaintances who have drawn out the most of the good that is in us, who have kindled the strongest desire to increase our knowledge, and to raise the standard of our thoughts. The foundation of every human soul is goodness.

Good nature, benevolence, and consideration should always have a place in our intercourse with others. It is too true that to run down our neighbors is often more amusing than to speak well of them. There is much in everyone, if we have the wit to do it, which can be caricatured; but it is a most dangerous pastime.

**EMBROIDERED TABLE-LINEN.**—It is so much the fashion just now to use embroidered table-linen, that much taste may be exercised in the choice of colors with which to work; a mixture of crimson, pale-blue, and brown silk looks well upon cream-colored damask, while blue or pink has a good effect on a white background. The fringe may be cut off and replaced by a colored thread lace—or, better still, may have some strands knotted into it of the same-colored silk as that used in the embroidery.

**CATARRH CURED.**—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

**SUBSCRIBERS,** when changing their residence, will please notify us promptly of the fact, giving both the old and new address. Neglect of this often causes the loss of the magazine.

**A FRIEND IN NEED.**—Take a piece of gray linen, one yard long and twelve and one-half inches wide. Cut in one edge eight scallops, two and one-half inches deep, and bind with red braid. Fold up a pocket, four inches in depth, on the other side, and bind at the ends. Stitch eight divisions in the pocket, and over it fold the scallops, in which have been worked the buttonholes to fit the little buttons put on the pockets. Mark the pockets, in order, "Sewing-Silk," "Elastic," "Tape," "Thread," "Pins," "Needles," "Cotton," "Buttons." Then take two pieces of linen, each five inches long and one and three-quarters inches wide; bind each piece separately, and then blind-stitch together, leaving one end open. Mark this piece "Scissors." Now take four of the division-seams and sew to the piece made for the scissors. This gives the whole the appearance of a book. Sew strings to the outside edges and open the outside cover. Draw in ink some fancy design, with the words below: "A Friend in Need."

**A CHILD'S TOY.**—Here is a description of a toy which will cost nothing to make, and can be very easily made by a child: Get a baking-powder can, punch two holes in the bottom of it; get a piece of string and pass it through both holes; tie a knot in the string, and loop it over a stick just large enough to hold in the hand; let the child turn it round and round rapidly, when it will produce a weird fantastic sound. We have known this simple toy to amuse the little ones for hours, where other toys have failed.

Another pleasant and profitable mode of instructing and amusing children is to get common wooden tooth-picks, give them an old pair of scissors, and let them cut the tooth-picks into large and small lengths, and then form them into the letters of the alphabet or into words or numbers or grotesque figures.

**ON GETTING ONE'S OWN WAY.**—Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their whims usually indulge in the most capricious desires. They will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others requires that they should be thwarted than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining their wishes. Consequently, they will, in general, sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. Parents should recollect this before it is too late to teach children habits of thoughtfulness and consideration.

**A PRETTY ORNAMENT.**—A subscriber says: "I think the engravings in the magazine so fine that I am going to take them out, arrange or mount them, and then make a pretty cover. It would be an ornament to any table."

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Ready For Business; or, Choosing An Occupation. A Series of Practical Papers for Young Men and Boys.* By George J. Manson. New York: Fowler & Wells Company.—In this work, the author presents what might be called an inside view of the various trades, businesses, and professions, considers the opportunities afforded by each, shows what is to be done in order to acquire a knowledge of them, how much education is necessary and how it can be obtained, the chances for employment, and the probabilities of success. It is just what parents need that they may be able to decide intelligently for their sons, as to what shall be their life-work, and certainly every young man should read the book carefully.

*The Fair Puritan.* By Henry William Herbert. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is an historical New England romance, with its scene laid in the latter part of the seventeenth century, which witnessed the first successful resistance to the exactions of the British Crown. A special interest will attach to this last work of Frank Forrester, from the fact that after his death the stereotyped plates were mislaid, and have only recently been discovered after a lapse of over thirty years. Several of the characters are historical personages and are drawn with great fidelity. The plot is at once dramatic and natural and is skillfully worked out.

*Adrift.* By Julia Detto Young. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is literally, as the author says, "A Story of Niagara." The scene is entirely laid there, which of itself would give a certain interest to the novel. The book is, however, worth reading for its own sake; combined with some thrilling tragic incidents, there is much quiet humor, good character-drawing, and entertaining narrative.

*My Good Friend.* By Adolph Belot, translated by Edward Wakefield. New York: Worthington & Company.—This is one of the most interesting stories Belot has produced in a long time. While free from the risky scenes and incidents which mar so many of his novels, it is full of interest, and the delineation of character is capably done.

*Dosia.* By Henry Greville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson Brothers.—This author's tales of Russian life are far superior to her other works, and the present story is the very best of that series. The publishers have issued the book in their twenty-five-cent edition of novels which has proved so popular.

*A Famous Wrestler.* By Josephine M. Bates. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This story is told in an exceedingly dramatic way; the characters stand out distinct and individual, and the plot is so well managed that its unfolding remains a secret to the closing chapters.

*A Life's Remorse.* By the Duchess. J. B. Lippincott Company.—This prolific author has adopted

a new vein in her present novel. The plot is interesting, and the leading incidents, though somewhat melodramatic, are kept within the limit of probability.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

### NO. XVIII. AFFECTIONS OF THE EAR—CAUSES, ETC.

Next in importance to the care of the eye-sight comes attention to the sense of hearing. Mothers should bear in mind the fact, that apparent stupidity in the child is often owing to dullness of hearing. The brightness of intellect seems to be clouded in these cases, and the boy or girl will give a questioning look at our remarks, and often appear dazed, especially if we speak somewhat rapidly. The force of our expression, or full meaning of our language, cannot be clearly gathered up, and we often have to repeat words or queries.

It is important for mothers to investigate with us briefly the causes that may lead to any impairment of this valuable function:

In a broad sense, as in very many affections that befall us, frequent attacks of nasal catarrh or "colds in the head" generally are the prolific causes of ear-troubles: often produced, too, by leaving the head uncovered when one goes from a hot room into a cold one, or out into the chill cold air at the front door; or in remaining too long in taking leave of their little visitors when going from a warm room, and overheated perhaps by their play; or coming into cool rooms after active romping or playing in the warm open air; or from the hot street, after doing sundry errands, in a profuse perspiration, and going into a cool room and throwing off their hats and other light coverings—perhaps also seize a fan and commence rapidly to "make air," as the Germans express the act, to hasten the cooling-off process! Ah, yes! such imprudence does indeed too often in a short time cool them off—for all time to come! Such acts are too often followed by illness and frequently by death! Mothers should be impressed with the danger attending such conduct—though, no doubt, at the time, it seems trifling—and guard against the possible mishaps that may ensue from the want of a little thoughtful care. It is well to let children run, romp, and play; but the head should never be left uncovered when overheated, nor exposed to draughts of cold air or sudden changes from a high to a low temperature. The ears should be protected, too, when bathing in salt or sea water, by a little pledget of cotton or wool, to prevent the entrance of the irritating water.

The boxing and pulling of children's ears at home or at school should be carefully avoided, as these inhuman acts are often followed by serious mischief. To show the importance of this subject and to impress parents more fully, we will give a few statistics: In Philadelphia, there are four hundred deaf-mutes in the Institute for Deaf and Dumb, and about one thousand outside of the schools. The cause of deafness among these, though set down by the census returns as being congenital in more than one-half of the cases, yet more careful inquiries show that, in sixty per cent., the deafness is acquired. Of nine thousand instances where the cause has been clearly ascertained, more than one-third are ascribed to scarlatina and measles; and, among pupils in the public schools of the city, there are quite a large number found with defective hearing in one ear, and about one-third of the number in both ears.

In concluding this subject, we deem it proper to remark—though we hardly expect any heed to be given to our advice—that the low-necked and sleeveless dresses of women, worn especially at evening-parties, are fruitful causes of "colds in the head," as well as laryngeal and bronchial irritation and congestion—sowing and germinating the seeds of consumption where there is the least predisposition thereto, as well as being a great source of diseases of the ear.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

FINE PERFUMES.—Nothing about a lady's toilet is of more importance than her selection of perfumes. Fine perfumes should possess fragrance, delicacy, and permanence. Such exquisite odors as *Amorita*, *May-Blossom*, *Stearns' Four Roses*, *Euxenia*, and *Olive-Blossom* are a source of delight to the user. Messrs. Frederick Stearns & Co., of Detroit, Michigan, the manufacturers of these and many other delicious scents, have by the unvarying superiority of their productions placed themselves at the head of the perfumers of the United States.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE brings into midwinter visions of the fragrance and beauty of the spring. Send for it and for some of the good things it offers. Start your own cannas and castor-oil beans and nasturtiums. Get a few bulbs of oxalis, roses, and lilies. Start them in hot bed or cold frame or the bright window of a warm room, and you will get twice the results in beauty for your money, and twenty times your reward in delight from the enjoyment of watching their early growth.

Vick's Floral Guide really costs nothing, for the ten cents you send for it can be deducted from first order. Write at once for it. Address James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y.



LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?—Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Floraplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

IT IS A WELL-KNOWN FACT that bread made with yeast, if eaten before it becomes stale, frequently ferments again in the stomach, producing indigestion. Bread raised with Royal Baking-Powder, instead of yeast, is entirely without this defect and is one of the most effectual preventives of indigestion or dyspepsia.

In bread made with Royal Baking-Powder, the saccharine properties of the flour are preserved and the bread is made more nutritious. The destruction of flour caused by the production of the leavening gas when yeast is used is estimated at ten per cent. Ten per cent. more bread is baked, therefore, with the Royal Baking-Powder, from the same quantity of flour.

The Royal Baking-Powder will also make sweet white bread from an inferior quality of flour. Thus, much flour that, although possessing all the nutritive qualities, is dark in color, and therefore cheaper, can be utilized and turned into a perfectly sweet and wholesome bread.

Bread made with Royal Baking-Powder does not require mixing over-night, but may be prepared ready for the oven in a few minutes—an advantage that will be readily appreciated by every housekeeper. Being so quickly and easily made, it can be had fresh daily.

Families that have become familiar with bread made in this way are loud in its praise and will not use bread made from yeast.

The best receipts for making all kinds of bread without yeast will be mailed free, upon request, to anyone not familiar with the methods.

Address the Royal Baking-Powder Company, New York.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### MEATS.

*To Boil a Loin of Mutton.*—Skin the loin; remove all the bones; put it in a large saucepan; pour upon it a pint of cold water and a cupful of catsup; let it stew for three hours; turn the meat often whilst it is cooking. Just before the mutton is done, pour over it a gravy made by stewing together the skin and the bones, one onion, some parsley, thyme, pepper, and salt; pour off the gravy when it is done, and have

ready to pour it over the mutton. Let it stew for five minutes, and then serve.

*Beefsteak, With Potatoes.*—Cut the steaks into thin slices, beat and season them with pepper and salt, dip them into a little melted butter and broil them. When done, put them into a dish before the fire, and fry potatoes to a fine brown color. Serve with the following mixture laid underneath: parsley chopped fine, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt.

### DESSERTS.

*Beignets Soufflés.*—Put about one pint of water into a saucepan with a few grains of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and as much sugar, with plenty of grated lemon-peel. When the water boils, throw gradually into it sufficient flour to form a thick paste; then take it off the fire, let it remain ten minutes, and work into it three or four eggs, reserving the whites of one or two, which you whisk into a froth and mix into the paste. Let it rest a couple of hours, then proceed to fry by dropping into hot lard pieces of it the size of a walnut. Serve piled on a dish, with powdered sugar over, and a lemon cut into quarters, or make an incision in each beignet and insert a small piece of jam or jelly.

*Prince Albert Pudding.*—Six ounces of flour, six ounces of butter beaten to a cream, four eggs, six ounces of raisins chopped very fine, six ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, flavored according to taste with either lemon or almond; boil three hours.

### CAKES.

*Gingerbread Nuts.*—Mix twelve ounces of flour with three ounces of ginger, six ounces of butter, four ounces of brown sugar, and as much treacle as will make it into a stiff paste. Roll it out in square form, cut it with a knife, but not quite through the paste, into small squares; put it on a buttered baking-tin, and bake for half an hour in a slow oven. Ground coriander-seeds, also cinnamon, may be added.

*Hominy Muffins.*—Three cupfuls of cold boiled hominy, stir in three cupfuls of sour milk, add half a cupful of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and three eggs, which should first be well beaten; one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in hot water; and, lastly, one large cupful of flour. The excellence of these depends upon thorough beating and quick baking.

*Griddle-Cakes.*—Twelve ounces of flour, two ounces of butter rubbed into it, and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat an egg, strain it, and mix it with as much cream or milk as will make a stiff paste. Bake it on a griddle; a new frying-pan answers instead.

### MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

*Potato Sausage.*—Of cold veal, finely chopped, add the same quantity of cold mashed potatoes, and season with pepper and salt to the taste. Make it out in small cakes, flour them, and fry them a light-brown. They may be fried in sau-

sage-gravy, if you have any left. Cold potatoes left from dinner will answer for this dish.

**Ham Toast.**—Scrape or pound some cold ham, mix it with beaten egg, season with pepper, lay it upon buttered toast, and place it in a hot oven for three or four minutes. Dried salmon, smoked tongue, potted meats, or any other relishing viands, answer equally well upon toast.

**Breakfast Dish of Cold Meat.**—Cut the meat in pieces about an inch square; put them into a stewpan with some butter or a little of the cold gravy. Season with pepper and salt. As soon as the meat is very hot, add a little flour to thicken the gravy, and serve.

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## FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

**FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY SERGE.** The skirt is laid in wide plaits and falls in straight lines; plain bodice, forming a vest under the brown cloth jacket-bodice, which fits well over the hips; the rolling collar and cuffs are finished with bands of braid. Hat of brown felt, trimmed with loops of red and pale yellow ribbon.

**FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, FOR LIGHT MOURNING.** The skirt is of black cashmere, trimmed on either side with bands of passementerie; it opens in front, at the sides and back, over a plaited black silk skirt. The bodice has collar and revers of the passementerie opening over a plaited black silk vest. Hat of black felt, trimmed with black silk loops.

**FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN PLAID AND PLAIN WOOLEN MATERIAL.** The skirt is of the plaid and is without looping. The overskirt is of the plain woolen, quite short at the back, where it is looped under, also short at the right side, but long on the left side. The bodice is round, with a belt of the plain material, and opens over a bias vest of the plaid; pointed tabs of the plaid meet the fullness of front of the bodice. Hat of black felt, trimmed with a wreath of green leaves; butterfly-bow under the brim.

**FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF SULPHUR-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING.** The demi-train is trimmed with a pinked ruching of black silk. The front

of the dress is figured in black, and at the sides are four rows of deep black fringe. The bodice is of the plain material, with a Spanish jacket of black silk, trimmed with passementerie. Sleeves reaching to the elbow, with black silk cuffs.

**FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF LILAC HENRIETTA-CLOTH.** The skirt is plain, the bodice round and worn with a waistband of black ribbon, with long loops and ends. The capes are composed of two shades of Henrietta-cloth, and the small hat is of the same material.

**FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF HAVANA-COLORED AMAZON-CLOTH.** The skirt is braided irregularly about the bottom; the deep coachman's-capes of the Amazon-cloth are lined with silk and stitched by the machine, as is the deep turned-down collar.

**FIG. VII.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, FOR EARLY SPRING.** It is trimmed with white lace and a large cluster of flowers.

**FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS, OF BLACK LACE,** made coronet-shape in front, and in the folds of the lace are loops of lilac ribbon.

**FIG. IX.—THE FIJI BONNET, OF VIOLET-COLORED PUCKERED VELVET,** with a coronet-brim in gold braid on a light-violet ground; on the top is a tropical bird with wings and tail, forming an aigrette.

**FIG. X.—CAPE FOR SPRING WEAR, OF TARTAN PLAID, LINED WITH DULL-RED SILK;** the lower cape is deeper than the upper ones, the middle one being quite narrow; these capes are pointed in front; upright collar.

**FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STRIPED CAMEL'S-HAIR.** The skirt falls straight at the back; in front, it is slightly draped on the right side; below, the simulated skirts are cut rather on the bias, to correspond with the upper skirt. The bodice is made on the bias of the stuff, and the lines meet in points both back and front; the deep flaps, which are trimmed to appear double, are attached to the bodice, and reach all the way around. The capes and sleeves are also bias. Hat and plume to correspond with the dress.

**FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FANCY PLAID.** The skirt falls in full straight lines at the back, is plain and draped just enough at the top to make it hang well; the short jacket opens over a double-breasted waistcoat, with revers cut on the cross, and two rows of buttons. High chemisette in plain ponce or surah silk. Felt hat, with plume and deep veil.

**FIG. XIII.—WRAP, OF BLACK JETTED SILK.** It is cut cape-shape at the back, and forms sleeves in front, with high shoulders, and is edged with a row of jet beads; the front is gathered at the waist and terminates in two long ends, edged with silk fringe; a waistband of black silk ribbon, with long ends and loops, is confined in front with a jet buckle.

**FIG. XIV.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW,** with a daffodil-colored quilling around the edge on the

inside; under the brim is a loose bow of black ribbon; the trimming on the outside is of daffodil silk and a yellow tulip.

FIG. XV.—SLEEVE, OF BLACK CASHMERE, made quite full at the top.

FIG. XVI.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF DOVE-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is plain and plaited to bodice, which is put full both back and front to a yoke of gray silk, covered with black Spanish lace; the trimming around the edge of the bodice, the collar and cuffs, correspond with the yoke. Brocade may be used with good effect in place of the gray silk and Spanish lace; gray hat, with pointed front, trimmed with a cluster of ostrich-tips.

FIG. XVII.—NEW STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR. The small light curls fall loosely on the forehead, and the knot on the top of the head is carelessly twisted.

FIG. XVIII.—CYCLING-DRESS, CONSISTING OF JACKET AND SKIRT, OF GRAY OR BLUE TWEED OR SERGE; both jacket and skirt are ornamented by rows of braid, but machine-stitching may be used if preferred; the jacket is made to button across the chest if necessary; the blouse-bodice is of thin white flannel, tucked in front and worn with a pointed belt; the gaiters are of cloth to match the dress in color; cycling cap.

FIG. XIX.—RIDING-HABIT, IN LADY'S-CLOTH OF A DARK-GREEN COLOR. The close-fitting bodice is buttoned in front, leaving a small opening to show off the flat tie, in either cambric or washing-silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new spring goods come in various shades of rich but somewhat pale colors, and many stripes, plaids, and patterns woven on the edge promise to be fashionable. These goods are all more or less conspicuous, and, if the wardrobe is a limited one and has to last some time, those made of plain materials do not show the date so markedly and do not tire the eye so soon.

*Light-browns, dull crushed-strawberry, violets, lilacs, and willow-greens* will all be fashionable for spring wear.

*Many of the plaids* are cut bias, but, with the present fashion of straight lines, they are most difficult to make hang well; a bias plaid bodice is, as a rule, more becoming than a straight plaid one, but stout people should beware of all plaids.

*Stripes* look better if the wearer is not too tall, but dresses of a plain material will be found the best. If the person is full below the waist, just the least bit of draping shows the figure less than perfectly straight lines.

*The princess dress*, which has the body and skirt cut in one, is still much worn and is suitable to nearly everyone.

*Paniers*, the added drapery about the hips, which were so fashionable some years back, are again seen on imported dresses, but have not as yet grown to be generally popular. A width of

silk or a very wide scarf will make these paniers; the silk or scarf is gathered and nearly meets under the bodice in front, is carried over the hips, and passes into the plaits at the back, or tied in a large flat bow behind. But as yet the repetition of straight full skirts still goes on, draperies and loopings are but little worn. Probably, when the thin summer gowns make their appearance, the paniers will be more in favor, for light materials look better when made in a less stiff fashion.

*Bodices* continue to be a good deal trimmed and in a variety of fashions.

*Sleeves* are still high on the shoulder, and many of them more eccentric every day; the moderately full leg-of-mutton is perhaps the most becoming, and none, even of the plainest tailor-made gowns, are very tight to the arms.

*Velvet and silk sleeves* are much worn in woolen dresses, and the collar, cuffs, or revers are usually of the same material as the sleeves.

*Wraps* for the spring are very varied, but the easily-adjusted comfortable cape or series of capes are the most general. For more dressy occasions, short mantles with long ends in front are worn, and jackets are also in favor; these are not worn very long, and are made in various styles with regard to the vests, a slight fullness at the top of the high sleeves and frequently braided or trimmed with passementerie.

*Bonnets and hats* differ but little in shape from those worn during the winter. As a rule, the bonnets are quite small, and hats are equally fashionable in large picturesque shapes, or in the small capote or turban styles, which are quite close-fitting to the head.

*The diadem-shaped bonnet* is becoming to many faces and is a pretty fashion for elderly people, though by no means confined to them; without strings, they look extremely youthful.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE. The skirt is laid in rather narrow side-plaits; the waist is plaited to correspond with the skirt, but the plaits are stitched tight; sleeves loose at the bottom, put into a straight band; ribbon sash around the waist; the capes are of terra-cotta colored camel's-hair, as are the stockings and the felt hat and trimmings.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED. Knickerbocker trousers; long plaited coat, with cuffs, revers, and vest of dark-blue cloth, feather-stitched; dark-blue felt hat.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE, trimmed with rows of braid of two different widths, or black velvet may be used. The full bodice is arranged with a series of tucks forming a square yoke. Belt and collar trimmed with braid. Wide sleeves finished off with deep close-fitting cuffs.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1890.

What Easter Brought. By Katharine Allen (Illustrated), . . . . .	381	The Story of Dagma. By Miss Alice Bowman, . . . . .	368
A Tell-Tale Window. By Alice Maud Ewell, . . . . .	387	Deeds, Not Years—A Poem, . . . . .	378
A Woman's Heart—A Poem. By Agnes L. Pratt, . . . . .	342	What Susan Did. By Elva J. Smith, . . . . .	374
A Magnificent Marriage. By Lucy H. Hooper, . . . . .	343	Things Worth Knowing: Easter Eggs, . . . . .	376
A Noble Woman. By Harriet Latham, . . . . .	351	The Industrious Clothes-Moth, . . . . .	377
In One Morning. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	358	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . . . .	378
True Manhood—A Poem, . . . . .	359	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	388
A Self-Exile. By Jonas Jutton, . . . . .	360	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	389
To a Friend on Her Wedding-Day—A Poem. By Mrs. Pidsley, . . . . .	362	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	390
		Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	390
		Fashions for April (Illustrated), . . . . .	391
		Our Paris Letter, . . . . .	393
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . . .	394

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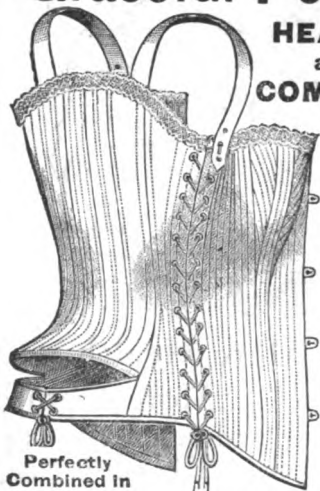
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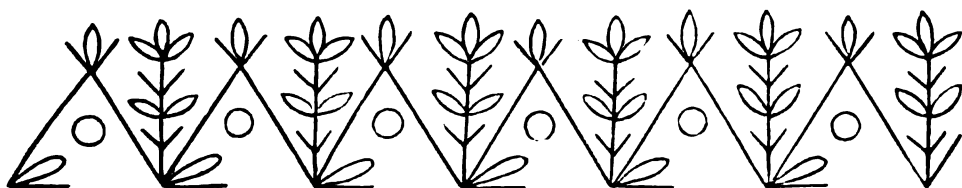
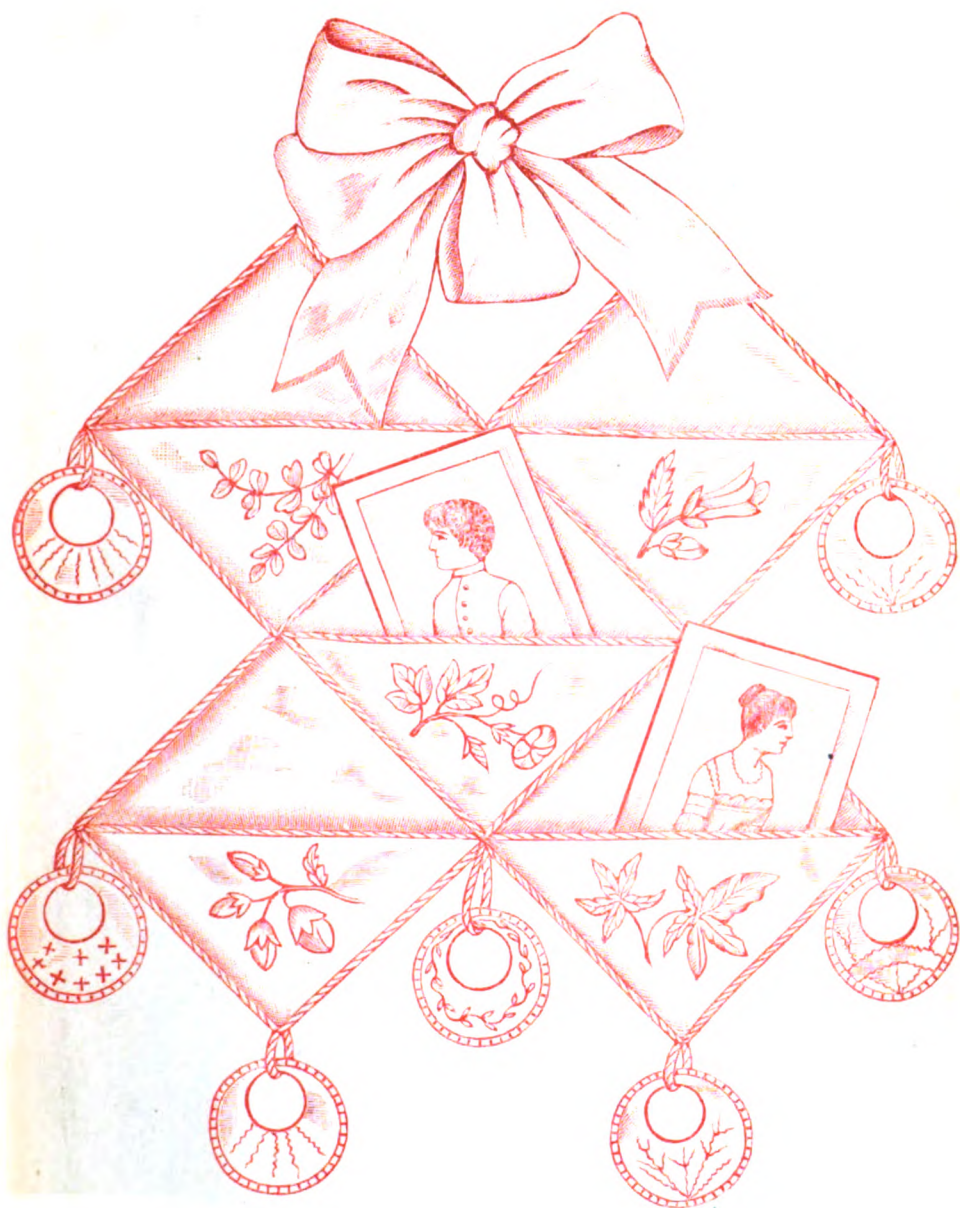


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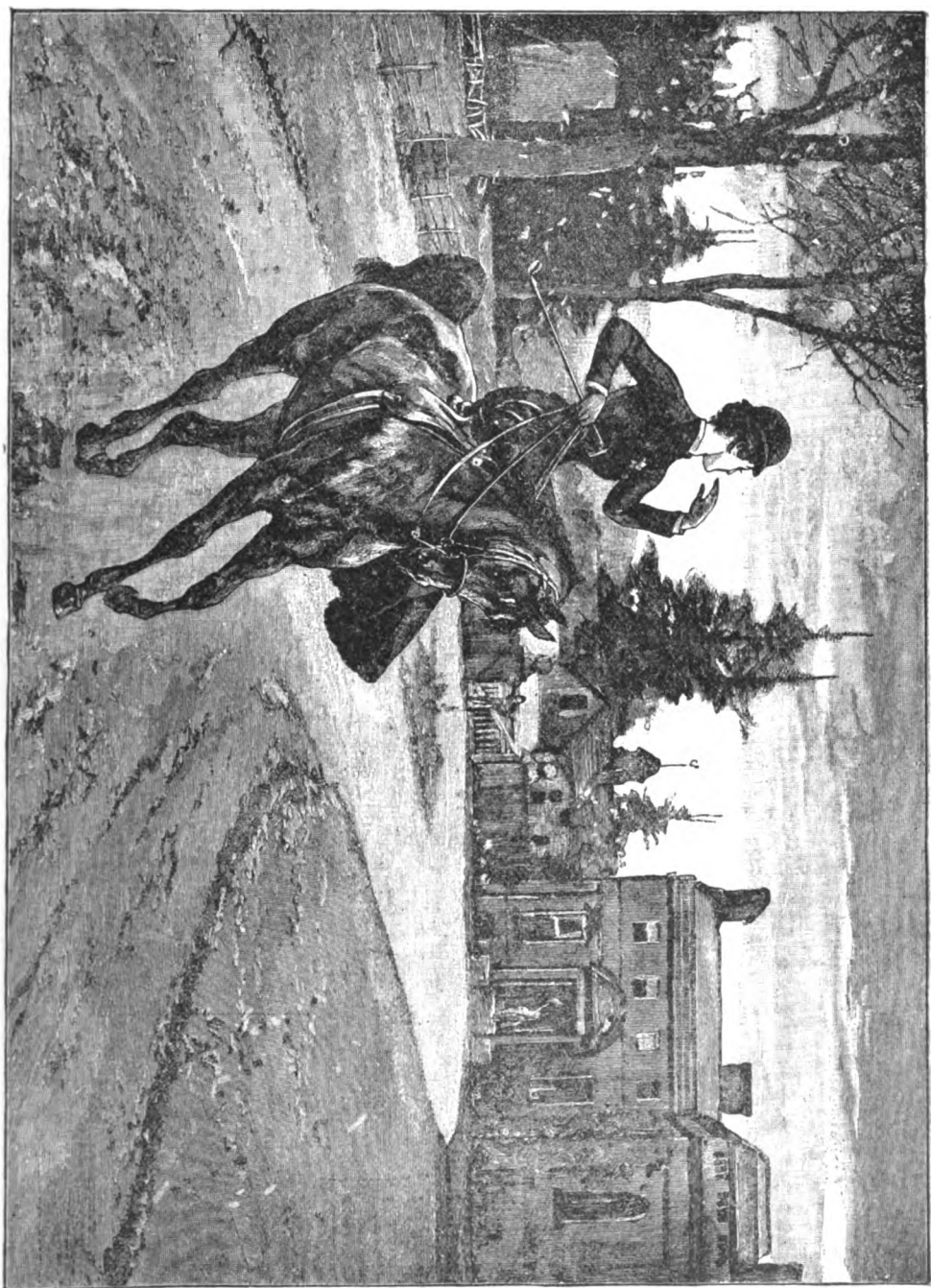




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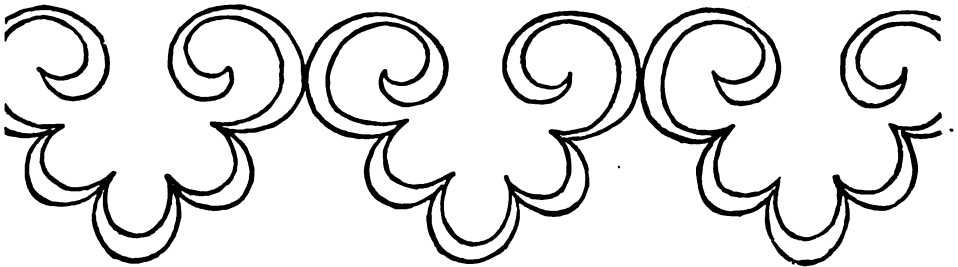
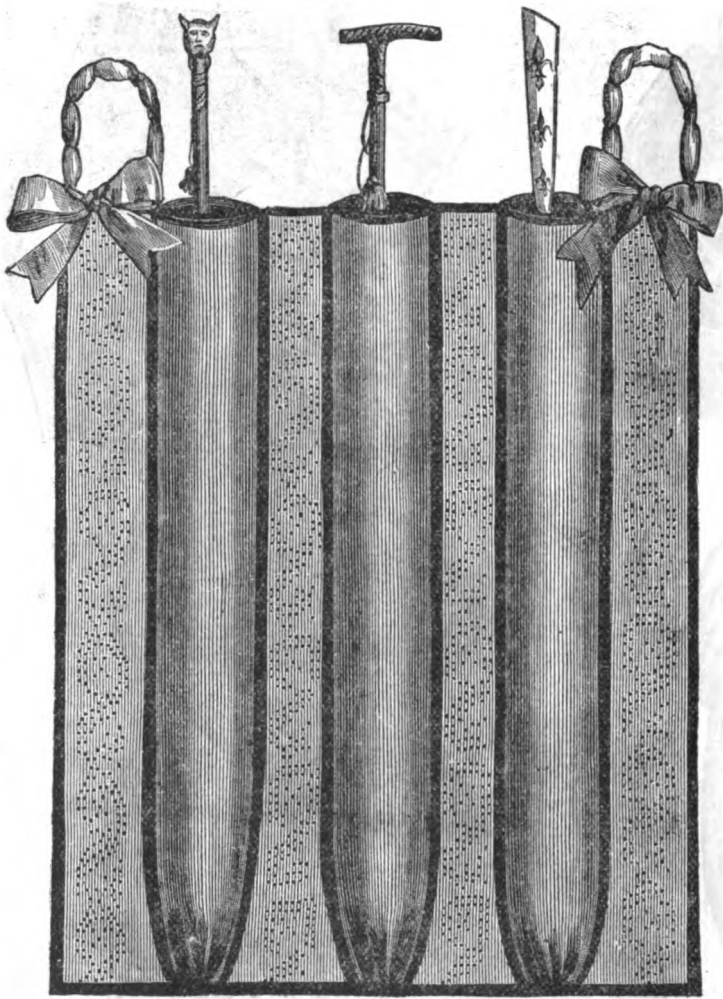




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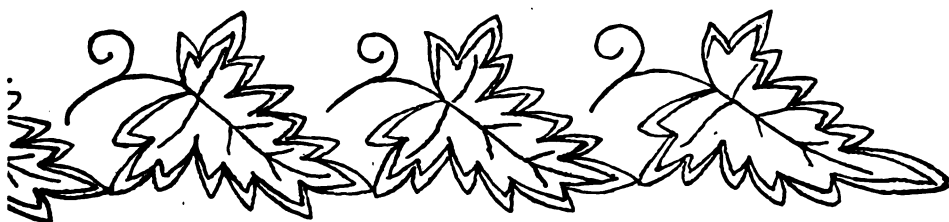
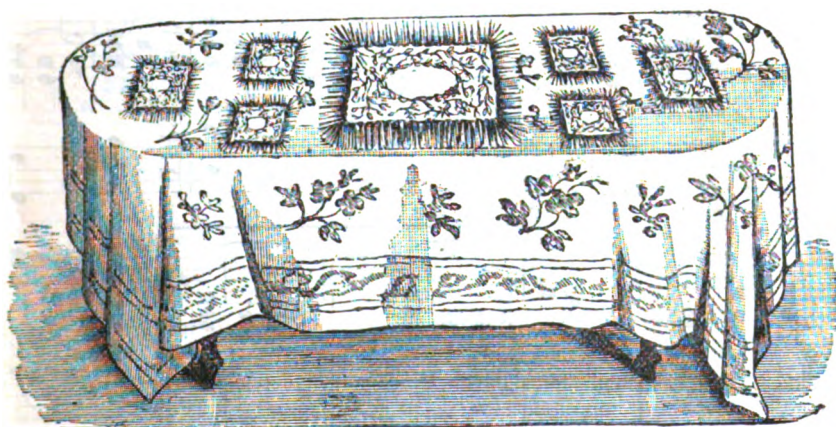
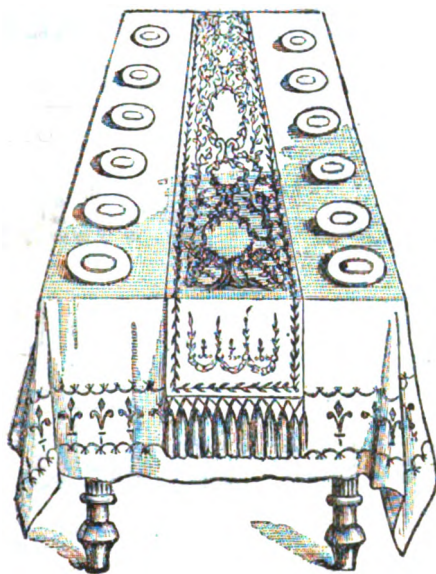


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*p*

*f*

1 2

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*f*

1 2

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MOURNING-DRESSES.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVII.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1890.

No. 4.

## WHAT EASTER BROUGHT.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.



ON Easter Monday was the beginning—that memorable Easter, as the whole family called it long afterward, though nobody thought much about it at the time.

It happened— as we are so fond of saying—through the twins' wanting to make an Easter call on their opposite neighbors, two dear little girls still in pinafores. Mrs. Harrington, their mamma, had a headache, so she was very glad to let the boys go and have the house quiet, which it seldom was when they were in it. Accordingly, nurse dressed her charges in their best suits and took them over to Mrs. Barton's. This was the beginning of it.

The young hostesses were at home, so Ralph and Rob were invited up into the play-room, while Clara, the nurse, was entertained belowstairs. Mrs. Barton received the small callers with great cordiality, but the girls were shy. The younger sat on the floor, poring over a large book, while her mother drew the elder to her and tried to remonstrate on her lack of politeness. In the dearth of other topics, the twins informed Mrs. Barton that Clara was going away and mamma wished to get a nursery governess for them.

"Does she know of anybody suitable?" that lady inquired, with some eagerness, and,

upon the boys' replying in the negative—simultaneously, as was generally the case—she declared quite triumphantly: "Well, then, I think I can send just the person who will suit mamma."

So this was the way they got Christine—through their Easter call. "Nothing so remarkable about that, is there?" you say. Well, you do not know Christine, nor all that happened later.

The day following the twins' visit, Christine came over to see Mrs. Harrison. A trim neat body, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, she was not exactly pretty, but very nice-looking. The mother's heart was won by her admiration of the twins.

"You are a Swede?" she hazarded.

"A Norwegian, madam," corrected the girl, who looked about twenty-six or twenty-seven.

Mrs. Harrison hesitated. She had thought of a French nurse, but, unless she could get a Parisian, the accent—

But Christine was telling her story very clearly and in excellent English.

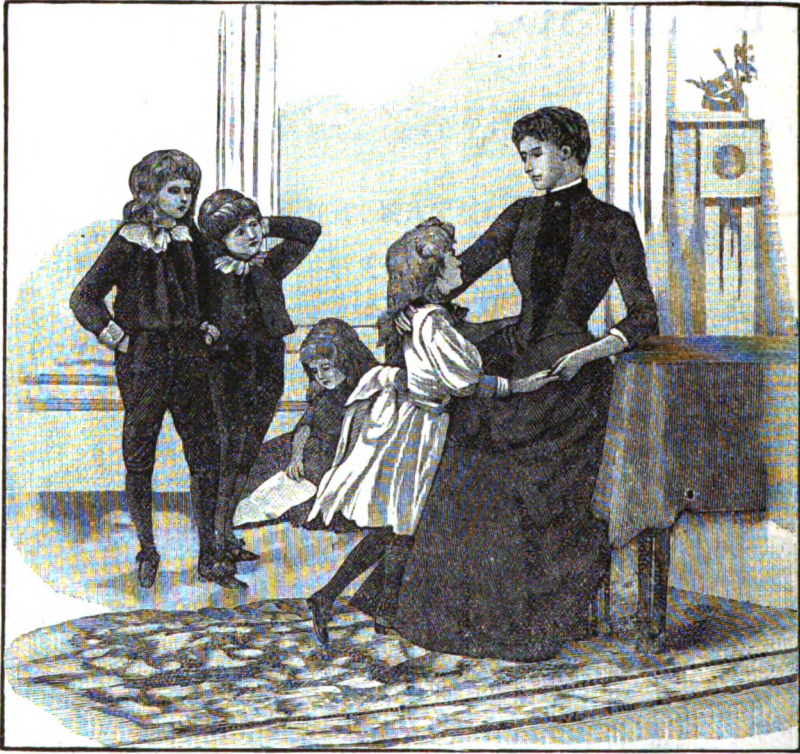
"My parents died when I was small, and I was brought up by my aunt, first in Paris, then in Berlin. I speak both French and German, madam, and I had a good plain education. I kept a little school in the village where my aunt lived when I was grown, then, after her death four years ago, I went as companion to an English lady—that is how I learned English. She died, and I came over to America with my savings."

"How long have you been in this country?" asked Mrs. Harrison.

"Six months," answered Christine. "I have been in the hospital all that time, but I am quite well now."

"Why did you come to America?"





"Is it not the 'Land of Promise'?" answered Christine, gently.

Could there be a touch of sarcasm in the voice? Then she showed her references—a letter from the old pastor of the Lutheran church in her German home, to the minister of a similar denomination in New York—and one from the English lady whose companion she had been.

Mrs. Harrison longed to decide at once, but dared not, so she went to Mrs. Barton and made inquiries. That benevolent lady had become interested in the girl at the hospital where she visited. Everything as far as could be found out was satisfactory, and, when Mr. Harrison remarked that he would trust anyone with such a face, his wife decided to engage her.

At the end of eighteen months, Christine was still with the Harrison family, and might be seen every day, at a certain hour, upon the floor, near the twins seated side by side on their favorite sofa, telling the enraptured children simple little German legends.

What the opinion of the Harrison family was may be best told in the words of sixteen-

year-old Ethel, the twins' only sister, to her intimate friend, Mrs. Barton's eldest daughter. They had been peeping into the nursery, where Christine was in her usual place.

"She is a paragon!" cried the enthusiastic girl. "She is simply perfect—a marvel. She is the most childlike of creatures, and yet wise—oh! my, if it were anyone else, I might call her deep, but Christine is open as the day. Her disposition is perfect, and she teaches the twins more in one morning than my French governess taught me in a month. She never leaves them—indeed, I don't know how we should get along without her."

"Clearly an instance of the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove," laughed the visitor, but Ethel agreed with the remark in earnest.

If Christine was a happy combination of the two extremes, Ethel was not. She talked to the nursery governess with greater freedom than her mother would have approved.

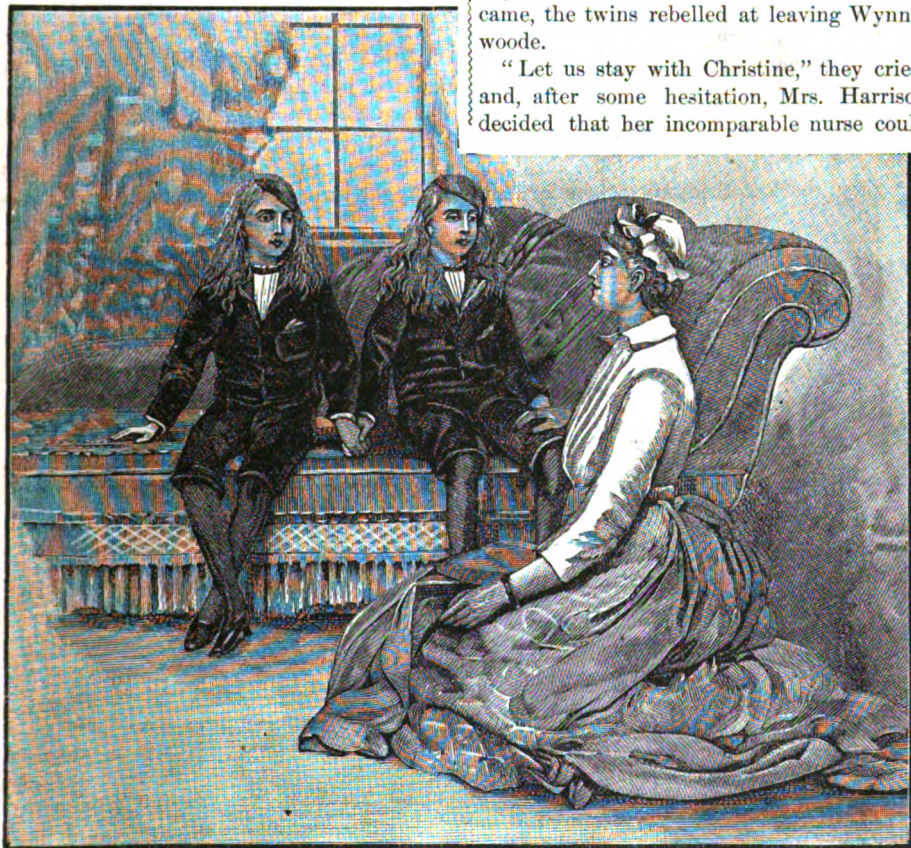
"The twins are much more valuable than I am," she confided to Christine, one day, before they went into the country. "I haven't a cent to my name, except what papa

chooses to give me; but they—they are rich, or rather will be when they grow up." Christine asked no questions, but Ethel did not need any to draw her out. "Grandpa was a horrible old man," she continued, frankly, "and he made the strangest will! He never would have anything to do with either papa or my uncle, papa's elder brother. Papa was too good and my uncle too wicked—there was no pleasing him. But he saw the twins when they were little, and took

"It is a very queer story, Miss Ethel, but I have finished your mending for you, and now I must go to the twins."

On reflection, Ethel rather regretted her communicativeness; the heedless girl remembered too late that it was perhaps better to keep family secrets, particularly discreditable ones, so the matter was not referred to again, for Christine did not mention it. And soon they went to their country-house, to stay until late in June, when they would depart for the seashore. But, when the time came, the twins rebelled at leaving Wynnewoode.

"Let us stay with Christine," they cried, and, after some hesitation, Mrs. Harrison decided that her incomparable nurse could



a sudden fancy to them. So, when he died, he very unexpectedly left his property to Rob and Ralph—at least, papa has it in trust for them. If they should die, of course it would go to papa and my uncle, whom I have never seen. They say he is a dreadful man."

While Ethel had been imparting this interesting family history, her auditor's face had never changed, and, when the young girl stopped for breath, Christine merely said:

surely be trusted with them, and, as the sea-air was necessary to her health, departed to Newport with Ethel and her husband. Once a week, however, one of the three came to Wynnewoode to see how things went on, and they found as they expected, that everything moved perfectly with Christine at the helm.

A favorite haunt of the twins' was an old mill in the neighborhood, its wheel turned by a little stream which flowed back of their house. The mill belonged to an estate



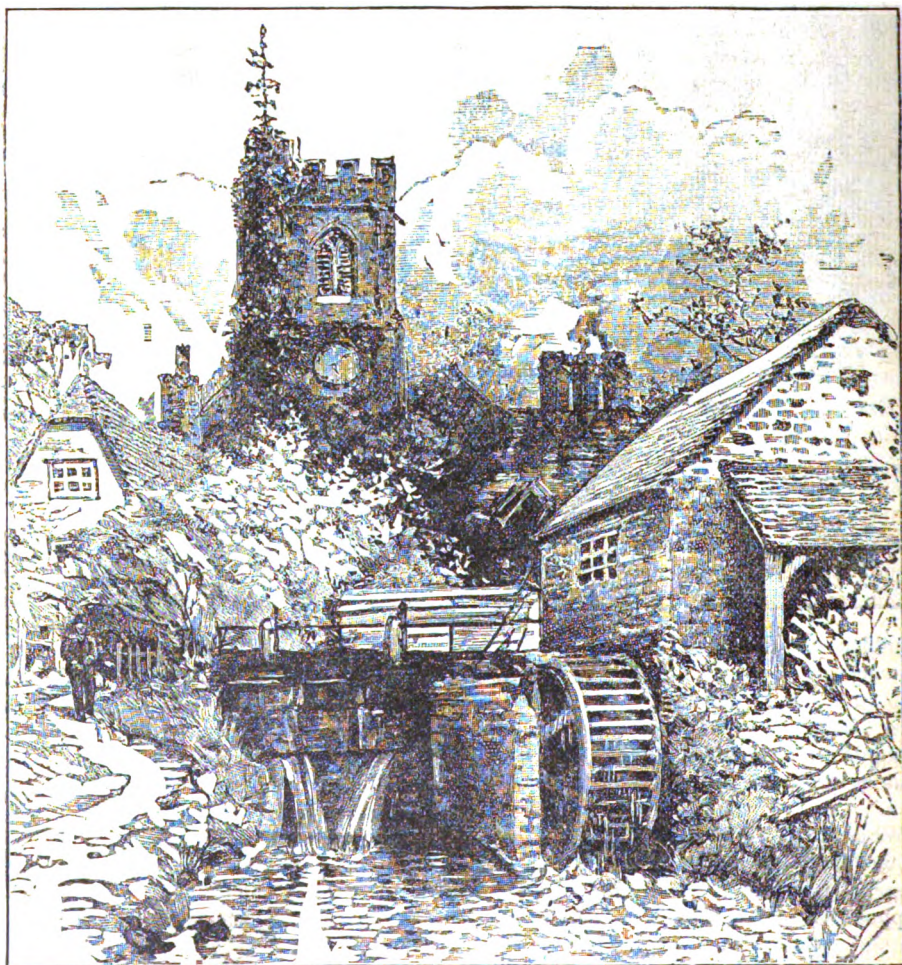
neglected by the proprietor, who spent his time in distant travels, and whose residence, the tower of which reared itself above the mill, was falling into decay. Here Christine, under her watchful eye, allowed the boys to play at will.

One day, however, as the three wended their steps toward the old place, Christine suddenly changed her not usually variable mind and put forth her persuasive powers to induce her small charges to return with her to the house. They were still quite a way from the mill, though they could see it and the adjacent tower in the distance, as well as a man walking slowly along. As usual, Christine conquered in the end, though with more trouble than ordinarily, and the little party went back to the house, where for some

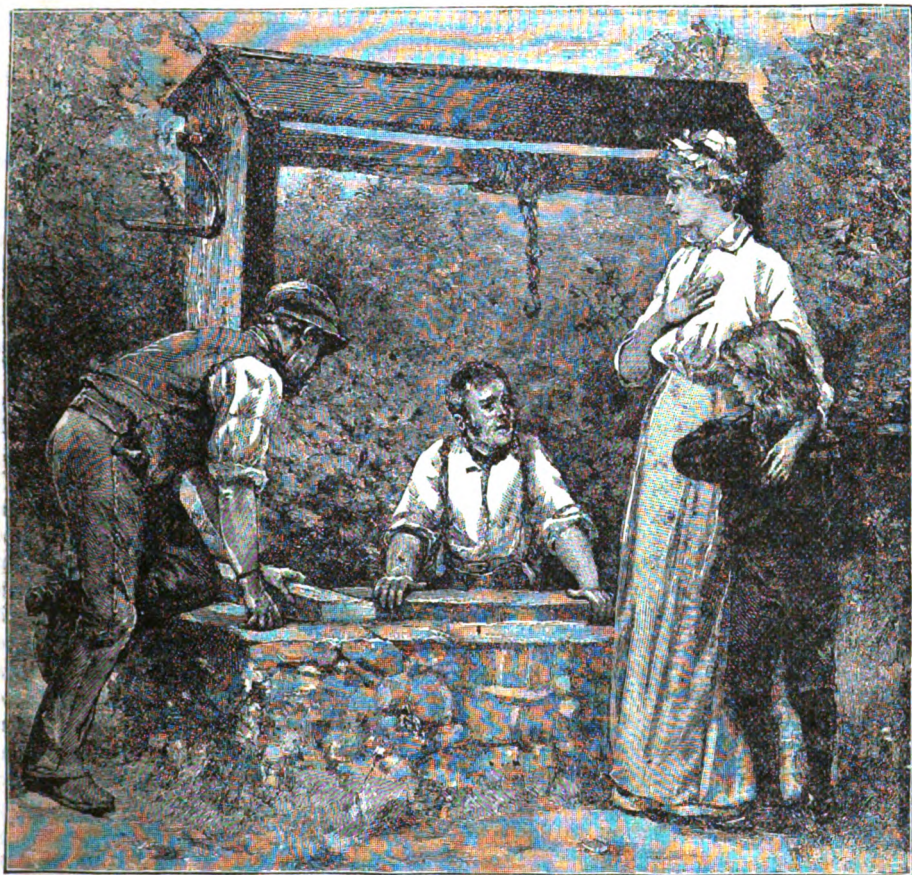
time the twins were entertained to the full extent of their nurse's powers.

At last, when the boys had forgotten their disappointment and were occupied with some new and particularly amusing diversion, Christine left them to themselves, with her regular injunction not to go out without permission. Having promised to return shortly, she started for a walk, and a servant cleaning in the cupola noticed, as she left the grounds, that a man joined her.

After an absence of about half an hour, Christine came back alone, and, having removed her hat, repaired to the nursery, whence she found her birds had flown. Without stopping to replace her head-gear, she hurried out to find her charges. Naturally she turned her hasty steps in the direc-







tion of the mill, but, glancing rapidly about her, she caught a glimpse of Ralph coming toward her from the vicinity of an unused well which stood in the grounds of the mill-property. The sight of one of the twins without the other was sufficiently extraordinary to be alarming, even if Ralph's face had not been white and scared.

"What is the matter?" cried Christine, breathlessly.

"Rob—the well—" gasped out the trembling boy.

Christine grew calm in an instant. She took his hand and led him toward the spot, while she asked in her quietest tone.

"Tell me—what has happened?"

"Rob's in the well," was the astounding answer. "A strange man came out and spoke to us—we were naughty, Christine, and disobeyed you; somehow I got frightened and thought of all you told us about being careful, and so I started to run home, and the man

picked up Rob and held him over the well. Then I tried to run faster for you, and, when I looked back, Rob was down the well and the man was gone."

"Are you sure the man threw him down?" asked Christine. "Did you see him do it?"

"No—but—he was going to throw him—"

At this moment, two men who had been working in the old house emerged into view, and, having heard Ralph's screams, hurried up to inquire what was the matter.

Christine answered quite collectedly, though she put one arm about her remaining charge and held her hand on her heart to still its beating. One of the laborers climbed upon the curb and looked down into the dark depths of the old well. He shook his head.

"Can't see nothin' there," he said, briefly.

There was a moment's silence, then Christine bent over the edge and called piercingly:

"Rob! Rob!"

But no answer came. By this time, some of the servants belonging to the Harrison household had noticed the commotion, and were gathering. Christine walked up to one of the men and said rapidly but distinctly: "Get a bucket and strong rope, and lower someone down the well to look for him." Then she put Ralph into the arms of the most trustworthy of the women, and, simply saying "Take good care of him," walked rapidly away in the direction of the railway station. Nobody followed her—the group was too astonished for that.

"He can't be down ther—ye must be mistaken, me little man," said the workman.

Finally, however, one of the servants mustered sufficient courage to allow himself to be lowered slowly down the well in a bucket suspended by strong ropes. And when at last a shout, the signal for the searcher's return, came, and the men pulled the bucket cautiously up, it still held only the single occupant with his extinguished light.

"There's nothin' but a few inches of stagnant water and stuff," he explained, while the party viewed each other in amazement.

"Telegraph for Mr. Harrison," someone suggested.

When morning came and the distracted father arrived, Christine was still absent, and the mystery was rendered darker by the double disappearance. Back of the old mill a thick wood stretched almost to the next railway station below, and, after this had been searched in vain, Mr. Harrison started for the city. Two or three hours later, Mrs. Harrison and Ethel came, and almost the first person they saw as they alighted from the train was Christine, and with her—the twins.

Equal as ever to the occasion, the former helped the almost fainting lady into the carriage which had been sent to meet her, and, as soon as they reached home, put her to bed and applied all needful restoratives. When Mrs. Harrison had somewhat recovered and Mr. Harrison made his appearance in answer to a telegram signed "Christine," she told a remarkable story in her usual simple unassuming fashion.

"It was my step-father," she began. "He has persecuted me more or less all his life—that was one reason why I came to America. He followed me and found me out at the hospital. When he heard I had come here, he told me of an awful plot, sir—perhaps you

can hardly believe me, but your brother—he hired him—to—to—"

"Abduct," suggested Mr. Harrison, and the girl nodded her head.

"I do not think he meant really to kill them—he could not have been so cruel, surely?" Christine lifted a questioning look to her employer, but he could not speak. "He wanted to force me to help him, and I pretended I would—I took better care of the twins than anyone else would have done, not knowing anything. He told me he merely meant to keep the boys until they were of age and then force them to give him the money—though I fear he intended to let it be supposed they were dead."

"Why did you not tell me all this before, Christine?" Mr. Harrison had found his voice.

"Ah! it was only a poor unknown girl's word against your brother—I did mean to, in time, and then that day my step-father came here and tried to get me to help him, and at last he saw I didn't mean to, then he grew angry and went away, and, when my back was turned, he saw the twins by the well, and he picked up Rob and pretended to throw him down the well. Then he got him into the wood there and drugged him, and, when he was fast asleep, he jumped on the train at the station below and reached the city just before I did. He never thought of my daring to follow him."

"And how did you find my darling?" Mrs. Harrison asked, breathlessly.

"Why—" there was a pause.

"It was Franz—her Franz," piped up Rob, who would not leave his nurse. "He told me he was going to marry her some day."

She blushed, a most extraordinary thing for Christine to do, but went right on with:

"You believe me, do you not?"

The parents' answer was an unqualified assent, and a detective's search established the truth of the horrible story.

Mr. Harrison found work for Christine's lover, who had just followed her to America and been unfortunate enough to be robbed of his savings. Later, when the twins were old enough for a regular governess, he established the faithful couple on a farm belonging to the boys, which, when they attained their majority, was made over to Christine and her children, in gratitude for the faithful service begun "With the Easter-Tide" long before.

## A TELL-TALE WINDOW.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.



**I**HAD been traveling all a long summer day on the railway, and at sunset was still fifty miles from my destination. Tired enough I was, but passing through those Virginia highlands, with their noble mountains and far-reaching valleys, almost made me forget the fatigue. The day had been hot, but new life came with the breezy stir and coolness that sunset always brings. Fans were closed, books laid aside, people shifted about, and talk grew more lively. I was alone, but enjoyed none the less from my open window the sunset and the beautiful changing view.

The green world around had become gray, stars were coming out, and twilight was settling down, when we passed a house which, from its own singularity and from after circumstances, stands out so vividly in my memory. It was a tall square structure of rough stone, with a high black-shingled roof and many staring windows. It stood so close to the track—not ten steps away—as to show that it had been there long before a railway was thought of. There was no defensive wall or paling in front, not even a porch; nothing but a few steps leading down from the great closely-shut front door—and no out-buildings of any kind, no trees or shrubbery visible near it. All about stretched a wide waste field, level yet elevated, dotted with bramble-bushes, and with masses of black iron-stone sticking through the thin soil or scattered here and there. Just as we passed this dismal mansion, glancing upward, my eyes took in, as one sees by a lightning-flash, something at one of the upper windows. It was no fancy; by a sort of instantaneous process, there was photographed on my brain a white, agonized, terror-stricken face at the casement, two wild hands lifted either in appeal or an effort to raise the sash, while two other hands clutched the throat from behind, dragging the head back.

VOL. XCVII—18.

This I saw for one second, then, as the train glided by with a shrill whistle, I heard mingling with it a scream—long, anguished, blood-curdling, like a death-shriek. I sat motionless, staring, with cold chills down my back; then, rousing myself, I looked about. Surely everyone else had seen and heard—but no, my own horror found no reflection on any countenance. Apparently nobody had seen the vision but myself. I was sure that it could not be fancy, but still wanted another's testimony. In front of me sat a pleasant-looking woman; leaning forward, I touched her on the arm.

"Did you notice that house we passed just now?" I asked. "That queer tall house, like an old barn, standing just over the track?"

"Yes. Wasn't it dreadful-looking?"

"Very," said I. "But did you see, at one of the upper windows, a face—and someone struggling to get out?"

"Why, no. It is too dark to see anything much now, but I'm sure there was nothing."

"Didn't you hear a cry?"

"That was the engine," she rejoined, confidently.

"I heard the whistle," I said, "and a scream—that is, I thought—it must have been fancy, though."

She seemed curious, but I would tell no more. Sounding the conductor, who passed just then, I found him not only ignorant of what I had seen, but inclined to laugh at my questions. A few minutes later, the train paused at a station, and, listening eagerly, I caught the name. It was "Black Rock." Through the gathering night, we swept on our way—the house and its mystery left far behind; but increasing distance did not lessen the vivid horrible impression that my glimpse of its interior had left on me.

The visit to my Virginia friends passed delightfully and was prolonged week after week, far beyond its expected length. Not till the middle of September did I say "good-bye" and start homeward, taking the same route by which I had come. I had not mentioned the occurrence just related, feeling

(337)

a strange shyness about doing so; but it was not forgotten, and with considerable excitement did I look forward to passing that house again. Starting late in the evening, it was long after dark when we neared the spot. I listened for the name, and at last heard it called in the conductor's high nasal sing-song: "Black Rock station!" My heart beat loud at the sound. There was a little waiting, and the train moved on.

It was a dark night—I could not hope to see much; but, leaning through the window, I watched for the huge black outline that would at least be visible. Suddenly there came a shock, then a tremor throughout the whole train, then cries and confused sounds, followed by a great crash. The car I was in shuddered like a live thing in terror and turned over on its side. I felt a sharp quick pain, a deadly sick fear, and then became insensible.

There is no need to dwell minutely on this part of my story. There had been an accident, and I—the only person seriously hurt—was carried into the nearest house: the tall dark house by the railway. My arm had been broken and badly cut. For the next two or three hours, I was partly unconscious—a sort of sick apathy—partly suffering from the operation of setting the bone. At last, I was made easy and comfortable, propped up with pillows on an immense bed, to become again insensible—this time with sleep.

When I awoke, the sun was shining in through an old torn curtain, falling on a woman who sat near my bed, busily knitting. She did not see my awakening at first, and I had leisure to study her. Dark, gaunt, and muscular, with harsh features and iron-gray hair, she was not at all charming to look at. Her expression was half sullen, half sad, with something of defiance in it, too, as one who silently protests against the universe. Presently she perceived my open eyes and bent toward me.

"Where am I?" was my first question.

"At Black Rock house, near where you were hurt in an accident last night. Your arm was broken, and set by my brother, Dr. Haldane. You are safe and will be taken care of." This in a singularly hard and repressed tone of voice.

My heart beat fast.

"Is this the tall house—in a wide field—so near the road?" I asked.

"Yes, Black Rock we call the place. The station was named from it."

My first sensation was one of fear, even horror—then came a thrill of pleasant excitement. What good fortune, that had given me such a chance for fathoming my mystery. In the very house, and likely to be for weeks—aided, as it seemed, directly by fate—all my curiosity, my intuitive womanly keenness, my detective instincts, were instantly on the alert. Miss Haldane seemed willing to tell what she knew, when presently I asked her some questions about the accident. The engine had struck a large stone, which had been placed there on the track, certainly by more than one person. Efforts were being made, so far unsuccessful, to discover the criminals. Some of the cars were overturned into a stony hollow near the road. There was a great fright, but no one hurt so severely as myself.

I lay with closed eyes and thought. I must be detained at least a month; there was nobody to take strict account of my comings and goings, none very nearly related or intimate—I might stay indefinitely, if they would take me as a boarder. It was a morbid unhealthy feeling, I knew, but never had any project so fascinated me. Probably the only person on earth who had seen that struggle at the window, that wild swift outlook of horror and perhaps crime from this lonely house—how strange a chance was it that had brought me to it. I saw the brother, Doctor Haldane, later in the day. His face had impressed me, even amid the pain of his setting my arm—a dark harsh face, like his sister's, with compressed mouth and restless glittering black eyes.

I also saw another member of this family, a second sister, a young girl—at least, much younger than Miss Haldane and of a very different type. Ah, Lucia Haldane! your face was one never to be forgotten—and never till my dying day can I think of it, of you, without a pang! She was beautiful, though, strange to say, she resembled the other two—so slight is the line of difference sometimes between beauty and ugliness. I think she would have been perfect, but for her eyes—they were too restless, too bright, the whites too plainly visible above and below their dark pupils. Her motions were restless, too, but subdued to a bird-like grace; her color was exquisite, her mouth of that ruby-red so seldom seen.

There was a curious half-frightened air about her; she had a trick of glancing over her shoulder, like a child who had just heard a ghost-story and fears to see some horrible thing. Had she really of late witnessed some awful sight, and in this very house? My suspicions were quick to ask—and it was not only our common youth and her marvelous beauty that interested me at once in Lucia Haldane. This startled backward glance of hers, interrupting her gay talk and frequent, sometimes causeless, laughter—this strange little gesture was very suggestive to me. I used to watch her, wondering what it was she saw or feared to see. She was so young, so lovely, so innocent-looking, that no one could connect the thought of anything dark or criminal with her; but Dr. Haldane and the older sister—they were kind to me, and yet—I thought, with a shudder—they might be capable of anything.

Lucia was sometimes talkative, sometimes drooping and silent. When she chattered, I listened eagerly for some clue to my mystery, but none did she let fall. However, some outside light came to my aid. One day, a lady of the neighborhood called to see me, a bustling loquacious dame, who poured forth sympathy for half an hour, and presently, when Miss Haldane left the room, began condoling with me on the subject of my loneliness.

"I am not lonely," I said. "They are all very kind."

"Oh, yes, I dare say. They couldn't well be otherwise—but still, you know, they are such strange people."

"How strange?" I asked.

"Oh, very queer people, my dear! I don't think it's all pride, though they are an old family and were once rich. But it's not pride—just a natural closeness. They live shut up here in such a secluded way—just as if they had some dreadful secret to hide—visiting hardly, at all."

"Lucia must lead a dull life," I said.

"A fearful life, poor thing! She's their half-sister, you know. They always kept her away from other young people. She was sent one year to a boarding-school; but Dr. Haldane went before the session was half over and brought her home, and since then the child has never spent even a whole day outside this horrid tumble-down old house. She slips away whenever she can, but Miss

Haldane is sure to go after her, and watches her like a hawk. Indeed, it looks as if they feared she would tell something about them! And, since the old gentleman died, they've all kept indoors more than ever."

"Who was he?" I inquired.

"He was their great-uncle—as old as the hills—who lived here, and died so suddenly last summer. And of all the strange doings! Well—if it had been anyone but the Haldanes!"

"What did they do?" I inquired, with trembling eagerness.

"Why, nobody was asked to the funeral—not a soul even saw the old gentleman's corpse. It got out by accident at the very last—just before they buried him."

"Was he poor—dependent on them?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no! He had money, but was the greatest of misers. A wicked old wretch he was, and I reckon they were glad enough when he died, as they got all his money; and Dr. Haldane has no practice—is over head and ears in debt."

"How long ago did the old gentleman die?" I asked.

"Let me see! July, was it? Yes; about the middle of July."

"Was it the seventeenth?" I put the question with a thrill of apprehension.

"Why, yes, it was—the night of the 17th. He died in a fit, they said. How did you know?"

"Oh, I—I remember hearing something about it," I stammered. "They must be very strange, from what you tell me, but they are exceedingly kind to me. Lucia is beautiful and a sweet creature."

"Yes, she is, very different from the other two," the lady remarked, and soon after took her leave.

When she was gone, I left my easy-chair and paced the floor, too excited to keep still. The dark question repeated itself again and again: "Was it a murder, a cruel fiendish murder, that I had caught a glimpse of, that night?" Link after link had been unfolded by what my visitor had said; there was the motive, the probable crime, the hurried private burial, the dread of discovery afterward. Why should they watch Lucia so closely, as if she might betray a secret? Was she an unwilling witness—doomed to keep a hideous confidence? Poor, fluttering, timid

thing! No wonder she looked so fearfully over her shoulder! What a clumsily careless murder it was, too—I thought; at that time of night, a hundred people might have seen what I saw! But, good heavens! did I see it, after all, or was it fancy? The light was so dim, the time of passing so short, and yet—Harassed by doubts as to my own course, I asked myself what should I do? Murder should be avenged—but what was this to me? These people had been kind to me; must I play the traitor—raking up their past—starting suspicion against them? Besides, what real proof had I? My wisest course would be to leave the house as soon as possible and let this matter alone; but the morbid fascination of it held me fast—I could not go.

Worn out, I threw myself back in my chair and lay with closed eyes—the twilight gathering around. Presently there was a soft step, a knock at the door, and Lucia came in. She seemed fitfully sad this evening, and, seating herself near me, covered her face with her hands—breathing a low sigh. I watched her a while in silence, then asked:

"Lucia, do you ever see any ghosts here?"

She started, shuddering, and looked behind her, then at me.

"Ghosts—ghosts?" she whispered, like a scared child.

"Yes," I said. "Did you see one behind you just now?"

"No—no," she answered, shrinking close to my knees; "I can't see it. I know it's there—I feel it catching—catching at me—but when I look round it's gone."

"Why, Lucia, do you really have such fancies? What is it behind you?"

"Dreadful things—horrible! Oh, if you knew—if I could tell you; but I can't—I can't!"

"Why not?" I asked.

"Oh, I dare not. I can hear the voices—the cries—dreadful faces grin at me through the dark—oh, such sights! Hush! what was that?"

She rushed to the door and seemed to listen—while I, hearing nothing, looked at her amazed. I had never seen her so before. She came back to her seat quietly and with a curious look—on an older face, it would have been cunning.

"She wants to tell me something," I thought, "but is afraid."

"What is the matter, Lucia—what did you hear?" I asked.

She laughed aloud, saying: "Have I scared you with my foolish fancies?"

"Did your brother and sister forbid you to confide in me?" I demanded, quickly.

She laughed again and shook her head.

"Mrs. Wake was telling me about your uncle who died. Did you miss him very much?"

At this question, I saw her glance flash up and sink down, like a falling star in the twilight. She moved uneasily.

"My uncle—ah, yes. He went away. One day, he was here, and then—I remember nothing more; he was gone."

A strange look came over her face.

"Did you see him after he was dead?"

"See him—see him? Yes, always!" she cried, in a low wail, springing up with hands clasped over her forehead.

Should I question further? Surely this was the brink of discovery. But, as I hesitated, she flung up her hands, stared wildly around, and ran from the room.

For several days, I saw little of Lucia, and then she looked drooping and ill. Miss Haldane was hard, watchful, constrained as ever. My arm was doing well—in a week or two, I would be able to travel; but I was not at all anxious to leave Black Rock.

One day, I woke from a nap and found Miss Haldane, dark and gaunt as usual, sitting in my room. Looking at her, a sudden impulse possessed me. Could I shock that hard face into a betrayal of her secret? Could she falter and turn pale? If she were indeed a murderess, could I not win some proof of it now? In an instant, I had spoken.

"I had a dream—such a strange dream—some time ago," I began.

"Ah!" said Miss Haldane, knitting calmly. "I have strange dreams myself sometimes. Tell me yours."

Whereas, a little frightened, but with all the eloquence I could muster, I related as a dream what I saw that evening through the window—watching her closely meanwhile. Her gray face turned white as I went on, her lips twitched, her work dropped in her lap; but she recovered in a few moments, and, looking up when it was ended, met my look with a smile. It was as genuine a smile—indeed, more amused, less bitter and sad—than



any I had seen on her lips before; but, believing what I did about her, the sight gave me a chill.

"What do you think of my dream?" I asked, looking at her steadily.

"Something of a nightmare, I should say! Dreams would be dangerous sometimes—if they were realities."

She had risen as she spoke, and now walked abruptly out of the room. I was aware of danger, of my own imprudence in betraying what I knew or suspected to these people. "If they were murderers, what might I not dread—in their power as I was? Would not crime seek to conceal crime?" I asked myself—and yet did not feel afraid.

The next day, I saw nothing of Lucia. Miss Haldane, who appeared as usual, brought me my breakfast and dinner—there seemed no servants employed—and she told me that Lucia was not well.

The day dragged slowly on. It was very warm for the season; there was an oppression, a sense of coming storm in the air, and, late in the afternoon, dark clouds came rolling up from the south—black and ominous. There was the usual dead calm, the stifling heat, the sense of awful pause, then, with a fierce lightning-glare and a burst of thunder, with howling wind and dashing rain, the storm was upon us. The house had been silent as a tomb all day, except for the noise of the passing trains. Now one flew shrieking by, adding its voice to the storm-din without, and at the same time I heard a scream within—doors and not far from me—like one that I had heard in this house once before. I sprang to the door and listened. There were hasty footsteps upstairs and down, the opening and shutting of doors, and then again, but further off, a shriek. What was going on in this horrid house? My first thought was of Lucia—that she was being ill-used or perhaps murdered too—then that I would be the next victim. I was frightened, my knees shook, and a cold sweat broke out over me; but I was also excited and would not be shut up here like a caged rat. I must find out what was going on—even at the risk of my life.

I stepped out into the passage outside my door and looked about me. I had never been asked out of my room except into this passage for a walk. It was a long one, with several closed doors on either hand, and through

a large window at one end came the lighting, flash after flash, that would have terrified me at any other time; but now, with the thunder and the howling wind, it only added to the general strangeness about me. I tried one door, then another—both were locked fast; I rushed to a third, on the opposite side—that was locked too; but another lower down yielded to my shaking hand. I opened it and looked through. It was a large gloomy room arranged as a library, shelves all round and a table covered with books and writing-materials in the centre—and at this table, neither reading nor writing, but seated with face hidden in his hands, sat Dr. Haldane.

He lifted his head and looked at me, more pallid and haggard than usual.

"Ah!" he said, slowly, "come in. My sister was going to see you. She—that is, I must—we have something to communicate to you."

I trembled with uncontrollable excitement.

"Doctor Haldane," I cried, "where is your sister—where is Lucia? I cannot stay shut up alone. I heard strange sounds—Lucia's voice crying out—I must know what is the matter."

"Yes, yes. You shall know what it is," said Miss Haldane's voice.

I turned with a start; she had entered by another door and stood looking quietly at me. There was something strange in her appearance, as if she had gone through a struggle with someone. Her cheeks were flushed, her dress rumpled and torn, her long iron-gray hair streaming down her back, and there was blood—blood on her right hand. She saw me start at sight of it and smiled again, that hard amused smile. I shuddered.

"You need not be afraid," she said, "it's my own blood—see, my hand is cut and scratched. You shall hear how it happens to be so—and all the curse of this wretched house."

She looked at her brother, as if waiting for him to speak; we all three waited, staring at each other in the gloom, lighted now and then by lightning-flashes. Then the doctor rose with a faint groan.

"My sister tells me," he said, "that you seem acquainted with something that happened—that, riding by this house, you saw



something that made you think a crime was being committed here."

"Yes," I said, "I did."

"And you supposed that my sister and I were the guilty wretches, and Lucia a victim, silenced by fear. Come with us now and witness the explanation."

I followed, trembling, awed, but curious, as he and Miss Haldane led the way down a dark cross-passage into another room. Lucia was not there, but I heard strange sounds—laughter, snatches of song, loud, broken, babbling talk—near at hand, mingling with the storm-noises from without.

There was an inner door with a window in it, roughly cut, and this window or opening was barred and secured with iron. I walked up to it and looked through. This is what I saw: There was no furniture in this room, and the two outer windows had also iron bars across them. There, shut in for safety, like a caged animal, walking to and fro, laughing, gibbering tearing her clothing into tatters, with a maniac's glare in her large beautiful eyes, was Lucia Haldane. That was the explanation. I understood all now, but the sight was so terrible that I sickened and leaned for support against the window. She saw me and ran up with glaring eyes and hands outspread to clutch me; in more abject terror than I had ever known before, I turned and fled. When I could listen quietly, Miss Haldane told me all.

"She is not always so," she said; "it is like a dreadful fever—a wild delirium—then for the time she is a fiend. I can see it coming on her for days before—can see the struggling horror in her eyes. It is like poison in our veins. My grandfather died in a mad-house, my father killed himself when he felt it coming upon him. As she is, so

will I be—so will my brother Gabriel be someday."

For years had she and her brother kept this secret and, now the morose silent woman seemed to find relief in talking to me incessantly. She told about the dreadful thing of which I had caught a glimpse. That night, Lucia, drooping and dull, as she was apt to be for days before an insane fit, had suddenly gone wild, sprung on the helpless old man, and strangled him. They found her singing over the dead body. He must have struggled and run to the window. The others heard a scream and rushed to the rescue, but too late. Afterward, when the fit was over, she remembered nothing about it. I thought of the face at the window—the upraised hands—those other hands—and shuddered in sick horror.

"Send her to an asylum?" said Miss Haldane, when I suggested that plan. "Never! She would grieve her heart out between those dreadful fever-fits."

Within a few days, I left Black Rock house, my arm being well enough to travel with it in a sling. The atmosphere there seemed to me heavy and lurid with hereditary dread, madness, and crime. Who could tell what moment the hideous impulse might seize on me for a victim? The idea murdered my sleep, and, though no coward, I was glad to leave that roof.

"You will keep our secret—you will not betray us?" Miss Haldane said, when we parted; and I promised willingly enough.

But two years ago Lucia Haldane died, her half-sister went raving mad and was sent to a lunatic-asylum, and their brother sold Black Rock, afterward going away, no one knew whither. So I felt that without wrong the story might be told.

## A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

I LOVED you once—when your heart was true  
As the stars that shone above me,  
When the only joy I asked on earth  
Was that you should live and love me;  
And I love you now—when I cannot trust  
Your lips or their tender story,  
When I know I could live if you were dead—  
And your love is not my glory.

There are other things that I live for now  
Beside your vows so tender—  
I could not live if my life were built  
On a stay so weak and slender.  
Yet I love you still, though my faith has fled—  
Love you better, perhaps, that you need it;  
Your cause finds an answering voice in my heart,  
With its want of strength to plead it.

## A MAGNIFICENT MARRIAGE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 252.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### HER RETURN.



HE superb home of Mr. and Mrs. Deane looked dreary and ghost-like on the day following the arrival of the daughter of the house. The vast drawing-room, deprived of its carpet and curtains, and with its furniture shrouded in coverings of pale-gray holland,

wore a peculiarly uninhabited aspect. The small reception-room beyond it, which had been Alice's favorite sitting-room, had been hastily put in order for her use. Pale as death, and robed in a loose gown of white India silk, her luxuriant hair gathered up and twisted into the simplest possible knot at the back of her head—to the despair of Josephine, who was heart-broken at her mistress's disdain of her manipulations—Alice looked like the spectre of the radiant bride who had quitted that house only a few months before. She was reclining at full length on a low couch drawn near one of the shaded windows. Her breakfast stood untouched on a tray placed upon an inlaid Oriental table beside her, and, in fact, she had not tasted food since the hour she had quitted the Chateau Valdora. But, since the hour on the evening before that she had fallen weeping into the fond arms of her father, she had been slowly regaining composure. The hysterical sobbing that had shaken her frame at intervals throughout the night had wholly ceased at last. And Mr. Deane, who sat gazing into the face that was for him the fairest sight on earth, had gradually become reassured concerning the state of mind of his daughter.

"You will take nothing, Alice?" he said, after a pause. "Not even a cup of chocolate made as Emile alone knows how to make it in all Paris? Or a little fruit, dear? See, here are some of your favorite Muscat grapes, the first of the season, and these nectarines are fairly melting with ripeness. Nothing? Then I'll ring for Thomas to take the tray away. And when am I to learn the cause of your sudden journey and your great emotion? My child, a married woman should not leave her home and her husband, as you have done, without some adequate cause."

"Presently. Have patience, dear father. I am not strong enough as yet to tell you all that must be told."

"But, daughter, whatever the revelation that you may have to make to me can be, remember that it must speedily be made. I expect the Prince de Valdora to arrive at almost any moment to claim his wife, or at least to ask for an explanation of your conduct."

"To claim me? Oh, father, do not give me up to him! Save me—can you not save me?" And the poor pale sufferer, starting from her couch, flung her arms around the neck of Mr. Deane and held him as a drowning man clings to a plank for safety.

He looked tenderly down on the white face upraised to his own, but he answered firmly though gently:

"Alice, my child, till I know the source of your terrors and the cause of your flight, I can do nothing. The laws of France, under which you were married, give a husband full control over the actions of his wife. And in all your letters you have spoken in terms of the highest praise of the kindness and affection evinced toward you by the prince. What has happened, to change so radically your feelings toward him and to lead you to fly from your home like a convict from his prison?"

"I cannot speak—no, I cannot!" murmured Alice, falling back upon the piled-up

cushions of her couch and wringing her hands.

"Have it as you will, then, daughter. If you persist in your silence, I have only to wait for the prince's arrival."

"For his coming? Oh, no, no! Father, at any risk—at the cost of any suffering to myself—I will tell you all. But I have bidden a man to come here—one Bertrand Claye—and he will tell you the story that I cannot bear to repeat. "Hark—someone has just rung the bell! Can it possibly be my husband? If so, I must go away—I must hide somewhere—"

"Calm yourself, Alice. The prince could not possibly reach Paris by this hour, even if he had taken the first morning-train from Montargis."

"A man outside wishes to speak to Mr. Deane on important business," announced the valet.

"It must be Bertrand Claye. Hear him patiently, father. He speaks English perfectly; he kept a bric-a-brac shop on Wardour Street, in London, for several years, he told me. But help me first to a seat in that large arm-chair; I must be present at the interview—I must hear if what he says to you coincides with the tale he told to me. And then, after he has entered, shut tight the doors so that no whisper may be audible without. We must keep the secret close—close among ourselves."

Mr. Deane was even more alarmed by the feverish energy and eagerness thus suddenly displayed by Alice than he had been by her previous condition of total prostration; but he hastened to complete the desired arrangements, and Bertrand Claye was finally admitted. He was a good deal subdued by the presence in which he found himself; he was perfectly sober, and was neatly and carefully dressed. Still he was by no means a prepossessing figure, as he paused on the threshold, twisting his hat between his hands and hesitating as to whether he ought to enter or to beat a retreat to the antechamber he had just quitted.

"Come in, Mr. Claye," said Alice. "Take that chair, and tell this gentleman, who is my father—Mr. Deane—the history you repeated to me yesterday."

Thus reassured, he came slowly forward

and took his seat, looking furtively at Mr. Deane from under his heavy eyebrows.

"I suppose that the gentleman will back up the offer you have made to me, madame la princesse?" he said, in excellent English and in a tone of deprecating mildness.

"Anything that my daughter has promised, I stand ready to fulfill," brusquely responded Mr. Deane. "Let me hear what you have to say, and that at once."

Thus adjured, Claye squared his shoulders, cleared his throat, and plunged at once into his narrative:

"I suppose the lady has told you, sir, that I am the possessor of a little piece of paper for which I demand no less a sum than fifty thousand dollars. Oh, yes, you need not start. Fifty—thousand—dollars! And, if only your precious son-in-law had that amount in hand, he would be glad enough to strike a bargain with me, I can tell you."

"Is this true, Alice?" asked Mr. Deane, turning to the pale white-robed witness of the interview.

She bowed her head and murmured faintly:

"It is true."

"Well, I fancy you would like to know how and when I came into possession of such an important document. I have it here—right in this side-pocket—and I stand ready to show it to you at the proper moment. So now to go on with my story: Everybody that knows anything of the Prince de Val-dora has heard about the great grief of his life—the death of his dear friend, the Count d'Anglade, who was murdered, one stormy night a few years ago, not a mile from the chateau."

"Yes, we have heard of the incident," remarked Mr. Deane, who was listening intently and who had shifted his position so that he might note every change of expression on the countenance of the speaker.

"Then you have heard how it happened. No? Well, this was the way of it: The count was on a visit to his friend, and was the only guest at the chateau at the time. The prince and he had been out hunting all day, and had sat down to a sumptuous dinner at which both had taken more champagne than was at all good for them—according to the evidence of the servants at the inquest. After dinner, they began

playing cards. The prince lost, lost, lost! Game after game followed, with the same result. He staked everything he was worth—even down to his horses and his dogs, and the family portraits, and all the old furniture; and finally the count got up from the table with his pocket-book crammed with the papers in which his host had signed over to him all his possessions. The prince begged and implored him just to give him one more chance, but the count positively refused—which was a mean trick of him, seeing that the prince had saved his life only the day before. They ended up with a frightful quarrel, and the count started off to walk to the station, vowing that he would not stay another hour at the chateau. The prince bade him good-bye very curtly and then went back into the library. But the windows of the library open down to the ground, so he very soon followed the count. It's likely that he meant to try to get him to promise him his revenge at play, the next time they met—or perhaps he wanted to persuade him to come back and let him have it right away.

"Now, on that particular evening, I had been dining very copiously myself—too much so, perhaps. But I had done a good stroke of work—or rather I should say two, for I had picked up some wonderful bargains at a sale in Montargis, and afterward I had sold two sets of furniture and a lot of old tapestry to a family that had rented one of the old country-houses in the region for the shooting-season. Anyhow, I started after dinner to take a short cut across the forest, and I lost my way, as ill-luck would have it, just at the moment that a big thunder-storm came up. I was groping around, trying to spy out my road, when I heard cries and a noise of struggling close at hand. Just then, an old pine-tree, not ten yards away from me, was struck by lightning and blazed up fiercely, so by its light I saw two men wrestling together. They weren't at play, I can tell you—oh, no, it was evidently a matter of life and death. I started to try and separate them, but, before I could reach them, one of them had gone down, and it was all up with him; he had got his quietus from the hunting-knife of the other. The murderer then stooped down and fumbled in the breast-pocket of the dead man's coat, and took out a big pocket-book very full of notes or papers. He stuffed that

in his own pocket and started to run away, but I was too quick for him. I caught up with him in a moment, and grabbed him by the collar. He turned on me as wicked as could be, and tried to stab me with the knife he still had in his hand; but laws! these aristocrats haven't any strength to speak of when a broad-shouldered hard-handed man of the people gets hold of one of them. I had him down on the ground in a moment, and wrenched the knife from him, though I got an ugly cut in the palm of my hand in doing so. See here! sir and madame," he went on, displaying a long white scar, "you can see the mark of it still, and I'll carry it with me to the grave.

"By this time, the clouds were beginning to break and the moon shone out, so I could recognize the man I held, as soon as I had dragged him out beyond the trees on the open path. Of course, you understand who this assassin was that I had caught red-handed at the instant of his crime: it was the Prince de Valdora."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PROOFS.

"THIS is a terrible accusation, Mr. Claye. Can you prove your words?"

"Can I prove the truth of what I say? I should rather think so. Just see what a fix I had gotten into. Here I was in the woods at midnight, with the corpse of a murdered man close at hand, and with the knife that had killed him in my possession, to say nothing of that wound in my hand. Fortunately, when the prince recovered from his fit of fury, he realized that the thing had best be hushed up and kept quiet between us two, and he promised that, if I would say nothing about it, I should find it very much to my advantage. So I promised to be silent, but, in return, I exacted from him a written confession of what had happened, just to protect my own head, to say nothing of my future interests. He kicked up no end of a fuss at first about giving me that document, but I stuck it out and I got it at last, drawn up in exactly the terms I wanted. Here it is." And, drawing from his breast-pocket a small letter-case, he took from it a folded sheet of note-paper, opened it, and held it so that Mr. Deane could read the writing upon it. It ran as follows:

"I confess that, on the night of the tenth

of September, 1881, I killed the Count d'Anglade in the forest near the Chateau de Valdora.

Charles Louis Raoul Ferdinand, Prince de Valdora."

Mr. Deane stretched out his hand to take possession of the document, but Claye recoiled with a glance of suspicion, thrust it back into the letter-case, and replaced the case in his pocket.

"No offense, sir—none meant, I assure you. But nobody must touch this paper till I've got my price for it: fifty thousand dollars, as I said before. Oh, yes—I've made some money out of it already; but the prince never had much ready cash on hand, and so I had to satisfy myself with driblets and dabs—a few hundreds now and then, but nothing serious or satisfying. But, when I heard he had made such a magnificent marriage, I made sure then of getting a jolly sum, cash down on the nail. He could have had that paper any time in the last five years for twenty thousand dollars, but now I mean to have just what I told you."

"I have heard," said Mr. Deane, "that the assassin of the Count d'Anglade was arrested and tried and executed for the crime—a wretched tramp who had been prowling about the forest for some days before."

Bertrand Claye shifted his position uneasily on his chair and hesitated a moment before answering.

"That's true," he replied, at last, hoarsely and gloomily. "A miserable vagabond—an escaped convict, I believe—who had robbed one of the peasant-girls of the neighborhood of her cross and chain, just after the forest-guard had caught him cutting down a sapling, on the afternoon before the night of the murder. He must have come across the count's dead body before morning and helped himself to whatever valuables were to be found on it; for, when he was arrested, he had the count's watch and chain in his pocket, and a pretty handful of gold pieces too, to say nothing of a big knife hidden in the folds of a worsted sash that he wore. It was the watch that did for him: coined money tells no tales, but a watch with a crest and coronet engraved on the case is just like a signed paper—it gives you away at once. So he was found guilty and was guillotined at Montargis before the month

was out. And I could have saved him—yes, I could have saved him with a word! You need not look at me with such horror, sir. If you were to speak out and tell me just what you think of me, you could not say more than I say to myself every day. And then, at night, his face comes before me as I saw it at the trial: his big bullet head, with drops of perspiration all starting out on his forehead; and his eyes wild and staring; and his heavy lips all parched and pale with terror. No, I'll never forget it; and, when I think about it all, I feel like hunting out the real criminal and strangling him with my bare hands, on account of the burden he has laid on my soul. For, look you, one has a conscience even if one has not been born a prince! And, if he has gone glooming through the world ever since and has never gotten back his spirits, and has always been quite knocked up whenever there was a thunder-storm like the one that was going on when he did the deed, how does he think I feel when I remember the poor wretch that I left for death just by holding my tongue? Only he was as guilty in that case as I was, and so he has two deaths on his mind instead of one."

A shuddering moan escaped from the lips of Alice, and she hid her face in her hands. Bertrand looked at her curiously and with a strange sort of rude sympathy in his glance and manner.

"Have no fear, madame la princesse," he said, in softened tones. "Once your papa has paid down the money and gotten hold of the slip of paper that I have in my pocket, the prince is just as safe as a church. Nobody would believe the evidence of a poor devil like myself after all these years, if I were inclined to split on him—which I ain't—once his written confession is out of my hands. So we'll settle up that part of the business, Mr. Deane, as soon as you like."

For sole answer, Mr. Deane went to an escritoire in antique buhl that occupied one corner of the room, seated himself before it, and drew out from one of the central drawers a cheque-book. This he filled up rapidly, and, going up to Bertrand Claye, he held it before his eyes without a word.

"That's all right—fifty thousand dollars—and here's the paper." And with one hand

he proffered the prince's confession, whilst he grasped the cheque with the other. "Give and take, you see. That's correct. Drexel, Harjes & Co.—open till four o'clock, and it isn't two yet. I'm off at once to touch the cash. Many thanks, sir and madame. Good-morning to you both." And he started for the door with such energy that he ran against the valet, who had just thrown it open with the sonorous announcement "The Prince de Valdora."

Faultlessly dressed as usual, with head erect and with self-possessed and haughty bearing, the prince paused upon the threshold and confronted the group before him. He turned pale and was visibly shaken when he caught sight of Bertrand Claye, who thrust his hands in his pockets and stared him in the face with triumphant effrontery.

"Good-morning, Mr. Deane. How is my wife after her hurried journey? And how comes it that I find you in communication with this scoundrel? Alice dear—"

He advanced as if to take her in his arms, but she recoiled with a piercing shriek, and, starting from her half-reclining position, she hurried to her father and threw herself once more into his arms.

"Do not let that man touch me," she panted. "There is blood upon his hands!"

The pale impassive countenance of her husband turned a shade paler, but he showed no other sign of discomposure as he remarked:

"I think your sudden journey must have affected your mind, princess. At all events, remember that a lady who flies precipitately from her husband's home with another man lays herself open to suspicions even more damaging than—"

"Silence!" shouted Josiah Deane, springing to his feet and putting Alice aside. "Another word like that in disparagement of my daughter, and I'll have my servants thrust you out into the street. Or what will be better still, I'll send around the corner to the nearest police-station, and I'll have you taken into custody on a charge of murder. There stands my chief witness. And in my breast-pocket—here—I hold the written evidence of your guilt. Stay where you are, Mr. Claye. I have not altogether ceased to have need of your services."

"You speak French with remarkable fluency for a gentleman that knew nothing of the language a few months ago," retorted Valdora, with a sneer.

"You think so? Ever since Alice's marriage, I have been slaving away at the study of French, so that I might be able to talk to the man that she had loved and married. And now, God help me! all that my study has done for me is to give me the power to tell you of the abhorrence that I feel for you, my son-in-law! If anything could add to my contempt and detestation, it would be your attempt to slander my poor child. You know as well as I do that Alice came to Paris yesterday, accompanied only by her maid. But there is no use in wasting words. There is business to be settled between us, and we may as well settle it at once. Mr. Claye, will you oblige me by waiting a little while in the dining-room? I promise you that you shall be released in ample time before the closing-hour of the bank. And Alice, my child—"

She lifted her drooping head and he kissed her on the brow.

"Go to your own room, daughter, and try to rest. I will come for you as soon as this matter is definitely arranged. Have no fear for the result. I promise you that you shall never be annoyed by this man again."

He supported her tottering steps to the door, and then returned to where the prince stood motionless beside the *escritoire*.

"Sit down, sir," said Mr. Deane, curtly. "And now to business: I hold, as I have before stated, your holograph confession of murder, given by you to Bertrand Claye."

"It was extorted from me by the threats of a scoundrel."

"Very possibly. But those threats would have been ineffectual, had they not had a basis of truth to make them dangerous. Look you, prince: I have stifled this great scandal, and the proofs are in my own hands. If you accede to the conditions that I propose, you will find me less troublesome to deal with, I think, than Bertrand Claye."

"And what are those conditions?"

"Simply that you will give up all claim upon my daughter and will consent never to see her again. After a certain period, a separation can be arranged, and, later on, under the laws of France, a divorce can be procured. In return for your consent to these measures, I agree to increase the income already settled upon you to fifty thousand dollars per annum, to be drawn in half-yearly payments by you as long as you shall live."



"And what if I refuse?"

"Then I shall execute my original threat: I will send at once for the police, and the law, Prince de Valdora, shall take its course with the assassin of the Count d'Anglade."

"So you are willing, Mr. Deane, to have the world at large startled by learning that your only child is the wife of a murderer?"

"I would rather have that fact made public than live with the knowledge that she was in the power of that murderer. Try in any way to enforce your claim upon Alice, and, so sure as there is a heaven above us, I shall place the whole affair in the hands of the law."

His pale hearer drew a long breath and paused an instant before replying.

"Well, on one condition I will agree to what you say."

"You are not exactly in a position to impose conditions, monsieur le prince. However, I will hear what you have to say."

"Make up the sum that I am to receive at once to fifty thousand dollars. With that amount, I can undertake a journey to China and Japan—two countries that I have always much desired to visit."

"You are a cool hand, my son-in-law—there's no doubt of that. However, it is worth an extra payment to get rid of you immediately. It shall be as you say."

## CHAPTER IX.

### AT LAST.

THE requisite papers were rapidly drawn up, Thomas and another one of the servants were summoned to witness the necessary signatures, and then Mr. Deane, for the second time that morning, filled in and signed a check on the bank of Drexel, Harjes & Co. for fifty thousand dollars. This the prince carefully inspected before folding it and placing it in his pocket-book. Then he rose, and, with all his usual courtesy and elegance of demeanor, he stretched out his hand to Mr. Deane, with the words: "Farewell, father-in-law. Don't bear malice."

But Mr. Deane, looking him straight in the eyes and taking no notice of the proffered hand, remarked curtly:

"Adieu, prince. That word means, I believe, good-bye for good and all."

He bit his lip, bowed, and straightway departed. Then Mr. Deane rang the bell,

and, when Thomas made his appearance, he said:

"Bid Mr. Claye come to me."

"I beg your pardon, sir—but—but that person is gone. I discovered him at the door, with his ear to the keyhole, and I took the liberty of remonstrating with him on the subject. He became offended and went away."

"It is just as well, Thomas. You did quite right."

"Mr. John Forsyth is in the drawing-room, sir, and has been waiting to see you for half an hour past."

"Tell him to come in at once." And Mr. Deane, seating himself once more at his *escritoire*, busied himself in enclosing the paper he had received from Bertrand Claye, in an envelope which he closed with five heavy seals in red wax, after the style in which registered letters are secured.

When Mr. Forsyth entered, Mr. Deane greeted him warmly, and then said:

"See here, John—I want you to take charge of this document for me. Should I die suddenly, you are to open the envelope and make use of the paper it contains, in the way best calculated to protect the interests of my daughter. You saved her life once, and I charge you now with the care of her future existence."

"Believe me, Mr. Deane, I highly appreciate the trust that you repose in me," said the young man, coloring to the very roots of his fair hair. "And may I ask how the princess is, after the fatigue of her sudden journey?"

"I fear that she is far from well. In fact—"

A discreet tap at the door interrupted Mr. Deane, and Josephine made her appearance, her usually bright face looking singularly pale and wearing an expression of alarm.

"Will monsieur kindly come to madame la princesse? And, if monsieur would send right away for the doctor, I think it would be as well. Madame la princesse has fainted, and I can't bring her round."

The banking-house of Messrs. Drexel, Harjes & Co., always filled as it is with clients, had seldom known such a throng as that which crowded its premises on that bright September afternoon. Nor is it a common occurrence for that house, even in course of their usual vast transactions, to be called upon to

pay over two separate sums of fifty thousand dollars, each called for by the cheque of one individual. There was some demur about the first one of these cheques that was presented. The bearer, Mr. Bertrand Claye, was not exactly the type of man that is accustomed to handle amounts of that magnitude. But the heads of the house examined the draft and declared that the signature thereto affixed, of Mr. Josiah Deane, was undoubtedly genuine, and so the bearer was speedily put into possession of a thick roll of bank-notes, which he stowed away carefully in a leather wallet that he afterward tucked away in some mysterious place of deposit in the interior of his velvet waistcoat. This arrangement once completed, he did not go away, but remained turning over the leaves of the great register-book of arrivals, with as absorbed a manner as though he were expecting someone to come to Paris in whom he was deeply interested.

He was indeed waiting for an arrival, but the signature of the new-comer did not adorn the pages of the well-studied register. He saw the Prince de Valdora come in and go up to the wicket where cheques were cashed, and he adroitly slipped around to a position where he could see and hear all that went on, without being seen, as he stood with his back turned, intently studying the quotations of American stocks inscribed on a blackboard that hung against the wall.

"Fifty thousand dollars. Very good, prince. Will you have the whole amount in notes, or a part in gold? One hundred dollars in gold, and the rest in notes? Here it is."

And the deft fingers dealt out the clean crisp notes of the Bank of France with the rapidity and unerring precision due to long practice.

"Ah, prince—glad to see you," said a stout genial-looking gentleman, who entered the bank just as the last coin had been counted out and pocketed. "Are you back in Paris for the season?"

"No; my wife has come up on a visit to her parents. I shall join her later. But I am going back to my chateau this very afternoon."

"Wait till the evening train and come and dine with me at my club."

"Many thanks, baron, but I have just sent a dispatch to my coachman to have my car-

riage meet me at the arrival of the train that reaches Montargis at ten o'clock."

"Well, another time."

"Yes, certainly, with pleasure. Another time. Good-bye." And the Prince de Valdora hastened away.

"You have telegraphed to have your carriage meet you at the Montargis station, my fine prince," muttered Bertrand Claye, emerging from behind the blackboard. "Two can play at that game, I fancy. There are no signatures to telegrams, to tell tales. And, if I send a second one to tell your coachman not to bring the carriage to the station this evening, you'll have to walk home. And then it will go hard with me if I cannot manage to set my ten claws on that big roll of bank-notes that you have just stuffed into your pocket. But I too must make haste to catch the train."

Two days later, the newspaper of the district, the *Journal of the Loiret*, contained the following paragraph:

**A MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.**—We have the mournful task of announcing to our readers the death by drowning of one of the best known of the landed proprietors of our neighborhood—the Prince de Valdora. He had, with the princess, come down to spend some months at his chateau, but had gone to Paris on Wednesday last, to accompany his wife on a visit to her parents. He started to return home on the evening of the same day—having important business, as we understand, to transact at the chateau. On arriving at the station, he was much annoyed to find that no carriage had been sent for him, and, as there were no cabs on hand, he declared his intention of returning home on foot. Nothing more was seen or heard of him till his corpse was found floating in the canal midway between Montargis and the Chateau de Valdora. The canal is very deep at that point, and the current there is remarkably strong and dangerous. There were no traces of a struggle discernible on the body of the unfortunate gentleman, and, moreover, his watch and chain and a sum of something over one hundred dollars in gold were found in his pockets. The theory of foul play being thus entirely set aside, it is conjectured that he lost his way and fell by accident into the canal. By a singular coincidence, his corpse was discovered only a few yards from the border of the forest

in which the Count d'Anglade, his intimate friend, was assassinated several years ago.

Many weeks elapsed before the widow of the dead man learned that the ties that had become so abhorrent to her had been thus violently severed. She lay for a long time the prey to acute nervous fever; and, as soon as she was in a condition to be moved, her parents took her down to their Trouville villa, where she passed the period of her tardy convalescence. Mr. Deane had his own theories respecting the cause of the prince's sudden death, and these acquired a certain foundation from the fact that no trace of the package of bank-notes which he had carried away with him was ever discovered. The police conjectured that the parcel must have fallen into the canal and been swept away by the resistless force of the current, basing their idea on the fact that the dead man's jewelry and purse filled with gold coin had been left untouched. His father-in-law quietly acquiesced in this decision, and the legal investigations of the case were closed with the verdict of "accidental drowning," brought in at the inquest. Much sympathy was bestowed on the poor young wife thus suddenly bereft of her high-born husband so soon after their wedding. The terrible secret that had darkened the last days of Alice's married life was kept inviolate by her and by Mr. Deane, not even Mrs. Deane being admitted to share in their confidence. She was therefore the most demonstrative, as she was the most sincere, of all the mourners that followed the Prince de Valdora to his grave, and only the lingering illness of the young widow prevented Alice from receiving some very severe reproaches from her mother on the subject of the lack of appreciation she showed concerning the deceased.

As soon as the invalid was able to travel, Mr. Deane insisted on closing up the house in Paris and on taking his wife, and his restored treasure as well, to the milder climate of Italy. They lingered long in that land of art and sunshine, and the anxious father had the delight of seeing the health and spirits of his daughter revive, as the petals of a flower parched and drooping from continued drought expand to new beauty and freshness under the influence of a timely shower. Then, at the approach of summer, the party visited Northern Europe. They

traveled through Sweden and Denmark and Norway, and finally found themselves installed for a lengthened stay in St. Petersburg, with the prospect of spending at least six months in Russia—for Mr. Deane expressed himself as being desirous of seeing the first approach of winter in that land where winter wears so peculiar and characteristic an aspect. Here they were joined by John Forsyth, whose business-connections in Russia had assumed a character of new and striking importance. And the following letter from Mrs. Deane to the Baroness de Menars will best explain the situation and serve to wind up the threads of this history:

DEAR BARONESS:

I hardly know how to begin a letter to you to-day—for I am so vexed, and disappointed as well! I think I am the most unlucky mother in all the world. Just fancy! Alice is engaged to that Mr. Forsyth whom you may have seen at our house, and they are to be married early in the coming spring! There is no use in my opposing the affair in any way: for Mr. Deane declares that, as I arranged Alice's first marriage, he is determined to manage her second one himself. Indeed I shall never get over it—never! Alice might have lived and died the Princess de Valdora—and now she will sink into plain Mrs. John Forsyth, the wife of a young man from Maizetown, Wisconsin, whose father is in the iron-trade. I am certain that she never really appreciated our dear prince, for she has always avoided the very mention of his name since we lost him. I declare that it makes me cry like a child just to think of it. On the other hand, Mr. Deane is quite beside himself with delight, and says that he always coveted John Forsyth for a son, and now the great wish of his life is realized. One thing is pleasant—we are all coming back to Paris in time to see the Exhibition. John and Alice will be married quietly in London in April, and then we shall return to our home in Paris for six months or a year. After that, they will go to live in St. Petersburg. I am sure that I do not care. My life is just crushed by this great disappointment. My only daughter plain Mrs. John Forsyth—and that, too, after I had succeeded in arranging for her such A MAGNIFICENT MARRIAGE!

## A NOBLE WOMAN.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



AMONG the historical records of the last hundred years, there is no woman's story which excites deeper admiration and sympathy than that of Queen Louise of Prussia. She was one of the loveliest and most gifted of the royal ladies of her epoch, but her tenderness of heart

and her heroic spirit of self-sacrifice shone out even more brightly than either her talent or her beauty.

This daughter of the grand-ducal house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was born in Hanover on the 10th of March, 1776. Her mother died while Louise was still a little child, but she and her younger sister were fortunate enough to be reared under the guidance of a grandmother who owned both a head and a heart. It should be mentioned, too, that they enjoyed an advantage not always bestowed on princesses, of having for governess a lady eminently fitted for the position she held.

According to the absurd custom prevalent in noble German families of that era, the children's education was carried on almost wholly in French. As she grew up, Louise perceived the error of this system, and set diligently to work to supply its deficiencies. She studied her native language with unremitting zeal and became thoroughly conversant with the history of Germany as well as with the works of its political writers, its great poets, and its renowned philosophers.

She very early manifested the charitable disposition and the yearning to be a real helper to all within reach, which were among her leading characteristics in later life. The wise grandame had considerable difficulty in teaching her that generosity and acts of kindness can be carried so far as to become offenses rather than good deeds. On one occasion, she gave all her pocket-money to an old woman whom she met, and then borrowed from a servant in order to make

other gifts. The grandmother scolded the domestic for presuming to lend to a minor, and obliged Louise to pay the debt out of her weekly allowance, pithily remarking that honesty was preferable to alms-giving.

The sisters often went to Frankfort, and always, when there, staid at the house of Goethe's mother; a delightful account of these visits, taken from the lips of the old lady herself, is to be found in the letters of the famous Bettina, entitled "Goethe's Correspondence With a Child."

When Louise was seventeen years of age and already radiant with grace and beauty, she met the Crown Prince of Prussia, and an attachment sprang up between the youthful couple as sudden and ardent as that of Romeo and Juliet, only destined to find a more fortunate consummation. They were married within a twelvemonth, and remained lovers through all the years during which they saw such vicissitudes and sorrows. The young pair were happiest in their home, and, when they returned thither after some festivity, and the princess exchanged her cumbrous state dress for her customary simple attire, the husband would say:

"Now you are my wife again! It is very tiresome that you are obliged to be Crown Princess so often!"

In October, 1795, their oldest son was born; in 1797, they became king and queen, and in that same year a second son saw the light, destined to become known to the history of this century as William II, not only king of Prussia, but ruler of the new German empire.

Other children were born to the pair, but, blessed as Louise was in the love of her husband and her little ones, anxieties for the future only too soon began to loom up and to grow and strengthen with startling rapidity.

After the close of the revolution in France, when that country began menacing manifestations toward its neighbors, Prussia and Austria formed an alliance against the encroacher. At the conclusion of the Peace

of Basle, however, Frederick William, deceived by Bonaparte's protestations, retired from the war against France, and could not be induced to abandon his weak neutrality, even when the life of Prussia as a reigning power became the real matter at issue.

At length, greatly through the influence of Louise, the patriotic party succeeded in persuading William to change his policy; and a little later, over the grave of Frederick the Great, the king and the Czar Alexander vowed in the queen's presence never to lay down arms till they had secured the deliverance of Germany.

In the struggle between the war and peace parties which agitated the Prussian court during the year 1806, Queen Louise played an influential part. Her conduct acted as a constant stimulus to the best men to work for the fatherland, though she was far from pushing herself into the foreground. It was her character more than anything she did which made her name a watchword for the enemies of France. Napoleon understood that the queen was a power, and, attributing her influence to direct political action, did not scruple to calumniate her in the coarsest fashion.

The result of the contest could not long be doubtful. Napoleon burned to destroy at one blow the monarchy which he had cajoled while hoping to make it a tool. Victory became an easy matter for the mighty commander, and the day of twofold misfortune—that which witnessed the defeat at Jena and Auerstädt—decided the fate of Prussia. Some biographers assert that Louise remained with the army till the beginning of this disastrous day, while others say that she had already gone to the Baths of Pyrmont. In either case, it is certain that she arrived at the gates of Berlin just in time to hear of the complete defeat of the Prussian troops and to learn that the French were overrunning the country.

Five weeks later, Napoleon entered Berlin; but the queen and her children had already joined the king at Küstrin, a place of refuge which soon had to be deserted for one more distant from the capital. Even in the midst of such awful calamity, Louise lost neither courage nor trust in the future, and her heroism inspired her husband and his men with renewed strength and hope.

The ensuing year was one of terrible

suffering, of alternate defeat and brief visions of hope, and in July, 1807, fell the heaviest blow of all—the Czar was induced to make terms with the French emperor and signed the treaty called the Peace of Tilsit.

Before this event took place, Alexander, hoping that, through Louise's personal intervention, better terms might be secured for Prussia than either he or her husband had succeeded in obtaining, urged her to see Napoleon.

She accepted without hesitancy this crowning humiliation, and, in the interview which took place, she so deeply impressed Napoleon that he held out promises which, biographers insist, Talleyrand's influence prevented his fulfilling.

"Sire," said the wily diplomat, "shall posterity say that on account of a beautiful woman you have not duly profited by your finest campaign?"

So, a few days later, Louise learned that Prussia was to lose one-half of her territory, and that this leniency was only accorded as a sign of friendship to the Russian Czar.

The queen never recovered from this blow; she did not live to see her country rise from its humiliation or to witness the downfall of her relentless foe. She died in July, 1810, after a brief illness.

Her influence was great; but, far from dying with her, it widened with each succeeding generation. When, more than sixty years after her death, her son was able, at the close of the terrible war of 1870, to dictate his own terms to France, he realized clearly that the time had arrived for carrying into execution the favorite dream of his sainted mother—the binding together of the German states into one great empire.

The admirable steel-engraving in this number is from the finest picture ever painted of the beautiful lady, and possesses the added attraction of giving the likenesses of two of her sons.

Some years since, when Emperor William I of Germany died, his portrait was so often reproduced in this country that all grew familiar with his countenance. It will be interesting to compare the picture of the gallant boy on the queen's right with a photograph of him when he had become an octogenarian and the most famous monarch of his era.

## IN ONE MORNING.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



**T**URNING in her saddle, Miss Landis kissed her hand to her aunt, who was standing at a door of the great double-winged mansion.

Emily Landis was a handsome young woman who always looked well on horseback, but this morning she looked even more graceful than usual. Her relative thought this as she watched her, while Emily was thinking what a picturesque place Grey-stone was, and what a delightful couple her aunt and uncle were to visit.

Then Miss Landis cantered across the gravel-sweep and down the avenue, not even attended by a groom, as she was to join a party at the gates and set forth on what she expected would prove a delightful day's expedition.

She reined up at the door of the lodge and sat talking with old Mrs. Graves. Presently several ladies and gentlemen on horseback descended the hill, followed by a well-filled phaeton and two big old-fashioned landaus bearing a goodly freight of young and elderly persons.

Everybody gave a warm greeting to Miss Landis, who had been since early childhood in the habit of paying visits to her relatives, and was known and admired by the whole neighborhood. Then there were loud lamentations over the defection of Mr. and Mrs. Arthurly, who were the most popular middle-aged couple in the entire country.

"My uncle has one of his spring colds," Emily explained, as she rode from phaeton to landau after exchanging greetings with the equestrians. "He is not ill, only dreadfully uncomfortable. The doctor dooms him to the house, and so the aunt insisted on staying at home also."

"Of course, of course!" was the general answer. "She would be utterly miserable if she had come without him; and he will forget his ailments in the satisfaction of being nursed by her! Oh, we all know the Arthurlys!"

VOL. XCVII—19.

The line of march was soon again taken up. The road ran along the base of wooded hills; to the right, still higher peaks glowed in the morning light; to the left, stretched a lovely valley, with the capricious Susquehanna winding through its heart.

It was only the last week in April, but the extraordinary forwardness of the season made it seem more like the end of May. The roads were in good order, and the trees and fields looked indescribably beautiful in the tender green of the grass and foliage.

Every now and then, picturesque residences appeared among the trees, and, from nearly every house, equestrians or carriages joined the procession, till it numbered at least twenty persons. At length, a road was reached that wound up to the top of the hills, on the summit of which a tiny lake had lodged itself.

Just where the mountain-route intersected the turnpike, stood a large old-fashioned house in the centre of a wide lawn. At the open gates, a lady and two gentlemen were waiting on horseback.

"Oh, I am so glad dear Miss Armstrong and her brother are coming!" Emily's neighbor cried, in enthusiastic fashion. "But who is that second man?"

Emily had no need to speak, and it was as well, for a single glance at that pale face, with its delicate-cut features and eager hazel eyes, had left her fairly breathless between surprise and some deeper disturbance which she would have refused to recognize.

"That is Mr. Royce Hamersley," explained the gentleman riding on the other side of Emily's questioner. "He is a college-friend of Lane Armstrong's. He was here some years since, before you came to live in the neighborhood, Miss Reynolds."

The young lady returned a laughing answer, and Emily let the pair talk on, riding steadily forward without looking either to the right or the left.

They reached the gates, and a halt was made while the Armstrongs rode about, exchanging greetings with their neighbors and presenting their visitor.

(353)



Emily was sitting quiet in the background when she heard a voice say joyfully:

"Miss Landis! I have been looking for you everywhere! I suppose this meeting takes you by surprise, but I knew in advance that I was to have the great, great pleasure of seeing you again!"

And there stood Royce Hamersley. He had dismounted, slipped the bridle-rein over his left arm, and was holding out his right hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Hamersley?" Emily rejoined, with perfect composure, as she extended her gloved fingers. "You are certainly the last person I should have expected to meet in this part of the world."

When the procession started again, Emily found herself at some distance from the main body of equestrians, with Royce Hamersley riding beside her.

He renewed his protestations of pleasure at their meeting. Miss Landis listened and answered smilingly, though with a lack of enthusiasm and an indescribable air of accepting his eager speeches as mere banal compliments, which could not fail to strike a man of such quick intuitions as her companion.

"I believe you don't care two straws about seeing me again! Upon my word, you look, indeed, as if you had almost forgotten my existence!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a fairly boyish petulance which would have surprised anybody besides a person who knew him well enough to understand what an impulsive being he really was, under his usually self-restrained demeanor. "It is quite too bad of you to treat me so—only, of course, if you don't care, it is frank and honest to show it."

"I must possess a very unfortunate manner," rejoined Miss Landis, still with that air of regarding his outburst as a mere bit of conventional gallantry. "I meant to act pleased to meet you, Mr. Hamersley, and I thought I did."

"Oh, pleased!" he repeated, in a dissatisfied tone. "One can always say so much, to any acquaintance! It means that—that—oh, it simply signifies that one is in reality perfectly indifferent."

"It may with some persons," Miss Landis answered, "but I have a habit of meaning what I say."

"Well, the admission is worth something!" he rejoined, fixing his eyes on her with such

earnestness that she was again conscious of the fluttering breathless sensation which had caused her such annoyance when she first caught sight of him.

"I am glad I have succeeded in saying anything satisfactory," she said, with a little ring of mockery in her voice, which quite spoiled the soothing effect of her former speech.

Again she met those eloquent eyes, and now they were full of wondering reproach.

"Oh, how changed you are!" he exclaimed. "And—and I had looked forward so anxiously to renewing our acquaintance."

He made a slight pause before pronouncing the last word, as if he were inclined to employ another, but did not venture. This hesitation proved bad for his cause; it reminded Miss Landis how necessary it was to be on her guard, lest she should forget the lesson which the past months had impressed on her memory.

"My entire stay in St. Louis was very pleasant," she said, without the slightest trace of earnestness in voice or face, "and I owed a great deal of my enjoyment to your courtesy. I trust your relatives were quite well when you last heard? You know, my friend Mrs. Halsey sailed for Europe soon after I returned East, so I have had no news of the numerous agreeable people I met while visiting her—among whom I always recollect your sister as one of the most delightful."

Mr. Hamersley's eyes showed a certain impatience, even hurt feeling, at her polite indifference of voice and manner; but he had the rare good sense to try and hide his state of mind.

"It is nice to hear my sister praised, and she fully returns your flattering verdict; but I confess to being selfish enough to care more to find out what may be your real opinion of that delightful lady's brother," he replied, laughing a little, though evidently in earnest all the while.

Miss Landis felt herself growing angry—partly at his persistence, but more because, in spite of her determination, she found it difficult to resist the spell of his manner and the peculiar magnetism of his presence. Show emotion of any sort, she would not; he should never have the gratification of knowing that he could even vex her, and she answered readily:

"Doesn't one always have a favorable

opinion of any person who shows one kind attentions? And you were always devising something pleasant for my benefit."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, with an impatient gesture. "You know that isn't what I meant. It all came to an end so suddenly—I was called away so unexpectedly—"

There was no time given him to finish his sentence, for just then they rounded a turn in the road and found themselves close to several of the equestrians. Some little mishap had chanced to the saddle of one of the ladies, and she had been obliged to dismount, the others waiting while a gentleman repaired the damage.

This halt gave Miss Landis an opportunity to join one of the little groups. Before a start was made, Mr. Hamersley had been captured by some lady who wished to claim a share of the handsome stranger's attention, and, when the various knots of twos and threes rode on, she managed to keep him a prisoner; though, had she chosen to use her eyes, she might have perceived that, in spite of his perfect good-breeding, his thoughts were not anywhere near her or the sprightly dialogue in which she took the greater share.

Emily Landis again found herself in the society of the young lady and gentleman by whom she had been riding before Mr. Hamersley joined the party. As the pair belonged to the wearisome order of talkers who seldom wait or wait for an answer, and fill up every faint pause with inane laughter, Emily was able to pursue the thread of her own reflections without much interruption.

Some two years previous, her favorite school-friend had married a wealthy man in St. Louis, and during the past autumn Emily had fulfilled a promise to pay her a visit.

That visit had lasted nearly two months, and Royce Hamersley's society and attention had made the chief interest of her daily life. The week after her arrival, he had appeared at the house of his sister, who was quite intimate with Emily's friend, so that from the very first the intercourse between the young couple had assumed a different footing from that on which two new acquaintances usually stand.

As the weeks went on, Mr. Hamersley had shown more and more plainly that this meeting with Emily Landis had proved a very important era in his life. Emily was not a vain girl, and, though accustomed to admiration, not given to fancying that every man

who paid her compliments or offered her a show of devotion must necessarily have fallen a victim to her fascinations. But the time came when she could not refuse to admit to her inner self that Royce Hamersley's attitude was that of a man in love, and only restrained from putting his passion into words by the fear that the short period of their acquaintance might make him appear over-bold or confident.

Looks—yes, and manner—told their tale plainly enough, and, though Emily did not admit to her conscience that she loved Hamersley, she knew he held a very different place in her thoughts from that which any other man had ever occupied.

Seven delightful weeks went by; neither her friend nor Hamersley's sister ever disturbed her by comment or innuendo, and so the pretty idyl increased in beauty and brightness till the end came as abruptly and with as little warning as the opening measures of the poem had begun to thrill, first her fancy and then her heart, by their unparalleled sweetness.

There had been no talk of his going away, and the first intimation thereof was contained in a hurried note which Emily received one morning. He wrote to excuse himself for breaking an engagement to ride with her, on the plea that unexpected news called him back to his home in Chicago. He was obliged to catch the night express, and would be occupied all day by business of such importance that he must yield to its claim. Sometime during the evening, he should do himself the honor of calling to say those saddest words in the whole round of human speech, and never had "good-bye" been so difficult to utter as it would be now.

The note was abrupt, constrained, entirely different from his usual graceful style—and the closing paragraph sounded to Emily an absolute impertinence, as she read it half aloud in the privacy of her chamber.

Mr. Hamersley did call, but there were several visitors present, and he and Emily scarcely passed ten minutes in private conversation. During that brief period, he appeared strangely unlike himself, at one instant beginning sentences which seemed the commencement of an explanation, then breaking off with some irrelevant phrase or leaving the sentence as unfinished as it sounded enigmatical.

Emily appeared perfectly self-possessed; she bade him farewell in the hearing of all about, and her smile was easy, her manner unconstrained. After he had gone, her hostess expressed surprise at this sudden departure; but, though she asked no questions, her manner implied that she supposed Miss Landis understood, and that she herself should hear the reason in due time.

It happened that Emily did not again meet Mr. Hamersley's sister; diphtheria had broken out in that lady's nursery, and her house was, of course, forbidden ground. Emily's host had developed a feverish cold, which increased so alarmingly that during the next two days his wife was kept almost constantly confined to his sick-room. On the third morning, Emily received a telegram from her mother, who had suddenly decided on a trip to New Orleans. She would reach St. Louis that evening, and desired her daughter to be ready to proceed the same night.

So the strangest episode in Emily Landis's life came to an abrupt end, and, from that time until this day, there had literally been no link to connect her life therewith save the bitter memory which had lain hidden deep down in the recesses of her heart.

These things had happened four months ago; it had been near the close of December when Emily left St. Louis, and it was now the last week in April. She and her mother had remained South until the beginning of March, and had then returned to New York. Emily was glad of the Lenten dullness which reigned in town. She kept herself busy in various ways, seldom consciously admitting that existence had grown less bright and hopeful; yet, under all her effort, there was a change in her whole mode of thought and feeling, try to fight against or ignore the fact as she might.

She had been heartily glad when a letter came from her aunt, begging for an earlier visit than usual. The weather was like that of June, so why stay shut up in a close tiresome city? Mrs. Landis preferred going first to Washington, to spend a few weeks with an old friend; but Emily promptly accepted her aunt's invitation, and had, every morning since her arrival, congratulated herself on having done so. She was genuinely fond of country life, and her relatives were congenial companions; besides, there were various per-

sons in the neighborhood to whom she was warmly attached, not only from association, but community of sympathy and taste.

And now, without any warning, Royce Hamersley had again crossed her path, and she realized that his appearance could not be treated as an indifferent matter. She had not a great deal of leisure for reflection on what line of conduct she ought to pursue, before she once more found him riding by her side.

Presently he managed to separate her sufficiently from their companions so that private conversation was possible, and then he began at once, almost where he had left off twenty minutes before in his broken sentence.

"Oh, that starting away from St. Louis!" he exclaimed. "It was so sudden, and I was so worried and harassed—I suppose you heard enough about it to understand that."

"No," Emily replied, in a quiet tone, though her heart had begun to beat rapidly and hard; "I left only three days later—quite unexpectedly too."

"Oh, yes; my sister wrote," he said, quickly. "It was a good while before I received her letters, though. I was traveling about from one place to another in Illinois and Minnesota, and my mail-matter went astray—besides, her husband and she were both ill for a good while."

"As I told you," Emily rejoined, "owing to my friend's absence, I have had no news from St. Louis."

"But at least you had a letter from my sister, which explained enough so that—" He was looking at Emily, and what he saw in her face caused him to add quickly: "You did not? Why, she wrote the day after I left."

"I never received it," Emily said. "Mrs. Halsey's house was in great confusion; two or three of the servants were ill—at your sister's, too—the letter must have been mislaid."

"That accounts for what I have puzzled over so much—what—why shouldn't I say it?—has troubled me so terribly!" Hamersley ejaculated, with a deep breath of relief. "My sister wondered that she never got even a note of acknowledgment from you! A little coolness about some business-matter rose between her husband and Mr. Halsey—it has since been satisfactorily settled, but

the two ladies did not meet before your friend sailed."

"Yes; I gathered that from something in Mrs. Halsey's first letter—"

"And you have heard nothing!" he broke in, either not hearing her words or too eager to wait. "What must you have thought of—I mean, how rude a creature I must have seemed—to—to—what a perfect savage I have appeared!"

His sudden hesitancy, even confusion—which set oddly enough on a man of such composure and self-control—enabled Emily to master her secret emotion.

"I certainly could have had no ground for applying such very severe epithets," she answered, in a somewhat amused tone, the naturalness of which did her great credit. "Business is always reason enough for a man to give his most intimate friends for change of plan or sudden departure—certainly he can't be expected to enter into detailed explanation to his ordinary acquaintances."

She was hastily congratulating herself on the framing of this civil meaningless little speech, when she discovered that it had produced a very different effect from that which she expected.

"Ordinary acquaintances!" he echoed, in a tone expressive of a little indignation and a good deal of hurt feeling. "Was that all the place you gave me? I suppose I had no right to expect more—yes, I needn't attempt polite falsehoods! I hope it doesn't sound offensively conceited—but I did flatter myself I stood on a footing a little different from that of an ordinary acquaintance!"

It was difficult to preserve her tone of half-badinage, but Emily succeeded very well, as she said:

"You would rather deserve the title of an extraordinary one! I told you how much I felt I owed to your courtesy and good nature!"

"Oh," he cried, irritably, rejecting both terms by a decided little gesture. He stopped an instant, then hurried on: "Miss Landis, I went to New York a few days since—the first thing I did was to go to your house."

"And mamma and I both away—too bad!" she interposed, speaking seriously enough now.

"Yes, it did seem somewhat hard," he continued, rather dryly; "for I had come East

more to have the pleasure of seeing you than for any other reason."

This sounded too much like the pretty speeches of four months back, the worth and sincerity of which Emily had found too good cause for doubting, to suffer any renewal thereof to touch or deceive her.

"Do you propose remaining long?" she asked, ignoring the close of his sentence.

"That will depend on—" Again he broke off, adding: "I got your address from your housekeeper—I remembered having heard you speak of the Armstrongs."

"Miss Jane was telling me how glad they were to have a visit from you."

"I wrote and offered to come, as soon as I found you were here," he said, and now his voice sounded determined, even while it grew quick and tremulous. "I came to this place on purpose to see you, Miss Landis—as I would have gone to the antipodes if I could not have found you nearer! I came the moment I could break through entanglements—set straight my affairs! These four months have appeared an eternity—and I could not even write! You had not answered my sister's letter—I was not free to—to—oh, I thought the time would never end! I tell it all badly, but—"

A shout from the nearest group interrupted him. They had reached another turn in the road; just below spread the tiny lake in its setting of forest-trees; on the edge stood the comfortable old farm-house, where luncheon was to be eaten. The last stragglers galloped up—there was only time for Hamersley to ask:

"Then I may call on you to-morrow?" Emily answered by a bow, and he continued rapidly: "I mean really to see you—to have a chance to talk—to tell you all that is in my heart!"

Several persons were so close now that Emily was spared trying to find any answer, and of this she was glad, for an emotion so strong had seized her that she feared her voice would betray it, and she kept her eyes down lest they should reveal something of the joyous expectancy which thrilled her whole being.

During the hour before luncheon, there was no opportunity for private talk, and Emily was glad thereof, for she felt unaccountably shy; afraid, too, of making some betrayal of her excited state of feeling to

those about. At table, she was not seated near Mr. Hamersley, but every now and again she caught his eyes fastened on her.

As the party rose from the table, most of the gentlemen strolled out to smoke. Emily went upstairs in the hope of being for a little while alone, and ran straight into the clutches of talkative Miss Armstrong, who had sought that very chamber for a brief doze, but preferred a listener to that indulgence.

In five minutes, she had plunged into voluminous talk about her brother's friend and guest, and, before she finished, had done more mischief than could perhaps ever be set straight; done it, too, without malice or any intention of prejudicing her hearer against Mr. Hamersley.

"He's a delightful fellow," she repeated for the half-dozen time. "Nobody could resist him; it's no wonder he's had such success among women; they've spoiled him, though—you know, he's a terrible flirt."

"I really know very little about him," Emily said, with composure, while she stitched away at a rent which by good-luck she had discovered in the skirt of her riding-habit.

"Well, of course, I wouldn't repeat it to everybody—Lane would be furious," Miss Armstrong continued. "He won't tell; men always do hang by one another—I wonder why women can't?"

"I've no idea, I am sure," Emily said, re-threading her needle.

"Mr. Hamersley is certainly charming; I had never seen him but once before; I am glad he's come," pursued Miss Armstrong. "I wish I knew what it is; I'm not curious, but I do like to know about people! He's had some sort of entanglement—Lane has several times dropped hints. I fancy Hamersley's letters all winter have been rather doleful! From some words I caught last night as I was passing the smoking-room, I believe he has come away determined to end the thing."

Emily sat upright; surveyed her finished work, and shook out her habit; her face was averted as she said:

"I've not the slightest idea what you are talking of, Miss Jane."

"And I ought not to talk about it—indeed, I know nothing really—only I can't help being sure!" Miss Armstrong added, waxing as enigmatic as an oracle. "A married woman, no doubt, or some girl in a position

below his own! Oh, men, my dear—they are all alike! The very best have plenty of little failings which we'd better not inquire into. It seems to me that, in these days more than ever, matrimony is a risk which any girl with a head on her shoulders will do well to avoid!"

Here mercifully a couple of ladies entered, and Emily was allowed to effect her escape. The luxury of solitude she could not hope for; indeed, she knew that her wise plan was to laugh, talk, find excitement of some kind.

Presently she was downstairs, out among the young folk, the gayest of the gay; actually improvising a dance in the veranda, with an old darkey violinist for musician; then in a few moments heading a procession to the lake—the life of every group in which she found herself.

Then—the whole thing seemed to her like a phantasmagoria—Royce Hamersley was beside her again, looking at her with those eloquent eyes, saying in that low vibrating voice:

"I can't get five minutes' speech with you here—you are constantly surrounded! But to-morrow—oh, at what time may I come?"

"Oh, yes; you were kind enough to say you hoped to call," rejoined Emily. "I quite forgot! I am going away for a few days; I start early—"

"Going away?" he broke in.

"Yes; but I dare say I shall be back before you leave. You expect to stay the week out, I think you said?"

"Miss Landis—Emily!" he actually groaned.

She gave him a glance of surprised inquiry.

"I beg your pardon," he continued. "Oh, what is the matter? Have I offended you? You knew what I meant by what I said before we got here—you did not seem angry!"

"Not in the least," she rejoined, with a little laugh. "One is not offended at pretty speeches—what I call vocabulary-airing—unless a man should go too far!"

He started—half turned—looked back.

"Have I gone too far?" he asked, in a choked voice.

"I am convinced that good taste would prevent your ever doing that," she replied, with a cruel smile.

He stared incredulously at her; she stood there smiling still. He passed his hand before his eyes, then added:

"I may as well hear the truth at once! You knew—you knew I meant every word I said!"

She was looking at him yet—smiling, too; if it must needs cost her life, she would not flinch.

"I knew they were very poetical phrases," she observed.

"And you could believe I was not in earnest?"

"Oh, if I were forced to do that, then indeed I might be offended!" she said, quietly—swept him a courtesy, and was gone.

Another hour passed—another. Emily never forsook her post, never failed in the part she had set herself. Several times she saw Royce Hamersley at a distance, then he disappeared. She hardly knew what happened or how much time elapsed. At length, a start homeward was proposed; most of the equestrians were in advance.

Emily's horse was a famous trotter, and she made no effort to hold him in. A number of the riders followed her example, and a general helter-skelter race ensued in the midst of much laughter. They reached one of the short turns where a road branched off on either side of the main route. The track to the left, after making a loop of perhaps an eighth of a mile, joined the turnpike, and several of the party turned down this descent, the others keeping straight ahead.

Emily's horse had got the bit between his teeth; he plunged into the road to the right, which curved so abruptly that in an instant she was hidden from view—and indeed nobody had seen her disappear.

When the racing party got together again in the main road, those in advance supposed that Miss Landis was in the rear, the others that she was among the foremost of the groups.

A high wind had sprung up; the sky was ominously dark, and great drops of rain were beginning to fall. Emily's horse dashed on;

she realized that she had lost all control over him and was being run away with for the first time in her life. She was a good horse-woman, but at last she could no longer keep her seat, for a strap had given way and the saddle was beginning to turn.

She was near the foot of the hill; she freed her foot from the stirrup, gathered up her habit, and jumped; but, as she did so, the horse reared and she fell heavily to the ground. She was stunned for a few instants—forced to lie still. She heard a voice; knew that another horse was approaching—heard her own caught and stopped.

Then Royce Hamersley was lifting her up, while he called out in terror, mingling tender epithets with the repetition of her name.

It was late in the afternoon before Emily reached home; Royce Hamersley rode beside her up the avenue.

He had told his story; she knew that his hurried departure from St. Louis had been caused by business disaster, which threatened to leave him a beggar. With such probability staring him in the face, he felt that he had no right even to tell Emily of his love. It had taken four weary months to set his affairs straight. The instant that he again emerged into the sunshine of prosperity, he had started East to find her.

"It seems impossible that it is only a few hours since I rode away," Emily said, as they neared the house.

Hamersley gave a happy laugh and leaned forward so as to look into her glowing face.

"Small wonder if it does!" he answered.

"Think of all that has happened! An unexpected meeting—an interrupted explanation—and a wrong-headed old gossip's unintentional mischief! Then a hard-hearted young woman—a despairing young man; finally, a romantic accident and a happy denouement! Why, you have lived through an entire novel just IN ONE MORNING!"

## TRUE MANHOOD.

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his only skill.

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
And having nothing, yet hath all.



## A SELF-EXILE.

BY JONAS JUTTON.

IN the Ural Mountains, which divide frozen cheerless Siberia from Russia, are located the largest sheet-iron works on the globe. They are owned and controlled by the Government, and constitute an entire city which is fortified against the rest of the world. Russian sheet-iron is superior in toughness and finish to that produced by any other nation, and its process of manufacture is zealously guarded by the authorities. No one who enters the service ever again sees the outside world. He sacrifices freedom and intercourse with his family and friends for a few paltry roubles a month, which will be delivered to anyone to whom he chooses to send them. Not a word, though, concerning an employé, can be gotten from any Government official. He might live twenty years after entering the works, or he might die the following day, and his family would be none the wiser unless the non-appearance of the monthly stipend created a suspicion in their minds. Sometimes a worker endeavors to escape; but he is always caught and, as a warning to others, instantly shot for his attempted treachery.

Our story opens in Obvinsk, a little village about two hundred miles from the great iron-works. It was October, and vegetation of every kind had turned a reddish-brown—except the mosses and lichens, which seemed to cling closer to the rocks and boulders in their endeavor to shield themselves from the stiff east wind that came cold and cutting from the snow-covered Ural.

Petroff Norvitski entered his humble dwelling, as his wife Kartina placed their meagre supper of bread and potatoes upon the little fir table, on which flickered and flared a piece of candle from a small gourd which answered as a candlestick.

"Well, Petroff, what luck to-day?" his wife inquired, looking up with eyes red as though from weeping.

"None, Kartina—none," answered her husband, sinking wearily into a chair. "I have walked all day," he continued,

looking straight at the fast diminishing candle, which spluttered angrily, as though displeased at his steady gaze, "but could find no work. I went to see old man Korskoﬀ, but he would give me no work nor lend me a copeck. With a very scant allowance, we will have bread and potatoes enough to do us a week; and then—My God! will you and the children have to share the fate of Bochsiki's wife and children? Poor Bochsiki! he did all he could to keep them alive; but hunger's cruel pang and winter's icy breath took them away.

"No, Kartina—no: one potato is as much as I can eat. I am not hungry—I could not take another mouthful if I were to try."

Poor fellow—he was nearly starved; but he knew there were but few potatoes left, and he reasoned it would be better to leave them for Kartina and the children.

"I am tired, though, Kartina, and will go to bed. Cheer up, little wife," he said, taking her tenderly in his arms: "the sunshine may soon burst through the clouds, and our house again be flooded with light and happiness. It is true that crops have failed and that I can get no work; but the Blessed Virgin will see us through this winter."

Kissing his wife and children good-night, he sought the rest he so much needed. He closed his eyes—but not to sleep: it was to think of the probability of seeing his family starving and freezing, and to try to devise some means by which he could avert that terrible calamity.

When he rose in the morning, he appeared happier and more hopeful; but he could not conceal the fact that his cheerfulness was mostly assumed.

After eating his breakfast—which consisted of one potato—he embraced his family with more tenderness than usual; and, evading his wife's question as to where he was going, he bade her be of good cheer and left the house. When he was well out of sight of home, he sat down on a large rock by the roadside, and, strong man as he was, he

bowed his head in his hands and sobbed like a child.

"Oh, my God! this is terrible!" he moaned, while his frame shook like some mighty fir swayed by an angry wind. "Oh, Kartina! Kartina! how can I leave you and the children forever? Yes—it means forever, Kartina; for no one yet has ever escaped from the iron-works. But it means meat and bread for you and the little ones; and, while my heart will almost break at being separated from you, I can have some happiness from the thought that you are not suffering from the pangs of hunger. I know what it is to want food, for the gaunt wolf has long been gnawing at my vitals. Yes, I must do it, Kartina—or you and our children will starve.

"Good-bye, old rock," he cried, in anguish, stooping and kissing the cold unresponsive stone; "you have witnessed my happiness in the past, you now witness my misery. It was on you I sat, that beautiful spring morning, a dozen years ago, when all nature smiled and I told Kartina of my love. You saw us folded in each other's arms, our hearts beating in unison. How happy I was then, how miserable I am now! My God! this is terrible, to be compelled to leave forever all I love!"

After a few minutes of uncontrollable grief, he removed all traces of his tears and strode rapidly down the road.

He begged a morsel or two of bread from serfs along the road, and, when night settled over the valley, crawled into a hedge, and, from sheer exhaustion, soon fell asleep. The sun was peeping over the Ural Mountains before he woke. Stiff and sore, he rose and painfully wended his way toward the great iron-works.

The sun had crossed the meridian, the shadows were lengthening, and not a mouthful of food had passed his lips, as everyone of whom he had asked a morsel to eat had refused him. Suddenly the loud report of a gun, several hundred yards away, rang out on the chilly air, and almost immediately a ptarmigan fell dead at his feet.

"That was a lucky shot for me," happily exclaimed Petroff, picking up the bird and thrusting it under his jacket. Looking around to make sure that the hunter had not seen him, he hurried on, and, after covering a mile or more, stopped by the roadside and

built a fire, over which he cooked his ptarmigan; and, though he ate it without bread or salt, he felt much strengthened afterward.

Sleeping in the cold night-air had given him a twinge of rheumatism, and he resolved that he would not sleep in the hedge again if he could help it.

As the great orb of day smilingly dipped below the western horizon, he began looking about him for some place in which to spend the night. When it grew so dark that it was difficult to distinguish objects a hundred yards away, he came to the large estate of Count Romanoff. Passing wearily by the great castle, with its turrets and battlements, he was highly elated at seeing a large barn about one hundred yards from the highway. Clambering over the fence as quickly as his stiff and benumbed limbs would allow him, he slipped along a hedge to escape observation, and reaching the barn, climbed in at a low open window, and lying down in the new-mown hay, soon forgot his troubles in slumber.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when, being awakened by the sound of voices, he lay perfectly quiet and listened. Just outside the door, he could hear two men talking in low tones.

"This isn't the stable," he heard someone say.

"No, confound it!" replied another. "I remember now, the stables are back of the castle. We will go and take three of the best horses and carry them around by the lodge-gate. We will not only get a handsome ransom for the count, but we will also have three of his best horses. It is now twelve o'clock, and we must be at the rendezvous by three. Come, we have no time to lose here!"

Norvitski lay perfectly still until the sound of their footsteps died away in the distance, when he rose, and, dropping out of the window, noiselessly approached the castle and pulled the large brass knocker. Its echoes had scarcely stopped reverberating through the great house when a servant came to the door and inquired what was wanted.

"I must see your master at once," replied Petroff, in a low voice.

"You must come in the morning," replied the servant. "Master has long since retired, fatigued with the chase of the day."

"I must see your master at once!"

reiterated Petroff. "I may save his life. Go and deliver my order!" he commanded.

Seeing from Norvitski's excited manner that something of importance required the count's immediate attention, the servant hastily departed. Returning in a few minutes, he admitted Petroff and conducted him to the count, who had slipped into a dressing-gown and was sitting on the side of the bed.

"Well, fellow, what brings you here at such an unseemly hour?" asked the count, in an exasperated voice.

"Your own security," replied Petroff, boldly. He then, in as few words as possible, related his story.

"Well, that is audacity, in truth," said the count, in a tone of surprise. "I was captured once by brigands in Kroski's Pass, and had to pay a round sum for my freedom; but I never thought of anyone's entering the castle to commit such a d  ed. Perhaps we will reverse things this time."

The servant who had answered Petroff's knock was summoned, and to him the count told the tale.

"There is no use in alarming the household," he said; "we three can easily take them. They will effect an entrance by way of the butlery, and, as soon as they are well in the house, we must capture them."

Plans were laid, and the three noiselessly descended to the butlery, the count leading the way with a lamp, over which was thrown a large cloak so that its rays could not be seen. Secreting themselves in different parts of the room, they nervously awaited developments.

Soon after the clocks in the castle struck one, a file was heard, swiftly and almost noiselessly going through the iron casement. In thirtyfive or forty minutes—though it seemed an age to the watchers—part of the casement was removed and a cat-like tread was heard in the room, followed immediately by another.

As the muffled feet approached the door leading to the large hall, the count threw the cloak from the lamp, and three voices called out simultaneously:

"Attempt to defend yourselves and you are dead men!"

The brigands, with revolvers in their hands, turned quickly around; but, seeing themselves covered by three Russian cavalry-pistols, offered no resistance and suffered themselves to be disarmed and bound. In the pocket of one was found a bottle of chloroform, which was to be used in putting the count to sleep before removing him from the house.

"Norvitski," said the count, "you are a wealthy man. There are twenty thousand roubles offered for the capture of these men, who are the most desperate brigands that ever cursed Russia. Yes, sir—there is a reward of twenty thousand roubles offered for their capture, and you shall have every copeck of it. Why, man, what are you crying about?"

"For joy!" replied Petroff. "I was on my way to enter the Government iron-works. I could not see my family starve. Now—thanks to the Blessed Virgin!—I can return to Kartina and the children, whom I never expected to see again."

"That you shall," said the count, "and in my finest sledge."

The astonished villagers could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the splendid equipage, with footmen and outriders, stop in front of Norvitski's humble dwelling and a footman assist Petroff to alight. Great was Kartina's happiness at the return of her husband, far greater than her surprise—though she did not know where he had gone, nor could anyone tell her which direction he had taken.

To-day, there is no happier man in Russia than Petroff.

The brigands received their just deserts, being exiled for life to the mines of Siberia.

## TO A FRIEND ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

PLEASANT be the path before you,  
Sunny skies above your head;  
Not a cloud to veil the sunshine—  
Only roses where you tread.

Loving hearts to greet your coming,  
Kindly hands to press your own;  
Not a doubt and not a shadow—  
Only sunshine in your home.

## THE STORY OF DAGMA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282.

V.



FROM this hour, the intercourse between Dagma and her cousin was limited to scarcely more than daily greetings. He was a busy man—a lawyer, dabbling a little in politics—an ardent American.

He generally breakfasted before his mother, the children, and Dagma, waiting only long enough to give his mother her morning kiss, and then hastening away downstairs, across the paved hall below, and over the courtyard, his coat-tails flying in the March wind, so lost in thought that he sometimes passed his best friend without speaking.

To Dagma, he was altogether a new experience—a volume, whose language was almost unknown—the little known, unattractive. He seemed indeed a machine—a great powerful machine—regularly grinding its daily work. On Sunday, the machine relaxed a little—sat on the lower gallery by the parlor window reading the paper, walked in to breakfast with the children, talked with the mother, deigned even to ask how the little ones progressed with their French, and, after breakfast, went dutifully to ten o'clock Mass at the Cathedral, watching carefully the mother's steps if they walked, or helping her courteously into the carriage if they drove.

Dagma had been asked to go with them to church, but said truly she preferred early Mass; and, during the three Sundays which had already slipped away since her coming, Chancellor, barely glancing up from the morning paper, had seen her slim figure pass through the narrow gateway, and, prayer-book in hand, walk soberly over the gray stones.

She was always quiet and unobtrusive, never appearing downstairs except for breakfast, or her daily walks with the children, or an hour's loitering with them in the summer-

house—sometimes, indeed, going out with her prayer-book, evidently wending her way to the not distant Cathedral. Once or twice, Mrs. Goudain had asked her to go driving when the children went; but Dagma refused, saying she preferred to stay home.

One evening, the house seemed more brightly lighted than usual, and, looking down from the gallery before her room, the poor exile saw people passing along the paths of the courtyard. She bent forward as she sat, placed her clasped hands on the iron rail, set her chin upon them, and watched these unknown phantoms below. She recognized her Cousin Chancellor, the tallest man and the largest. On his arm hung a woman—the white dress catching the light of the lamp and the feathery shadows of the palm beside which they stood talking.

"Roselle, Roselle," called someone.

And the girl on her cousin's arm turned, greeting the speaker.

"Ah, so she has come, then," thought Dagma.

How often she had heard the name on her aunt's lips—"Roselle de Maurier," the girl who danced like a grace, and played grandly on the piano, and sang so that the heart was ravished. She had gone to visit another friend, her aunt had said, but would return to spend the rest of the spring in her home.

After a while, Dagma went quietly into her chamber, and, lighting her lamp, sat down to read.

"Father said books were our best friends, and he was right," she whispered.

She finished the volume that night, and, next morning early, crept down to the library to replace it and others she had finished. The library, on the same floor as the parlor, was yet on the further side of the house. Though early, the shutters were opened. The girl walked quietly into the room and went at once to the book-case whence she had taken the volumes. The lock did not work easily, and she turned to lay the books

on the table, so that both hands might be free. As she turned, she faced her cousin.

"I beg your pardon," she said, hastily. "I did not know there was anyone here. Aunt Goudain told me to help myself. I will come again," she added, moving to leave, as she saw a strange gentleman step from one of the alcoves.

"Will you make the introduction? Or shall I make it myself?" asked the gentleman.

He was rather tall, and dark, and decidedly distinguished-looking.

"When one is to be a guest in the family—" he went on.

"My cousin, Dagma Goudain," interrupted Chancellor, just as if he had said: "Here is a chair."

"Dagma, this is Mr. De Maurier. He arrived this morning from his plantation. You have heard my mother mention his sister."

"And how do you do, mademoiselle?" asked Mr. De Maurier. "Ma foi, but you are an early bird."

He held forth his hand as he spoke, and Dagma laid her little soft fingers an instant in the palm.

"I am always early when I come for books," she answered, and, turning, lifted her hands to unlock the door.

"Pardon," he cried, springing forward. "There is not strength enough in those small hands."

"But you are mistaken," objected Dagma. "They are very strong hands. They have held the reins of very strong horses," and she moved to pick up her books.

"Pardon," said De Maurier, "but has not mademoiselle made a mistake? These are all the philosophy, and, I think me, it is not the philosophy that a young lady generally takes by preferment."

"I have not made a mistake," she said, curtly, and stretched out her hand, intending to take the books.

"Excuse me," interposed Chancellor, picking up both volumes, that portentous cleft between the brows deepening as he examined the titles. "Umph—George Sand and German philosophy. Great heaven! Where did you get such taste? What a mixture! What an unhealthy dose!"

He stood looming above her, like a judge over a criminal.

"It is not unhealthy," she retorted, looking steadily upward into his face, though the blood dyed her cheeks and even her brow. "Father allowed me to read philosophy, and father allowed me to read George Sand."

"But not this—not this," cried Chancellor, striking the book with his great forefinger, "nor this," striking the one below, with disdain.

"I have never read those before, it is true," said Dagma, "but—"

"You shall never read them again in this house—nor anything like them," interrupted Chancellor, coolly.

"I can buy them at any book-store, if I wish," said Dagma, shrugging her shoulders.

"But you will not," asserted Chancellor, "when I tell you that one strikes at your faith, and the other drags your heart's purity through filth."

"There are, of George Sand, some which are lovely and are quite for mademoiselle," interposed De Maurier, pitying the embarrassment covering the young face before the stern Mentor. "If mademoiselle will allow, I will choose. It will be a delight. Mademoiselle reads French?"

"Oh, yes," said Dagma, following him to another book-case and relieved to pass from the harsh regard of her cousin.

"Ah, this one—it is all that is beautiful; and this one—you may have this one. Only these two are permissible," exclaimed De Maurier, drawing forth two volumes. "We will try, Chancellor and I, to keep the dew of the morn on the bud, while it is a bud and while it is yet morning," he continued, with a courteous bow, yet carefully closing and locking the doors and handing the key to Chancellor, who soberly dropped it, without remark, into his pocket.

She glanced toward the locked book-case of philosophy. She did want very much to read "Darwin's Voyage round the World." The title shone forth in gold letters through the glass, but she would not ask—she would not make a single request from that hard cousin and have him look down at her and listen, with that cleft between the stern eyes.

"And is mademoiselle going so soon?" asked De Maurier. "Mais—listen. Do not depart. I hear my sister. Ah, Roselle—and how hast thou been, these two weeks?" asked the brother, giving a kiss to each cheek.

"Well. And you, Eugene?"

"As thou seest, quite well. Mais—come. I would introduce thee to Mademoiselle Goudain. Mademoiselle—my sister."

Dagma, who had stood quietly waiting, bent her head slightly.

"Good-morning, Miss Roselle," said Chancellor, extending his hand frankly.

Dagma watched.

So, he could smile. It was for her he reserved the stern eye and the heavy frown.

She made another attempt to go, but was again prevented.

"I think," said Miss De Maurier, addressing her directly, "I think I have seen you somewhere before."

She was no taller than Dagma, so that their faces were quite on a level. The head was rather well shaped, and the luxuriant dark locks loosely gathered together gave it a fine turn. The complexion was smooth and clear, but a hooked nose, rather sharp chin, and glassy blue eyes made altogether a face which recalled the pictures Dagma remembered having seen, when a child, of the selfish and spiteful Cinderella sisters. For the rest, a good figure was set off by the most becoming of morning-toilettes in pale-blue.

"Seen me before?" repeated Dagma, inquiringly, each word touched with that slight foreign tone which no one could exactly locate, but which floated perceptibly around her every look and motion.

"Yes, I do not think I am mistaken. You were coming out of an old courtyard—rather an odd-looking place—wasn't it Conti—Bienville—some one of those old streets? We were driving—Madame Lancier and I—when you came to the gateway and stood an instant, talking with an old man—a workman, apparently—he wore an apron."

"Yes," said Dagma, "I remember. I had been obliged to go to see him on business." She spoke calmly, but colored violently. She knew well that her cousin was watching her. "You have a good memory, Mademoiselle De Maurier."

"Perhaps—but it's rather unusual to see a well-dressed person, or perhaps I ought to say a young girl, in such a place," said Miss De Maurier, pulling up the lace about her slender throat, "and then your deep mourning," she added, "and something a little peculiar about your appearance. I recognized you as a stranger—I believe I know

strangers by instinct," she concluded, looking toward her host.

"Henceforth, Dagma, if you have business in any such part of the city, you will send a servant," said Chancellor, regarding her gravely. "Do you understand? It is highly improper—I cannot imagine what business could—"

"Pray, do not try to imagine," interposed Dagma, carelessly. "You would never succeed, and I certainly will not tell. Ah, here are the children. Mr. De Maurier, these are my little scholars. You will see how much they have learned of your dear French."

She drew the children forward.

"I wish that girl were a thousand miles away," thought Chancellor, considerably startled by the revelations of the past hour. "I don't want to worry the mother—but something must be done. She is the most vexing creature I ever knew."

## V I.

AFTER the coming of the De Mauriers, life was not quite what it had been before. The house was much gayer, and Dagma, who had hitherto eaten her breakfast in almost unbroken silence, rarely taking part in the conversation, now found herself obliged to answer the questions and parry the remarks of young De Maurier. She spoke as little as possible.

Twice he had joined her when she was walking with the children.

It was the fourth Sunday after her arrival and early morning. The street stretched narrow, gray, and cool, for the sun had not yet peered down 'twixt the high houses, but a motley crowd hastened along the damp sidewalks. Saloon-doors stood open, the fumes of night-orgies, like the breath of drunken men, streaming out on the fresh air. The Sunday law had not yet been passed, and keepers prepared for high festivals. Men and boys, with brooms, swept out sand and cards and half-burnt cigars, and the birds inside sang through their wire cages, as the sweet air blew over them. Great warehouses, with big doors closed, and the straw and paper of the week's business scattered over bricks and gutters, loomed gloomily upward. Now and then, a street-car tinkled along. Men, women, and boys, with baskets, hastened toward the French market, and young girls and ladies—poor women and poor

men—hurried, prayer-book and rosary in hand, toward the sacred precincts of the Cathedral. Dagma, with these, walked slowly onward.

It was a shadowy walk—not unlike the young girl's life. So at least thought De Maurier, as he marked the slight graceful figure, in its deep mourning, passing slowly down the twilight street.

The sun was lying in pale-amber on the garden stretching back of the Cathedral. Dagma paused a moment, to look at the dewy freshness of tree and flower. Already several beggars were seated on the bricked walk, resting their backs against the fence and extending little tin cups, while whining their woes. She dropped a coin into one extended cup, and then walking soberly onward, passed from the sunlight into the grayness of Cathedral Alley, running 'twixt the sacred edifice and the Spanish Cabildo or court-house. It was almost chilly here. The wind swept keen over the latticed front of the priest's house. A thin line of people trickled through the narrow side-door. Dagma, joining, passed within to the family pew, entered, closed the door, and, kneeling, gazed forward and upward. She had placed a white rosebud in the *crêpe* *ruche* around her neck, and it might have been the blooming forth of the heart beneath—so pure the eyes lifted heavenward, so sweet the breath of worship rising from that flower face.

De Maurier, behind a pillar, gazed spell-bound.

"Do you often worship like that?" he asked, joining her as she passed again into the sunlight, golden now with the strength of the young day.

"What do you mean? Worship how?"

"So earnest, yes."

"Earnest?" repeated the girl, in low questioning voice. "Where else, if not when we talk to our Christ?"

"And your philosophy has not taught you—"

"My philosophy is one thing—my religion is another," interrupted Dagma. "And, after all, take the old philosophers—take Marcus Aurelius—"

"Ah, mademoiselle," exclaimed De Maurier, lifting a pleading hand, "but stop. It is a great fright that you make for me. If you did not have such a very little nose, and such a mouth like one rosebud, I should be scared—yes."

"Why?" asked Dagma, gravely.

"Marcus Aurelius and all that philosophy—all that metaphysic you read. *Ma foi*—it makes my hair stand up."

"And what has my little nose to do with all this?" asked Dagma, puzzled.

"Bien—it says: 'She is not so very big. She is only a little demoiselle, who has tried to swim in the profound waters and who cannot, but just floats around on the top, yes.'"

"Ah," retorted Dagma, with a charming smile, "but I swim better than you think. I—" here her voice faltered—"I had a good teacher. Mr. De Maurier, I wish—" she stopped an instant, as when a spirited horse stands with a waver before a fence which he would fain spring over—"I am going to be very rude."

"But I think that is not possible," he said, smiling.

"Yes, it is possible. I am going to ask you never to join me again."

The last words were spoken rapidly.

"Never to join you again?" repeated the young Creole, as if the words were those of a foreign tongue, and he trying to interpret them. "Ah, then," his face brightening, as he thought the translation discovered—"then you do not consider, that, without a chaperone—"

"Oh, no—not that," interrupted Dagma, hurriedly. "I have prepared to live a year in my uncle's house, according as I wish—in retirement—just doing my work for the children—just not knowing any friends of the family—just not speaking to any friends of the family, except when I must, and—you make me break the rule I have laid down."

Her voice, in its hesitation and pretty pauses, sounded like the liquid breaking of a stream against rocks.

De Maurier stole a glance at her downcast face. He could not understand.

"And why do I change this rule? And, if I change it, why may I not change it?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you," she replied, sighing. "I ask only that you will do what I wish. It—it is a vow."

"A vow? But that is a hard vow, mademoiselle, which keeps me from your side."

He looked forward as he spoke. There they all were—the saloons, and the tall houses touched with light now, and the balconies, and high-fenced courtyards, and



cobble-paved street, the gray curb-stones, and green gutters—yes, there they all were, but it was a new scene. This strangely tinted girl—with her mind so strangely tinted, and her queer pretty ways and innocent soul shining out in the Cathedral light, and walking beside him with her proud little foot just spurning the ground—she had touched the old scene with her grace, and tinted it with new tints. What a spirit-bloom she would throw over his old home on the Mississippi!

"Have you ever been on a plantation in Louisiana?" he asked, following the bent of his thoughts.

She repeated the question, wondering—then shook her head in denial.

"But I will speak French," he exclaimed.

Then he commenced, and told her about his home, well pleased to see the sympathy with which she listened.

By this time, they were almost at the courtyard gate. Suddenly, Dagma's eyes distended like soft balls of light, and all the young face burst into a glory of joy.

"Antoine, Antoine, Antoine," she cried, and both hands were extended to a lithe dark youth who was coming toward them.

De Maurier stood a moment, but he was forgotten—forgotten save that, as he opened the gate for them to pass through, she turned her radiant face, saying gayly: "An old friend has come. I shall not want breakfast—tell my aunt, please."

De Maurier saw her lead him to the summer-house. What she said, he could not divine, for the two spoke Spanish.

But it was only: "Come hither, Antoine. The fountain plays, and we can fancy almost—can we not?—that we are home in the old courtyard—with the humming-birds buzzing over the flowers, and Pedro singing as he works, and the wind blowing soft through the tall grass."

And, when the family passed, going to church, there they sat, side by side.

## VII.

THE gray shadows of evening rested on the courtyard, but a rose-hue fell from the sky above, touched with the glow of the sun setting far out Canal Street.

Antoine lingered a moment on the flagged walk.

"But three hours with you this morning, Dagma, and but two hours now, and so,

to-morrow, it will be farewell!" he said, in his liquid Spanish, while ardently regarding Dagma. "And for how long?"

"I do not know," answered the girl, wistfully. "Perhaps one year—perhaps in less time, I may complete the work which has brought me here. I wish I could go home with you, Antoine."

"But you will come some day—some day, Dagma. You will let me know when you are ready?" he urged, taking her hand in parting.

At this moment, two wandering street-musicians outside commenced playing, on some poor string-instruments, a Mexican waltz. The tune was familiar, and, as Antoine held Dagma's hand, he beat his foot, keeping time to the air. It floated about them both, bringing memories of the past.

A thrill crept over Dagma. It was as though the music had crept into her veins. Every pulse vibrated, yet not with joy—rather with grief—grief wild and disconsolate and hopeless—grief for the dead father—grief for the dead past—grief for her life: parted, and perhaps forever, from the dear far-off home—and the music became as a memory from that sweet past—a voice—a cry.

Unconsciously, her little feet fell into rhythm with the beat of Antoine's—her eyes, gazing into his, were charmed with the memories she read there. He too thought of those dead evenings—that dead father—that far-off home—and then, before she knew, his arms were about her, and, as two beings swept into another world, they floated over the paved courtyard, floated round and round the ever-playing fountain, floated into the summer-house and out through the other end and back again, and so to the old pomegranate shading the Virgin; and, like a rich blossom from the pomegranate, Dagma's face rested on Antoine's arm—rich and dewy and rosy, the starry eyes gleaming as if a ray from the past touched them with moonlight, and so, before Antoine knew, almost—he had kissed Dagma.

Then indeed the girl returned to the present. With a little cry of dismay, she slipped from his arms and stood before him—lips parted, breath coming quick, eyes startled.

"I did not mean to—I was dreaming—forgive me," cried Antoine, while the waltz, charmless now to both, rang softly yet into the twilight.

"Forgive you?" cried Dagma, pressing her hand over her loudly beating heart—"forgive you? Yes, Antoine, yes; but I cannot as easily forgive myself."

"What is the meaning of this, Dagma?"

The girl did not even start, but, recognizing her cousin's voice, let her hand fall, stiffened into her usual proud bearing, and looked at him, her gray eyes wide opened, the lids well lifted. Her self-control was something strange, for anyone near would have noted that the blood, all responsive to inner emotion, deepened so that the little ears even glowed red against the dusk hair. He stood before her, stern, an accuser, his big form towering in the gray and rose light.

"Ask me," exclaimed Antoine, in Spanish, and stepping forward, his face blazing, his eyes flashing.

"Pardon me," said Chancellor, looking calmly on both, and understanding fully Antoine's expressive gesture. "I have nothing to do with your friend, Dagma, till you answer. I wish to know whether of your own accord you have danced in this unseemly manner—I wish to know whether of your own accord you received the kiss I saw so publicly given."

"I do not consider myself accountable to you, Chancellor," retorted Dagma; "and as for my friend, Mr. Guiata, he is answerable only to me for whatever he may have done."

"And you are satisfied?" persisted Chancellor, the ominous cleft deepening between his contracted brows.

"He is an old friend, Antoine Guiata—he has asked forgiveness and I have forgiven him," answered the girl, with well-assumed indifference. "Come, Antoine," she resumed, in her melodious Spanish, "I must send you off. Good-bye—good-bye till to-morrow morning."

She had her way as usual, and Antoine, the thunder-cloud on his face, and a storm raging in his heart, found himself beyond the high wall, the little gate closed behind, and before him the narrow street stretching up and down in the twilight.

Meanwhile, within, Dagma, having closed and locked the gate, turned to walk back to the house.

"I suppose," said her cousin, stepping before her and purposely blocking the way, "I suppose, Dagma, when you say that you

are not accountable to me, you mean that you are accountable to my mother."

The words were low, but each cut distinct, like a sharp knife.

"Indeed, no—I meant only that I was accountable to my own conscience and—to my father."

There was a slight softening of tone and a slight hesitation, as this last word left her lips.

"Then let me tell you," retorted Chancellor, "that you have failed in your duty to both."

"Stop!" interrupted Dagma, her voice trembling with anger; "you must not say that! You—"

"But I will, for it is true, and I never hesitate to speak the truth," cried Chancellor, looking down mercilessly on the young girl. "What! You do not consider it unseemly to dance, when you yet wear these heavy badges of mourning—to dance and to kiss, or to be kissed, in this public manner, regardless of what the servants may think—regardless of what my guests may think? Perhaps these exhibitions are the style where you have lived—let me assure you, Dagma, they are not the style here. Have you nothing to say? Nothing?"

"Nothing," said Dagma, "nothing, for you would not understand. You cannot comprehend that it was rather grief—"

"Grief?" interposed Chancellor, "grief? You surely do not realize what you are saying, Dagma. Grief does not give such joyous life to form and face. You were the very incarnation of joy. Grief!" he repeated, scornfully.

"Let me pass," said the young girl, putting forth both little hands, as if to ward off a blow, and stepping one side, hoping thus to escape.

"No," said Chancellor, moving his position, "I will not let you pass—I will not let you go till you have made me a promise that this evening's scene shall not be repeated."

"If that is all, let me pass," pleaded the girl, in a low voice.

"And the scene will never be repeated?" persisted her cousin.

"The scene will never be repeated—I have vowed to myself," she added.

"Of course," continued Chancellor, "I shall consider it necessary to inform my

mother of what has happened. I would willingly spare her the knowledge, but the careless tongues of servants—"

"I understand," said Dagma, bitterly. "You may spare yourself the trouble. I will myself tell your mother."

"And moreover," went on her accuser, "moreover, I must tell you that it was a weak yielding to temptation—it was—"

"You will please not say what it was," cried Dagma, lifting her head and looking at him with sparkling eyes, "for you do not know—you cannot understand. I am sorry that Antoine kissed me, but I am glad that I danced—glad—glad—do you hear? It was a breath from home—it was— Why do I try to explain? You—your cold heart—your cold nature—you cannot understand. You are all filled with the ice and the snow that our ancestor brought down from the North in his veins, and I—he has given me only his strength—his will. I thank him for that."

"I think we will go in now, Dagma," he said, quietly.

He had determined that she should never again see him ruffled. Example was a great deal—especially the example of a strong man to a young girl.

Oh, wise Chancellor!

#### VIII.

DAGMA walked before him in silence and mounted the staircase. A servant had lit the lamp in the upper hall, but the parlor was comparatively dark. Through the half-drawn portière, she could perceive her aunt, seated not far from a window—head and profile sharply cut against the gray light.

Chancellor was surprised to see that his cousin did not continue her way toward the fourth story, but, passing before him, entered the parlor.

There was a faint odor of flowers in the big room, and the very air seemed to have caught here the grace of picture and bronze and art beauties strewn around. Dagma seemed, herself, a bit of work suited to all there, as she stood, her proud young head lifted, the budding flower-like form showing dark outlines in the dusk—one hand touching the old high-backed French chair, near which she had paused.

"Aunt Goudain," she said, the voice peculiarly clear, "I have just committed a great

indiscretion—I have been dancing in the courtyard, with Antoine Guiata."

A silence, broken only by the moving of a stool, as Chancellor seated himself not far from his mother.

"Your son said it would be necessary to tell you," went on Dagma, "and I told him I would tell you myself."

"What apology can you offer for such an indiscretion?"

"None," replied Dagma; "at least, none that you would understand. Antoine is an old friend, and we had often danced by the waltz the street-musicians were playing, and," shrugging her shoulders, "it seemed quite natural to dance with him again."

"I must tell you, Dagma," went on Mrs. Goudain, with no breaking or hastening of the slow words, "that I have been surprised at your conduct all day. This Antoine Guiata is an old friend?"

"I have known him all my life," replied Dagma.

"Whether you have known him all your life, or not one hour," continued Mrs. Goudain, still waving her fan, "it was your duty to introduce him to me and to your cousin—it was your duty to receive him here or in the library, rather than in the courtyard."

"Why?" asked the girl, simply.

"Why?" repeated Mrs. Goudain, and now the fan really rested quite still an instant. "I should think your own sense—natural sense—would tell you," she added, and the fan resumed its swaying.

"My natural sense told me," said Dagma, "that my friend loved the courtyard better than the house, because it was more like home—that his knowledge of English is so imperfect, he would have found no pleasure in meeting strangers, and especially his visit was to me, and to no one else."

"I am quite willing to grant all you say," responded Mrs. Goudain, "but there is a certain fitness of things, at which we should also look—something beside mere facts. You received your young friend this morning, and again this evening—I think I may say that you have been with him at least five hours to-day. You even waited in the summer-house for his second visit."

"Oh, yes," assented the young girl, carelessly. "I told him I would be there. I thought it no harm if I took my book and sat there, and waited there till he came. He's

going away to-morrow—I have said all I had to say—I have told your son that I will never commit the indiscretion again.”

She was about to move, but, as the servant at this moment lit the chandelier above, its light fell full on her cousin's face. The face itself might have been carved from stone—only the blue eyes lifted full toward Dagma, in cool searching gaze, made the girl pause.

“No, I have not said all,” she commenced. “I—”

There was a rustle of silk—a perfume of attar of roses. Dagma did not move her head, though she ceased speaking.

“Oh, Mrs. Goudain, can you tell me where Eugene has gone? Méchant! he told me he would write mamma this eve, and I don't believe— Ah, Eugene—so there you are! What is the matter? You seem actually hiding behind that screen.”

“Your eyes are wonderful, *ma belle*,” exclaimed De Maurier, coming forward from the curtained window, and laughing as he met his sister. “I have been made into an eavesdropper, and I have been made to hear all the pretty confessions of Mademoiselle Dagma; and now—*ma foi*! but I can hear no more!”

“You may hear all that I have to say,” said Dagma, half turning her lovely head, and gleaming like a star as she stood in the pale-pink light. “Perhaps you saw from the window; it is quite probable. I was about to say, Aunt Goudain, that, while we were dancing, Antoine kissed me. It was altogether an accident and a mistake,” she added, looking defiantly at her cousin, “and he was very sorry afterward.”

“Kissed you?” repeated Mrs. Goudain, holding her fan still and allowing the regularly-arched brows to rise a little on the high smooth forehead.

“Let us go,” exclaimed Miss De Maurier, looking toward her brother, and rising, as she spoke, from the chair into which she had gracefully fallen.

“I have no more confessions to make,” said Dagma, turning her eyes away from her cousin and smiling blandly on brother and sister, “so you will not be shocked again.”

And now she took her hand from the tall chair-back and turned to leave the room.

“Dagma!”

If the girl had been a zephyr, she could

not have paused and swayed round more gracefully.

“I wish to tell you that this must never occur again. My household is not conducted after the plan of Texan Mexican households. I suppose this Antoine Guata is an admirer or a lover. It would be far more honorable if he came to your proper guardians and—”

“You must not say one word against Antoine, Aunt Goudain,” exclaimed Dagma, a new light in her eyes and her head crested like some innocent creature brought to bay. “He is the friend of my childhood, and, as for honor—there is not anyone—not anyone in the wide world—who has more honor than Antoine. And as for loving me—oh, yes, he loves me; he does not care who knows. And he has told my guardian—he has told my father. There is not anything more requisite.”

She looked full at her aunt as she spoke. She did not see Miss De Maurier's half-scornful smile, nor the brother's eager watching of the lovely changeable face—like a soft landscape under the passing of lights and shadows of cloud and sun—nor her cousin's bent brows with the eyes beneath, grave in their silent distaste.

“I suppose, then, you are engaged,” said Mrs. Goudain, calmly; “and I must censure you because—”

“Engaged? But no,” interrupted Dagma, a startled look creeping into her green eyes. “I have not thought of such a thing. I do not love Antoine—I do not— But,” she added, breaking off suddenly, “this is all very silly. I have made my confession, Aunt Goudain—and good-night.”

De Maurier sprang forward, to draw aside the portière as she passed out.

“Why don't you stay down here? Why do you go away?” he asked, following her into the hall and to the foot of the stairway.

“I am going where I am happiest,” said Dagma, floating upward.

“But that is one cruel speech,” exclaimed De Maurier.

She did not answer—did not even throw down a parting glance, as he stood watching; and, when she had quite disappeared, he returned to the parlor.

## IX.

A FEW clouds were floating in the sky. Dagma saw them, as she stepped on the

gallery—and her book was in the summer-house, and it might rain through the night, and what should she do? If the book had been her own, she would have risked the loss; but it was one of a valuable set belonging to the library.

"There is no help," said the girl, wearily: "I must go for it."

She crept downstairs—her little feet falling like leaves, softly, from step to step. She paused a moment on the lower step by the first hallway below, and peered forth. There was no one near—the portière was almost drawn across the door. She sped quietly over the hall, down the lower staircase, under the upper gallery, and, edging along the house-wall and the Ali-Baba jars and the brick side-walls heavily hung with vines, passed the Virgin in her niche, and, entering the summer-house, secured the book.

Just as she stepped forward to return, intending to edge again within the shadows of the protecting walls, steps and voices drew near. Her cousin was accompanying a departing guest to the gate of the courtyard. She watched him, as he walked across the open space. She thought she would have time to reach the stairway before he returned, but the parting was short, and, just as Dagma gained the Ali-Baba jars, her cousin locked the gate and stepped into the light of the opening.

"I will wait here till he goes on," thought the girl, drawing close under the shadow, slipping behind one of the tall jars, and sitting down on a little shelf fixed against the wall, where the children kept boxes of ferns.

Alas, he did not go on. He reached the edge of the shadow thrown by the magnolia, and then he turned and walked by the Ali-Baba jars.

Had he seen her hiding? Was he coming to drag her forth, and to tell her that she had committed another great indiscretion, crouching there in the darkness?

He passed on. Dagma frowned. Should she go forward now? No, there would not be time. He would probably come back immediately and continue on upstairs to his guests. He did indeed return—he passed the jars, but he did not go on—he came back and continued his pacing; and Dagma, filled with vexation, sat impatiently waiting, feeling greatly tempted to step right forth and face him, and yet feeling an actual repug-

nance for the meeting. She knew just how he would stand and look down on her.

Presently there were other steps on the stairway—rapid yet manly. Chancellor lifted his head, when they struck the paved stones, and De Maurier, passing quickly near Dagma, joined his friend.

"I have come down to see you, Chancellor. Will you have the kindness to listen to a case which I wish to present to you?" asked De Maurier, his tone strangely grave.

"Go on," responded Chancellor, briefly.

"The case is," said De Maurier, suddenly throwing away his freshly lighted cigar, clasping his hands behind his back, and looking earnestly at his friend's face, "the case is, Chancellor, an affair of the heart."

Here Dagma stood up and looked wildly forth, wishing herself away. Surely now they would go into the summer-house and sit down, and leave the place free for her escape.

"My dear De Maurier," said the cousin's voice, "excuse me. I am not capable of advising. I have taken no diploma in the court of love."

"Mais, you are too quick," objected De Maurier. "I am in love, and the one I love is—your cousin."

"Dagma!" exclaimed Chancellor, standing quite still and looking at his friend, as if scarcely crediting the words he had heard.

"Dagma," repeated De Maurier, calmly nodding his head. "I do not think it is that I love her—mais, I think it is—come on, Chancellor, we will walk, in order that I talk better—mais, it is that I have, for that piquant, and that most beautiful, and that most bewitching Dagma, a sort of idolatry. I am like one big boy, Chancellor: I just watch her eyes and her hands and her feet, and, when I am with her, I am all Dagma."

Here he threw up his hands with speaking gesture.

Meantime, the poor hider had sunk back on her seat—frightened, ashamed. Every drop of blood in her body seemed tingling and roaring through her ears. She tried not to listen, but the words would come, clear and distinct, on the quiet night-air. Chancellor's response to De Maurier's declaration, she had lost; it was De Maurier who spoke now:

"No; it is not that variety is the spice of life. I make confession: her odd style—

yes, it must attract; but, *ma foi!* I acknowledge—yes—she has what you say—the green eye, the yellow skin. But, *mon Dieu!* Chancellor, I would not give that eye for a blue, or a black, or a brown, or a gray—it is that, for me, her green eyes are just the most deep I have encountered—like water, with, oh, *ciel!* such lights deep down. And for her skin—it is like soft cream wax, and as if the bees had caught the blush-pink of the rose and laid on the cheeks.”

“Your rhapsodies are worthy of a more appreciative listener, De Maurier,” said Chancellor, a tinge of impatience in the tone. “May I ask when these beauties dawned on you?”

“Just quite the first moment that I saw her—yes. That morn—”

“Ah, that morning when I found she had been reading German philosophy and George Sand. Just five days since. Let us sit down here,” continued Chancellor, seating himself on an iron garden-bench near Dagma’s hiding-place.

De Maurier hesitated a moment, then slowly sank to a seat by his friend.

“Five days is a short time,” said Chancellor, resting his elbow on the back of the bench, and his head on his hand.

“And the battle that may make decision for the fate of a great country is sometimes combated within five hours,” interrupted De Maurier.

“Therefore,” went on Chancellor, as if he had not heard the interruption, “I counsel your leaving this house to-morrow morning, or even to-night.”

“In other words,” responded De Maurier, angrily, “you object to my suit.”

“Decidedly,” said Chancellor, quietly, “and for so many reasons that I hardly know where to commence to state them.”

“Ah, *mon Dieu!* go on!” cried De Maurier. “It is that I have not the great riches you want; it is that you consider I am not what you call stable; it is—”

“My friend,” interrupted Chancellor, “the objections are all on her side—not on yours.”

“Her side?” repeated De Maurier.

“Listen to reason,” continued Chancellor. “Do you not see that the girl’s physical nature is just a reflection of her spiritual nature—that the oddities of coloring and feature are the oddities also of her mind?”

“But that is it which pleases me,” cried De Maurier.

“What! you like a girl who cuts herself off from her family and lives persistently almost alone? a girl who reads George Sand and German philosophy, and has been educated by a father who cultivated such tastes? a girl who yields to temptation as she yielded this evening, and without any apparent shame confesses that her friend has kissed her, and that he is her rejected lover? a girl who has been brought up in some outlandish half-civilized place, with no idea as to the manners and customs which befit her station in—”

“Stop!” interposed De Maurier; “you need not say one other word. Yes, I like it—I like it all. You do not comprehend that lovely Dagma. She wants the independence, and she works. If she reads wrong, it is, at all risk, not the trash that I find even Roselle read. If she danced this eve, it was that the old time came with that music. If her friend kiss her—*ma foi!* I think I would have kiss her, Chancellor; not one time—no, but twenty time, a hundred time. And, when she confessed, was it not you that made her confess? *Ma foi!* Chancellor, my friend, I have not perceived you so hard on no one as on that pretty beautiful bird, who sits up there and sings with her soul to the stars as I have seen no soul sing. Night upon night—there she is seated with her face uplift—so.” And here De Maurier threw back his head and gazed upward.

But Dagma did not see. Her face was buried in one hand, and tears were trickling in little drops between her fingers and falling on the other hand.

“De Maurier,” said Chancellor, “will you take my advice, and leave this house to-morrow morning?”

“I will not. I ask permission that I may address Mademoiselle Goudain,” persisted De Maurier, lifting his head with dignity. “I think no—that now she has not one thought for me. This day only she remarked, as we proceeded from the Cathedral: ‘I ask as one favor that you will join me no more.’ And, when I demand reason, she says: ‘It is one vow.’ And, when I demand ‘What vow?’ she has not made a response. Do you know what vow?” he asked, suddenly pausing.

“I? No. I do not comprehend such a

chameleon creature," answered Chancellor: "one moment all fire, the next all ice."

"Chameleon? Bien, so it may be; but I want her, and I think, yes—that if I may work—and if I may try—I may win—and so I ask again permission that I may address Mademoiselle Goudain."

"If," said Chancellor, slowly, "if a refusal would prevent your addressing her, I would certainly refuse."

"And if I persist?" urged De Maurier.

"Then," said Chancellor, firmly, "there remains but one course—you must know her father's story; you shall not rush blindly on this wretched alliance. Our mutual grandfather, Dagma's and mine, was Edward Goudain. He married twice, and had two sons—each the child of a different mother. There were but four years between the ages of these sons. The older was my father—named after his father, Edward; the younger bore the name of the mother's family, Everett. This uncle was wild and gay—my father grave and devoted to business. He overlooked the bank-business; for my grandfather, as he grew older, became more and more of an enthusiast over painting."

"As each son gained the age of twentyone, my grandfather gave each five thousand dollars, telling each to expect nothing more during his life. My father used this gift profitably, speculated and doubled it, and married. Uncle Everett traveled, saw life, and, after three years, returned almost penniless."

"But he had resolved to lead a new life, he said, and, having received fair offers from a fur-trading company in Canada, begged his father to lend him three thousand dollars. Receiving a refusal, my Uncle Everett started for Canada, to see the members of the firm."

"Before seeing them, he was privately arrested and brought back here on a charge of forgery. The paying-teller swore that, the day my uncle departed, he called at the bank about closing-hour, presented the forged note, and received the money, which he took in gold—swore especially that he had noted the long thin hand extended to receive the

money, and the ring with its seal and carved monogram—E. G.

"My uncle vowed, on the other hand, that he was innocent. The money was never found. My grandfather paid the debt to the bank, matters were hushed up, and my uncle went to Texas. There he married a Creole Mexican—if such a thing can be. She died, leaving him—"

"Dagma," interrupted De Maurier, "that sweet bloom of a sad story! Look! imagine! I love her so, that not one word of all you have said, will remove me from the pursuit."

"As you please," said Chancellor. "I suppose, if I say that she has been offered me and that I have rejected the idea, even the wisdom I have shown will not influence—"

"Positively no. But it is an enigma that you speak, Chancellor."

"One easily solved," said the other, running his hand through his hair. "I loved my father better than anything on earth. I was away when he died. He left a request with my mother and an old friend who was present, begging that I would marry my Cousin Dagma. The friend tells me that my father assured my mother she knew why he desired the marriage. My mother supposes he thought this cousin ought to inherit part of the fortune which my grandfather, disinheriting his dishonest son, left wholly to my father. I am therefore, unknown to her, arranging myself to pay off the mortgage on the plantation—so that, at the end of the year, she may, if she chooses, return to her home and marry her Antoine."

"And you do not intend to marry her?"

"I would as soon think of taking to my home-hearth a meteor, or setting up a sphinx as a household god, or gathering into my life a poisonous flower," exclaimed Chancellor.

"Ah, but I will gather her into mine, if she will come—if she will; and I will have the beauty, and I will show that there is not any poison at all in the flower."

"It is beginning to rain," said Chancellor, lifting his face. "Let us go in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DEEDS, NOT YEARS.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.



## WHAT SUSAN DID.

BY ELVA J. SMITH.

"No use a-talkin' any more about it, Dorinda, it's a clean waste o' breath. Phil Dare is not a-comin' here, an', if he does, it will be the worse for him." So said Miss Prudence Shaw, as she grimly tied the strings of her big green sun-bonnet.

"But, auntie, I love Phil, and I detest that odious John."

"More the fool for it! John is a good man, and well able to support a wife."

"So is Phil," pouted pretty Dora.

"He'll never have the chance to support you. Didn't your dyin' mother give you to me an' charge you to respect an' mind me?"

"Yes, auntie, and I will do it for her sake, if it breaks my heart," and tears came to Dora's eyes.

"Breaks fiddle-strings!" cried Miss Prudence, contemptuously, then she added, more gently: "You air a good girl in the main, Dora; now bring the nails, and we will have these shingles on the roof in a twink!—an' thanks to no man. Be quick, for there's a mighty hard shower a-comin'!"

Smiles were chasing Dora's tears now.

"Oh, auntie, how very odd we shall look up there!"

"Nobody to see us—an' nobody's business if they do," and the thin little woman began mounting the ladder to the roof.

"I follow where you lead," laughed Dora, as she set her dainty foot upon the first rung.

"Not been so long since I had to scold you for climbin' trees, miss," remarked Aunt Prudence.

The ascent was soon made, and the damaged roof was nearly repaired—for Miss Prudence could drive a nail as straight as any man—when Dora espied the cow, who, seeing the gate open, had left her peaceful browsing and was making straight for a bed of flaming poppies and marigolds.

"Oh, Aunt Patsy, there is Susan!"

"That cow!" cried the spinster, dropping her nails and springing to her feet. "She's a-makin' right for my marrygolds! Hurry down, Dora, an' head her off," and she stood

(374)

erect, waving her hatchet and crying frantically: "Shoo! Shoo, Susan! Shoo!"

Finding words ineffectual, Miss Prudence resorted to arms, and, snatching her bonnet from her head, flung it at the cow just as she reached the middle of the flower-bed. This succeeded in producing an effect, at any rate, for the bonnet lodged on Susan's horns, and she, bewildered, turned about among the flowers, caught her horns in the rungs of the ladder, throwing it to the ground, and, rushing from the yard, was soon nipping daisies and buttercups as contentedly as if no thought of mischief had ever entered her stupid head.

The ludicrousness of the situation was too much for Dora's gravity, and, scrambling back to the ridge-pole, she sank down, overcome with laughter.

"I don't see anything so very funny," said her aunt, tartly. "My green bunnit sp'iled, my best posy-bed in ruins, an' us up here sixteen feet from the ground, if an inch! How we'll get down's more than I know."

Dora giggled again. "We must jump, auntie."

"Jump? Yes, jump! an' nothin' softer to light onto than a stone pavement."

"Then we must slide down the lightning-rod, or—oh! I'll tell you: the wind is rising, and we will spread our skirts and descend like parachutes!"

"I thought you had some little sense, Dorinda!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, severely.

"I have, ever so little, auntie. Give me the hatchet, and I will finish this mending."

"But how shall we get down, girl?"

"Why, auntie, seriously, I suppose we shall be obliged to stay here until someone happens along. Won't they stare, to see Miss Shaw and her niece roosting on the ridge-pole, high and dry. Dry, that is, if it don't rain before they come!"

"Wait? Wait, an' the rain a-comin' as fast as it can come? We shall be struck by lightning—I know we shall!"

"Wonder if it hurts much to be killed by lightning," said Dora, meditatively. She

well knew her aunt's terror of a storm, and, it may be, took a malicious delight in tantalizing her in return for some of the hard things she had said of Phil.

"We shall be killed—I know we shall!" reiterated Aunt Prudence, in despair.

At sight of the white face, Dora's heart relented. Rising, she looked about for aid, and presently discovered an object that brought the dimples to her cheeks again.

"I see Phil over yonder, auntie; but I suppose you would not have me call him?"

"Call him—call him quick!"

Dora sent out a long clear "Halloo!"

Phil paused in his work, and, as the call was repeated, discovered the little figure upon the roof, waving her apron wildly in the now heavy wind. He dropped his hoe, and, a few moments later, was panting below.

"What in the world is up?" he demanded.

"We are up," answered Dora, demurely.

"And," she added, "we are very anxious to get down. At least, auntie is."

"But why are you there? How did it happen?"

"Oh, we came up for an airing and to make scientific observations on the coming storm."

"Tut! tut! always a-foolin'!" exclaimed Miss Prudence, now wringing her hands. "Only help us down! Do hurry, or the storm will ketch us! How it blows!"

A gleam of mischief shone from Phil's eyes.

"You have forbidden me the house, Miss Shaw, so perhaps I'd better go for John Birch. No doubt he will be glad to come to your assistance."

"Don't stan' there a-wastin' time! Help us down, for marcy's sake—please do!" cried the woman, in an agony of alarm, as the first great drops fell and the thunder rolled nearer.

"Will you give me Dora if I do?"

"We'll be killed if you don't!"

"Yes or no," gravely. "I would rather Dora were dead than another man's wife."

"Fiend! you have no heart!"

"No—Dora has it." And Phil eyed the lowering sky with a provoking indifference.

"It is going to be a terrible storm—the heaviest of the season, I think. May I have her?"

"No! I will never—"

A heavy clap of thunder interrupted the sentence, and the heavens were again illumined. The terrified woman sank down—a nerveless heap.

"Phil, help her down," interposed Dora.

Phil, a little repentant at sight of Miss Prudence's agony, put the ladder in place.

"Now, Miss Shaw—come!" he called.

But the woman was now almost too weak to stand—far too weak to move against the driving wind, so greatly had her fright unnerved her.

Phil climbed the ladder, and, lifting her gently, half carried her down and into the house, where he placed her upon the sofa and fanned her vigorously with his broad straw hat, while Dora, who had followed them, held the camphor to her nostrils.

When she had recovered somewhat, Phil said humbly:

"I sincerely beg your pardon, madam—I did not understand your fear of a storm. I will go now."

Miss Shaw opened her eyes.

"Phil," she said, "Phil, maybe I've been too hard toward you—maybe I have; an' maybe you know the reason—but I guess you don't. I loved your father once, Philip; but he was hasty, like yourself. Yes, we were both hasty, and only a week before our weddin'-day we quarreled. He went away an' married your mother, a few months later. They are both dead now; yet you are his image, Philip. Maybe I like you none the less for that—maybe not; an' I wasn't goin' to be frightened into sayin' it. But you may have Dora."

"Do you hear that, Dora?" But Dora hastily retreated into the kitchen, where Phil immediately followed her.

They soon returned, however—Dora blushing, Phil proud, and both radiantly happy.

"We have come for your blessing, Aunt Prudence," said Phil.

"She is all I have to love and to love me," said Aunt Prudence, with unstudied pathos. "My little girl—take care of her, Phil!"

"I realize how hard it is for you to give her up," said Phil, earnestly. "But, Aunt Prudence, you shall have two to love and to love you now. You shall never have cause to regret your decision."

"Only think," said Dora to Phil, that evening: "Susan brought it all about."

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### EASTER EGGS.

THERE are several kinds of Easter eggs, used for various purposes. Sometimes those lovely white-glass ones are obtained, and, after embellishing them, they serve the



I.

homely but useful purpose of darning stockings upon. The wooden ones, too, when prettily ornamented and varnished, are as beautiful as if inlaid.

Then, again, the natural eggs—either turkeys', ducks', geese's, hens', or pigeons' eggs—may be made into charming little presents, such as thimble or spool cases and bags, tatting-cases, jewel cups or boxes, and sugar-plum sacks.

Fig. I is a large white egg embellished with transfer-pictures of birds and flowers, which can be obtained very cheaply. There is scarcely a prettier method of beautifying eggs than with these pictures, and anyone can do it without trouble by being neat and careful.

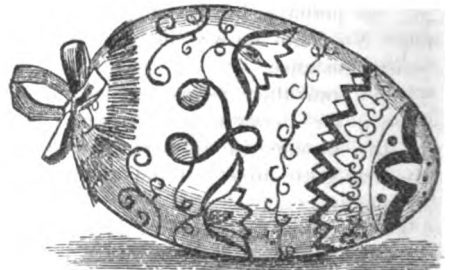
You may either boil the eggs quite hard or make a tiny hole in each end and blow out the contents. If you wish them solid, fill the shell with liquid plaster of Paris.

Take two circular pieces of gold paper about as large as a penny-piece, notch the edges, and paste one on each end. Beside those ornamented with transfer-pictures, you will wish to color a number with aniline dyes, which will give you every conceivable tint and shade of color, and these are exquisite with ferns, flowers, lettering, or simple sketches etched upon them.

To do this, draw a little vine on each side and a picture for the centre—or, if you like, your name and monogram or that of the person to whom you wish to give it, and then take a sharp-pointed penknife and gently scrape away the color, lettering the figures in white upon the surface.

Often, then, you may wish a few white eggs, which are especially lovely among the bright colors. To have them exceedingly pretty, melt a little lard and drop a piece of wax into it. To a cupful of lard, take a piece of wax as large as a walnut. Into this, dip your egg, rolling it about so as to cover every part with the melted lard, then let it get cold. Next take a sharp-pointed stick or a penknife and very carefully cut out lines around the upper part of each end. Make your monogram on one side, and a star or some other figure opposite to it.

Carefully scrape away all the lard and wax around the figures, and, with a small camel's-hair brush dipped in turpentine, thoroughly clean the spots, wiping them with a soft rag on the end of a pointed stick. Have a cupful of the very strongest vinegar, put the egg into this and leave it until the shell is partly eaten away; then place it in hot water to melt off the grease, and your egg will look like carved ivory. There are no more beautiful eggs than



II.

these exquisite white ones. Fig. II shows an egg ornamented in this way.

Another Easter pleasure is to make a nest. Take a few of your bright-colored eggs and varnish them, and then, before they become

quite dry, dust with diamond-powder or frosting all over the surface, or roll them in it, and you will have very brilliant eggs that sparkle as if covered with crystal gems.

You may also make beautiful eggs by sewing figured ribbons or bright-colored silks around them; then boil them, dropping a bit of alum into the water. When you cut the silk, the eggs will be brightly figured or striped.

Next, you must make a nest, which may be only large enough for one egg or may hold a dozen. The large ones are charming ornaments for the Easter breakfast-table.

Cut four pieces of pasteboard of any size, twice as wide at the top as the bottom and about as high as the length of the top. Also cut a circular piece for the bottom, sew these pieces together, and then cover them thickly with moss sewed or glued on. In place of moss, ravelings of green and brown Brussels carpet, or zephyr knitted and raveled, answers well. In this nest, arrange your decorated eggs. Pigeons' eggs are as pretty as possible for such a purpose. Ivy-leaves and roses or any other flowers make a pretty finish to such a nest of Easter eggs.

### THE INDUSTRIOUS CLOTHES-MOTH.

THE time is now approaching when the little clothes-moths begin their depredations, "clothing themselves at our expense in warm woolen garments." From the middle of spring till about the middle of summer, one may see them flying about. They seek the dark cupboards where the woolen clothes are, to lay their tiny eggs, almost too small to be seen by the naked eye, and, about three weeks after they are laid, the little maggot hatches out—a tiny creature at first, scarcely larger than the egg from which it comes; but, small as it is, it begins its destructive work at once, and, if it is left unmolested, it continues all through the months of summer, making larger day by day its mischievous burrowing in the cloth. Then, after employing the summer months in depredations, it takes a rest, and crawls away from the home it has taken so long to make for itself, and finds some quiet spot in the angle of the drawer or the corner of the ceiling, where it goes through another stage of its existence as a grub, only to change again, as the warm spring days advance, into the moth, ready to lay more eggs and start the work of destruction all over again.

The most effectual means of preventing the attacks of moths is to turn out and re-arrange drawers and cupboards in which woolen garments are kept, at intervals during the spring and summer. The careful housewife, who takes an interest in her possessions, and is often looking them over and refolding them, will never be likely to have a moth anywhere in the house. The little creature, seeking a place in which to lay her eggs,

avoids what is likely to be disturbed. The spare-room of a house, that is perhaps rarely occupied, is a famous breeding-place for moths. They will lay eggs in the dark corners of the carpet and under the bed, if the carpet be not regularly swept, and then they will get into the mattress; and, once established there, it is extremely difficult to get rid of them again. A thorough yearly cleaning throughout the house will do a great deal in preventing the moths establishing themselves. If all carpets be taken up and shaken, the floors cleaned, the corners of the walls swept down, and then everything that is laid by in drawers taken out, brushed, and refolded, and the drawers themselves thoroughly dusted out and brushed in all the corners before the clothes are put back, there will be much less chance of the moths laying their eggs.

Woolen things that have to be put away in boxes which are not to be opened, so that the light and air cannot get to them, may be nevertheless kept free from moths if they be wrapped in linen covers or in paper, so as to leave no crevice, however tiny, by which the moth may enter to lay her eggs. If the things be put away quite free from moths, and then closed up in this complete way, they may be kept unopened any length of time and remain quite uninjured; only great care must be taken that there be no fold in linen or paper up which the little enemy may creep, as the tiniest inlet is big enough for her. If paper be used, it should be strong brown paper, not likely to be torn and so admit the moth by an unexpected hole.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a walking-dress, of gray-blue alpaca or mohair, trimmed with moiré to

a short point, while the jacket rounds off just a little below the waist-line. It may have either a short postillion or a point like the vest-front. The revers form a square collar at the back. Coat-sleeves full at the shoulders and buttoning on the inside of the arm with six small buttons. Hat of straw to match the costume or in navy-



No. 1.

match. The front of the skirt is slightly draped; the back hangs straight. The bodice is cut with an open front, over the full vest of moiré. The vest is finished in



No. 2.

blue and trimmed with ostrich-tips. From ten to twelve yards of mohair, double-fold,

and three-fourths of a yard of moiré, will be required.

No. 2—Is a new model for a wash-dress, of gingham, plain and striped. The skirt, which is of the plain material, is bordered with nine rows of white cotton braid. The jacket-bodice, which is the striped goods corresponding with the plain, having stripes of white and the color, is made with a short postillion-back, the front opening over a



No. 3.

full vest of the plain. Full puffed sleeves. Collarette and cuffs of plaited white mull. Hat of straw, trimmed with white daisies and ribbons to match the dress. This model will be very pretty for a plain and striped challis or China silk, using narrow ribbon for bordering the skirt. Eight yards of plain gingham and two and one-half yards of striped will be required.

No. 3—Is a costume of plaid woolen, for



No. 4.

a walking or house dress. The skirt is bordered with four folds cut on the bias, and is draped as seen in the illustration. The pointed basque has the fronte trimmed



No. 5.

with a full plaiting opening over a wrinkled vest of surah, of the darker shade in the plaid. Coat-sleeves full on the shoulders and bias cuffs and collar complete this costume. From twelve to fourteen yards of material will be required, double-width.

No. 4.—Walking-dress for a girl of ten to twelve years. It is made of pin-striped woolens and surah. The sleeves, sash, and inside yoke are of the surah. The bands



No. 6.

on skirt, cuffs, yoke, and collar are of velvet to match.

No. 5—Is a pretty style for making up a figured challis, for a little girl of six to eight years. Ribbons corresponding with the prevailing color of the material edge the skirt, trim the bretelles, collar, cuffs, and edge of the short puffed sleeves.

No. 6—Is a stylish model for a walking-costume, of striped China silk or bengaline. The fronts of the skirt and vest are of plain surah corresponding in color, and the edge



No. 7.



No. 8.



of the skirt is finished by a full pinked-out ruching. The wide turn-over collar is composed of two rows of wide braid, which also edges the revers in front. Full puffed sleeves. As the illustration gives the back complete, no description is necessary. Straw hat, trimmed with birds and wings. Ten yards of striped China silk, six yards of surah for front and ruching, will be required.

No. 7.—Is a nice comfortable mountain or seaside suit, for either girl or boy of four to six years. It is of Scotch tweed or flannel in a small plaid. Kilted skirt and Norfolk jacket. Straw or felt hat, bound on the edge and with a simple band of ribbon to adorn the crown.

No. 8.—For two to three years old baby girl: white nainsook dress, with plaited ruffle and four small tucks above for the skirt. Full baby-waist, with short puffed sleeves and wide collar, also plaited. Sash of the muslin.

No. 9.—Knickerbocker suit for boy, of plaid Scotch tweed.



No. 9.

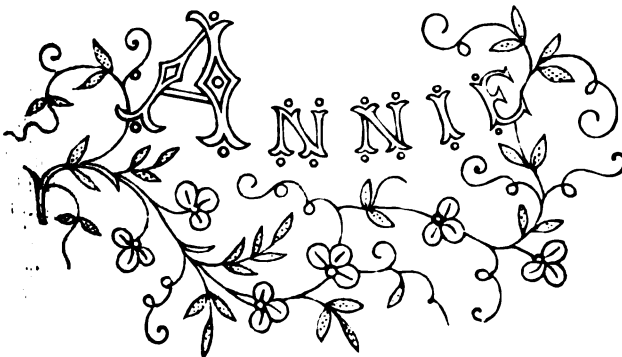
## PHOTOGRAPH-HOLDER.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

We give, for our colored pattern, a new design for a hanging photograph-holder. The foundation of card-board is cut to form five squares and covered with some pretty colored satin or plush. The half-square pockets, stiffened with card-board, are lined and covered with the satin or plush and have

flowers or foliage embroidered on them. A fancy cord edges the pockets, surrounds the holder, and hides all the seams. The cord is continued to form a loop at the top, which is ornamented by a bow of ribbon. Little metal discs hang from the corners, and the back is lined with silk or satin.

## NAME FOR MARKING.



## WALKING-JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a Walking-Jacket. It is cut for a thirtysix-inch bust, and consists of eight pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.

4. SIDE-BACK.
5. PIECE FOR FRONT, to button over.
6. UPPER HALF OF SLEEVE.
7. LOWER HALF OF SLEEVE.
8. HALF OF COLLAR.

The letters and dots show how the pieces are joined. Allow seams for all the pieces.

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## EMBROIDERY-PATTERN.

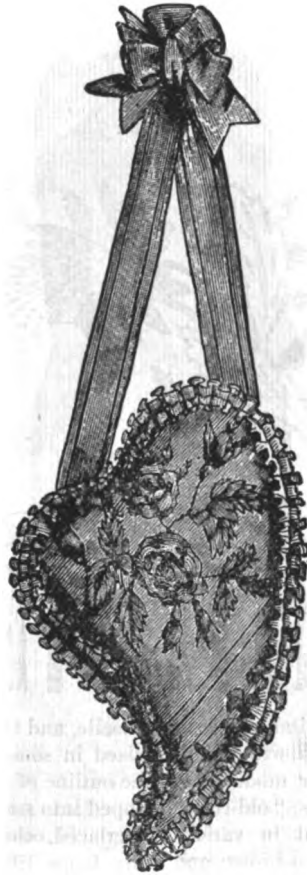
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a { the edge of a flannel skirt or dressing-sacque, simple and effective design for embroidering } in silk or linen floss.

(382)

## HANGING PINCUSHION

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give something quite new in design, for a hanging pincushion. It is made of satin and embroidered with floss-silks, or else made of a bit of old brocade. The cushion is shaped and stuffed with wool, and then the cover is put on and finished on the edge with a quilling of satin ribbon one inch or more in width. Wider ribbon, finished with a handsome bow, suspends the cushion from the wall.

## SOFA-SCARF, IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the Supplement, we give a beautiful design for a sofa-scarf or a sofa-pillow, of a lotos-flower, to be done in outline or embroidery. It is very pretty worked in one color only—the present fashion—or in two or three shades of one color, such as gold-colored floss, or it is very delicate if done in white floss or very coarse white silk in outline-stitch. This design can be used for many purposes.

## EMBROIDERED SASH-END.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For a young lady, no more suitable present could be devised than a sash with handsomely embroidered ends. Our model is of faille, of the shade known as "old-rose." The embroidery is carried out in various soft tones of grayish-blue, golden-brown, and the finest of gold thread. The silk used is filoselle, and the principal stitch satin-stitch, raised in some places, flat in others. Along the outline of the design, the gold thread is looped into small picots, some of which were interlaced, others left free. Picot-stitches are tiny loops like this—*eee*—they should be made with great care.

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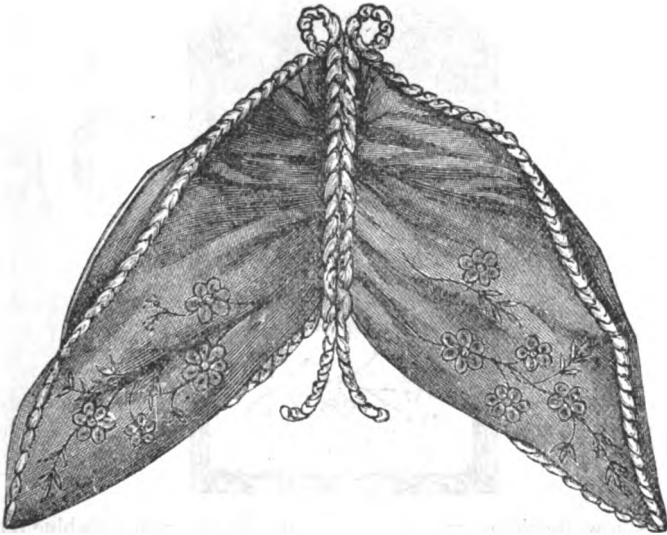
## UMBRELLA-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, this useful and practical receptacle for umbrellas, parasols, canes, etc.; it is to be suspended either on the inside of a closet-door or conveniently near the toilette. It is made of Java canvas for the foundation of the front, which is embroidered in a double Grecque border in cross-stitch, in color to suit the room or the taste. The pockets for the umbrellas, etc., are separate from the foundation and are made of linen or duck and lined with Turkey-red, silesia, delaine, of color corresponding with the embroidery. Where the pockets are set on to the foundation, the seams are covered with satin ribbon or velvet. Some of the ribbon is twisted to form the loops by which the case is hung, and ribbon bows adorn the upper ends.

## BUTTERFLY WALL-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This novel design for a wall-pocket is made of satin, black, green, blue, gold, or yellow, and the outside wings are embroidered in a simple design of forget-me-nots or small daisies, with stems and leaves. The back folds up to meet the outside, and then the whole is arranged with a few gathers and

finished with a gold cord on the edge, and the cord is doubled to form the body, etc. It is suspended by the loops at the top. The back and front of the wings are held together by a few stitches, as seen in the illustration, so as to form the pocket on either side.

## DINNER-TABLE CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of this number, we give a design for a dinner-table cloth. The illustration shows a table-cloth in plain white damask or with a fancy colored border. In the centre is placed the fashionable dessert or dinner strip, in either satin, plush, or fancy damask, the pattern outlined with gold-

colored wash-silks. This is the latest style. Our model has various spaces left plain, to receive the rose-bowl, candelabra, and other fancy dishes. The ends of the strip are fringed in either silk, chenille, or else the linen is fringed out; it depends upon the material chosen.

## BUTTON-HOLE EMBROIDERY DESIGN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of our number, we give a baby's blanket, to be done in silk or linen design for edge of flannel skirt, sacque, or floss on flannel in button-hole stitch.

## BABY'S TOILET-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pocket is in white cloth, embroidered in blue silk, and is intended to hold the brushes and other necessities of a baby's toilet. The foundation is blue plush. Fancy stitches in blue or white silk finish the edges of the case and between the pockets.

## TEA-TABLE AND COVER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a tea-table with rounded ends, which is covered with a fancy table-cloth in linen or damask. On the top are displayed different d'oyleys, in either fine Oriental embroidery, painted linen, or linen embroidered in handsome designs in wash-silks, of any color that suits the fancy.

## DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

On the page with the colored pattern will be found a pretty design for embroidery, to be done in colored silks or cottons, and suitable for a child's dress or apron; it may also be used on flannel or cashmere, for a jacket or cloak.

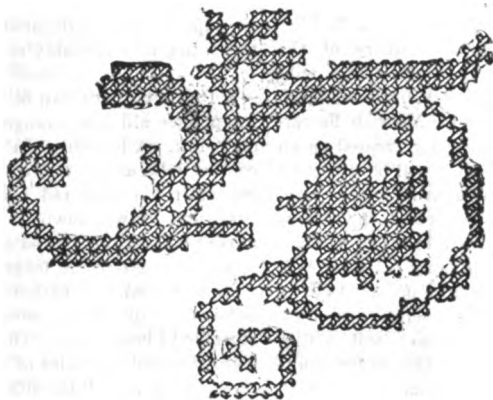
## CORNER FOR A LUNCHEON-CLOTH, IN OUTLINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The design on the Supplement, for the corner of a luncheon-cloth or for a sideboard-scarf, looks best done in outline with rather coarse black silk or with red working-cotton.

## DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.

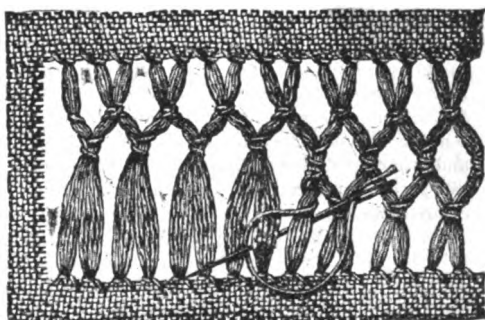
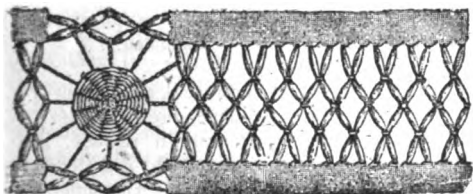
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design is suitable for putting on panels of children's dresses, aprons, etc., or ends of nursery-towels. The work is to be done in French embroidery-cottons, red or blue or both. The selection of color being purely a matter of taste.

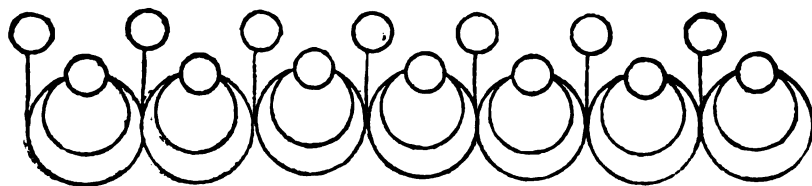
## INSERTION AND CORNER, IN DRAWN-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



These designs show the method of working both the insertion and corner. Coarse linen is used for towels, bureau-covers, side-board-covers, and little tea-table cloths, while fine linen and even linen cambric is used for doylies and pincushion-covers.

## EMBROIDERY.





## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**MIGNONETTE.**—The native country of the mignonette is Egypt, and it is also found wild in Barbary. The plant was probably introduced into Europe from some bright Moorish flower-garden. Mignonette is generally treated as an annual. Possibly some persons will be surprised to learn that it can be grown in any other way. For cultivation in the open ground, the seed of mignonette should be planted in April or May, but it may also be sown much later. A good rich soil will produce much finer plants than a poor one, but the poorer soil will grow more richly perfumed ones, the good soil acting on this plant in very much the same manner as it does on nasturtiums, tending to produce a lush growth of leaves, but small and few blossoms. The ground on which mignonette is to be sown should be raked smooth and level and free from stones; the seed should not be scattered too thickly, but this is not very important, as the young plants bear transplantation well. If the weather is at all dry after sowing, the earth should be occasionally watered, which watering should be continued after the plants are up.

The young plants may be left as they come up, or may be thinned out a few inches asunder. In patches consisting of many plants close together, in clumps of four or five, or an inner edging to flower-borders, the mignonette is alike invaluable. Its fragrance is admired by all, and its unpretending blossoms are extremely useful for bouquet and other cut-flower purposes, as its preponderating green tone acts as a foil to more brilliantly colored blossoms.

Tree mignonette can be produced by taking in the spring a few sturdy plants, one to each pot, and persistently nipping off all flower-buds until the plant has attained the required size—even a height of over two feet—when it may be permitted to flower in its bushy state; or may be grown standard fashion by stripping off all the side branches, the autumn after planting. As soon as the flowers fade, the young seed-vessels should be removed, otherwise the plants will not keep strong and vigorous. By treating the plants thus, and giving plenty of fresh air during summer, the tree mignonette may be grown successfully for several seasons. Mignonette may also be grown as an ordinary annual in the window by putting, say, three or five plants to a pot and keeping them well watered; if the plants show any tendency to straggle, they should be afforded

the support of a few slight sticks. The tree specimens, too, will probably require tying to a stick.

A **PRETTY COZEY** can be made of two contrasting pongee silks, as orange and brown or olive and pink. A length of half a yard of the light-colored silk, about twelve inches wide—or half its width—is gathered round the edge of the cozy, and drawn down to the centre; then the darker silk, also gathered at the edge, fills in the space at the top. A length of silk two inches wide is folded and gathered all round the edge before the two sides are sewed together. The lining should be of serge. Only half a yard of the light silk and a quarter of the darker are necessary. Underneath the silk is serge.

**COLDS AND SORE THROAT.**—For sore throat, buy one ounce of camphorated oil and five cents' worth of chlorate of potash. Whenever any soreness appears, put the potash in a tumblerful of water and with it gargle the throat thoroughly, and rub the neck thoroughly with the camphorated oil before going to bed at night; also place around the throat a small strip of soft flannel. This is a simple, cheap, and said to be sure remedy. At the very earliest indications of sore throat, simply gargling with water as hot as the throat can bear is highly recommended.

**CATARRH CURED.**—A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease (catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

**HALL'S BAZAR FORM,** advertised on another page, although comparatively new, has found its way into thousands of homes, where it has proved itself invaluable. This form is adjustable to any size, and folds into a parcel very little larger than an umbrella. This is one of its noticeable features, as when not in use it can be put out of sight in a bureau-drawer or closet.

**ABOVE ALL OTHERS.**—A subscriber writes: "I should miss the magazine terribly if I were obliged to do without it. It comes so fresh and charming, it really seems almost like a living friend. It is above all other magazines to me."

## CULINARY SAWS.

A hungry man is an angry man.  
 The first dish pleaseth all.  
 Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper.  
 Better go to bed supperless than get up in debt.  
 Who lives well sees afar off.  
 The market is the best garden.  
 It is good to be merry at meat.  
 New meat begets a new appetite.  
 Who boils his pot with chips makes his broth  
 smell of smoke.  
 Salt-fish and sermon have their season in Lent.  
 Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.  
 Who has spice enough may season his meat as  
 he pleases.  
 Steal the goose and give the giblets in alms.  
 The table robs more than the thief.  
 The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell.

**SOFA-CUSHIONS.**—Circular cushions for sofas, averaging forty inches in circumference, are made of two-colored pongee silks, such as pale terra-cotta and green, deep terra-cotta and pink or gold, etc., in four sections, gathered all round the edge, and drawn into almost a point in the middle, finished off with a rosette of the two colors. A hemmed frill, two inches wide, goes all round. The back is covered with a piece of the silk. A yard of each color is required. Sateen is arranged in the same way.

**LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?**—Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling. Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night-sweats, or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of Floraplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

**A NEW TOILET-ARTICLE.**—It is called Athlo-Extract and possesses special merits entirely different from anything on the market. It combines everything necessary for the teeth and toilet, and has secured the endorsement of the medical profession as the most perfect dentifrice made. It is harmless, refreshing, and invigorating.

**ITS "LONG-CONTINUED POPULARITY."**—The Bridgeport (Conn.) Evening Farmer says: "The line 'Established 1842,' printed on the face of 'Peterson's Magazine,' is the best proof that can be given in its favor. Such long-continued popularity can only be accounted for by assured excellence."

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

**Aurora.** By Mary Agnes Tincker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is an interesting story, exceedingly well told. Miss Tincker is an

idealist, and throws a glamor of poetry and romance about the characters and incidents of her book which is a pleasing variety on what is called the realistic school of novels with which we have been deluged during the past few years. It is unfortunately true that realism usually exhibits itself in a microscopic investigation of the utterly commonplace, or as near an approach as is at all prudent to unbridled license in dialogue and description. The author of "Aurora" is to be congratulated on her good taste as much as on her talent.

**A Last Love.** By Georges Ohnet. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is the most dramatic novel which Ohnet has written for several years. The chief interest of the tale centres in the heroine, who seeks to redeem a terrible fault by devotion to her second husband and a complete sacrifice of her individuality for his sake. It is a striking story, and, though the sentiment and morality are what twenty years since would have been styled "French," one is forced to admit that the book contains fewer objectionable features than many American and English novels of the present day.

**Marrying-Off a Daughter.** By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The publishers have, in this work, made a most welcome addition to their series of twenty-five-cent novels. Outside of her Russian stories, "Marrying-Off a Daughter" is the best of Henry Gréville's productions. The characters are markedly individual and the incidents numerous and interesting. It is written in an easy sparkling style, and is replete with a quiet humor which is irresistible.

**A Study of Ben Jonson.** By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Worthington Company.—This volume deserves the front rank among recent biographies. It is written in the author's most picturesque and admirable manner, and full justice is done to the great dramatist. The analysis of Jonson's different works—which cover a wide range—is presented in a masterly fashion, and the book offers a harvest of eloquence and a wealth of reflection and observation.

**The Pastor's Daughter.** By W. Heimbürg. New York: Worthington Company.—The works of this author are being presented to the American public in rapid succession; but, so far, each new novel proves fully equal to its predecessors. The present story is full of interest and pathos, and both dialogue and narrative are managed with great skill. The translation by Mrs. I. W. Davis is exceedingly well done, and the numerous illustrations are very effective.

**The Missing Bride.** By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This novel has also just appeared in the publishers' twenty-five-cent edition. It is one of Mrs. Southworth's most intense and absorbing novels, and enjoys a well-deserved popularity. It ought to have a wide sale in its present cheap attractive form.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OUR READERS have doubtless noticed the numerous discussions by the scientists and hygienists as to the relative value of the various baking-powders. A careful sifting of the evidence leaves no doubt as to the superiority of the Royal Baking-Powder in purity, wholesomeness, and strength, from a scientific standpoint. An opinion, however, that will certainly have great weight with our practical housekeepers, is that given by Marion Harland, a well known and popular American writer, upon matters pertaining to the science of domestic economy, of housekeeping and home cooking. In a recent letter to a Philadelphia publication, this writer says:

"I regard the Royal Baking-Powder as the best manufactured and in the market, so far as I have any experience in the use of such compounds. Since the introduction of it into my kitchen, three years ago, I have used no other in making biscuits, cakes, etc., and have entirely discarded for such purposes the home-made combination of one-third soda and two-thirds cream of tartar.

"Every box has been in perfect condition when it came into my hands, and the contents have given complete satisfaction. It is an act of simple justice, and also a pleasure, to recommend it unqualifiedly to American housewives.

MARION HARLAND."

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

## SOUPS.

**Oyster Toast.**—Have nicely toasted enough loaf-bread to cover the bottom of a dish; butter it while it is hot; then pour upon it one quart of oysters, stewed in the following manner: Scald the oysters in their juice; take out the oysters and keep them warm; add a half-pint of water to juice and let it boil; then add the oysters. As soon as they are heated through, stir in two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in flour, keep stirring until it thickens, and then serve while it is hot.

**Very Rich Oyster Soup.**—Take a thick slice of fat pork, cut it into dice, and fry a delicate brown; put the pieces into a stewpan, with a quart of milk thickened with flour and butter; add sauce, pepper, and salt to taste, and two dozen oysters. Serve with sippets of brown bread fried in butter and sprinkled with lemon-juice.

**Chicken Soup.**—Cut up a chicken and put it into a small pot of water; one carrot, some salt and pepper. Put them on just after breakfast, with plenty of water; just before serving, add

a teacupful of milk that has two tablespoonfuls of flour stirred in it.

## MEATS.

**Stuffed Fillet of Veal.**—Remove the bone of a leg of veal with a sharp knife; fill the place with rich stuffing made of grated breadcrumb, butter, pepper, salt, and a little thyme. Secure it with a string and put it on the spit to roast; baste it with sweet lard every quarter of an hour until it begins to brown, then use the drippings for basting. When done, thicken the gravy with a little browned flour, pour over the meat, and serve on a heated dish of a deep shape. Veal should be wiped each day that it is kept raw. Do not lay it upon a plank, or it will mold.

**Hashed Meat.**—Cut some thin slices of underdone roast or boiled beef, lay them in a buttered tin, strew over them some mushroom and onion and a little parsley, all finely chopped; add pepper and salt, and pour in at the side as much stock as will come up to but not over the meat. Strew plenty of baked breadcrumb over all, and put the tin in the oven for half an hour or till the moisture is nearly dried up. A very small quantity of wine may be added along with the stock.

## DESSERTS.

**Apple Pot-Pie.**—Pare and slice some apples; line a pot with paste; put in a layer of apples and some sugar, then another layer of apples and sugar, until the pot is full. Pour in a little water, cover the top with paste, leaving an opening in the centre to allow the escape of the steam. Hang the pot over a slow fire, or set it in an oven; and, when the crust is brown and the apples soft, dish it with the side-crust at the bottom of the dish, the apples over it, and the upper crust on the top. To be eaten with cream, while hot.

**Baden-Baden Pudding.**—Boil a quarter-pound of rice in milk to a smooth mash, and with it an inch of vanilla to flavor. Soak a half-ounce of gelatine in cold water a few minutes, then add it to the rice to boil. Whip a pint of cream with a quarter-pound of sifted sugar to a froth. When the rice is cooled to lukewarm, stir it briskly into the cream. Wet a mold, fill it with the mass, and set it in a cold place or on ice. Turn it out when firm.

**Marlborough Tart.**—Line a tart-tin with good puff-paste, set in a quick oven, and, when half baked, pour on the following mixture: two eggs well beaten, two ounces of sifted sugar, four ounces of citron or candied peel cut into strips. Mix all together, finish the baking, and serve when cold.

## CAKES.

**Sally Lunn's.**—Mix well three tablespoonfuls of baking-powder with one pound of flour, then add two well-beaten eggs; warm a cupful of milk and dissolve about one ounce of butter

in it, and with this make the flour, eggs, etc., into a stiff dough. Divide the latter into four, and shape each part like a bun with the hand. Bake at once for about twenty minutes, and serve hot, sliced and buttered. They should be brushed over with beaten egg before being put into the oven.

**Flannel-Cakes.**—Mix well a half-pound of Indian meal to two ounces of butter, then pour one and a half pints of boiling milk on it. Stir it well, and, as it cools, add one pound of flour, one and a half ounces of yeast dissolved in three or four tablespoonfuls of cold water, one ounce of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt. Let it rise all night, and fry next morning on a griddle or in a frying-pan.

**Tea-Cake.**—Mix one pound of flour, a quarter-pound of butter, a quarter-pound of sugar, four eggs—add the whites beaten to a stiff froth at the very last—a pinch of soda, a pinch of salt, and as much milk as will make a very thick batter. Bake in buttered rings about an hour. Serve buttered and hot.

O & O tea is now to be had at many of the leading grocers' stores, and is truly the choicest article ever offered to the public. It is perfectly pure, and the quality never varies. It is also the most economical in use, as it has more strength than the lower grades. It is sold only in tins, hermetically sealed, and bearing the trade-mark of the company. At last consumers of tea are to be protected by a responsible and well-organized association of producers and importers.

## FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

**FIG. I.—RECEPTION-DRESS, OF SAPPHIRE-BLUE AND WHITE CHINA SILK.** The skirt is bordered with a band of pale-gray silk, ornamented by six rows of narrow blue moiré ribbon; it opens upon the side, over a kilt-plaited panel of white silk. The short Spanish-jacket bodice opens over a full vest of the white silk. The revers, collar, cuffs, and border down the front of the vest are trimmed to match the border of the skirt. Elbow coat-sleeves, full at the shoulder. Large crocheted buttons of blue and gray ornament the bodice. This model will serve for a bordered nun's-veiling or gingham, with plain material for the side-panel and vest.

**FIG. II.—VISITING-DRESS, OF INDIAN-RED SURAH, trimmed with black beaded net in stripes.** This striped net is arranged upon the skirt to form a front and side panel. The skirt is slightly draped between the panels, with small paniers disposed over the hips; the back hangs plain. The pointed bodice is full in front at the shoulders, trimmed with bands of the net, and laps from right to left. The sleeves are formed

of the red surah for the under, the black net filling up the outside, part. Gypsy bonnet of black net, faced with red crêpe and trimmed with black wings. A bow of black velvet ribbon ornaments the inside of the brim.

**FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GRAY POPLINETTE, WITH A GAY PLAID BORDER.** The underskirt of this gown has a wide kilt-plaiting, eighteen inches deep all around, set upon the foundation. The bordered material is disposed in drapery as seen in the illustration, the back forming a jabot at the right side. The bodice is pointed, back and front; the front being trimmed with the plaid border, first a piece crosswise to form the yoke, then plaited lengthwise into a point at the waist. Full sleeves into deep cuffs of the plaid. A dark-blue velvet waistband crosses in a point in front, fastening with a silver buckle. Sash-ends of the gray finish the bodice at the back. Gray straw hat, trimmed with ostrich-plumes. This model will be suitable for a bordered nun's-veiling, light woollens, or gingham.

**FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE OR WALKING DRESS, OF MOSS-GREEN CASHMERE, WITH STRIPED VELVET BODICE.** The front of skirt and inside vest of this stylish gown are cut in one, the vest crossing and fastening with six small buttons. Under this is a full chemisette of surah to match. The skirt hangs straight all around, except where it laps in front; there it is slightly draped. The jacket-bodice of the striped velvet has the revers and cuffs faced with a peach-blossom colored corded silk, also the rolling collar of the inside vest. Hat of moss-green crêpe, faced with green and peach-color and trimmed with standing loops of green and peach-colored gros-grain ribbon.

**FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE PLAIN AND BROCADE SILK.** The front of underskirt, vest, and sleeves are of the brocade, while the polonaise overdress is of the plain taffetas. The front part of the bodice is slashed at the side-darts and forms the long sash-ends which pass under the waistband. The edge of the overdress is bordered with a wide band of moiré, the cuffs the same. Hat of straw, trimmed with white daisies and loops of ribbon matching the costume.

**FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FINE GRAY MOHAIR.** The skirt has four rows of one-and-a-half-inch black moiré ribbon arranged above the hem, and then the skirt is accordeon-plaited. The bodice is also plaited to match and fitted upon the underlining. The yoke is formed of bands of the ribbon and black lace insertion. The same forms the cuffs to the full sleeves. The basque is trimmed with one row of ribbon to match the skirt, and then plaited and fitted to the pointed waist-line. A narrow waistband completes the bodice. Straw hat of gray braid, trimmed with gray surah and black lace. This

model will serve for any soft light-weight woollens or China or surah silk.

FIG. VII.—**BONNET, OF DARK-BLUE STRAW**, trimmed with loops of dark and pale blue gros-grain ribbon and a bunch of light and dark blue ragged-robins. Strings from the back tie under the chin, or may be entirely dispensed with, according to taste.

FIG. VIII.—**SPRING MANTELETTE, OF OLIVE CLOTH**. The pointed yoke-piece is handsomely embroidered or covered with passementerie to match, but in a darker shade. The edge of the ruffle is pinked out. The wrap is lined with a pretty color of old-gold silk or satin.

FIG. IX.—**THE PATTI HAT, OF DARK STRAW**, enhanced with a garland of snow-balls and loops of apple-green Ottoman ribbon; the brim, turned up at the sides, is faced with green velvet.

FIG. X.—**FEATHER-STITCHED BLOUSE, OF RED SERGE OR SURAH SILK**, with yoke and waist fitted by tucks to the figure and ornamented with feather-stitch worked in gold or white silk. The sleeves are tucked and finished to match, above the elbows and the bands for the cuffs.

FIG. XI.—**WALKING-DRESS, OF OLIVE-GREEN CASHMERE AND SURAH**. The front of skirt and full vest are of the surah in a lighter shade of olive. The skirt is accordeon-plaited, and the vest the same at neck and waist. The outside Directoire coat is cut all in one piece. The front has wide Incroyable revers and further ornamented by three large buttons on both sides. Plain loose coat-sleeves, with puffed epaulettes. Small toque of the surah like the dress, trimmed with a bunch of pale-blue flowers and leaves.

FIG. XII.—**VISITING-DRESS, OF PALE-GRAY OR COACHMAN'S-DRAB CASHMERE OR CAMEL'S-HAIR**. The skirt has a wide band of black velvet set above a narrow hem. The skirt and waist are cut in one, and the Bolero jacket is simulated by handsome black passementerie edged with drop-buttons. The cuffs for the sleeves and the pointed ornament for the waist-front are composed and arranged by pieces of the passementerie. A wide velvet collar finishes the neck. Coachman's-drab trimmed with a dark-brown would be very handsome, if preferred to the black. Hat of gray straw, faced with black velvet and trimmed with gauze or lace in black.

FIG. XIII.—**MORNING-JACKET, OF FINE STRIPED FLANNEL OR SURAH**, in black and white or dark-blue and white, trimmed with velvet ribbon to match.

FIG. XIV.—**PARASOL, OF FIGURED CHINA SILK**, to match the costume.

FIG. XV.—**BONNET, OF BLACK LACE**, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and pink roses in the brim.

FIG. XVI.—**NEW-STYLE SLEEVE**. Plain silk puff over a figured material; cuff to match. A good style to modernize an old-style sleeve.

FIG. XVII.—**DRESS FOR AN ELDERLY LADY**. Plain dress, of striped gray silk; skirt arranged in wide plaits across the front and sides, back gathered. Mantilla of black cashmere or gros-grain silk, trimmed with jet passementerie. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with loops of gray gros-grain ribbon. Gray parasol.

FIG. XVIII.—**MOURNING-DRESS, OF BLACK CARMELITE AND ENGLISH CRÊPE**. The plain skirt has a panel on the right side, of the black crêpe. The vest is of the crêpe and laid in fine plaits. The revers and deep cuffs and high collar are all of crêpe. The side of the skirt over the panel of crêpe; there is a full piece of crêpe arranged as coming from under the bodice, and is gathered to a point and tied with a black ribbon, one long loop and two ends. Hat of crêpe, trimmed with loops of crêpe and small aigrette of black. Plain tulle veil.

FIG. XIX.—**MOURNING-COSTUME FOR LITTLE GIRL**. White cashmere or flannel dress, trimmed above the hem with black passementerie or a band of black gros-grain ribbon. Shoulder-cape of fine black cashmere. Three rows of accordeon-plaiting, with collar, form the cape. Small hat of black straw, edged with a frill of black lace and trimmed with a large rosette of black ribbon.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—The soft woollen goods are of an unusually fine quality this season, and of the most delicate shades of color. It is difficult to say what hues prevail the most; but soft greens, heliotropes, and terra-cottas are among the most noticeable.

*Cheriot*s come in small check patterns; some are slightly mottled and have borderings to correspond.

*Mohairs and alpacas* are seen in beige, gray, browns, greens, etc., blues, etc., and will be most popular for traveling-dresses, as they shed the dust better than any other materials.

*Nun's-veilings and camel's-hair serges* are popular for spring dresses, and both can be purchased with the woven border for trimming.

*Foulard and India silks* were never more beautiful than they are this season; they come in all colors and with all kinds of designs on them—flowers, polka-dots, Oriental patterns, are all in favor.

*Ginghams and satens* are as varied as other materials; the bordered selvages are reproduced on these goods—plaids, bouquets, vines, set figures, are all to be seen on them.

In the making of dresses, there is but little that is new. Long straight lines for the skirts continue to be the rule, with a slight lifting sometimes at the side, to break the plainness of the lower part; this is quite frequently done in the thin materials, especially in those with the bordered selvages.

*Lace, braiding, and embroidery*, as well as the woven edges, are all used for trimmings for spring and summer gowns.

*Bodices* are still full and much trimmed, while the skirts remain so plain. Many dress-bodices are made with the two sides quite unlike, but this style is not to be recommended as far as the figure is concerned, though by using it a great variety can be obtained; so that the shoulder-seam is cut short, the sleeve placed high in the armhole, and fullness obtained by gathering or plaiting, the bodice looks fashionable. This one will be pointed in front with a basque back, another is round and worn with a waistband, a third may be made very high in the neck with a round band, another quite low and open in front, another with a rolling or a Medici collar; but all are in the fashion.

*Sleeves* are very fanciful and ornamented in a great many different ways, but they are all more or less ornamented at the top, either by puffs, or slashings of another material, or three or four horizontal plaits. A revival of an old fashion is to make them of a totally different fabric to the rest of the gown. Velvet at present is much used for this purpose. All sleeves are put high up on the shoulders.

*Yokes, Bolero jackets, collars, and cuffs* are frequently made of a color contrasting with the dress, or of Hamburg embroidery if the gown is of a wash-material.

*Two old gowns* can be re-made into a new one, to have quite a stylish appearance, by putting them together—a great gain to those with limited wardrobes.

*Silk or velvet ribbon* put on in five or seven straight rows around the bottom of a skirt is an old fashion revived, and a pretty and simple one it is.

*Jackets* are a trifle longer than they were, and fit closely over the hips; but, as the weather becomes warmer, mantles will take the place of coats and jackets; these are made loose in front, drawn in at the back, having long ends and wide sleeves.

*Capes*, however, still hold the popular favor; they are so easily made, put on with so little trouble, and have the warmth requisite for most spring and summer weather.

*Hats* have grown larger and more picturesque as the season has advanced, but not always more becoming. It should be remembered that a hat with a very wide flapping brim is not the easiest one to wear in a high wind.

*Bonnets* decrease in size as the hats increase, and in some instances do not do much more than cover the top of the head. Small wreaths of violets, primroses, apple-blossoms, pansies, etc., are placed around the brim.

are blossoming forth like crocuses and hyacinths. The shapes and styles vary very little from the fashions of the past winter. Hats are shown with the wide brim in front and at the sides expanded to its full dimensions, while at the back it is turned up in a sharp "pinch" against the low crown; for the crowns are still of the lowest, for which we owe extra thanks to the goddess Fashion. The compact, comfortable, becoming capote is still the ruling shape for bonnets, and the toque or turban shape is still in vogue for traveling-wear. The novelties of the season, so far, consist in colors and trimmings. For the latter, flowers are extensively used, intermixed with loops-and-ends of ribbon. Feathers are almost altogether discarded, and so too are birds. In fact, the wings and crest of a very beautiful species of cockatoo, with a plumage in delicate shades of gold-yellow and blue, are almost the only plumaged novelty displayed up to the present time. A very striking hat was shown with two large wings set at either side of the low crown, the points coming to the edge of the brim. The remainder of the trimming was in loops-and-ends of finger-wide French faille ribbon of a brilliant shade of blue matching that of the plumage. The hat itself was a lace-patterned pale-yellow fancy straw. The most striking hat that I have seen this spring was in shirred black tulle, the wide brim almost entirely covered with the folds of a scarf in jade-green French faille. This scarf passed through and was held down to the brim in front by an immensely long but very slender buckle in jet reaching from the crown of the hat to the brim. This scarf was drawn in full graceful folds, and was attached to the turned-up point of the brim at the back. Around the low crown inside this scarf was set a full bushy row of the delicate hair-like black feathers that adorn the wings of the heron, some thirty or forty only being found on each bird. This portion alone of the hat-trimming cost over twenty dollars.

The newest and prettiest of the floral trimmings are velvet fuchsias, either in their own rich tints of carmine and purple or else in any fantastic color that the milliner is pleased to order. A very pretty capote in jet and black lace had a cluster of crimson fuchsias set just above the brow in front. A delicious little bonnet in Irish point-lace had a cluster of violets in very pale lilac velvet in the front of the brim, and was bordered all around with a torsade of pale-lilac velvet, and had narrow velvet ribbon strings. Another exquisite bonnet is an aerial cloud of pale-green tulle, with three very slender bands in dead-yellow gold passing around it in the style of the classic coiffure in vogue in ancient Greece and Rome. Two floating scarfs in tulle formed the strings. An artistic combination of color is formed by

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The earliest novelty of the season is always the head-gear, and the spring hats and bonnets

a hat in fine dark-brown English straw, trimmed with loops of brown satin and dark-ruby velvet ribbons and with long branches of gilliflowers in rich shades of crimson. Also to be noted is a bonnet bordered with massed corn-flowers without foliage, and having a group of dandelions set in front of the brim, the bonnet itself being in a lace-patterned white gimp, as these fancy straws are sometimes called.

In the way of dress-materials, the newest is a gauze with wide woven stripes in a fabric much more transparent than the ground of the material, these stripes being figured in large-patterned designs in the thicker stuff. The effect thus produced is very pretty, and, when the gauze is made up over a colored satin underskirt, the toilette thus composed will be charming. The newest silks are brocades, having very small sprays of flowers in their natural colors scattered over a black ground. Some of the designs are very tasteful as well as novel, and especially one representing a single stalk of the fuchsia with its pendent blossoms, and another showing one of the crimson clover. These floral designs are repeated on the foulards of the season—snowdrops or ears of wheat being represented on the black grounds, and fuchsias on cream-white or pale silver-gray. All sorts of aerial tulles and gauzes, and the softest and lightest of crapes as well, are shown for the evening-dresses of the season. So far, fashion seems to incline to the palest possible colors—a very faint but lovely shade of lilac being the newest. Very elaborate hand-embroidery is employed for the decoration of the handsomest of the evening-dresses. It is worked on the material, the pattern bordering the skirt and reaching up half its entire length. The design is usually small scattered flowers, with a band of leaves and flowers bordering the hem. The most extravagant material of this nature is a heavy cream-white satin worked all over with a design in colored floss-silks of flowers and foliage.

As to the cut and make of dresses, the fashions have not changed in any essential particular from last autumn's styles. Plain full plaited or gathered skirts entirely without steel springs or dress-improvers, and corsages with sleeves puffed high upon the shoulder and fitting tightly from the elbow to the wrist, compose the toilette. Over this is thrown the large loose cloak called the Good-Woman Wrap—or else, for dressy occasions, a short wrap full at the shoulders and composed of a colored silk brocaded with large satin spots. The Zouave jacket, in lace or in passementerie, continues to be much worn. A very elegant evening-dress is composed of scarlet gauze made over satin of the same hue. The full gathered skirt is edged with four rows of narrow black watered ribbon, set just above the hem; and the corsage, opened V-shape in front

and at the back, is ornamented with a Zouave-jacket composed of finely-cut jet. The sleeves, of scarlet tulle, are melon-shaped and made very full, and terminate at the elbows.

Perfectly plain gloves are now fashionable, the stitched backs having gone out entirely. Walking-shoes are worn very pointed, and are made entirely of patent-leather, and have half-high heels. Plaid stockings are worn with plaid dresses, but they fade so quickly in the washing that they are not very practical. Plain silk or thread stockings matching the toilette are always in good style.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME WITH BLOUSE, OF MARINE-BLUE SERGE, for a boy of four to five years. The skirt is kilt-plaited on to the underwaist of muslin, which has a skirt-front of the flannel stitched on. The blouse opens in front from the shoulder-seams, lapping as seen in the illustration. The collar, fronts of blouse, side-panels on the skirt, are all trimmed with wide black worsted braid or velvet ribbon and further ornamented by large metal buttons. This costume may be made in white tennis-flannel, trimmed with navy-blue or red.

FIG. II.—COSTUME WITH BLOUSE, OF WHITE OR SELF-COLORED CASHMERE, for a little girl of five years. The skirt is gathered upon a petticoat-waist, and the blouse is gathered in quite full at the neck. The waist is finished by an elastic, like a boy's blouse. This blouse opens at the left side, and is trimmed with a wide band of velvet ribbon and buttons. A thick silk or chenille cord with tassels confines the waist. Cuffs of velvet.

FIG. III.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF PALE-BLUE CASHMERE, for a little girl of eight to ten years. The gathered skirt has two bands of white moiré ribbon above the hem. The waist is trimmed to match, tucks and bands of ribbon forming the yoke. Full sleeves, forming puffs at shoulders. This model will serve for a wash-dress of plain gingham and bands of open-work embroidery. Hat of straw, trimmed with large standing loops of gros-grain ribbon.

FIG. IV.—HAT, OF MILAN BRAID. The face of this hat has a full puffed lining of soft surah or crêpe. Four or five rows of narrow silver braid or straw braid finish the edge inside. Ostrich-tips and loops of ribbon trim the outside.

FIG. V.—BOY'S COLLAR, FOR SAILOR-SUIT. This collar is made of striped linen or percale. The piece in front simulates the under-vest. These large sailor-collars are usually worn with navy-blue sailor-suits, for boys of five to six years. A large cravat-bow of dark-blue finishes the collar.



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I had finished the first bottle, I felt a decided change for better. I continued the use of this medicine, until now I can scarcely believe I ever had been sick. My eyes in particular, are wonderfully improved, and all those gloomy and despondent feelings of mind are gone.”—Mrs. C. KENNEDY, 787 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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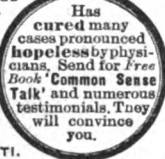
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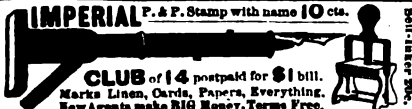
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**MANNERS.**—Manners among the more refined  
and cultivated nations alter to a certain extent  
like fashion, only their variations are not so  
sudden and ephemeral as those of the latter,  
and of course the changes can only be slight  
deviations from the main lines of civility and  
courtesy—from men to women first, and then  
from all to all.

Fashion in dress and fashion in manners  
seem to have some relation to each other;  
at all events, we feel as though the laced  
coats and periwigs and the stiffly-dressed  
heads and stomachers of a certain date were  
exactly suited to the solemn and grave polite-  
ness by which that time was distinguished and  
which characterized even the entertainments;  
so that the stately minuet and its compeers,  
with their slow movements and magnificent  
bows and courtesies, were the only dances  
permitted, or indeed known, in those days.  
We have changed all that, and in the place  
of elaborate civility in word and action has  
come a sort of "rough and ready," or at  
least careless, type of manners in keeping  
with the shooting-coats and tea-gowns of the  
present day, but at which Sir Charles Grand-  
ison would doubtless stand aghast if he could  
but see them. Except that a reaction seems  
always inevitable in everything sooner or later,  
manners, in the sense of deferential courtesy  
and extreme politeness, might sing their own  
requiem and be buried out of sight forever.  
It does not follow, as a matter of course, that  
the "bowing and scraping" of a former day  
meant anything more, or was the index to a  
more really chivalrous state of feeling, than  
the careless recognition and wave of the hand  
does now. Outward manifestations of that kind  
go for very little in themselves, as they are  
in fact decreed by the unwritten law of fashion;  
the only question is, whether the fashion which  
does thus decree them is not itself governed  
and induced by certain tendencies in the minds  
and thoughts of people rather than the mere  
outcome of that love of change which is  
indigenous in human nature and which shows  
itself in a change of manners as well as in  
a change of dress. If it is so, then we must  
conclude that in what are called "the good  
old days" a higher tone of feeling—or, rather,  
a more respectful feeling—existed, and a clearer  
understanding of what was due from one person  
to another, than is the case now, and that  
consequently the signs and tokens of deference  
which were shown by every man to his neighbor,  
especially if the neighbor happened to be a  
woman, were really blossoms whose roots lay  
deep in chivalry and kindness of heart.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1890.

Girl-Life in China. By J. H. Ryder (Illustrated), . . . . .	427	My Soul's Mate—A Poem. By William W. Long. . . . .	470
Duty—A Poem, . . . . .	431	Talks by a Trained Nurse. By Elisabeth Robinson Scovill. Poisoning, . . . .	471
Miss Garth. By Robert C. V. Meyers, . .	432	An Invaluable Box. By Annie Curd, . .	472
Spring Sunshine—A Poem. By Gertie Vivian Guernsey, . . . . .	438	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . .	473
A Seal Ring. By Miss Ruth Hall, . .	439	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	482
A Love and a Passion. By Ella Higginson, . . . . .	441	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	484
At Death's Gate—A Poem. By Florence R. Bacon, . . . . .	450	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	484
Some Outdoor Plants. By Ray Joyce, . .	451	Mothers' Department. By Abram Livezey, A.M., M.D., . . . . .	485
Her Real Object. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	453	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	485
Gardening-Hints for May, . . . . .	460	Fashions for May (Illustrated), . . . .	486
The Story of Dagma. By Miss Alice Bowman, . . . . .	461	Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . .	488

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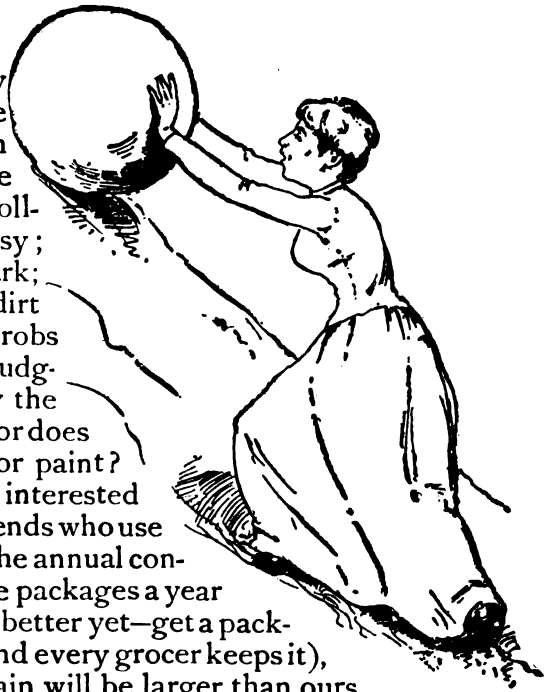
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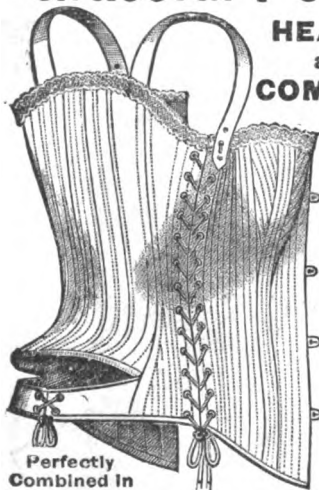
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## TRYING OLD TUNES.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine



Approved by the Board of Directors

PARISIENNES: TEBBON'S MAGAZINE.





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"I will not help you," she said.

[See the Story, "Her Real Object."]





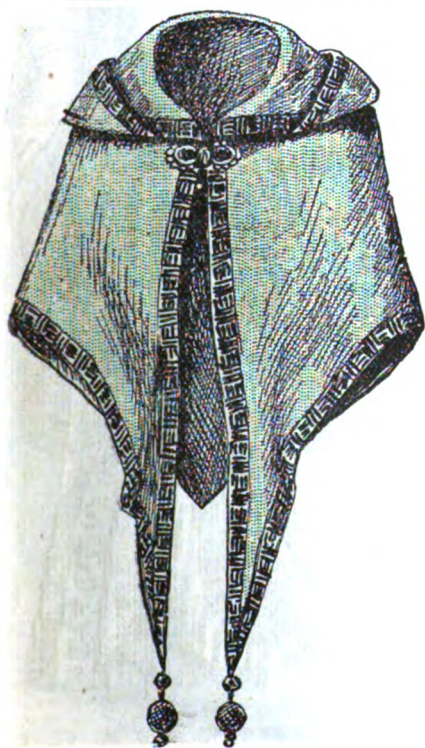


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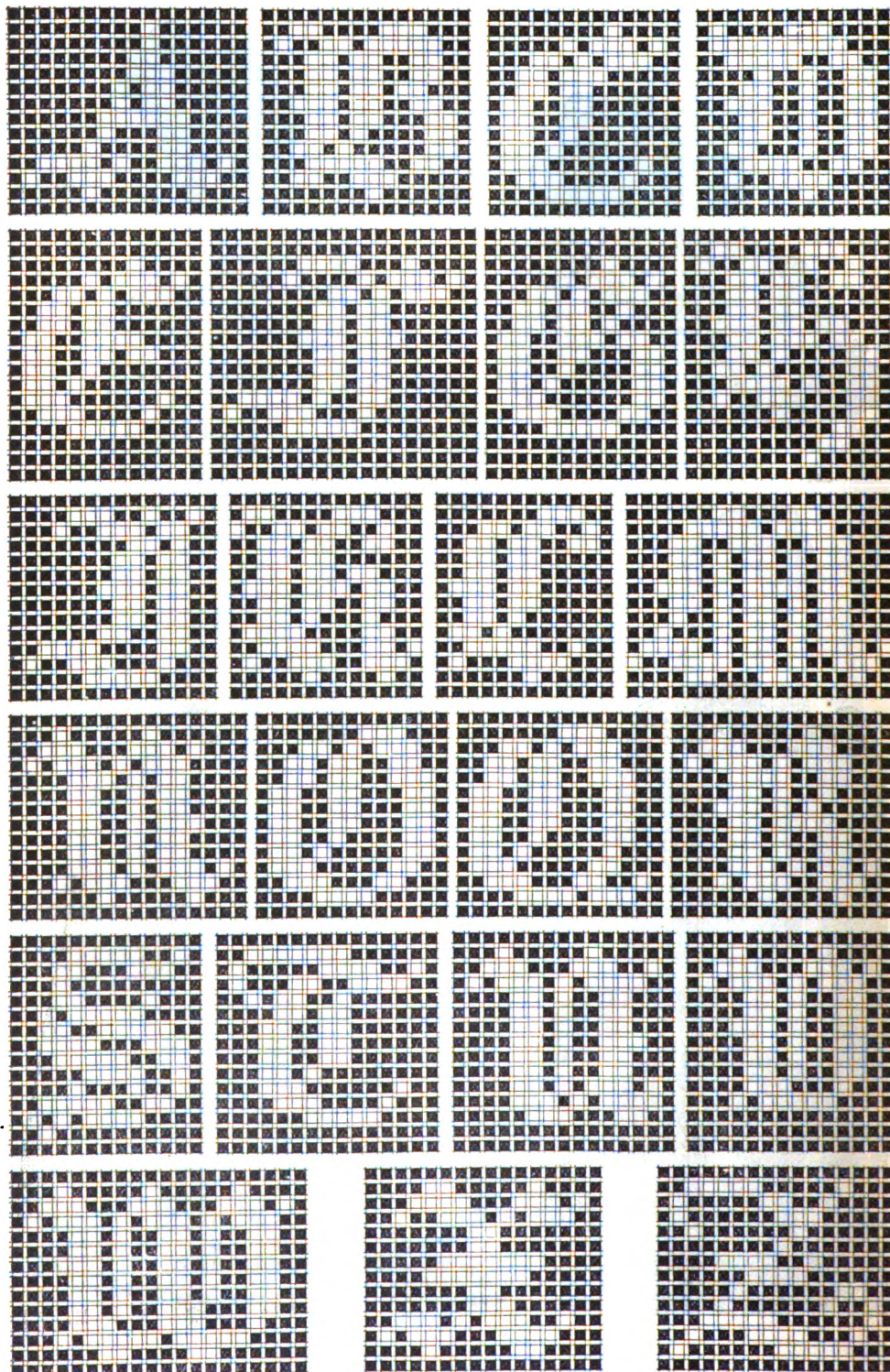
**NEW-STYLE MANTLE. HOUSE-DRESS.**





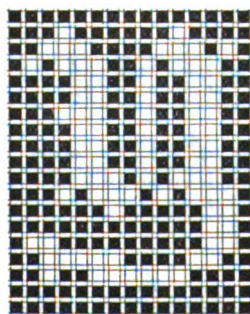
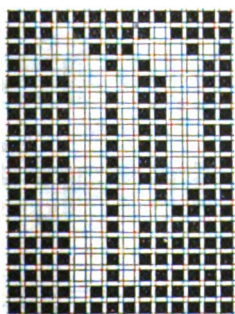
HAT. HOUSE-DRESS. VISITING-DRESS.





ALPHABET IN CROSS-STITCH.





**NEW STITCHES IN EMBROIDERY. ALPHABET IN CROSS-STITCH.**

# MAZIE WALTZ.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia

ISAAC W. COSLETT.

*pp*

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MAZIE WALTZ.



BASS SOLO,



Scherzo.



D. S. al  $\text{ff}$  *mp*



D. S.



NEW STYLES PARASOLS. HATS.



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1890.

No. 5.

## GIRL-LIFE IN CHINA.

BY J. H. RYDER.



CHINAMEN ceased many years since to possess for us the interest of novelty; but Chinese women are as rare in our country as black swans, and Chinese children still rarer. Indeed, we usually talk and think solely of John, and half forget that, in accordance with nature's general plan, the Flowery Empire must offer a Jill—with her name altered—for each Jack, and that, considering the vastness of the population, Celestial babies and children must be as countless as blades of grass.

The lives of women in most lands, save among the wealthy or otherwise exceptionally favored classes, are not too easy; but all foreigners who have resided in China agree that their existence bears especially hard on the feminine sex.

Wide as is the gulf which in many respects divides the lives of Chinese girls of different classes, there are certain misfortunes which all share in common. A female infant is rarely a welcome arrival in any home, from the palace of a mandarin to the hovel of a beggar. As a rule, indeed, she is worse than unwelcome; she is regarded as an actual incumbrance, and not unfrequently disappears forever within a few hours from the drawing of her first breath. Admit, however, that she is permitted to live, and succeeds in doing so in spite of difficulties, she ought to flourish, if there is any truth in the old saying that a baby who is least watched and tended generally thrives the best.

A month after a child's birth is the usual time for what is called "naming-day"—an

occasion celebrated with much ceremony and great rejoicing when the new-comer is a boy. But custom has made it difficult for Chinese parents in general to exhibit any marked demonstrations of joy over the advent of a girl. Still, she must be accorded some distinctive appellation, though it should be only "Daughter Number One, Two, or Three," as the case may be. Sometimes, however, she is granted a more suggestive cognomen, such as "Beckoning a Brother," "Lead along a Brother," "Come, Younger Brother," and even occasionally receives the poetical title of "White Water-Lily," "Beautiful Pearl," or "Better than Gold."

The existence of Chinese girls among the nobility passes in a monotonous round which would drive an American damsel insane merely to imagine. The poor creatures live in seclusion and restraint within the prison-like walls of their homes, awaiting the time when desirable suitors may be brought forward by friends for the parents' inspection, and they be permitted to exchange one species of slavery for another.

The daughters in wealthy middle-class families are kept almost as strictly secluded, and are taught that a properly behaved maiden would blush at the indelicacy of even indulging in a wish to take a peep at the outside world or allowing herself to be caught sight of by a male stranger.

Among the rural population, small farmers and the like, girls lead a much freer existence, and the daughters of the poor are obliged from the earliest possible age to toil for their daily bread, accepting any employment which may offer—frequently of a kind much too arduous for their years and strength.

A common occupation for girls is the plaiting of silk to lengthen the "pig-tails" universally worn by men, and the making of



CARRYING THE BABY.

lanterns, fancy boxes, and paper money. Often, too, while tiny children, they are put down to embroidery-frames and kept so closely confined—in many cases obliged to work, with short intervals of intermission, from dawn to dusk—that blindness and spinal disease are the result of this cruel overtasking in a wretchedly paid branch of industry.

As in other countries, girls belonging to the working-classes find plenty of employment when they can be allowed to stay at home, in caring for the successive babies of the family. They do not, however, hold the infants in their arms, but support them on their backs—a much easier mode of carrying a burden than would seem possible from looking at a picture.

Among Chinese girls, especially those belonging to the middle and upper classes, faces may often be seen which, if not exactly pretty according to the Western world's standard of beauty, are pleasing and even attractive. Until they are grown, girls wear their hair—which is usually long and luxuri-

ant—braided in a heavy plait and hanging down the back, embellished with loops and ends of scarlet cord.

We are often told that the habit of dwarfing the feet of girl babies is the exclusive privilege of the noble classes; but missionaries assert that in some districts the practice is nearly universal, with the exception of families descended from the Tartars. Sometimes, in a poor family, it is only the eldest daughter who is subjected to this torture; any succeeding female child who indiscreetly appears has her feet left to attain their natural growth, in order that she may earn her own living as soon as she is old enough, or have the pleasure of waiting on her tiny-footed sister, who, it is hoped, will assist her parents by making a marriage above her station.

These deformed feet are styled "golden lilies," and, though they give to their possessors a waddling unsteady gait which strikes foreigners as uncouth and painful, they are considered the perfection of beauty by the Celestials. Before we sneer too unrestrainedly at this perverted taste, we may as well try to fancy what an ancient Greek would have said of one of the female ornaments of Christendom, with her corset, bustle, and high-heeled shoes! New York, London, or Paris raves over the professional beauty thus attired, and the poetical Western youth indites sonnets to his lady's ears, which



"GOLDEN LILIES."

are drawn out of shape by heavy rings, while the Chinese troubadour compares the movements of his Dulcinea to "the waving of the willows."

Up to the time of her marriage, a Chinese girl parts her hair smoothly from the middle of her forehead; but, on the wedding-day, the bride's tresses are drawn tightly back and every short hair carefully pulled out by tweezers, in order to make her forehead appear broad and high—a practice, by the by, which prevailed among the ladies of the court of Queen Bess, as a delicate compliment to that sovereign's "lofty marble brow."

A Chinese girl is spared any fear of not catching the latest fashion in her dress—that has been arranged from time immemorial and never knows any change.

There is a slight difference, scarcely perceptible to unaccustomed eyes, in the cut of the female costumes of different provinces; but, speaking generally, the same pattern is common to the aged dame and her year-old granddaughter, to the mandarin's heiress and the child of the lowly coolie. The material and ornamentation, of course, differ as widely as possible; but the shape of the garments is the same for all.

I shall quote the opinion of a well-known American missionary lady who has lived for many years in China, if only to afford my young-lady readers an opportunity to smile at the busy worker's idea of good fortune. She writes:

"In one thing, the Chinese woman is exceptionally blessed: she has inherited from former generations a style of dress at once modest, economical, and becoming. It takes only eight yards of yard-wide stuff for a complete suit for winter, and there is no waste in cutting or in adding unnecessary appendages. Its truest economy, however, lies in the saving of mental worry by always cutting after the same pattern and being spared the trouble of trying to make a close fit. The dress allows each muscle to have unrestricted play, is of the same thickness over the whole body, is not in the way

when at work, and, while possessing needful warmth, has very little weight."

The illustration of a youthful pupil in a missionary school gives a good idea of the costume, which there seems little probability young women in America will ever feel inclined to adopt; and, in spite of the good missionary's praise, I cannot help adding: small blame to them therefor!

Chinese girls, as a rule, receive very little instruction; the Celestials show their stupidity and ignorance by believing that the female mind is so greatly inferior to the masculine intellect that a liberal education would be wasted. Weighty authorities—whose opinion is still considered infallible—gravely inform women that they need to study little besides the Four Virtues and the Three Obediences; the former relating to a girl's conversation, deportment, and employments, and the latter inculcating a daughter's dutiful subjection to her parents, a wife's to her husband, and a widow's to her son.

These same venerable Solons have handed down to posterity the fame of women of ancient times as types for each succeeding generation to emulate. One chronicler cites a dame of olden days who used to go to



IN A MISSIONARY SCHOOL.

her kitchen at daybreak and prepare gruel for her servants, lest they should suffer from cold and hunger while engaged with their morning tasks. Women are to manufacture their own and their children's shoes, to spin and weave, to cut out and sew their clothing and that of their husbands, to wash for the family, and to care for the silk-worms.

Hospitality is strictly enjoined by the example of a good lady of olden days, who always pressed her guests to remain longer, however lengthy the period they had dwelt beneath her roof. Her family was in poor circumstances, and, on one occasion, when cupboard and barn were alike bare, she

emptied the straw from her mattress to furnish fodder for a guest's horse, and cut off her own hair to obtain the wherewithal to purchase wine and food for the refreshment of the gentleman himself.

There are, too, numerous instances preserved of women who exhibited marvelous courage and fortitude in times of peril, and who carried charity and sacrifice to an extreme like that which, in the early history of the Christian Church, gained its practicers martyrdom and saintship.

Chinese history and tradition give also not a few examples of women who have been students and made themselves thoroughly conversant with the literature of their country. Some of these were famous



MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

for their acquaintance with the Historical Books; others were esteemed as poets of no moderate gifts; and a few left behind wise aphorisms and pithy sayings that have grown into proverbs and are still quoted.

Yet, while Chinese writers celebrate these women of past ages who have displayed extraordinary virtues or possessed exceptional talent, they frequently cannot resist adding on the same page sarcastic remarks in regard to the sex, such as: "Women have neither the right nor the ability to form opinions—silence alone becomes them." Many of these chroniclers also emphatically declare that "girls should not be taught to read, lest they should become vain and self-sufficient, and so lose the sweetest of all feminine graces—patience and submission."

It is odd to discover that the typical maiden of romance differs widely from the young woman in real life who is careful to fashion her ideas and conduct after the models set up for her to imitate. The heroine of a Chinese novel is invariably a creature of such surpassing beauty that the sight thereof renders all men who have the bliss of beholding it her abject slaves. Her eyebrows are like long willow-leaves; her cheeks resemble almond-flowers, and her lips rival the blossoms of the peach, while her eyes wear "the wistful brightness of a lake in autumn," and her footprints are as "delicate as lotus-petals."

She is almost invariably a remarkably clever young lady, whose varied talents have been cultivated with the greatest care. She is an admirable musician, and deeply read in philosophy and history. She not only knows whole volumes of poetry by heart, which she ruthlessly quotes on every possible occasion, but she is almost always herself a poetess of marked ability. She is especially happy in an exercise in verse-making, of which Celestials, like French people, are very fond. A number of words that rhyme—anywhere from four to twenty—are written down, and a poem must be composed, each line of which ends with one of the prescribed words. The novel-heroine usually carries off the palm from her admirers, whose verses of course celebrate her charms. Sometimes, though, she allows herself to be vanquished, and this voluntary defeat is an intimation to the special troubadour that he may consider himself the favored one among her suitors.

It is at once amusing and painful to close such a book and go back to the rules and regulations laid down by "the doctors of the law" for the behoof of all maids, wives, and mothers who desire to be regarded worthy of admiration and respect.

These wiseacres exhort a widow to remain faithful to the memory of her deceased spouse. She is advised to follow the example of certain heroines of antiquity who disfigured themselves by cutting off their ears and noses rather than marry a second time. A betrothed girl whose intended bridegroom dies is recommended to exhibit a similar spirit of devotion and piety. As an instance of the great care bestowed by one of the eminent ladies of the past in bringing up her



A PAI-LOW.

children, it is noted that her little daughter, who had been betrothed at the age of six, hearing, when she was thirteen years old, of the death of her affianced husband, stole away in the twilight of the day on which the news had come, and drowned herself in the lotus-pond in the garden.

Incredible as it sounds, it is a fact that, even in the present day, young girls are warmly praised for "their constancy and purity," if under similar circumstances they commit suicide. It is by no means uncommon to read in the official gazette an account of such a death extolled in glowing terms, and usually the Emperor issues a decree to honor the piety of the heroine by erecting in her memory a "Pai-low"—that is, an

ornamental archway. With this fame in prospect, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at that suicide possesses a morbid attraction for so many daughters of the Land of Flowers.

As maids, wives, or widows, surely the lives of Chinese women call for sympathy and compassion. One can only hope that the tide of human progress which has so far advanced in our century may, ere its close, sufficiently break down the wall of Chinese superstition and routine to let a little light and freedom illuminate the dismal night of ignorance and servitude which the daughters of that country have been taught to regard as their rightful domain and only safeguard.

## DUTY.

WHAT shall I do to gain eternal life?  
 Discharge aright  
 The simple dues with which each day is rife?  
 Yea, with thy might.  
 VOL. XCVII—23.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,  
 Will life be fled.  
 While he who ever acts as conscience cries  
 Shall live, though dead!

## MISS GARTH.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.



BEING somewhat deaf, people, who imagine that they hear better than I, have an idea that nothing short of a thunder-clap is plain to me. I always hear music, and, when any noise is going on, I can distinguish the slightest sound, I do believe; and in this way I know a good bit about Miss Garth and the captain, who hardly gave me credit for having ears at all. Father Abel brought her to me.

"Phenie," said he, "this lady is looking for rooms in Meton, for the month of August. Miss Garth—Phenie. Miss Garth, please raise your voice a little in addressing Phenie—or, I should say, Miss Wriggles."

"Call me Phenie, or call me Wriggles," I laughed, "and tack on to it 'dress-maker.' Miss Garth, will you look at the rooms?"

She nodded. I am a pretty close observer, and so I noticed that, when I said I was a dress-maker, she raised her eyebrows rather superciliously.

I thought she was the thinnest mortal I had ever seen. And, if she was the thinnest, she was also the dressiest-on-nothing woman I had come across.

We left Father Abel in the parlor, and went upstairs. I knew she was looking keenly at me, trying to read me, as, no doubt, she tried to read most people with those eyes of hers.

"I will take both rooms," she said, hardly glancing at them, and made for the stairs. Her eyes were on Father Abel all the time he staid.

"I'll leave you, ladies," he said, after a while, giving me a look of congratulation. "I must go see Johnny Ellis."

"Miss Wriggles," she said, "with your permission, I shall rest awhile; I had quite a walk from the station. What a pretty sleeve that is."

I was making that gray wrapper for Emmy Ware, whom I expected every minute to come and tell me about the ruffles.

"I am a stranger here, of course, as is my father; are the people—ah—whom we shall meet here, gentlefolk? I selected Meton on account of its salubrity—so many places are malarious during August. And I applied to the clergyman of the town—Mr. Dormouth—as the likeliest person to know of desirable apartments."

"Thank Father Abel for his kindness," I said. "Miss Garth, looking at him to-day, you would hardly believe that he was the crack man in his college years ago, would you? He came of a good stock, and he married a fashionable lady."

"Fashionable?" echoed she, interested at once.

"He married Miss Ware when he was very young, and then began to read law. In the middle of his studies, he was arrested by some religious idea, and nothing would do but he must enter the ministry. I understand that his family were angry at this, as were his wife's; for they had considered his abilities exceptional. But he persisted, and his wife encouraged him. The long and short of it is," I went on, biting a thread, "that he became a clergyman; his father cut him off with a thousand dollars, which, through the haggling of lawyers and court indecisions, never reached him till five years ago. He has been in Meton thirty years, drawing no salary, and living as best he can on four or five hundred a year, the income of his wife. For the church is the poorest of churches, with a mortgage on it and the parsonage that cannot be paid by him or the congregation, and which is to be foreclosed at once. What Father Abel will do when the church is taken from him, I don't know. I believe his heart is breaking. Emmy Ware says—"

"May I ask who is Emmy Ware?" she interrupted.

"I forgot," I explained. "Father Abel has always looked after George Ware, Mrs. Dormouth's only brother's boy. He died of galloping consumption, contracted by leading the choir in church one snowy day when he'd gone without his overshoes."



"It is a very picturesque little church," she returned, apparently caring very little about the story of poor George. And then I saw by her lips that she was saying to herself: "He is an older man than dear pa," when she caught my eye, colored, and said aloud: "You spoke of Emmy Somebody—is she the sister of the young man of the same name?"

"The sweetest young lady in the world," I had to say, "and I sometimes fear she can hardly afford to pay for having her dresses made. But she encourages me, and—well, I'm pretty poor, Miss Garth, you might as well know it first as last. There's not a fortune in dress-making, in a place like Meton. This little house is the only thing I own in the world; yet, if Father Abel would let me, I'd sell the place and give the money for the church debt. But Father Abel has refused over and over to let us distress ourselves for the church, which he knows means him. But any of us would do all that we could for the church."

"You must be a superlatively religious community," replied she, carelessly.

"I tell you it is love for Father Abel," I said, sharply. "He christened most of us; he buried my mother; and he brought my father to see the errors of his ways before he died. My father drank, Miss Garth."

"Did he?" she said, and softly laid her hand on my arm. "Did he?"

"Oh, don't pity me," I laughed. "I've had to harden myself for years." And she took her hand away.

"Where are Mr. Dormouth's children?" she next said, in a dry manner. "I should think that his sons might obtain the thousand dollars which the church owes. I think you said it was a thousand dollars?"

"I did not say so," I answered; and she rose to her feet.

"My father and I will come this evening," said she, hurriedly. "You will not object to my rearranging the appointments of the rooms, will you? Being much alone, I like pretty things about me. I fear that I sometimes talk to myself. I trust I shall not disturb you; though, being rather hard of hearing, you may not be easily disturbed. Au revoir!"

Next minute, I was watching her pass down the dusty road on her way to the station.

On the spur of the moment, I decided that I should never like Miss Garth. You know that was the summer we folks had made up our minds to take boarders and sleep in our parlors; with the money thus obtained, we meant to clear the church and parsonage, and Father Abel was not to know of it till it was all done. But here was the first of August, the mortgage would be due on the twentieth, and Miss Garth and her father were the only boarders who were coming to Meton. We were too far from the station, I suppose. And I didn't dare to tell Miss Garth I did not care for boarders; for Father Abel would have wondered, and maybe got at the facts and been sorrier than ever in many ways.

No, I did not fancy Miss Garth, for she had no sooner left the house than several things struck me: she seemed to find out all about our difficulties, all about Father Abel's family, spoke of his sons, knew the mortgage was for a thousand dollars, and tried to say I had told her. The only things I had not told her were that there was a son in the Dormouth family, and the amount of the mortgage. What did she mean by it, and who was she?

Well, Father Abel, after seeing Johnny Ellis, dropped in. Just as he rose to go, he said: "I hope Miss Garth and her father will be so comfortable here that they will stay two months instead of one. If there is anything—and I know you'll forgive my mention of it—if there are any sticks of furniture up in the parsonage, which you would like to stand around in your rooms, you are at liberty to borrow them, you know." He hesitated. "Phenie," he said, all at once, "let Meton keep Meton's troubles to itself."

I was struck; and I had told everything to Miss Garth!

Just then, Emmy Ware came in to tell me about the ruffles.

"Phenie," she smiled, "I've heard of your luck. I caught a glimpse of Miss Garth. A dressy girl, isn't she? And a lady, I should say."

"Oh, should you?" snapped I.

"Should you not, Uncle Abel?" she asked, when we saw that he had gone out, restless as could be, now that there were only nineteen days till the twentieth. "Phenie," she said, drearily, "what shall I do? I am beside myself, because I am so helpless. This



month will kill my uncle, who has done everything for me."

"Ned Dormouth's sin, and not the leaving of the old place, will kill his father," returned I, harshly. "My word for it, your uncle does not forget that but for Ned that debt would long ago have been paid. You know as well as I, that, when five years ago that thousand dollars came to your uncle, he was going to wipe out the church debt with it; the debt was pressing even then, and Ned knew it. And you remember that night when the money was in the house, and Ned told his father he ought to keep it for his old days, and talked about silver-mines and fabulous rates of interest and the like, and your uncle told him to hold his tongue, whereat Ned complained that he had never had half the chances of other young men, and called himself a prisoner, made so by his own father, who had experienced the temptations of the world and refused to let his son have a like experience. I was sewing at the parsonage that day, and that evening it rained pitchforks, and your aunt made me stay all night. In his room, the patter, of Ned's feet going up and down, up and down, kept me awake till past midnight. In the morning, Ned was gone, and the thousand dollars were nowhere to be found. Will you tell me that it is not this that has been killing your uncle these five years?"

"Stop there!" Emmy cried, her nostrils dilated. "You know what Ned Dormouth was to me in my early girlhood. He is the same to me to-day. I extenuate little; I feel deeply the pain in his home, for I know he is the cause of it. Yet I must see the matter in a different light from many—even his father. Ned was held too much in check; was not allowed to strike out for himself—and those he loved. He thought as much of his father as he did of himself. He was ashamed of being a burden. And he cared for me, and hoped for the future. Yes, he ran away from home. Ah, it was terrible to hear Uncle Abel go on about the sin! At last, he forbade Ned's name being mentioned before him; and it never has been, from that day to this."

"Nor has anyone ever heard of Ned," I returned.

"But he relied upon me not to doubt him," she took me up, "and I do not. And there's never a night that his mother and I fail to pray for him."

"You mean to say that you hold on to Ned?" I asked, and I could have hugged her for her truth to him, despite his unworthiness.

"I must go find uncle," she exclaimed. "Make the ruffles any way, Phenie," and hurried out.

About five in the afternoon, Fortescue's boy drove up; he had four trunks for Miss Garth, and a diminutive valise for her father. Pretty soon, Miss Garth and the captain came in. The captain had a red face and a pompous manner; soon as I looked at him, I understood what his daughter had meant when she said "Did he?" when I told her my father had drunk.

"Mary Ann," said he, as soon as he had entered the parlor, "I don't know why I consented to come to this hole, unless it was because I thought it best to go into a retreat after that miserable robbery that so unstrung my nerves. At any rate, there's Fortescue's, up the road—a respectable place. I can go there for recreation in this Pompeii of a place."

"Dear pa," said she, "the air is very fine here, and the quiet is very restful."

"So you have already told me," he snarled.

Looking at her, I noticed how drawn was her face, though she was smiling all the time. I recollected how it had sometimes been with my father, and I began to feel a little interest in her.

"Well," yawned the captain, "I'll go and interview Fortescue."

"Kiss me good-bye!" she said, and held up her face to him.

She went to her room at once. About seven o'clock, she called me to come up. I should scarcely have known those rooms of mine; she had stuck Japanese fans on the walls, along with china plates and bits of needlework; there were perfumed cushions lying about, tidies on the chairs, dull-colored mats all over the floors.

"You do not object?" she asked, rather timidly. I laughed. "Now I'll show you my dresses," she said, and then and there took from those trunks the greatest number of frocks I had ever seen together, and the patchiest.

"I made them all," she said, with evident pleasure. "I used to make dear ma's. She died two years ago. I go very little into society since dear ma's death, as I have no

chaperone; and dear pa, having lost taste for social matters, is so restless that we are constantly going from city to city. And yet he used to be a great society-man. Ma was a society-woman in her younger days, and a great beauty. Pa and ma and I were always together. Now it is only pa and I, and we are inseparable."

It struck me that it was rather queer, if she and her "pa" were inseparable, that she had told me in the morning she was so much alone.

"And," she began, rattling on again—when she hesitated, and I felt sure that the real cause for calling me upstairs was about to be divulged—"Miss Wiggles, dear pa suffers from a gastric trouble, for which stimulants have been prescribed. His head is not strong, and the least thing upsets it. You told me this morning that your own dear father—that is, dear pa's suffering sometimes makes him a trifle irritable and loud in his speaking. You will not mind, I hope? Besides, your hearing not being very acute—"

"I know men," I said, cheerfully; I could not help it. "I mind nothing they may do or say."

"Thank you," she gratefully returned. "And if at any time you should like the pattern of any gown of mine, pray do not hesitate to ask me for it."

Late in the night, an unusual noise waked me. The captain had come home, and was "a trifle irritable."

"Dear pa," his daughter said, for I can hear a good deal through these thin walls of mine, "I mean only for the best. Had you more money, you would wreck yourself, body and soul."

"The best!" he growled. "It is always for the best, with women who do a spiteful action. You paltry imitation of vapidity, you to tell me the best use of my money! I say that a man who was robbed only three weeks ago has a right to try whatever promises even a temporary forgetfulness of the shock to his nervous system. There! Go to your own room!"

"I will, dear pa," she replied. "Only please do not sing; you will disturb Miss Wiggles."

"Who cares?" he went on. "I will sing!"

But he was drowsy, I fancied, for he only mumbled and sighed as father used to do.

And then the most startling thing happened. The sweetest voice I ever heard began to sing a pretty little tune—it was Miss Garth quieting her father, and soon all was still.

In the morning, Miss Garth came smiling down to breakfast.

"Dear pa had one of his poor nights," she announced, looking keenly at me. "I trust that he did not annoy you."

"I was not annoyed," I said.

"I am glad," she ran on. "Dear pa will not rise soon. I shall go and work beside him."

"But," I was tempted into asking, "do you come into the country to sew in your bed-room?"

"I rarely go out," she answered; "I am not very robust. So I sew and sew, for company's sake—only for amusement, though, and not from necessity."

"Mary Ann," here called a loud voice, "come up here and wash my face for amusement."

Her own face turned as red as a peony, though she cheerily said:

"The doors are open, and dear pa must have heard me. He is quite facetious. My name is Marian; he twists it into Mary Ann for a jest. Coming, dear pa, coming!"

I came to the conclusion that the woman was nearly an idiot. That conclusion was not materially altered in the days that followed.

They arrived at my house on Tuesday. Wednesday, the captain spent the day at Fortescue's, reeling home at night. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the same. And all those days, there up in her room, making clothes like one possessed, locking her door when she came down for a hasty bite, pretending always to be the merriest of creatures, though I could see at the same time she was nearly distracted—this was Miss Garth. When I had time to think of it, I found that all she said to me during our meals was about Father Abel and the church. It did not strike me so oddly then, because I was thinking of Father Abel and the church all the time too. And in the night, no matter how the day had passed, I would hear her singing to her father after he had gone on at her like a Turk. Saturday evening, the captain was particularly attent-

ive to his daughter, ending by telling her that he knew she had her eye on a man, and he'd be blessed if she should marry him.

"You're a beautiful heroine of a love-affair," he laughed, brutally. And then, changing his tone: "And I'll find the thief who robbed me."

Had this man, whoever he was, been suspected of robbing the captain?

"I want money," he went on, quite wildly, "and I will have it. I could be the richer by three or four thousand dollars, if I had but a hundred to back me for a day or two. And this is George Garth!" Then, abruptly, with another alteration of tone, he said haughtily: "I am innocent of any charge that might be trumped up against me."

She began to sing.

"Shut up!" he yelled. "And you know I am innocent." She kept on singing, in a voice like an angel's. "I'll throw something at you, if you don't stop," he said.

Something fell, or he threw it; but she never stopped her song, and pretty soon he quieted down.

I gathered, from what I'd heard him say, that he was a gambler. I really could not stand this; I had enough on my mind already. That afternoon, Emmy Ware had come in and told me there had been a mistake in some way—the mortgage was due on the fourteenth, instead of the twentieth, and the fourteenth was next Monday week; there would be service in church only two more Sundays!

I made up my mind to tell Miss Garth, in the morning, that she and the captain had better go.

In the morning, she did not come down to breakfast. I told Katie Matilda Pelham to keep the things hot if she could, and started for church.

Such a sad congregation! Mrs. Dormouth had never looked so grand before; she was prouder than ever, and you know she has always been proud.

The organ was almost talking, when there came a rustling up the aisle. It was Captain Garth and his daughter—she in a china-blue silk, most fancifully made.

The people stared, and even Emmy Ware gave a glance; but Mrs. Dormouth never turned her eyes.

Father Abel's text was from the Psalms. Then he gave out the hymn, "Coronation."

The first verse was a failure; how could we sing that day? But the second verse! Miss Garth sang. Even Father Abel looked over the pulpit at her. And, if ever a woman had a beautiful face, Miss Garth had then; it was as though she looked into glory. But Mrs. Dormouth never turned her head. I looked at Captain Garth; his eyes were fixed on Father Abel's pew.

In the third verse, Captain Garth joined, and then Mrs. Dormouth raised her eyes for an instant only, while a faint pink crept over her delicate cheek, and Captain Garth suddenly stopped singing. What did it mean?

The captain and Miss Garth were already at home when I reached there. He was laughing in the porch, and she was regarding him, a puzzled expression on her face. I saw that she was as much in the dark over his merriment as I. Then I made up my mind to weather out the month, till I should understand a few things better. That's woman's curiosity for you.

But the week that followed!

Father Abel was making preparations for leaving Meton, after the sale of the church and parsonage. Emmy went around with red eyes; for, say what she might in defense of Ned Dormouth, she must have felt that he had caused all the misery. But Mrs. Dormouth! Ice, my dear, nothing short of ice! Captain Garth was the personification of cheerfulness that week, and his daughter grew more puzzled.

"He was robbed of a large sum of money lately," she said to me Saturday evening, "and I have heard that such a thing may turn the brain. That is," she added, quickly, "the money was not yet his—a friend had promised to lend it to him, and the friend was robbed the day before the loan was effected."

"I should scarcely call that a robbery of your father," I said.

"In effect, it was," she retorted. Then she asked quickly: "Did you ever have a purpose in life?"

"Yes—to make my living," I answered.

"But to right a wrong? 'All for love, and the world well lost.'" She put her hand to her head. "No, no; I did not mean that," and went up to her own room.

She remained in her chamber, and, passing by the door on my way to bed, I saw that she was sewing.

I was waked by the wind, and the rain. The clock was striking twelve. Somebody was walking about in Captain Garth's room. About half-past twelve, I heard a door open. I opened mine a crack. In the entry was Miss Garth, covered by a long black cloak, a lamp in her hand.

"All for love," she said, quite loudly. "A woman shall leave father, all kindred, and cleave only to the man she loves."

She went a little way down the entry, in a hesitating fashion.

"Mercy!" thought I, "is she going to elope?"

"Oh, father! father!" she wailed, suddenly, "I must save you—I must save you!"

She set the lamp on the stairs, went down, and I heard her go out into the storm.

"Her father is later than usual," I said to myself, "and she's grown nervous and has gone after him."

About one o'clock, I heard her come in with the captain. He was talking all the way along the entry.

"Will you give him up?" I heard him say.

"There is nothing to give up," she answered.

"You say that you love him?" her father said.

"I love him!" she returned.

"And you will marry him?"

"If he should ask me," she answered.

"Although you have placed a terrible barrier between us."

"I?" he cried. "Do you mean to say that you still suspect me of that robbery?"

"Father," she went on—she was now in the captain's room, next to mine—"pity me! I so much want someone to care for me. Look back over my life, and tell me if it has ever held much brightness. Mother and you never agreed on any subject, and that means that I had much to grieve over. I gave up young friends, for I dared not have them visit me. Then I met men who looked strong and full of protection, and my soul flew out to them. Possibly I did not sufficiently disguise my admiration, possibly they made a jest of me. But some of them have told me that they cared for me, and have asked me in marriage. But I feared that they pitied me, and I said No. For what had I grown to be? A silly creature, whose mind was apparently set upon cheaply

beautifying herself, acting the part of a would-be fashionable woman, but thinking of the life that might have been, of all the sweetness missed. Did I ever complain? Did I ever blame you for this? But at last there has come a man whom I cannot give up, whom I must love till the day of my death—a man whom we met in the far West—"

"A man," he retorted, "whom you followed East, dragging me with you; a man—"

"Who was boarding in the same house with us," she cried, ringingly, "and whose room adjoined your own; a man from whom you were about to borrow a sum of money which you could never repay; a man who, having assumed a name not his own, one night in confidence told me his right name, and all about the old father he had made unhappy and to whom he was carrying back money to repay what he had once taken from him. The night the man told me this, I caught you listening. That night, this man was robbed."

Like a flash, it all came to me—Captain Garth had robbed Ned Dormouth, who had been on the way home to restore the money he had taken five years before.

The next words I heard almost made me scream.

"Give me that money," said the captain. "As though I did not know who had taken it, while you have pretended to believe that I was the thief. My dear, give me that money! Give it to me, and it shall be restored to its owner, and you shall be at liberty to do as you please in this silly love-affair. Refuse, attempt to give it back yourself, and I will—"

"There is small use in threats," she interrupted. "When I came after you to-night, I threw it in at a window in the parsonage, with a note saying on it: 'To pay the indebtedness on the church,' as the owner of the money had told me he designed it for that purpose."

There was a dull thud, and then she gasped:

"Father, father! to strike me!"

The next minute, I was in the room. There was a long red welt on her face.

"I am not very well," I saw by her lips she was saying, and quite resenting my intrusion. The captain had sat heavily down, and was holding his head in his hands. There was nothing for me to do but to go away.

As early as I could, I went to church. I was afraid to meet the Garths—positively afraid. All at once, the glad voice of Father Abel cried:

"Dear friends, well-beloved children, we are saved! I have in my possession a large sum of money, which some holy-minded person threw in my window late last night, in all that awful storm. Pray for that person! I—I—oh, sing the doxology! Sing the doxology!"

I got out somehow and made for home; I did not know which was worse, home or church. Miss Garth was in the parlor, had been in bed till a quarter of an hour ago, Katie Matilda Pelham told me. We stood and looked at each other, and she knew that I had heard a good deal the night before.

We were still standing there, when in walked the captain.

"Will you be good enough to leave us?" he said to me. I turned to go, when his daughter sprang toward me.

"No, no," she said. "I am afraid of you for the first time, father. I do not care what you say—Miss Wiggles heard us last night."

"I shall say only this," he said, coldly: "that, in the wife of the clergyman whom you have assisted in such a novel-heroine fashion, I recognize a friend of many years ago. I came to this place with you, knowing that this was so. I should have used this lady to extort that money from you, for I should have threatened you with a disclosure to her of what you had done—the mother of the man you love. I have just come from her; I have told her what all Meton, as well as Miss Wiggles, will doubtless hear before long—that I threw the money in that window last night; that I was the thief who took that

money from Edward Dormouth's room. You see, I protect my daughter to the last. And more than this: Mrs. Dormouth has informed me that her son is engaged to marry Miss Emmy Ware."

Miss Garth sat perfectly still. I went up to her, but she waved me aside, shrinking from someone who had come into the parlor—Father Abel.

"The money of a thief!" cried the old man, and threw a package on the floor.

And then another man entered the parlor. "Father!"

It was Ned Dormouth, who had been looking for a month for Captain Garth.

"My boy! My boy!" cried Father Abel, forgetting all his faults, "you've saved the church!" and fell into Ned's arms.

Then I saw that the captain and Miss Garth had left the room. I made for the kitchen and sank on the settee. I heard Ned and his father go out. I must have fallen into a sort of stupor, for it was three o'clock when I roused myself. It was very quiet upstairs, and I had a fear on me that something had happened to Miss Garth. The doors were open, and my lodgers were gone. On a table was a note.

"Kind friend," it said, "we have only time to make the train that will take us to my uncle in the West. Please keep my trunks till I send for them. And forgive me for causing you so much discomfort. And pray do not judge my father too harshly—he has only recently taken to play, and play often robs a man of his conscience. We go to his brother, who has great and good influence with him. Good-bye, and God bless you!"

MARIAN GARTH."

There, that is every bit of the story! The trunks are upstairs still.

## SPRING SUNSHINE.

BY GERTIE VIVIAN GUERNSEY.

THE warm spring sunshine, subtle and tender,  
Quickens the earth and stirs the blood;  
As the laurel bursts into purple splendor,  
The old-time longings waken and bud.

I dream of a face I may see—ah, never!  
Eyes like the heaven, so soft and blue,  
Lit with a hope that shines forever  
In the darkest night of the hearts that are true.

Ah, that love might die as a flower:  
Oft I have wished, for her sake and mine.  
Would I quench it now, if I had the power?  
Nay, it is still too sweet to resign.

Joy and sorrow and tears and laughter  
Do battle for love, and struggle and cease;  
But somewhere, sometime, in the great hereafter,  
The love that endureth shall be at peace.

## A SEAL RING.

BY MISS RUTH HALL.

"GOOD-BYE, sweetheart. I will see you again next Tuesday."

Gerald Rivers bent lovingly over the slight young girl as he spoke.

"It seems so strange," she said, with a shy little laugh, "so very strange for us to be parting as lovers."

"It seems very pleasant to me," and the young man drew her close.

There was a little pause then, which every girl who has had a lover, and every youth who has ever loved, can fill to suit themselves.

Finally Gerald said, with a touch of jealous fervor in his tone:

"Don't flirt while I am gone, and be sure and write me that one precious letter. I shall send you two, at any rate, without fail."

"Let them be written so I can read them, then," Pearl said, saucily, and so they parted, laughing.

For the young fellow's handwriting was a standing joke among his friends, bearing more resemblance to Egyptian hieroglyphics than to any modern language.

A letter came from him very soon and enclosed his address. This had been rather vague at the date of his going away, as Gerald was not at all sure what would be the nearest post-office in the unsettled region for which he was bound. The postmark was blurred and the address inside little less illegible.

"Now I suppose he thinks that's plain," Pearl muttered, as she knit her delicate eyebrows over the closely-written sheets. "Why, it's horrible! 'Gainesburgh Station'? 'Lanesburgh Station'? 'Danesburgh Station'? What in the world is it?"

"Pearl! Pearl!" called her mother, from the hall.

"Yes, mamma, in a moment!" and the pretty girl, with her cheeks all rosy from the reading of her first love-letter, fluttered down the stairway to meet her mother and the handsome young man standing beside her.

"As I live, it's Cousin Harry!" Pearl

cried, gayly, holding out both hands. "Why, I thought you were in Kamtschatka, or Patagonia, or somewhere."

"And so I am: most emphatically here. I came back from Europe last week, and have flown to your arms at the earliest possible moment."

The two cousins had not seen each other for several years, owing to this foreign trip, and the whole afternoon and evening were passed in recalling reminiscences of their childhood.

So, as she sat with him in the twilight, Pearl asked Harry if he knew of any Gainesborough Station, or anything like it.

"Why, of course," he said, readily. "There is a Gainesborough Station near Briarfield. And that's where your young surveyor has gone."

For, of course, Pearl had told him of her engagement.

So a dainty envelope went to Gainesborough the next day, and in a couple of days a second letter came from Gerald.

Pearl drew a long breath over the very first sentence:

"I have watched for your promised letter for two days in vain, and, if it come to-morrow, it will be too late. Why you have not written will be explained very soon, at any rate."

"My answer never reached him!" she said to Cousin Harry, and then, glancing at the postmark, she cried out:

"Lanesburgh Station, Harry! Isn't that provoking? Well, he will be home to-morrow, and then I can explain it to him."

But something happened soon afterward which effectually diverted her mind, for, when the couple reached home after the long walk which had "taken in" the post-office, Pearl found she had lost her engagement-ring. It was such a pretty seal, with Gerald's monogram on it, and she had only worn it this one week: their betrothal had been of so recent a date.

Poor Pearl! She cried herself almost blind; she and Harry hunted everywhere,

and at last she was feebly consoled by her cousin's well-meant remarks to the effect that somebody, better than any amount of rings, would be with her on the morrow, for her comfort.

Gerald Rivers found, when he changed cars at Briarfield, that a fellow-townsmen was on the train.

"I did not know you had been away," he said, as he took his seat by Mr. Hunt.

"I only went down to the city last night," was the reply, "and I am on my way home now."

"Then you have seen everyone since I have," Gerald blushed consciously over the words, "and you can tell me how they all are."

Mr. Hunt laughed slyly; he was one of those persons who would go out of the way to step on a worm or hurt a brother, if words could hurt.

"Miss Gates is well, anyway," he explained. "Weren't you a little smitten in that quarter, Rivers? Poor fellow! She has been around with a city-looking chap all the week. Very devoted, he is. Don't know him; stranger in these parts."

Gerald never knew how he got through with the rest of that journey.

"This is the reason, then, that she did not keep her promise," he thought, as he strode up to his office. "I will have it from her own lips, though. I will—"

On his office-table lay a little package. It bore no address whatever, but he tore it open. Inside lay his seal ring.

Gerald called to the office-boy for explanation; but that worthy was playing "tag" in the street, and did not heed him. Rivers sank down in a chair, laid his head on the table, and thought it all out.

"I will go away to-night, and never see her again," he said, in his despair. "Oh, Pearl! my little Pearl!"

He started up, as the evening shadows stole in upon him. Just to see her and not be seen: just to have one more glimpse of that dear face, of the bright hair, the shining eyes, and the dimpled cheeks.

"I must see her!" he groaned. "She is always in the veranda these summer evenings—how often I have met her there! And I will stand in the shade of the trees and look at her for the last, the very last, time."

So he went his way over the well-known road, and stood just where they had said "Good-bye," a week ago. He saw her standing among the roses and talking with a young man. Gerald turned his head away, sick at heart, and then—he looked again.

A little cry broke from Pearl's lips, and she ran down the path.

"Oh, Gerald!" she said, putting both hands on his shoulders. "I have been looking for you all the evening," shyly holding her face up for a kiss.

"There must be some mistake," he thought, in a vague kind of way, and kissed her gently.

"Cousin Harry is here," she added, drawing him toward the house. "Oh, I must tell you about my letter."

And so, before they reached the porch, Gerald knew the truth.

After the introduction between Harry and himself, Gerald drew the ring from his pocket and said gravely:

"Can you tell me what this means, Pearl? I found it on my desk in the office."

Pearl laughed merrily. "Did you think I sent it?" she asked, and poor Gerald told the whole story.

"Delia Spencer was in here to-day, and said she was in the woods, gathering ferns, this morning, and found the ring under an oak—where I made that wreath for your hat, Harry—and she knew it at once, she had seen you wear it so many times. So she said she sent it to your office, as she heard you would be home to-day, and left it with the boy. The whole mystery is explained, Mr. Rivers," Pearl said, playfully.

As he bade Pearl a fond good-night, Gerald whispered:

"It makes me shudder, dear, when I think how fearfully near I came to losing you."

"Yes," Pearl replied, glancing down at her hand, on which the ring shone in the moonlight, "and it was through our carelessness, Gerald. You wrote a trifle too unintelligibly, and I—"

"Yes, and you—" he interrupted. "Your silence and Mr. Hunt's story might well prepare me for the worst; but they could not have prevented my coming to you and finding out the truth, and I think the whole thing could have been laid to that unfortunate SEAL RING."



# A LOVE AND A PASSION. A STORY OF SUNSET LAND.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE GRANDE RONDE VALLEY," "SAVED BY A  
TELEPHONE," "NIL," "IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS," ETC.

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## CHAPTER I.



It was dawn. The sky, pale and green like new-born leaves in spring, stooped down and kissed the dark fir-forest, and old Mount Hood lifted his white head and leaned—silent, majestic, sun-washed—against that clear background. One or two stars, looking dim in the royal flame of morning, still lingered at the horizon. Over the whole sleeping city of Portland and the green valleys through

which the limpid Willamette winds, "ever calling to the sea," lay the soft warm gold of early morning on the Pacific coast.

When the swallows began their noisy twittering over her window, Helen Dudley sprang out of bed and threw the blinds wide open. A lark called to her, and a white rose put its soft head against her cheek; her eyes were bright and her lips tremulous with sleep; her brown hair, woven with gold, lay in moist curling rings upon her white neck; the soft winds slipped through the meshes of lace and kissed her pure bosom. She reached out a strong yet delicate arm and drew to her a letter, which she opened and read slowly, although she already knew every word by heart. A few lines at the last she read again and again, as though each time she found some new pleasure and meaning in them:

"And I cannot—dare not—tell you how deeply I am interested in your writings and in you. I am a stranger, and have already

said more than I should have said. Your cold note has pained me deeply; but it has also recalled my senses. I only write again to ask you to pardon the deep interest I have dared to take in you and in your work. I will not promise to think of you no longer; but I will not again offend you—since your cold rebuff—by writing. Only, if there is anything I can do for you—ever—do not hesitate to command me. Until then, I am  
Sincerely your friend,

LAWRENCE ROUAN."

After a while, she folded the letter and dropped it in her lap. She looked away at the distant snow-clad mountain, with eyes that wore a new tenderness.

"Could a man who was not honorable and high and delicate minded write such a letter?" she asked herself. "A thousand times—no! And yet—I dare not accept his friendship and the assistance he so generously offers."

She broke a rose-stem with a little petulant snap, and flung the flower away from her.

"What can I say to him? How shall I tell him that I have deceived him? Oh, dear heaven! what shall I say to him? What a dilemma! And my own folly has drawn me into it."

Another rose yielded up its life-sap beneath her ruthless hand.

"My cold note has pained him deeply! He must think me stiff-laced indeed, to be ungrateful for offers of assistance so delicately given. But what could one do? I could not tell him—after his last letter"—and her face grew warm—"that I was not the young girl he thought me. It would have looked as if I had misunderstood him, and that is what I am so anxious to prevent. There must not be

one thing which, when he does learn the truth, will make him grow warm or uncomfortable. Oh," impatiently, "why cannot he understand? There is not a woman on this green earth," and she turned the palms of her soft hands outward, "who would not know instantly, instinctively, that there was some strong reason behind that cold note 'that has pained him so deeply.'"

She dwelt upon the words with unconscious pleasure.

Suddenly she arose with a look of determination, and went to her writing-table. She wrote hurriedly, nervously, as though fearful of changing her mind; the words fairly dripped from her pen.

"I cannot have you think me ungrateful," she wrote, "for your many kindnesses to me. You have given me more help already, in my literary work, than I can hope to repay. Thank you—thank you always. But there are reasons why I cannot accept your offers of friendship or of further assistance. Do not ask me for these reasons; be content, knowing that they do exist. For me, I shall never forget your kindness, coming at a moment when I most needed it; but, until I feel free to accept your friendship—do not, by the by, misunderstand me—I can only sign myself

Very truly yours,

HELEN DUDLEY."

"If only I dared put the 'Mrs.' before it!" she said, drawing her brows into wedlock and immediately divorcing them. "But it would be just like saying: 'Sir, I am "Mrs." Do not say such things to me again.' No, I certainly cannot tell him now; but he will surely guess the truth."

She sealed the letter and placed it upon the tray.

Helen Dudley had been a joyous-hearted impulsive girl, a Western girl in every sense of the word. She drew the exquisite pleasures of her life from the mountains, the forests, and the seas, rather than from society or companionship. Her parents were poor but proud and well-born, and her home and life humble; but give her a pale wet flower from the wood, a blue shining sea, or an unbroken horse, and her cup of happiness was full.

Paul Dudley came to Portland from New York, to engage in the banking-business, and, meeting Helen Leigh when she was

barely eighteen years of age, fell desperately in love with her and laid his fortune and his heart at her feet.

But Miss Leigh was not to be lightly won. Too many of the most eligible young men of the city had already passed by the pretty moths of the "four hundred" to win one sweet look from this gay little Western girl, and it was not until Mr. Dudley had been a dozen times on the verge of despair and suicide, and had solemnly and voluntarily made every promise that mortal man could make, that she finally relented and became his wife, but with a willful condescension that sat very charmingly upon her.

Mr. Dudley was certainly very much in love; yet, when a month or two had passed, it must be confessed that, for some inexplicable reason—probably because he was only an ordinary man—his ardor began to cool. He discovered that his club possessed the same attractions as before his marriage, and it was not interesting to be kept too closely at home.

The following winter, he took his wife to New York for a visit to his relatives. For the first time, he was struck by the difference between his impulsive sweet-complexioned wife, with her careless indifference for all absurd rigid rules of society, and his pale well-bred mother and sisters, who would not have allowed one eyelid to tremble except at the proper time.

How fashionably they gowned themselves! And how carefully they modulated their tones, allowing no accent of surprise or pleasure, or even sorrow, to slip in unawares!

Yet their breeding was faulty in one respect: they allowed him to feel, every hour, their blank amazement at his choice.

"Very pretty indeed, Paul," his mother said at their first interview, turning her eyes away; "but—er—not quite like us, my dear boy. Of course you know that, though, without my mentioning it. We will do all we can for you, in—er—the way of—of refining her, and that sort of thing, you know."

Paul murmured some unintelligible reply, flushing scarlet as he began to wonder if his wife really needed the refining process—as if she were sugar! At that moment, Helen came in, so happily and so breezily that the elder Mrs. Dudley positively shivered.

"My dear," she said, faintly, as soon as she could command her voice, "we were speak-

ing of you. We are going to have some new gowns made for you; I know you will be pleased."

Helen opened her clear eyes in distinct surprise, and instantly decided with characteristic Western self-confidence that her husband's mother needed "taking down."

"You are very kind," she said, briefly, standing tall and straight and cold before her; "but I have all the gowns I require."

"Oh, certainly—for Western society. But, my dear, you must have noticed that we dress differently here. There is a certain difference in our dress and manners which is most likely not appreciated in your part of the world."

"Most likely not," returned Helen, with emphasis, casting an amused glance at her mother-in-law's pinched unnatural figure. "However, my gowns and my manners please me; the gowns are comfortable, and the manners, I hope, natural—so we will not change either."

"I shall go shopping this afternoon, my dear boy," said Mrs. Dudley, evenly, as if Helen had not spoken, "and will select an entire fresh wardrobe for your wife."

For a moment, Helen was speechless; then she burst suddenly into amused unrestrained laughter—the most deadly insult she could have offered her mother-in-law. She went to her husband and laid her soft fingers upon his.

"My dear Paul," she said, with mirthful eyes, "will you kindly tell your mother that Western girls have minds of their own? She really should be made to understand it, or she may make more mistakes as humiliating to her as this one."

Young Mrs. Dudley wore gowns of her own choosing after that and always; she held her own, too, in a proud careless way that incensed her relatives by marriage. But the knowledge that they considered her ill-bred, and that even her husband would have wished her to be more like them, secretly grieved her to the very soul.

One night, during a reception which Mrs. Dudley had given, something amused Helen, and she laughed outright—her little, soft, pretty, unaffected laugh. An old gentleman, hearing, turned and looked at her with a smile of genuine admiration and pleasure. But at that moment an old sweetheart of Paul Dudley's passed them—

a pale cold woman, of irreproachable form. She also heard the laugh, and, perhaps envying the joyous soul that gave it birth, swept her with a haughty look of contempt. Paul Dudley, seeing the woman who had loved him scorn the one whom he loved, yielded to a violent anger.

"For God's sake," he exclaimed, in a low terrible tone, "do not laugh out in that coarse way again!"

The deed was done, and it was one which, with a woman like Helen Dudley, could never be undone. Beneath that awful insult, coming from her husband, her heart seemed to die within her. She drew a sharp shivering breath and turned away, going straight to her own room.

Her marriage had already disappointed her, and her husband fallen in her clear judgment's eye; but she had clung to him, trying to believe in him, as if her life depended upon that belief. But at one stroke she lost every particle of love she had ever felt for him.

Hours later, he found her, white and haggard, her eyes swollen with passionate weeping.

"I think," she said only, when he entreated her forgiveness, bitterly regretting what he had said, "that the most deadly cruel thing that can happen in this world is for a well-bred man to marry a woman who is—is—coarse!"

Then she fell again to sobbing violently, and he was forced to leave her alone.

They went back to Portland, but they never lived happily together afterward.

Helen Dudley was a girl who could not forgive such an insult. Her fine nostril quivered and her lip trembled whenever she remembered it, and that was whenever her husband came near her.

But, one day, Paul Dudley died. Then her pure high conscience grieved her by day and by night, and reproached her for her coldness to him.

She could not force herself to feel more tenderly toward him, though, with all her anxiety to do so, and she hated herself for her hardness. There was one thing she could do, she told herself: she could, and would, be as true to him in death as she had been in life. If it was the truth of duty, instead of the truth of tenderness—well, even that would be but what it had been in life.

So three years had gone by. And the fashionable people who drove to her door in carriages and left their cards, but were never admitted, said sometimes, in a wondering way, that, after all, Helen Dudley must have cared for her husband deeply, in her impassive cold way.

All her life, she had written for some of the monthly magazines; and her husband had sneered when she failed, and looked indifferent when she came to him flushed with success. But, after his death, having no cold looks to discourage her and sink her soul to despair, she had resumed her writing, with a determination that won for her instant recognition.

Out of the many letters of appreciation and admiration that came to her, none touched her like that of Lawrence Rouan, himself an author and poet of high reputation.

So she sealed her letter to him, that sweet spring morning, and sent it hastily off to the post, lest she should change her mind.

## CHAPTER II.

IN a pretty but carelessly arranged apartment, a young man was sitting, near midnight. He had been writing, but had now thrown aside his pen, and had his strong white hand thrust through his hair; several thick brown locks curled about his fingers, lying close and caressingly like soft ivy-leaves over an oaken limb.

His figure was that of an athlete; his head and face were fine and well-lined, and impressed one with their look of strength; only, when the chin, cleft through the centre, came distinctly into view, one felt vaguely disappointed, as one feels when he sees a life that has not fulfilled the promise of its childhood.

"That is finished," he said, with a long sigh of relief, pushing from him a pile of closely-written pages. "What a drag it has been upon my mental forces this time! I feel worn out in body and mind. Never has a novel been drawn from my very soul like this one! I wonder"—and a conscious flush arose to the young man's face, while his heart beat a trifle faster—"if Helen Dudley will care to read it? At all events, I shall send her a copy. By Jove, what a fool I am!"

He pushed back his chair impatiently

and lighted a cigar; but the spark died before he put it to his lips.

"If only she had not snubbed me!" he went on, presently. "But when before did a woman snub me? And then, this last letter—cold, warm, impulsive, guarded—what an endless array of contradictions! Can it be possible she is only trying to interest me by first mystifying me? No: I will not believe it of her. There is the ring of truth and of sorrow in every line that she writes. Confound it! Are there not enough women in New York who are talented and well-bred, with no mystery attached to them, that I must be bothering my brains about this Western girl?"

He again lighted his cigar: again the spark died; he flung it impatiently into the grate. Then his flashing eye fell upon a plain square envelope lying on his table, and his face softened. He removed the contents and read again the letter Helen Dudley had written him in the rose-dawn of the spring morning.

He breathed lightly and hurriedly while reading, but, when he had finished, drew a long breath of intense feeling.

"No woman," he said, softly and solemnly, as a man speaks only to his own soul or to the woman he loves, "has ever moved me as has this unknown girl. No other woman has ever called up all the strength and good of my nature. And how? By a dozen striking stories, and as many passionate poems, and"—his voice sank lower—"two or three sweet original letters, pulsing with joyous power and throbbing with living sorrow, thrilling with tender warmth and chilling with guarded coldness. Yet she may be old and ugly, or she may be—perish the thought! She is good and pure, and she is not ugly—not really ugly. No ugly or coarse woman could have the mind that gave birth to her beautiful thoughts."

He walked from one end of the long room to the other, then, coming back to the table, stood in silence, deep and meditative, twirling a pencil in his hand.

"There is nothing further to be done," he said at last, with another long breath. "What can one do when a woman declines every offer of friendship in that cold way, unless he can get at the reason—the why of it—that lies behind? And how could I do that, unless—"

He looked long and steadily into the dying fire, scarcely breathing, although there was a hurried tumultuous beating in his breast which half angered him.

The shifting thought in his fine brown eye slowly steadied and deepened into a fixed determination. There was not a sound in the room, save the occasional fall of a coal and the soft regular tick of a clock.

"One must be a fool once in his life, if only to know what the sensation is like," he said at last, very low, with unparted teeth. "I have always held myself well in hand, and the only thing in my life that I really regret is—that I did not marry Elvie, that sweet little ignorant grisette! I would not exchange her pure childish affection for all the charms of the fashionable buds of New York; their gowns are as low, and their bosoms not half so innocent, as hers. If she had lived, I believe I would have been man enough to marry her—yet that was not love."

He drew himself up and folded his arms upon his broad chest.

"I will go," he said, in the tone of one who has suddenly made up his mind after a strong mental struggle. "It is a long way to go, but, if the woman shall fulfill the rich promise of her writings, I shall love her—I almost love her now."

So, one lovely morning in the middle of March, Lawrence Rouan reached Oregon—beautiful, even in that early month, with the dancing of sparkling waters, the greening of broad valleys, the blossoming of fruit-trees, and sweet with the blowing of wild flowers.

As he lounged through the bustling streets of the Western metropolis, he confessed to himself that he felt somewhat like a man on a fool's errand.

Presenting letters of introduction, he was cordially received by the most select club in the city, where he idled away the hours, longing to mention her name, yet not daring. He shrank from the mere thought of hearing a club-lounger name her.

He wished only to see her when she was unconscious of his searching eyes—to look at her, to read her, to note each expression in her eye and each tremble of her eyelid, to fasten in his mind each fleeting smile and in his heart each tremulous sigh.

She was poor—he felt sure of that, and was glad. She would be in some simple

faint-colored gown, inexpensive but soft and clinging, and she must—oh, she must—be tall and lithe; he detested plump women.

By this time, he had completely yielded to the dreamy romance of the situation, and was more like some impulsive youth of twenty than a world-weary literary man of thirty, who had played at love already a dozen times, and found it a bitter game at the best.

He had begun to feel terribly in earnest. He thought, if he should be disappointed in her when he found her, it would go badly with him.

In the evening, he dined at the club, with a gentleman named Seymour, to whom he had taken a fancy.

"I have secured an invitation for you to the Charity Ball in the Pavilion to-night," said his friend, over their wine. "I think you will enjoy it."

He felt sure he would not meet Helen Dudley there, yet he went. In his indolent fashion, he took pleasure in the brilliant scene—the softened lights, the dreamy rhythmical music, the flashing of gems and of bright eyes, and the smiles of clear-complexioned women.

He had danced several times, and was beginning to tire of it all, when his friend approached with a young and beautiful girl upon his arm, and seated her beneath a fern.

He then drew Rouan forward and introduced him, but a sudden swell of music drowned his voice. A moment later, Rouan found himself alone with the girl, and, for the first time within his remembrance, embarrassed.

There was something in the clear violet eyes that made utterance difficult. She looked as if she expected him to say something worth hearing, instead of the rapid chatter of fashionable society. He led her out to waltz, and found her a perfect dancer. She was tall, and possessed a girlish sweetness combined with a womanly dignity that was charming.

Rouan noticed that her shoulders were fine and her bust faultless, yet her gown of dead-white silk was cut high and only turned a trifle from her white cold throat; there were purple pansies in her warm brown hair and on her bosom—her eyes seemed to have caught their deep light when she lifted them to his glance. Her

fingers, resting in his, were light in their clasp, but firm; and her breath, stealing past his lips, was so sweet and pure that it was like the scent of flowers.

It would be only in a line with his past life, he thought with grim humor, if he had crossed the continent in search of one woman, only to fall in love with another. There was always that weak cleft in his chin to stand in the way of any fixed purpose which he might have planned in his mind.

When he led her to her seat, he hesitated, and, answering the look in his eyes, she swept aside her white skirts with a half-gracious, half-haughty movement.

"After so delightful a waltz," he said, "I must confess that I would rather sit under this fern with you than anything I can think of."

She gave him a sweet but brief smile and said: "Thank you."

"I did enjoy that waltz," he said, watching the soft color rising on her throat.

"I also," she replied, simply; "it is the first waltz I have had for four years. I fear I was awkward."

"You were light as a thistle," he said, earnestly. "I am glad I should have had that first waltz after so long a time. I should think you would waltz always—you waltz so well."

Again that brief glance and smile: as though his compliment pleased her, while her pleasure in it was a pain.

"I go out but seldom," she said, looking wistfully across the brilliant room; "I wish I enjoyed it, but indeed I do not. Somehow, the women all seem different—unlike me. Is it that my dress is different?"

She turned two troubled eyes to his.

"Yes," he answered, drawing in his breath silently as he returned the glance. "Yes, it is different—as a pale violet is different from a blood-red dahlia."

Her eyes cleared with pleasure.

"But it is not that only," she resumed, with a pretty air of confidence. "The music is too loud and the lights too glaring. There are too many colors and too many—far too many—ill-natured criticisms. For the women, I do not like their bare shoulders and arms; and for the men—pardon me—but what man does not look uncomfortable in a dress-coat?"

For the first time in his life, Lawrence Rouan bitterly hated his dress-coat.

"Once," said the girl, looking at him without seeing him, "I saw a civil engineer plunging through wet fir-woods, in brown leather boots laced to the knee, and strong rough clothes; I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen, and I always think of him when I see men in dress-coats."

Rouan feared he would soon begin to think himself a fool, if he listened longer.

"And then the flowers!" said the girl, in a hushed voice. "It makes one's heart ache, in such places, to see the crushed, powerless, bleeding things on women's bosoms and in their hair. How their little souls must pine for the fresh air, the forest-scents, the brooks' moisture! Usually, I cannot talk or dance for thinking of it. The pity of it—oh, the pity of it!"

Rouan turned pale. Whoever this girl was, she was talking straight from Helen Dudley's soul—her soul, at least, as he had dreamed of it.

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted, looking steadily at her, although there was a film before his eyes, "but do you know—do you know Helen Dudley?"

She started; her face paled; her eyes turned in a startled look to his; there was doubt, inquiry, fear, in their expression.

Before she could answer, a gay party of ladies and gentlemen passed them; the sickening scent of half-crushed flowers accompanied them; low carefully-toned laughter and idle chatter made the air faint.

One of the ladies, in gorgeous low-cut gown, leaned over and laid her fan on the girl's arm.

"Not dancing, Helen?" she cried, gayly. "Bah! my dear, you have not learned to enjoy yourself."

Her escort bent deferentially over the girl's slim hand.

"Remember," he said, with a quick change of manner, "the next waltz is mine, Mrs. Dudley."

She murmured something and they passed on.

"Helen" and "Mrs. Dudley"! "Mrs.!"

The words repeated themselves in a dull way through Rouan's brain; the lights danced before his eyes; his heart stood still



so long that a strong color arose to his brow. Disgust, mortification, disappointment, and something better and truer than either were all struggling for supremacy.

Then everything faded away from him, and he was conscious only of a great hope and purpose slipping out of his life. He saw she was looking at him for explanation; he tried to say something conventional; but what he did ask was:

"Did he say 'Mrs.' Dudley?"

### CHAPTER III.

"THAT is my name," said Helen Dudley, haughtily. She was pale and deeply moved, although she did not understand the cause of her own agitation.

"And you are Helen Dudley?" said Rouan; then, in a tone harsh with pain, leaning slightly toward her and regarding her intently: "I am Lawrence Rouan."

She put up her hand with a quick involuntary motion, as if to ward off a blow; she shrank from him, and for one instant there was in her eyes a look of terror.

Then she struggled to compose herself, even as he was doing.

"You are jesting," she said, with trembling lips. "You do not mean it—surely! You would not have come without—"

"Without letting you know?" interrupted Rouan, scornfully. "If I had done that, you would not have allowed me to come. I was determined to know why you refused my offers of friendship. It was a long way to come, but"—again he drew in his breath, deeply but silently—"at least I have solved the mystery."

Her pallor had given way to a deep burning blush of shame; it stained even her brow and soft girlish throat.

She moved her head uneasily, but did not look at him. Rouan bent suddenly nearer to her and touched her lavender-gloved arm. His face softened. He had come a long way to see her, and he had found her his very ideal of the woman a man could love and wed to his own soul.

"Why did you not tell me?" he asked, kindly, as one would speak to a grieved child. "Was it right, was it kind, was it quite honorable, to let me learn to care for—"

"Hush!"

The word fairly shivered from her lips. Her eyes turned full into his, with dumb reproachful entreaty.

VOL. XCVII—24.

Rouan started as if he had been struck; his hand fell from her arm.

"Thank you for reminding me," he said, very low. He was thinking of an injured husband; she thought only of a lonely wind-swept grave and her voluntary promise to be true to the memory of an unloved man.

Rouan looked at her and studied her, but did not speak. The look in her eyes was sadder than any tears; the soft cleft in her throat throbbed full and strong and fast; her breath hurried past him like warm winds over banks of violets. He felt that it was some slight relief to his own pain to torture her.

"From your writings," he said, slowly and cruelly, "one would not imagine you a light-hearted woman. One would rather take you to be true, noble, high-minded. Ah!"—his voice broke with passionate remembrance—"what sweet things you wrote to me! I thought of you day and night. I thought of you always as of a pale sweet violet that had a soul; as of a happy child looking with dreaming eyes over a blue sea; as of a shy bird throbbing out its heart in glad song in the sunshine. And I find you—what?" His voice hardened. "A girl in years and loveliness, it is true; but, in coquetry, in trifling, in deception—a woman! It is not the coming I care for: that is nothing, compared to the hurt you have given me—compared to my bitter disappointment in you!"

"You are cruel," she said, with quivering nostrils. "You hurt me to the very soul. You misjudge me. You willfully, intentionally, misjudge me. Oh, I beg you to go!"

"Go?" he repeated, his fine lip curling. "Go? Oh, that is all a woman can think of, when she has made a fool of a man! You are like all the rest of them, after all. And I—I thought you so different! As long as you could keep me at a distance, it pleased you to fool me, to interest me, to make me love you by first mystifying—"

"Stop!" she commanded, trembling. "I will not hear you. You forget that I—that I am not free—"

"You are right," he said, looking at her; the words and the look cut her like a knife. "I forget that you are not free! I forget that another man has said all these things—about love, I mean—to you before"—he laughed harshly—"before my day! But tell me: do you wonder, remembering the

letters—the happy, free, girlish letters, with no hint or trace or thought of a husband, which you have written me—do you wonder, I say, remembering those letters, that I do forget?”

She gave him one look, and rose. Beneath that look he shivered, as once in a dim dark forest he had shivered when he picked up a dying quail that he had shot, and felt its little frightened heart beating out its life against his hand, and saw the look of dumb reproach in its eyes.

“You insult me!” she said, in a low choked voice, as though mere breathing were difficult. “You are unjust. You are cruel. You are not the gentleman of honor I thought you. It is the only reproach I make.”

A tall stern-looking man made his way to them.

“Are you ready to go, Helen?” he asked, glancing at her with cold indifference.

“Long ago,” she replied, bitterly.

“Ah!” He twirled a blonde mustache languidly. “Rather out of your line, is it not?”

She bowed to Rouan without looking at him, and went away on the gentleman’s arm.

Alone, unknown, Rouan leaned his head on his hand, and thought about it all. He had been unjust, perhaps, yet he had suffered too. He had felt deeply and strongly; but had that given him the right to say the things to her that he had said? She was a wife; therefore, however richly she may have deserved it, his reproaches were an insult. And, now that he thought about it rationally, her every look and word and tone had borne the stamp of truth and honesty.

Then a thought came to him that half dazed him: could it be that her husband was dead—or divorced? He remembered the lax divorce-laws of the West. And there had always been an under-current of sorrow in her writings.

He sprang up, and, hurrying through the crowded rooms, found Seymour, and jostled him out into a dim corner of the wide hall. In a moment, Helen Dudley, still pale and silent, came from the dressing-room and passed them, with her escort.

“I brought you out here,” laughed Rouan, feeling very like a nervous school-boy, “to tell me who that gentleman is.”

“That,” returned Seymour, looking politely surprised, “is Mr. Dudley.”

He might have added that he was Helen Dudley’s brother-in-law, but he did not.

“Thank you,” said Rouan, curtly; “he looked like an old friend of mine. I think I will go home now.”

But he did not go home. He went out into the cool fragrant night, and walked under the Western lights of coming dawn, through unfamiliar streets and avenues. His senses coming back to him, he realized how bitterly disappointed he was, and how genuine had been the feeling which prompted him to seek out the writer of those letters. Then he remembered that stern indifferent man, and hated him.

“That such a woman should belong to that brute,” he thought, passionately. “Cold, selfish: he could appreciate no woman on earth—least of all, one with the heart of a bird and the soul of a flower. Why should I be angry with her? I have my revenge. Each hour of her life must she suffer, living with that man.”

Before going to his hotel, he resolved to leave Portland immediately. But, during his morning meal, a letter was handed him; after reading it, his plans were in chaos.

“I cannot,” she wrote, in her clear steady hand, “allow you to go without one word of explanation. When, long ago, you first wrote me—kindly, encouragingly, helpfully—it seemed superfluous to tell you that I was married; you were interested in my work, not in me. After more letters had passed between us, I still put it off, thinking each letter would be the last. After a time, I realized that I had made a grave mistake, but could think of no plan by which to rectify it, without giving you a chance to believe I had misunderstood you—and my pride would not allow me to do that; for never once did I dream that you were interested in me. Despite an unhappy married life, I could not have believed that. This is my only explanation: so simple, and yet so honest a one, that, after reading it, you will regret the words you used to me last night.

HELEN DUDLEY.”

Once again he yielded to the fascination of her writing, or to the purity of the nature that shone through it. What austere pride, what cold dignity, what unglossed honesty! He loved her. He forgot that another

man held that right alone. She was unhappy. He had always suspected it; now she acknowledged it.

An almost unconquerable longing to go to her took possession of him. To hold that sweet girlish form in his arms, to kiss warmth into those curled lips, to awaken an answering light in those clear eyes!

And he did not dare to go near her. He had insulted her. He could see yet the quivering nostrils, the deadly pallor, that told how deep his insult had sunk. He wished he might meet her alone somewhere; he wished he might kneel prone at her feet, and kiss the hem of her white gown, and ask her to forgive him—as a little pure child kneels at its bedside and asks the father's forgiveness for its white sins.

He felt for her what seldom indeed, in these days, our men feel for the women they love—reverence.

"There is no other woman like her on earth," he said, in a hushed voice. "And she—oh, God!—belongs to that brute."

One line he sent her: "Forgive me!" But, though he waited day after day, no answer came.

He saw her often. Each morning, she flashed past him—an erect fearless figure—on her thoroughbred mare, looking neither to the right nor to the left, seeing no one—he was sure she never saw him. Each afternoon, her carriage rolled by, and he caught a glimpse of her slim form, alone—alone always—leaning against the cushions.

One day, he followed her at a distance, and found where she lived. It was a big handsome house, set alone in the centre of a square, in the midst of fine old trees and shrubberies.

The gentleman he had seen with her at the Charity Ball came down the avenue, in a leisurely indolent manner, and assisted her to dismount. There was no welcome, no eagerness, in the action; only a cold indifferent courtesy.

Yet Rouan felt himself to be the "man outside," and bitterly begrudged Mr. Dudley the momentary touch of her hands on his shoulder, the soft contact, the probable glance.

One evening, he saw Mr. Dudley alone at the theatre, and a mighty temptation arose in his soul. For a while, he resisted it; but it grew too strong for his will. He yielded. He hurried out into the starless dusk.

"I will see her once—only once," he said, through shut lips, making his way uncertainly along the quiet streets. "I will move heaven itself to see her once. He neglects her—he insults her by his indifference. I have seen him smiling into other women's eyes and making love to them. By his neglect, he has forfeited his claims upon her. I will go to her, and I will tell her—"

He found her alone in a bower of roses. She was clad in a soft white gown, with deep-red roses at her throat and belt; a branch was drooping down against her hair; it was dim fragrant twilight; there was no one near.

Rouan went to her, trembling. She rose, with a troubled look, as he approached. He did not speak, nor did she. But, as their eyes met, he knelt before her and kissed her hand.

He forgot all his previous good resolutions. He forgot her husband. He forgot everything, save that he loved her; and he poured out that love in broken, passionate, incoherent utterances, as a man speaks only when he is conquered by higher emotion.

The girl trembled and turned deadly pale, but did not move from him. Suddenly he rose, and, before he had fairly realized his own intention, his arms were about her.

He felt the frightened beating of her heart on his breast and the pressing of her palms against him to free herself.

At last, she spoke.

"Oh, leave me!" she said, with a sob, as though the words were wrung from her against her will. "Oh, if you care for me as you say, I beg—I entreat—you to leave me! I do not feel that I am free to hear you."

Something in her words, her tone, her manner, impressed him as being odd. He took her pale agitated face between both hands, and turned it to him, scanning it earnestly in the faint light.

"Tell me!" he exclaimed, trembling with suppressed excitement: "can it be possible—can it?—that you too care? That you, my poor white flower, feel what I am feeling—suffer what I am suffering? You little pure child—Helen! Darling—tell me!"

The girl shivered in his arms and sank down upon his breast, sobbing. There was no reason—no sensible reason—why she should not tell him the truth—that she did love him—only a voluntary promise

made in her own heart, in memory of the dead.

"You have not yet forgiven me," he said, in a changed tone, releasing her. "See: I kneel here at your feet and beg you to forgive me. Never, never did I kneel at any woman's feet before—never did I even dream I would be such a fool. I seem to have no mind left—it seems as if I had loved you all my life. Oh, forgive me, forgive me! I have come to make my peace with you, to say good-bye." She shivered a little. "I ask nothing of you but to forgive me. I have come so far—I was so bitterly disappointed—"

"I know," she said, in a choked voice, as he hesitated. Her eyes were full of tears.

"I said things I did not mean. My sweet pure child, you must know I did not mean them. Cannot you forgive me?"

"Oh, I have forgiven you long ago," she replied, turning her eyes away. "It hurt me—oh, it did hurt me—that night; but, as soon as I had time to think calmly of it, I knew you would be sorry. It is not that—"

She hesitated.

"Then, what is it?" he asked, uncertainly, standing aloof from her.

She turned two sweet troubled eyes to his; her lips slowly parted, and a rich warm color stole up over her soft beating throat.

Rouan trembled violently. What was it she was going to say to him, with that look on her face? While she had been cold, he had had no doubt of his own power of self-control; but there was a hesitation in her manner now that frightened him.

"Whatever it is," he said, harshly, "do not say it: I cannot bear any more. Forgive me for coming, and—good-bye!"

"Wait," she said, going quite close to him and putting her hands on his arm. "I cannot let you go without telling you—we may never meet again, you know—that I could love you, that I would love you, if I were free!"

Her voice broke in a sob.

Rouan's arms were about her. One moment only he held her, and then, with the strongest, noblest effort of his life, he put her suddenly away from him, and went—without one word, without one look, without one instant's hesitation—through the soft April dusk—went, as he believed, away from her forever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AT DEATH'S GATE.

BY FLORENCE R. BACON.

Down a rosy way I went,

Yet something missed I there.

"O Love," I cried, "tis you I miss;

Come, here the way is fair."

I gayly sought, and called and called,

Yet never weary grew;

My love would hear me by and by,

And answer, well I knew.

But suddenly the way grew dark;

My heart was chilled with fear.

"O Love, come quickly!" then I called.

Love answered: "I am here."

He clasped and held me in his arms.

My lips warmed with his breath;

When lo! before us rose a gate—

It was the gate of death.

Love clasped me closer in his arms;

The grim gate opened wide.

His kiss could not dispel that chill—

"Oh, leave me not!" he cried.

The warden took me by the hand,

Love's arms grew strangely weak;

The closed gate left him there without,

Whom I so long did seek.

I stand inside the gate, and hear

Him call, and moan and moan,

As I so often called to him:

"Love, leave me not alone!"

'Tis heaven, they say, inside this gate.

'Twould be a perfect land,

If I might, just to comfort him,

Reach through and touch Love's hand.

## SOME OUTDOOR PLANTS.

BY RAY JOYCE.

THE summer-flowering *Oxalis Deppii* and *Oxalis Lasiandra* make beautiful edgings or masses of bloom. *Oxalis Deppii* has flowers of pinkish lilac, about one-half inch in diameter, and, as it produces its blossoms in clusters, it makes a fine bedding-plant.

*Oxalis Lasiandra* has crimson flowers, borne in clusters on stems from ten to twelve inches high. The leaves are nine-lobed, giving them the appearance of Japanese parasols, and are supported by very erect stalks. This species makes a fine edging for a long narrow bed.

The bulbs of these two varieties are about the size of peas, and should be planted three inches apart, the last of April or the first of May, so that they may be ready to bloom by the first of June. In the autumn, they should be taken up and stored in the cellar, like *Gladiolus*. They do well in any soil or location, but should not be allowed to get too dry. They are very cheap, selling at the rate of ten cents per dozen, or fifty cents for one hundred bulbs.

The varieties of the ever-blooming oxalis are very beautiful and are principally used for hanging-baskets, window-brackets, or boxes, for winter blooming. Although they will flower summer and winter, they do best with an annual rest of a few weeks. This is given by simply withholding water from them. They like plenty of moisture, and some varieties do nicely in the shade.

*Oxalis Floribunda* is the best-known variety. It is a native of Brazil. The fleshy tuberous roots may be divided any number of times. Any little piece of the crown, if started in sand by the first of February, will make a nice large plant by the middle of summer, blooming profusely all the next fall and winter. There are two varieties of this species, one with bright-pink, the other with pure-white, flowers.

*Oxalis Cornua* is considered the most valuable variety for the conservatory and living-room, and is much more rare. It wants plenty of heat and sunshine. It should be planted in deep rich soil, in deep hanging-baskets, window-boxes, or jars. It requires

a good deal of water. The foliage is spotted brown and deeply lobed. The flowers come in clusters on long slender stems, and are of a lovely clear yellow. They are beautiful in small vases. It is a most persistent and profuse bloomer.

*Oxalis Bowiei* is a native of Good Hope and is a lovely variety, producing its pretty flowers in great abundance during November and December. The flowers are bright-pink, one and one-half inches in diameter. There is also a white variety, but it is very rare. The foliage is large, of peculiar richness, and very ornamental. Although generally cultivated in greenhouses, it is hardy enough to live through our winters, if planted out in a rockery or border where it may be kept dry and somewhat protected.

*Oxalis Crenata* is also very ornamental. The flowers are very showy, of a bright orange-color. This variety can only be propagated by offsets, as it never produces seeds. Plant the tubers in small pots, the first of April, and they will make nice plants by June first. Then they may be planted in the border for summer blooming or for culinary purposes. The tubers of this species may be eaten either boiled or roasted, and are much liked by some persons. The stalks have a flavor like that of the pine-apple, and are considered by many people to be superior to pie-plant for pies; the leaves make a good salad.

*Oxalis Tetraphylla* also has an edible root, something like a potato. It should be started in the house, like the above variety, and should not be set out till all danger of frost is over.

*Oxalis Euneaphylla*, or the nine-leaved variety, is a native of the Falkland Islands. It is stemless, or rather it has a creeping underground stem bearing a tuft of leaves three to four inches long, there being from nine to twenty leaflets. The flowers are borne just above the leaves. They are funnel-shaped, one to one and a half inches across, of a pure-white color, and are freely produced.

*Oxalis Ortgiesi*, a native of Peru, is but little known. It is not bulbous, and is a very attractive plant. The upper side of the leaves is rich olive-green, while the under surface is deep-purple. The flowers are small and yellow, coming in clusters, and it is a perpetual bloomer.

If anyone is fond of *heliotrope*, let me advise her to try a bed of it. Buy a dozen small plants in thumb-pots, which you can usually get for fifty cents a dozen. Give them good rich soil, plenty of sun, and much water; pick the blossoms off as soon as they begin to fade, and I can promise you quantities of bloom all summer, which will perfume both your grounds and your house. Or, if you have a good-sized plant in a pot, take off cuttings, as many as you care for. They grow to very large proportions in a short time after being bedded out. *Heliotropes* do not stand transplanting as well as some plants do; so be careful, in setting them out from the small pots, not to disturb the ball of earth. Old plants, it is almost impossible to transplant well, as the roots do not like to be disturbed. Young plants bloom much better and remain small only a short time after they have been set out. Tie neatly to stakes, as the branches are rather frail and the wind is apt to break them; they also would be inclined to intertwine with the other *heliotrope* plants, and you would hardly know what branches belonged to each different plant.

It is well to get the different shades. One of the most beautiful is so light, it might well be called white; then there are many different shades from this to a very deep purple. Try a bed of *heliotropes*.

The cultivation of tea-roses in beds is becoming very popular. The soil should be a good garden-loam, well enriched and made adhesive with a little clay. If too heavy, add wood and coal ashes or sand. The soil must be dry and exceedingly rich. The culture of tea-roses is very much like that of the hybrid perpetuals. They require thorough watering, syringing, and a mulch is very beneficial to them. Let them have plenty of the morning sun, if possible. If exposed to any high winds, secure the plants to stakes.

The insect enemies of tea-roses are the same as those which infest the hybrid perpetuals, and require the same remedies.

Extreme care is necessary in examining the plants, especially during June, when the slug is most troublesome. Be sure to kill all eggs or worms found on the under side of the leaves. Tobacco in any form is an excellent preventive against the green lice, particularly syringing with tobacco-tea. Slug-shot is also good.

After the plants have started nicely and buds begin to form, give them a weekly watering with manure-water or some other stimulant, and they will grow and bloom much faster. As soon as a flower begins to fade, if not before, cut it off, taking a part of the branch with it, provided that it does not interfere with any other buds. By thus cutting back the plant, new shoots are formed, on which more buds will come.

For the best bedders, I should recommend any of the following varieties.

*Appoline* is a soft delicate pink, of good size, very free blooming qualities, and good habit; it is quite hardy. The *Coquette de Lyon* is very valuable for bedding, as it is one of the most productive of all the teas, and is a fine grower; the flower is of medium size and of a clear pale-yellow. *Marie van Houtte* is a white rose, slightly tinged with pale straw-color and pink; it is large and full, a vigorous grower and free bloomer, and very fragrant. *Marie Guillot* is a lovely pure-white rose, and one of the best outdoor summer bloomers; it bears beautiful buds. Another beautiful and fragrant rose is *Madame de Watteville*, also called the tulip-rose, from its having a feathery shading of pink around the edge of its white petals. *Perle des Jardins* is in all respects the best yellow rose grown; it is a healthy vigorous grower and a very free bloomer. A very good dark rose is the *Queen of Bedders*, the flowers of which are of a rich deep crimson; one of the hardiest and the most prolific bloomers among the Bourbons, it is constantly in blossom from early spring until frost comes. *Bon Silene*, *Isabella Spumb*, and *Madame C. Guinoiseau* are all beautiful in spring and fall, for their buds; but the opened flowers, not being double, are almost worthless—they do not do well in the hot dry heat of summer. *Sombreuil* is a very valuable bedding-rose; it is very large, of fine form, and double—the flowers creamy white, tinted with pink; it is considered the hardiest and most vigorous among the white teas.



## HER REAL OBJECT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



**F**OND as Rachel Winter was of her half-brother Alec Forbes, she felt more annoyance than pleasure when he unexpectedly appeared on the picnic-ground. She had come down the previous week to this quiet Long Island nook, to stay awhile with some friends before setting out on a round of summer gayeties. It was only the beginning of June, but the heat had suddenly grown intense in New York; and she had felt so languid that, when Mr. and Mrs. Grey visited town for a couple of days and insisted on her going home with them, she had consented willingly enough, for she knew that the somewhat old-fashioned elderly couple would neither expect her to be entertaining nor consider it necessary to do much toward her entertainment.

The neighborhood was always a humdrum locality, and the summer was still so young that several of the country-seats within visiting-distance were not yet tenanted, and the hotels in the outskirts of the village, a mile from the Grey residence, were almost empty.

A picnic in a wood on one of their farms was a favorite dissipation with the Greys. A delicious collation was always prepared by their cook, and their own servants served it, while from a dozen to twenty persons were invited, for whose comfort everything possible was provided, even to reclining-chairs and footstools.

On the present occasion, the day was perfect; the guests—most of whom Miss Winter knew—sufficiently agreeable, and she felt it a relief to get among folk who were more interested in the affairs of their active lives than in the gossip of the fashionable world or the perplexing problems which are so generally discussed in our day, too frequently with a display of assurance and dogmatism only equaled by the talkers' lack of knowledge and capacity for judgment.

Miss Winter's mood of somewhat cynical placidity was considerably ruffled by the appearance of Master Alec while they were still seated at table. She repressed both annoyance and surprise; received him in her usual half-bantering, half-affectionate fashion, then turned him over to the Greys, who were his warm admirers, in spite of their fears that he was as reckless and dissipated as he was handsome and attractive.

He gave a satisfactory explanation of his appearance; he was on his road to Lerner's Bay, to visit his friend Stephen Bryce, and could not resist stopping over a train in order to give himself the pleasure of looking in on his sister and her hosts. All the same, Miss Winter felt sure of his real motive, and could not be sorry when she noticed the disappointed expression that crept into his eyes as he glanced along the line of guests and evidently missed a face he had expected to see.

Before an hour elapsed, he had managed to get her away for a little private conversation. She was seated on the top of a fence which ran along the hill, where a path emerged from the wood and sloped toward a broad meadow. Most of the party were still in the grove, though four or five persons had established themselves lower down the declivity; but there was no one within hearing-distance.

"You are looking awfully handsome, Ray," Forbes said, suddenly, as he took off his glass and leaned over the top rail, removing his straw hat so that the soft breeze could cool his forehead. "Your stay in this dead-and-alive place has done you good."

The enthusiastic compliment held no exaggeration. Rachel was a very picturesque creature, in her dainty summer costume, so stylish in every detail, from the large ostrich-feather bordered bonnet that would have been terribly trying to most faces, though it became her, down to the high-heeled slippers and exquisitely-fitting silk stockings.

She lowered her parasol, in order to give him a glance at once quizzical and searching, then said pleasantly:

"How very gallant you are! However, though it may be good practice, I don't suppose you brought me here merely to make flattering speeches. We must have an absurd air of a couple indulging in a flirtation."

"I always envy the fellows who can have a chance to flirt with you," Alec said, accepting her raillery with the good humor which was one of his most prominent characteristics. "What wouldn't Stephen Bryce give for this opportunity! He will be furious when I tell him I stopped over to see you."

"I am afraid you have not been so well rewarded for this fraternal attention as you expected to be," Rachel said, with a significant smile.

"And you don't seem so delighted as the occasion might appear to warrant," he retorted, laughing. "Oh, I know what your smile means! I'm not silly enough to try a fencing-match with you—I know of old that you always prove a great deal too much for me."

"That shows you are not so silly as you might be," she observed, nodding her head emphatically. "Of course, I can always see straight through you on the darkest night, without a lantern. Now, how did you happen to discover the Framleys were in this neighborhood?"

"I should think a little sisterly feeling might have prompted you to write and let me know," he exclaimed, ignoring her question in his haste to assume an injured air.

"I was not likely to do it," she answered, quietly. "I only hope that you have not deluded that foolish little Elsie into a correspondence. I don't mean to speak disparagingly of her; she is in many ways as clever as she is pretty, and that is saying a good deal. But I was rather afraid all your nonsense might have turned her head."

"Write? Not she! I'm on no such terms with her—worse luck!" Forbes cried. "I might be, I hope, if her old dragon of a father hadn't come back so unexpectedly and carried her off to Washington—and heaven knows where afterward."

"It is lucky for his daughter that he can play the dragon on occasion," Rachel said, coolly; "you must recollect that she is his chief treasure. He is probably not anxious to part with her to any man, but he certainly does not propose that she shall be stolen by one whose chief recommendations are win-

ning manners, extravagant habits, and an inability either to save or earn money."

"Now, that's a nice way to talk to your brother, Ray," the young man pleaded. "What have I ever done, to give you such an opinion of me? I've been a little wild and unsteady; but look at scores of other fellows—why, I'm a paragon compared to them."

"My dear boy, nobody more thoroughly appreciates your good qualities than I," rejoined Rachel; "you know I am very fond of you—but I can't shut my eyes to facts. It is not so much what you have done or left undone that is the question. This sounds hard; but, if it is any consolation, I say the same thing to myself. Alec, the trouble is, you are not to be depended on any more than I am. 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel'—my poor boy, I'm afraid that is the birthright which both of us have inherited."

"I don't know what has come over you in these last months," cried Alec, looking at her with wondering perplexity. "Somehow, you don't seem like the same girl."

"Because I have been looking at the facts in my own case, without any disguise over them," his sister replied, with a rather bitter laugh. "I have been cataloguing and summing up Ray Winter, and I'm ashamed of the young woman, and would like to pull her to pieces and make her over, if only I knew how to go to work."

"I don't know what you would have," Alec exclaimed. "Why, there isn't a more popular girl in society than you—handsome, clever, accomplished—"

"Please spare me the catalogue," Rachel pleaded. "Oh, I know the wonder is we're not both worse—such bringing-up as we had; though I don't mean to blame poor mamma—she acted according to her lights. She must have borne heavy burdens, too: your father couldn't have been exactly a model, and we can remember enough about mine to know that, charming as he was, he certainly did not shine as a husband or a parent."

"Well, no. As you say, poor mamma—and what a handsome woman, and how hopeful and courageous!" sighed Alec.

They both remained silent for a little, reviewing their childhood and youth. Alec had not yet reached his six-and-twentieth birthday; as his sister was only three years his junior, they had been companions in their childish days and had grown up fast friends.

Rachel's father had contrived to dissipate the greater part of his property, and, when left to manage her own affairs, Mrs. Winter had proved about as reckless; so that, at her death, only a small income had been left to each of her children.

Rachel was a general favorite; spent most of each twelvemonth in visits, and had means enough to keep herself handsomely dressed. That she must make a rich marriage had been her mother's creed, and it is easy to understand what irreparable injury such teaching and a life so aimless would have worked in many characters. But Rachel possessed really grand qualities, and, during the past year, the nobler part of her nature had sprung into rapid growth. Other influences, purely personal, had had their share in effecting the change in her ideas and plans; but these were as nothing compared to her anxiety for her brother. The desire to rouse and turn his energy into the right direction remained her ruling motive, as it had been the original cause of her new determination and aim.

She recognized in him latent powers which might render his career one of usefulness and honor, and she had vowed to leave no effort untried to bring this about, even though it must involve the sacrifice of her own happiness. Alec had been taught neither business nor profession, and grew up expecting to inherit a fortune from a maternal relative. But, about the time of Mrs. Winter's death, the elderly bachelor was seized with a mania for matrimony. He married his housekeeper—a woman with several children—died not long afterward, and, instead of a half-million, left Alec Forbes a legacy of thirty thousand dollars.

A part of this sum went to pay pressing debts, and the remainder was disappearing rapidly, much having gone in Wall Street speculations. Rachel had warned, and, so far as she could venture, expostulated; but, like many serenely amiable persons, Alec had a trick of keeping out of reach if subjected to what he called "badgering," so she was forced to be very careful.

Rachel's face darkened as she hastily reviewed the past, but Alec's countenance kept its customary half-indolent, half-wistful expression. He broke in on her reverie, saying:

"Ray, I suppose the Framleys are stopping at that dreadful old aunt's. I might drive over—couldn't you come with me?"

"That would be civil to my hosts, after their planning to-day's amusement solely on my account!"

"Oh, the Greys are so good-natured, they would not object."

"An excellent reason for imposing on them!" his sister replied. "But let me set your mind at rest: the old aunt wrote that the Framleys had gone for a few days to visit some friends—where, she did not say."

"Just my luck!" groaned Alec. "You might have written me they were here. Oh, from first to last, you've not treated me well in this matter. You might have done so much in my favor, and you've done nothing."

"I could not have done anything, Alec, if I had wished. Mr. Framley is a practical business-man, the architect of his own fortunes. I fancy his first question would have been: 'How would your brother propose to support my daughter, if I were to give her to him?'"

"When he has millions?"

"My dear boy, Mr. Framley is not a man to buy a son-in-law—not even a foreign title would attract him."

"I didn't mean I expected to live on him; but he could give a fellow a start. Why, if I had a certainty of winning Elsie, I could settle to harness and work with a will. Ray, you don't half realize how thoroughly in earnest I am—how much I love her. Now, don't call me a conceited idiot; but I believe she could have learned to care for me, if her father hadn't managed to break in so confidently on my chances. And she is very, very fond of you, and he has a great opinion of your good sense. With you to back me—"

"Listen, Alec: I will tell you something. When Mr. Framley was obliged, last February, to go to Nicaragua, he said to me: 'Miss Winter, my little girl likes you; you are a society-woman, and she is very inexperienced. I can't take her with me; I don't trust her cousins; so I want to ask you to look after her, to help her. Don't stand by and let some worthless fellow with a showy exterior steal my child's heart and make us both wretched.'"

"By Jove!" Alec exclaimed, "he didn't—did he mean anybody in particular, do you suppose?"

"I asked no questions," his sister replied; "but I gave my promise, and I could not break that, even for you."

"You're a trump in most ways," Alec averred; "but you've been hard on me in this business—very hard."

Rachel sighed over the hopelessness of making him view the matter in its correct light. She knew what Alec merely hoped—that the railway magnate's heiress liked him only too well; but he should gain no inkling of this fact.

The pair had made acquaintance the previous winter, Mr. Framley having brought his daughter from their Chicago home to visit relatives in New York. These cousins were warm friends of Alec's, so that, in spite of Rachel's efforts to keep her word, he had found an opportunity, during the father's absence, to produce a deep impression on Miss Framley.

But Elsie was a dutiful girl, with unlimited faith in her father's judgment, and well aware that he would oppose no wish of hers without well-grounded reasons. Possibly the child might suffer a little; but separation and time, new interests and pleasures, would conquer the pain; whereas, if she were to marry Alec as he now was, the wreck of her future happiness could be counted on with as much certainty as a mathematical calculation.

"I may as well catch the next train," that young gentleman abruptly remarked. "Bryce and I will be over in a couple of days."

"I wish—I wish you would stop at Lerning's Bay," Rachel exclaimed, irritably.

"That would not keep Bryce from coming," rejoined Alec. "You know what he wants, and he is a persevering chap. Upon my word, Ray, I can't imagine why you refused him. The best fellow I know, besides being rich and handsome; straight as a die, too—no fault to be found with him."

"All the more reason why he should not be allowed to throw himself away on such a make-believe creature as I," Rachel said, frowning; she heaved a sigh, too, but Alec did not hear that.

"I can't understand you," he continued. "I was utterly confounded when Bryce told me he had been rejected. At first, I thought your real object in refusing him was just to show that you weren't as ready as most women to jump at a fortune—"

"Suppose we talk of something else," she

interrupted, coldly, while she wondered whether her brother would be in the least touched if he were to learn what had been the prominent motive for her rejection of a good honorable man. But the time had not come when she could confide in Alec, and she marveled, half sadly, half bitterly, whether she might hope ever to be able so to do. Then she heard him say:

"Now, Ray, I must and will have a talk with Elsie, and you must help me. Let me know as soon as the dragon brings her back, then you can get her over to the Greys' to spend the day."

"I will not help you," she said. "I give you fair warning, so don't waste your talent trying to arrange any plan."

"And you talk about being fond of me!" cried Alec, as nearly angry as his unlimited amiability would permit. He began reproaches which his sister cut short by rising.

"You forget that I have the bad temper which ought to have been divided between us," she said. "I shall quarrel with you if we talk any more, so let us go back."

"You know I didn't mean a word of it," he exclaimed, penitently.

"But I did mean every word," she rejoined. "Fond as I am of you, I will not help you there."

Forbes made himself so agreeable for another hour, that the Greys and their guests were loud in their lamentations over his departure. He averred that nothing but duty to his host could induce him to desert the party, and Rachel sighed and smiled to think how lightly he would have regarded his "duty" had there been any hope of seeing Elsie Framley.

Before the young man had been many hours in his friend's sea-side cottage, he found reason to congratulate himself on his punctuality. There was a dance that evening at the hotel, and Mr. Bryce and his guests drove over. Alec Forbes was rewarded by the sight of Elsie Framley, her father and she having come to Lerning's Bay to visit friends.

Timid little Elsie could not disguise the fact that she was greatly pleased at meeting her handsome admirer, and, as the vigilant father was off in the card-room, and her chaperone knew nothing about Alec Forbes, that bold young gentleman was able to make good use of his opportunity.

But, fortunately or unfortunately, when, after several dances, he had succeeded in persuading her to go out into the moonlit veranda, and was just plunging for the first time into a downright declaration, he was interrupted by a staccato voice saying, close at his elbow:

"Oh, Elsie, my dear child, how imprudent—your throat won't stand this night air." And there stood the stout practical father, who had returned to the ball-room just in season to see the pair disappear, and had hunted them out from among the groups scattered along the piazza.

Elsie rose at once in a terrible flutter, saying:

"Oh, yes; we only came for a moment. Papa, here is Mr. Forbes."

"Good gracious! so it is. Why, this is an unexpected pleasure," Mr. Framley said, extending his hand with much seeming cordiality.

The elderly gentleman was gifted with a wisdom few men display in their treatment of a daughter. Alec got a very friendly reception; many pleasant things were said about his sister, and even another dance was allowed. Then Elsie was sent to bed, but on the reasonable plea that, as she was not strong, there must be no undue excitement or late hours.

The next day, Forbes called at the hotel, but he found it impossible to secure an interview of any length with Elsie. It was clear, too, that the father had spoken out plainly, and, if he had not actually extorted a promise, had made the girl afraid of his anger and mistrustful of her admirer.

They left, the same day; but Alec's hopes had gone up to the zenith. He felt more confident than ever that Elsie liked him, and that he only needed an opportunity in order to persuade her into an admission of the fact.

"I am afraid it has gone deeper than I wish to believe," Mr. Framley acknowledged to Rachel Winter, that same evening. "Still, I must hold firm—I can't let the child wreck her future; and, glad as you would be if you could do it, you are too honest to bid me trust your brother."

"Unless he can prove himself worthy," Rachel answered.

"But, to do that, he must act without expectation of reward," Mr. Framley said.

"Any man can do well for a while, if assured that by so doing he will get what he wants."

Forbes thought it wise to wait a little before venturing to follow Elsie. On the third afternoon, as he was meditating going over to the Greys', he read in a newspaper the names of Mr. and Miss Framley among the passengers on the steamer which had sailed that morning for Havre.

Alec Forbes presented himself to his sister in a state of great excitement, at the bottom of which Rachel owned to herself there was much more real feeling than even she would have given him credit for possessing.

"I shall follow them," he exclaimed. "Elsie would have reason to despise me, if I should give in now; and she cares—I know that. Go to Europe I must and will."

"Considering the state of your finances," his sister rejoined, "I can't decide whether your declaration sounds more preposterous or insane."

"You could help me, if you would."

"I suppose I could sell out securities and raise a few thousand dollars. Indeed, I might beggar myself—women used to do such things. May I inquire how you would expect me to live afterward?"

"Great heavens, stop!" he groaned. "You know I never meant that. But Bryce would lend me three or four thousand—"

"Don't finish!" she interrupted, turning on him a face so white and eyes so relentless that he was fairly startled. "If Mr. Bryce were to offer, I should regard his conduct as a deliberate insult to myself. If you were to ask him, I would never speak to you again."

"Of course I shan't. But oh, Ray, I am utterly wretched! I tell you I love Elsie Framley—I didn't dream it was in me to feel as I do."

"Then let your love and your disappointment effect some good," she answered. "Go to work! Show that, in spite of inherited tendencies, of bad bringing-up, there's real honesty, courage, and industry in you."

"That's easier to say than to do," he rejoined, with a disconsolate air. "I never was properly educated. I can speak several languages, play the piano and banjo, act in private theatricals; but I couldn't even be a book-keeper. Oh, perhaps I might sell ribbons and laces—only I couldn't get the change straight."

"Bah!" cried Rachel. "That would be

meaner than doing nothing—stealing work from women, crowding them out of an employment which ought to be theirs exclusively—the most contemptible thing an able-bodied man can do, in these days!”

“Good gracious, how energetic!” said Alec, provokingly. “Then what would you propose?”

“Start West—find something to do—learn business-habits first of all,” she exclaimed, eagerly. “Oh, Alec, try it for a year! By that time, I shall be paid my godfather’s legacy; we could afford to buy a ranch then, and I’d go out and keep house for you.”

“Heavens, Ray! You are madder than I, only in a different fashion. What has come over you?”

“I tell you I have wakened up—I want to wake you!” she said, with an intensity which shook even his light nature. “We have been no better than thieves, with our money-hunting, our make-shifts, our readiness to live on others! That we were wretchedly reared is no excuse now; we are man and woman; we must stand or fall by our own acts. Can’t you understand?”

“Yes, I think I see,” he replied, slowly. “You put it in pretty tough words, though.”

“The right ones!” she cried. “I will have no more of this miserable existence; and, unless you wish your path and mine to separate, you must have done with it too.”

He was full of admiration—rather awed, also; but, with his usual habit of trying to get away from serious matters, he said laughingly:

“The ranch scheme, however, is going a little too far. Fancy yourself on one; look at your clothes—think of your habits and needs.”

“Oh, I should need training,” she replied, smiling, though her eyes shone on him, lambent with determination. “Six months in a hospital, then a few in a cooking-school, would send me out prepared to learn how to be a respectably useful woman; and I tell you fairly I mean to try. I warn you, this is also the turning-point in your life. Reject my advice, and, just so surely as you live, you will take such a plunge down the evil path that you can never get back.”

Before bed-time, Alec related the gist of this conversation to his friend Stephen Bryce. That gentleman smoked awhile in silence, with an expression on his fine face which

showed that he was meditating many matters.

“So far as you are concerned, your sister is right,” he said. “I’ll tell you what, Alec—she’s a wonderful woman. Well, it’s no good for me to be thinking of that. She meant what she said about my lending you money, but I can put you in the way of doing something. That land-claim of mine in Texas wants looking after, and I’m obliged to go to Europe. You can’t do any mischief, and you may be able to set matters straight; anyhow, it is employment and pay while you’re looking about. I had meant to send my cousin, but you have more brains; so now, if you like to try, say the word.”

Perhaps it would have been hard to decide whether recklessness, his sister’s persuasions, or a partial waking-up to the futility of his life had most influence in causing the step by which Alec Forbes astonished his friends.

Soon after his departure, Stephen Bryce sailed for Europe. Before he went, he paid one more visit to Miss Winter; but he found that he stood no better chance than on the former occasion when he had put his wishes to the test. He was a man who had been much sought after, on account of his money; and, since Rachel’s refusal had proved that she could not be influenced thereby, naturally his admiration and affection had increased tenfold.

He bore this second refusal well, though he could not hide that it cut deep, even while he declined to consider himself conquered.

“I shall come again, sometime,” he said; “there’s nobody else you care for—that’s something.”

During the summer, Miss Winter was not seen at any fashionable resort, nor did she pay her customary round of visits in the autumn. Her numerous friends regretted her absence whenever they had leisure. How the story started, nobody knew; but it was soon currently reported that Ray Winter had gone to stay somewhere in the Southwest with a crotchety old bachelor relative, who had promised to make her his heiress, and society pronounced Miss Winter a wise and properly regulated young woman, who deserved, and would doubtless later draw, a prize in the lottery of life.

So a year went by. Alec Forbes had done well with his friend’s affairs, and found his

new existence full of freedom and action which possessed a certain fascination.

"The opportunity has presented itself," he wrote at last, to his sister. "There's a good cattle-ranch for sale in the next county—I'd buy it, if I could."

Before much time elapsed, he learned that the property had found a purchaser; but he was stricken dumb with surprise when he discovered that Rachel had bought it, meant to live there, and was ready to offer him half profits if he would turn to account the knowledge he had gained and the energy he had developed during the past year.

"I know what I am about," she said. "Health and strength I had; I could at any time walk fifteen miles for days in succession, or ride forty—I never had an illness. Well, I've not been idle since you left; I spent six months in a hospital, and I have gone through a regular course in a cooking-school. I have pegged hard at chemistry and botany, and whatever books can teach I have learned about the new business I mean to adopt."

"You're a wonderful creature, Ray!" cried Alec.

"I know I can make a living," she replied, "and I own I should like to get together a tolerable fortune—one might be proud of money one had made oneself."

I have no space to follow the brother and sister through the course of the next three years; but it is agreeable to be able to chronicle that the venture prompted by a woman's loving heart proved a complete success.

Their home was spacious and pleasant, and Rachel's means were sufficiently ample so that, indoors and out, all needful assistance could be employed and matters conducted on a liberal scale, though everybody was made to feel that wise heads ruled, and that the master and mistress had a practical knowledge of work and the right way of doing it.

Within a radius which rendered social intercourse easy, was to be found a fair number of refined families, with a liberal sprinkling of unattached men of talent and education, who had been attracted to the region through love of adventure or a desire to make money more rapidly than could be done in the lands of their birth. Only forty miles distant, and attainable by railway, was a large town where frequently famous actors and singers were to be heard, and the luxuries

which modern civilization has dubbed "necessities" could be purchased.

In short, life offered not only the interest always given by active employment, but the means of gratifying cultivated taste and opportunities for the amusement which healthy human beings crave and need. Various friends from the East paid visits; the Greys came and enjoyed their stay hugely, and, somewhat over a year after Ray's arrival, Stephen Bryce presented himself, business having called him into that district. He tarried for nearly a fortnight; but, as he wisely refrained from trying his chances a third time, he and Miss Winter parted the best of friends.

Not only did the sheep-farm prosper, but several investments of Alec's succeeded wonderfully. With a foresight which won his sister's admiration, he was the first to discover the direction in which a branch railway must be built, and the point in their neighborhood where a city was certain to spring up like Jonah's gourd. By the end of the three years, his prophecy found fulfillment. The new line was building; the new town had been christened, and offered satisfactory signs of speedily "booming" into an important place. The brother and sister were selling "lots" at large prices, while reserving enough to leave them among the chief property-holders if they should decide to remain.

"Alec," said Rachel, one morning, as she entered the breakfast-room, "here is a letter for you, from the company—more good luck, I am sure. We shall be millionaires yet!"

He was intently reading a newspaper; he did not lift his eyes, but said in a low tone:

"Read this, Ray."

She glanced over his shoulder at the paragraph to which he pointed, and read that Mr. Framley and his daughter had returned to America; but it was credibly reported that the young lady would soon become the bride of the Earl of Pembroke.

"You see," continued Alec, in a choked voice, "getting rich won't always give a fellow what he wants. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Rachel watched the stalwart bronzed young man from the window, as he strode across the lawn, and her face grew bright with gratified pride and affection.

"I knew he had splendid qualities at bottom, but he has gone far beyond what I dared to hope," she thought. She took a letter from,



her pocket and read it for the second time, while a happy smile flitted across her lips. "Dear old boy," she reflected, as she folded up the sheet, "it seems hard to leave him with that thorn in his heart, but in a few days—a few days—he will thank me for having kept silence."

Within the week, Rachel asked her brother to take her over to Lenham; she had shopping to do, and, as they were neither of them busy, they could spend a few days and enjoy a little music, as a popular opera-troupe was stopping in the town.

They reached Lenham at noon; Alec had business which called him out for a couple of hours. When he returned to the hotel, he found Elsie Framley and her father sitting with Rachel.

"I own a tract of land near here, and came on to see about it," was Mr. Framley's explanation.

At one-and-twenty, Elsie was a very lovely creature; but Alec, once boldly confident, had grown strangely lacking in self-esteem, and made himself terribly unhappy over the calmness of her greeting—she had never cared for him, that was certain.

The next day passed, and, toward evening, he went abruptly into his sister's parlor, saying as he closed the door:

"Ray, I'm going back in the morning; make your visit out, but I can't stay—I can't!"

The figure he had seen seated half hidden among the window-curtains rose quickly and moved forward.

"Going away? Why?" a voice asked, timidly.

It was Elsie who spoke; what he read in her face was enough.

Later, when Mr. Framley was shaking hands with his accepted son-in-law, he said:

"You have proved that you knew what you wanted and were ready to earn it. Well, Elsie has behaved pretty well, too; but you may both thank Rachel. What a marvel she is!"

The wedding took place in Chicago, a few weeks later; and Stephen Bryce made one of the guests.

"Must I go back alone?" he asked Rachel. "I have served faithfully, if that is any claim."

"I am better worth caring for than I was when you began," she said, after he had brought her to own that she had not the heart to condemn him to solitude again.

"And you always cared a little!" he exclaimed, joyfully; for she had made this confession also. "Oh, sometimes I ventured to hope so—that gave me courage! You might have told me the truth, though; I always felt that you were doing what you did for Alec's sake—to bring out his latent energy and talent."

"And his sister's, if she had any," Rachel answered; "I was more doubtful of myself than of him."

Her lover admired her humility, though he smiled thereat, convinced that it had been superfluous to allow any personal misgiving a share in HER REAL OBJECT.

## GARDENING-HINTS FOR MAY.

THE entire garden should be in order early in the month, and flowering plants, unless of very tender kinds, can be set out.

Annuals may be taken from the greenhouse, and mignonette, candy-tuft, and phlox can be sown to border the beds.

If chrysanthemums are desired for flowering early in autumn, the cuttings should be started now.

If lawns or grass-plots require sowing, it should be done at once, and none but the best seed employed for the purpose.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is a wise old proverb, and should be remembered now in the fruit-garden. The numerous insect-plagues will make their appearance with the warm weather, unless steps to hinder them be taken early in May. A mixture of tobacco-dust and Persian powder, liberally applied to the tree-branches and scattered over the roots, is an excellent safeguard.

The hoe must be freely used during this month to keep the weeds in subjection.

## THE STORY OF DAGMA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 373.



X.

HE old Place d'Armes of New Orleans, now Jackson Square, did not smile—it fairly laughed—in the sunlight of early morning. The mist-rain of the night before, which had dampened Dagma's head, had washed the flowers into new beauty. There were emerald and ruby and pearl and sapphire and opal in the coloring of grass and flower and shell-paths and sky, and yet withal something antique, under the youth of the new spring and the new day.

On two sides, beyond the iron Square-railing and stone-paved street, stretched the Pontalba buildings, with their gloomy flagged hallways and regular string of iron galleries; the third side showed the Spanish Cathedral, flanked right and left by an old Spanish building; on the fourth side, spread the low roofs of sugar-sheds; while beyond, tall masts of vessels, anchored against the levees of the Mississippi, shot like skeleton fingers into the blue sky. So sparkling the sunlight, it seemed to have given life even to the dark bronze statue of General Andrew Jackson, filling the centre of the Square, and, watching, one might have thought the horse with uplifted feet pawed the bright air.

Chancellor Goudain, having business on the levee and in the court-house beside the Cathedral, had taken an early breakfast, and now, his hands full of papers, strode along the white paths of the Square. The beauty and freshness of the scene aroused his senses, recalling him from the inward contemplation of a knotty law-question. He looked around, slackening his pace to drink the freshness of it all, and, as he

looked, his brow darkened and the ominous cleft appeared.

"That unfortunate girl," he muttered.

For he had seen Dagma. She was seated alone on a bench, where the sunlight played over the top of a dense green bush. The whole appearance of the young figure, thrown against the green background—the bared head, bent a little—the black hat lying in her lap—the little hands ungloved, resting upon the hat—betokened repose.

Was she resting? Had she come from her early worship at the Cathedral yonder, and was she just waiting to drink there the sweetness of the morning? Did she not know that it was wrong to sit bareheaded and alone in this public place? Did she not see that people, passing, turned and looked?

"It is absurd. These early morning walks to the Cathedral must be stopped, unless she can take Patsey or someone," pondered Chancellor. "I must speak to my mother. Poor mother! she has not looked well lately. I think this Dagma worries her more than she will acknowledge. What shall I do? I suppose, if I tell her to go home, she will make up some tragical scene; nevertheless—"

He stalked forward. The path followed diverged, bringing him back of Dagma, so that, as he gained the bench, his shadow fell first on the white way at her feet. She started slightly when he paused, and then said in Spanish: "Antoine, I am very—"

She had risen as she spoke, and now, turning, confronted—not Antoine, but her cousin.

One might have thought he had dealt her a blow, so great was the amazement depicted in the girl's face. She put forth one little hand and laid it on the back of the bench, while her eyes gleamed greenly defiant and the young face showed somewhat grimly in its yellow wax-tints.

"I saw you," said Chancellor, "as I was crossing the Square. I thought you were resting after Mass. It seems you are here by appointment."

"Yes, I told Antoine to meet me here." The tone was almost insolent in its defiance.

"Are you aware—"

"That I commit a great indiscretion?" interrupted the girl, her lips curling and her brows lifted.

"Exactly," replied Chancellor. "You surely must know that it is extremely improper to sit alone and bareheaded in this public place, and especially at this hour of the morning."

"In a little while," responded Dagma, looking down at the tips of her boots as they peeped from the edge of her dress, and then regarding the dainty hand and wrist which she held aloft in the air, "I shall expect to see chains."

"I dislike affected speeches," said her cousin, roughly. "You know you expect nothing of the kind."

"Literally, perhaps not; but there are blows which are blows, and there are chains which are chains, and yet neither are visible except to the spirit."

"I do not wish to enter into a discussion with you here," interposed Chancellor. "I request only that you put on your hat and go home."

"And if I refuse to go home?" asked Dagma, while she slowly settled the hat over her brown hair.

"I must remain with you; I will not leave you alone."

A frown appeared on the girl's smooth forehead.

"It is really not necessary that you should remain. I promised Antoine I would meet him here."

"And you had no right to make any such appointment," objected Chancellor, severely. "You said last night that this Antoine Guata would leave to-day."

"And so he will; he will leave this evening."

"If he wished to say good-bye to you, why did he not come to the house? I do not wish to be inquisitive, Dagma," pursued Chancellor, quietly. "You are totally ignorant of the laws of society, and I am only striving to prevent you from making yourself ridiculous and conspicuous."

"You need not fear anything in future," responded the girl, quite as quietly, even sadly. "Antoine will not be here again for

many months. He has been to Spain, on business for his father, and he has stopped here for three days only. His father wrote him where he could find me, and he has found me, and he is going now. After he is gone, there will not be anyone else to come and cause me to commit an indiscretion."

The sadness left her face, a faint scorn touched the closing words, and she resumed her seat, as if expecting her cousin to go. Instead, he quietly seated himself beside her.

"You are going to stay?" she inquired, turning her head quickly.

"I am going to stay. You will excuse me, if I do not entertain you. Time is precious to a busy lawyer."

He laid the papers on the bench between them, selected one, opened it, and commenced reading. Presently he took a pencil from his pocket, underlined one word, struck out another. Dagma stole a glance at his face. Apparently, he was completely engrossed. The tense strong expression of the features denoted only consideration of the paper in his hand. The frown deepened on her forehead, and she beat a faint tattoo with her foot on the shelled path.

"Ah, well," she was thinking, "it does not matter. When I see Antoine coming, I will go forward. I will go to that bush yonder. It is a thick clump. He will not see."

Accordingly, Dagma sat quite still; only her eyes, roving, watched every slim figure appearing in the yellow sunlight. She glanced at the Cathedral clock. Ten minutes gone. Ten minutes since her cousin Chancellor had taken that seat. His presence was oppressive. If only she could, like Aladdin, call a *génie*, and have him carried off bodily. It would take a very strong *génie* to move that weight, that great piece of determination. Chancellor, at this moment unfolding his paper, encountered her hostile eyes.

"Your friend takes a long time to come," he said, coolly picking up another document.

The girl did not deign a reply. The words were but an echo of her own thought.

Another five minutes passed; then Dagma's heart beat fast. Now was the time for action. There came Antoine. He had not seen her yet. She did not wish him to see her seated beside her cousin. He might go away—he might think she did not wish him to bring what he had promised

to bring. She calculated the distance—while doing so, drawing as far back as possible into the dense shade. She stole another covert glance at her cousin's face. Certainly he saw only the paper before his eyes. She softly arose, slipped over the walk, and disappeared behind the clump she had selected, and waved her hand toward Antoine.

Ah, he saw her now; but he did not heed her gestures of caution. Instead, he bent his eyes on a package held in his hand, commenced deftly unwrapping the brown paper, and, when yet two yards distant, held aloft, as he came, a peculiar lantern. Dagma made a gesture of despair, which Antoine evidently construed into a gesture of delight, for he advanced smiling.

"Wrap it up," she said in Spanish, as he thrust it within her hand. "Wrap it up, Antoine. Ah—too late!"

Too late indeed.

"You do not escape me this way," said Chancellor, at her side.

"I had not promised to stay by you. I left when I was ready," she answered, curtly. "Antoine," she continued, in Spanish, "this is my cousin—Mr. Goudain." Then, in English: "Chancellor, this is my friend Mr. Guata."

Both bowed.

"Please tell your friend, Dagma, that I hope he will visit us whenever he comes to New Orleans. We shall be glad to see him, as your friend."

Dagma lifted her brows expressively, but interpreted as she was bidden, and Antoine replied.

"He says just what I told you," she again translated: "that he will not be here for months, and perhaps never."

Chancellor scanned the thin dark man as she spoke.

"I dare say he would be kind and let her have her own way, which is what she wants," thought Chancellor.

But there was no cordiality in the glance exchanged between the two men.

"Will he never go?" thought Dagma, as she stood, the lantern hanging from her left hand and hidden by the folds of her dress.

"Before I leave, I should like to know what you intend doing with that dark-lantern," said Chancellor, brusquely.

So, he had indeed seen. The blood surged over her face.

VOL. XCVII—25.

"I have never been accustomed to give an account of my actions to anyone but my father. What I intend doing with this lantern, I will not say."

"As my mother and I now represent your father, I have a right to ask an account."

"And I simply refuse to answer."

She pressed her lips together as she finished speaking.

"What does he say?" cried Antoine.

"What is the matter, Dagma?"

"Be quiet, Antoine. I will arrange all this. He is going now. If you do anything, I will never forgive you."

"Mais, Chancellor, my friend—Mademoiselle Goudain—ah, I could not believe," exclaimed De Maurier, standing with bared head, extending a hand to Dagma and bowing politely to Antoine. "What a group you make as you stand!"

"And what are you doing here, De Maurier?" asked Chancellor, taking his watch from his pocket and looking anxiously at the hour.

"Bien—Mademoiselle Goudain forbid that I walk with her yesterday. To-day I say: 'Good! mademoiselle come from her church—it may be that mademoiselle may feel all soft from her prayers, and with mercy will regard me and allow me a walk by her side.' Mais, I do not meet her, and I see it so fair here—and I hunt still, and I find—ma foi!—that mademoiselle has already two cavaliers."

Dagma's face had become crimson, as De Maurier spoke. She lowered her eyes. The memory of the past night came about her, and she stood as a culprit.

"What does he say, Dagma? I shall kill them both," cried Antoine, furiously, as he marked the girl's moved face.

"Hush!" she murmured. "Hush, please, Antoine. Just let them go, and I will tell you everything," she added, imploringly. Then, to the others: "My friend can remain with me but a few moments longer, and I have promised to walk with him. We are going to the Cathedral now. Tell Aunt Goudain, please, Monsieur De Maurier, that I shall be a little late for breakfast, perhaps. Come, Antoine," she added, in Spanish.

Chancellor stood looking after them, a deep frown on his forehead.

"What is the matter?" asked De Maurier.

"Matter? That girl is a sphinx. Why should that man bring her a dark-lantern?"

"A dark-lantern, did you say?" exclaimed De Maurier.

"Yes, a dark-lantern. And she refused point-blank to tell me what she was going to do with it."

De Maurier looked up into his friend's face.

"So, is that the matter?" he said, laughing. "She defies you. But, my friend, she is delicious."

"Delicious!" cried Chancellor, in a tone of disgust. "She is a great trouble and a great charge, and I tell you, De Maurier, I do not envy the man who takes her as his wife; and I warn you," continued Chancellor, waxing wrathful, "I warn you to beware of Dagma. She is my cousin, after a fashion—my step-first-cousin, if there can be such a relation—and she bears my name; but she is a strange weird creature, and her green eyes flash in such a way—they are absolutely inhuman. One moment, she is all dignity and ice; the next, all wrath and fire."

"She has done what I have not seen anyone do before, ever," said De Maurier: "she has aroused you out of your grand still ways; she has made you feel."

"Feel?" exclaimed Chancellor, commencing to sort his papers. "Yes, I told my mother, when she came, that she would be the crumpled rose-leaf in my life. Instead—" He paused.

"Well?" exclaimed De Maurier, as he almost breathlessly kept step with his companion's rapid pace. "Instead—"

"I have not time to talk now," said the other, glancing at the Cathedral clock. "I found her alone in the Square, bareheaded and waiting for that Spaniard. I wish I could know where they are going. I never felt more tempted to act the spy. I don't know what she will do next. It would not surprise me, De Maurier, if she danced on the street with that Antoine."

And, with these parting words, he entered the Cabildo, a more than usually grave expression on his strong face.

As for De Maurier, he wended his way homeward, a quizzical gleam shifting in his dark eyes, and a quizzical smile now and then twisting the ends of his waxed mustache.

## XI.

THE children were quite devoted to "mademoiselle." There were no hard les-

sons to be learned. Their favorite school-room was the summer-house. They learned here to call the flowers by new names, to make new prayers to the Virgin, and to find new words for all the bright pretty pictures which mademoiselle showed them in their childish books.

The first hour after breakfast was generally passed here, and, the day after that meeting in Jackson Square, De Maurier, called by the little ones, loitered on his way to the world outside. Dagma was quiet, scarcely lifting her eyes when he entered; but he noted with pleasure the deepened color on her smooth cheek.

"Ah, Mr. De Maurier, don't you want to stay and hear all about how they fish where mademoiselle lives?" cried Cecil, pulling him down on the bench. "Look: mademoiselle has a book with a picture in it. Just see!"

"And, if mademoiselle will consent to make a recital, I shall be most happy to hear," cried De Maurier, laughing. "Will mademoiselle allow that I see this wonderful picture?"

"I do not think you will find much merit in the picture," said Dagma, quietly handing him the book and then busily occupying herself with the drawing-on of a glove; "but it serves as a means of teaching."

"There is some spirit in the position of this man, nevertheless," observed De Maurier, critically.

"Ah, monsieur," cried Louise, "but that is not the picture I love. Look—see—it is this," and, leaning against his knee, she turned the leaves with her little hands. "See—that is 'une maison,' and those are 'les arbres,' and mademoiselle says it is like her home, and one day she cried when—"

"Louise, pick up your ball," interrupted Dagma. "Look—it is under the bench."

She stooped herself to reach for the ball, and De Maurier also assisted. As they resumed their seats, he said quietly in French, his finger yet marking the picture in the half-closed book:

"Do you truly love that place so well, mademoiselle?"

"There is no need to ask," she replied. "It is the hope of my life to return."

"And is it that you may never learn to live here—to be happy here?"

She could feel his look—half-wistful, half-curious.

"Oh, no; never. Everything is different. And then, this is the city; I love the country—the wild country. Oh, but it is beautiful. When I was on my Toila—ah, we were like birds. We flew through the woods. It seemed I had wings—and Toila too, beneath me."

She had forgotten her embarrassment; she had forgotten his presence. She was transported, and her eyes seemed reflecting the swift flight of that ride through the green woods.

"Mademoiselle, please don't talk French; we can't understand you," interrupted Cecil. "Now, Mr. De Maurier, look!" he cried, drawing close and opening the half-closed book. "There's another picture here: it is just like one we have in our picture-room. I want to show it to you. There—this one, where they are all gathering grapes—les raisins, as mademoiselle says—and it is in France."

"But you are right, Cecil," exclaimed De Maurier. "There is much resemblance between the two. Have you not found also this resemblance, mademoiselle?"

"I do not know. I have never been in the picture-room."

"Never been in the studio? I know it is not a chamber which my friend Chancellor makes open for the public. He says, and with truth, that there are pictures sufficient in number elsewhere; but to you—one of his family! And why has not mademoiselle asked that she may enter?"

"The children say it is locked."

"Locked? Oh, yes, true. I had altogether forgotten. Old Mingo is gone, and that cousin of yours is—what you call queer—eh, mademoiselle? Now," went on De Maurier, not waiting to receive an answer, "he has for inheritance the love for painting, of which his grandfather had possession."

"He? My Cousin Chancellor?" exclaimed Dagma.

"Ah, but yes. And it is what he loves above all else."

"He?" again exclaimed Dagma.

"But for what reason do you evince surprise, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, he is too hard—he is only like a book of law—he is—" She stopped suddenly and bit her lips.

De Maurier laughed.

"Ah, sweet tropical bird," he thought,

"because the cousin would cage you and shield you from the bold hunters—"

Then, aloud and quite serious:

"Mademoiselle Dagma, you do not know your cousin. He is gentle as just, loving as true; and—ah, ma foi!—you think he loves those big dry papers like he loves the rich soft colors on his canvass? Mon Dieu! no. Just put him in that picture-room, and give him plenty of paint and brushes and canvas and light and a pretty scene or a pretty model. I believe he would live, most, without bread."

"And why, then," asked Dagma, "why, then, does he keep that room closed? And why, then, did he not become an artist?"

"Ah, and it is Why? and Why? Bon! I will say why. It is for a promise—a word—or, as mademoiselle would say, a vow. Ah, you think I forget that vow?" continued De Maurier: "that vow of which you speak, mademoiselle? No, truly. Imagine, I say often to myself: What vow prevents that I walk with mademoiselle?"

"But," said Dagma, drawing a half-sigh and for an instant moving her eyes from De Maurier's face, "but you do not tell me—"

"Ah, your cousin's vow," interrupted the other. "Come: let us make—how do you say?—an exchange. Eh, now, mademoiselle—tell me your vow, and I tell your cousin's."

"No, no; I cannot," answered Dagma, looking down, her face strangely grave.

"Ah! see, then, what a slave you make me. And so I receive, then, no reward."

"Tell me or not, as you please," returned the young girl, apparently indifferent.

De Maurier laughed.

"Well, then, without reward, and because just mademoiselle has not, it seems to me, a quite correct impression of her big cousin, who is my dear friend: The father, your Uncle Edward, he comes into the studio one day, where his own father had lived almost, and he finds his son Chancellor hard at work on—ah, ma foi!—some study. Bien! Chancellor does not see—does not hear. The father says: 'My son!' Chancellor does not turn. The father says again: 'My son!' Again Chancellor does not reply. Then the father lays his hand on his arm, and then Chancellor turns, and he looks as if yet far off in some other land. And the father says: 'Come; I wish to talk with thee.' And, when they are in the library—it is that room,

mademoiselle, where first I saw you"—De Maurier's voice became very low here, so that, for an instant, Dagma's eyes fell—"well, in that room, the father says: 'My son, thy mother tells me thou hast not eaten this day. And, last week, I know, two mornings, thou wast not at our office early, because, from the break of day, it was on those pictures thou didst work. This is so?' And Chancellor says: 'It is so.' Then the father: 'My son, it is a lawyer, and not an artist, that I would have thee in this world. Both thou canst not be. Choose.' Then Chancellor gave the word to do what his father willed, and in all the year to paint but two pictures, and perhaps but one, and not at any time to enter that room for work when business should press. And I think, from that day, it is only when court closes that he allows himself work—unless it may be for some bagatelle, of not much importance."

"Yes," said Dagma, thoughtfully, "that I can believe. I know he will keep his word. I know he will be as hard to himself as—" She did not complete the sentence, but added: "I cannot realize—"

"That he can love soft pretty pictures?" interrupted De Maurier, smiling into her eyes, which yet regarded his face as if doubting and questioning what she had heard.

A shadow darkened the arched doorway. Both looked forward. Mrs. Goudain stood framed in the vine-draped opening of the summer-house. She presented the picture of a lady very elegantly dressed for the street.

"Dagma, you will please hereafter pay more attention to the children."

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Goudain," said the niece, rising and looking full on her aunt; "I had indeed, for the moment, forgotten them."

"I found them playing in the fountain. Their sleeves were so wet," she went on, severely, "that I sent them into the house, to get dry clothing."

"If there is blame for anyone," cried De Maurier, with his blandest smile and most winning bow, "the blame is for me. And will Mrs. Goudain not pardon when I say it is of her son I have talked, and so have kept mademoiselle?"

"Of Chancellor?" questioned Mrs. Goudain.

"Yes; and I have said to mademoiselle how he loves the work in his studio, and she tells me that she has not seen that beautiful room."

"No, Chancellor has the key," replied Mrs. Goudain, indifferently. "Since the disappearance of Mingo, he trusts no one but himself to care for his pictures."

"Ah, true. That Mingo, he was an odd man. I remember him, me, when I was a child, and what a fear filled my heart when I regarded that long thin brown face."

"He was faithful to my husband's family," said Mrs. Goudain, buttoning her glove. "He never liked me, but that was of no consequence. His devotion to my husband and to Chancellor surpassed anything I have ever seen."

"And you have not heard one word of his fate?"

"Not one word. He disappeared suddenly, after my husband's death—three years now," said Mrs. Goudain, reflectively, as she brushed a speck from her parasol. "My son and I have thought that the shock brought on a mental aberration which caused the poor man to drown himself. He was always moody and suspicious."

"There was, in his nature, more Indian than negro," said De Maurier; "and his love for pictures—"

"Was remarkable," interposed Mrs. Goudain. "And yet I sometimes think he cared for them only because my son cared for them."

"Ah, speaking of pictures—pardon, one moment, mademoiselle. See, I would show you aunt. That little boy Cecil, he called my regard to this picture, Mrs. Goudain. It is a copy, almost, of the one you possess." And De Maurier, hastening to Mrs. Goudain's side, lifted the book to her eyes.

"Those vintage-scenes are favorite subjects with artists," observed the lady, casting a careless glance on the book. "My dear Eugene, you will find something similar in almost every book of prints."

"Not many like this," objected De Maurier, holding the book off and regarding the effect with critical eye. "We will allow mademoiselle to be the judge; we will beg the key from the keeper of so much treasure; we will—"

"Certainly, Dagma can see the studio whenever she wishes," interposed Mrs. Gou-



dain. "She could have seen it before, if she had wished. There is your sister at last; my patience was almost exhausted."

"Eugene, Eugene, is it possible?" cried Roselle De Maurier, at this moment coming forward. "Why, you promised Mr. Goudain that you would go early and get—"

"I know, I know, my dear Roselle—the seats at the theatre. But you laugh always at my English, chérie, and so I have been receiving a lesson from this fair teacher. And moreover, imagine, how can one recall duty when a temptation like this tempts?" And, bowing to Dagma, he gave her the book.

The young girl blushed deeply as she took it, and moved forward to leave.

"Dagma," said Mrs. Goudain, "as soon as you shall have finished dinner—" She paused, evidently considering.

"Yes, Aunt Goudain," answered the girl, standing still.

"Perhaps later," continued Mrs. Goudain: "at four o'clock, come to my room."

Dagma bowed and left them.

As the other three walked to the gate, Roselle exclaimed:

"Eugene, aren't you ashamed to pay compliments and put nonsense into that young girl's head? The first thing you know, some Antoine or other will be murdering you."

"Let him come," said De Maurier, drawing himself up; "let every Antoine that is in the whole world come."

"I hope," said Mrs. Goudain, quietly, "that you will at least spare the one who has been here. Chancellor will write her father's lawyer, and, if he prove a good parti, why, we shall try to settle Dagma in the home she loves. She will never be happy here."

"You do really mean," said De Maurier, as he opened the gate and then followed the ladies into the street, "you do really mean that—"

"Come, Eugene," interrupted the sister. "Hush talking, and go and get those places. Mind, not too much on the side and not too near the stage. Good-bye: we are going this way."

"What can Aunt Goudain want with me?" thought Dagma, half sighing.

And then a serious expression settled over her face. The gate had closed. She looked around. There was no one in the courtyard—even the blinds of the servants' offices were

closed. She retraced her way, stepped beneath the pomegranate-tree, and, falling on her knees before the Virgin and clasping her hands, bent her head a moment in prayer.

"She is the strangest girl I have ever seen in my life," exclaimed Chancellor.

He had remained home for a few hours of quiet study. The front window of the office—his den, as the family called the low ground-floor room—was wide open, but the thin curtains were drawn together. Through these, as through a mist, Chancellor, lifting his eyes when the gate closed, had seen Dagma advancing toward the house, and now he sat watching as she knelt.

It was a beautiful picture—certainly tempting enough to an artist's eye: the old statue in the hollowed niche, the flickering shadows, and the branches of the knotted tree falling low and bending, as if with caress, to touch the young worshiper beneath. She had taken off her hat, and the sunlight and the shadow moved over the head, typifying indeed the lights and shadows of life.

Perhaps because he found himself considering the subject as an artist, perhaps because his mind wandered to those forbidden pictures, perhaps because the sight of Dagma vexed his spirit, he reached forth his hand, and, with a mighty will, dragged down the thick inner blind. The whole affair came tumbling and rattling over the broad desk,

Chancellor looked grim enough, as he lifted it off and laid it on a sofa for repairs; then he sat down to his work, and did not once raise his eyes or slacken his pen.

## XII.

AT four o'clock, a firm but gentle rap sounded on Mrs. Goudain's door, and Dagma, receiving permission, entered. She had never before been within her aunt's room. The whole seemed a picture, and Mrs. Goudain, lying on a rich couch, the fitting key-note. Pale-pink and maroon tints predominated. Even the white roses in a pink vase seemed to have caught the pale flush, and bloomed almost in blushes.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Goudain, sweeping her hand and arm toward a low ottoman.

Dagma obediently took the seat.

"You are punctual," said Mrs. Goudain, glancing toward the little French time-piece on the mantel.

"I suppose," observed Dagma, "you wish to see me about my carelessness this morning."

"Not especially. I have hitherto been well satisfied with your care of the children and with their improvement. It is of yourself—the poor care you take of yourself—that I wish to speak."

"How do you mean?" asked the girl, lifting her brows.

"Really," answered Mrs. Goudain, "there are so many objections to be made on this score, I scarcely know where to commence. Your absurd conduct last Sunday, when that—"

"We have discussed this matter before, Aunt Goudain," interrupted Dagma. "I have told you it should never happen again."

"Do not interrupt, Dagma."

The young girl gave a sigh, and sat patiently waiting.

"The utter lack of delicacy you evinced, standing before my guests and making the confession you made that evening—your appointment in the Square with this Antoine—your going off together, with a dark-lantern, no one knows where—your strange visits twice at least, for twice you have been seen, Dagma, in a street where no girl of your position should be seen alone, and entering a courtyard where only people of—"

Dagma here made a motion to speak.

"Oh, you need not deny. Once Roselle saw you, as she told you, and once, only the next day after he had forbidden your going into that street, your Cousin Chancellor saw you—"

"I did not intend to deny," interrupted Dagma, sitting straight and lofty, as one would imagine a princess. "It is quite true—every word that you say is true."

"I am glad you do not try to shield yourself with useless excuses. Ever since your arrival," went on Mrs. Goudain, coolly, "you have evinced the utmost disregard for all our wishes, in every way. Even in the matter of reading—even in the books which your cousin has forbidden your reading—you have shown—"

"What?" asked Dagma, as her aunt paused.

"Why, you cannot deny that you were seen, a few days since, purchasing bunches of keys."

The accused one did not indeed deny, and her eyes fell.

"Roselle saw you at the locksmith's on the next square; she saw you buying some bunches of keys, and she immediately divined for what purpose you wanted them."

"How perfectly absurd!" cried Dagma, lifting sparkling eyes. "What a suspicious character!" and then she stopped, as if determined not to offer another word of defense.

"If you did not want them to open those forbidden book-cases, for what purpose did you want them?" asked her aunt. "You are silent, because you cannot deny. Happily, keys for those locks are not easily found. Now, Dagma," she continued, calmly, "for your own good, we—your cousin and I—have determined to do what we think best for your welfare. During the time you remain with us, we have concluded it is better that you do not go out alone. Patsy is a good careful girl. She is accustomed to the ways of the world, and, when you go to Mass in the morning, when you go out with the children for their walk, she has received orders to accompany you. Henceforth, Dagma, at least until you learn more of city life, you will never go out alone. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes; it does not matter," said the girl, with a peculiar smile. She sat perfectly still, her eyes lowered, only that strange smile on the red lips.

"I have nothing more to say to you," concluded Mrs. Goudain, in a tone of relief. "Please hand me the vinaigrette on that table. Thank you. I have a bad headache. Close the door softly, please."

As Dagma passed into the twilight of the hall, she came face to face with her cousin. She stood still before him, looked up with accusing eyes, and lifted her hands.

"Well, it is true."

"What is true?"

"The chains—don't you see them hanging from my wrists?"

"Where, mademoiselle, where?" asked little Louise, running forward, her nurse in the background.

"Mademoiselle has a fertile imagination, little one. She likes fairy-tales," said Chancellor, laying his hand on the child's head.

"Oh, yes; she does tell me some beautiful fairy-stories."

"Better than that," cried Cecil. "She tells me how she used to climb trees and hunt bees and row in her boat, and once she charmed a snake with her singing."

"I am not surprised," thought Chancellor, as he looked at Dagma. "Who can understand? One would think she triumphed in what she calls her chains."

Aloud, he said coldly:

"I am sorry you give a harsh name to the precautions which my mother and I think necessary for your safety."

"None the less, they are chains," said Dagma, who had dropped her hands, and now stood quietly before him, her face absolutely sparkling. "But," she added, impressively, "some day I shall break them, and I shall be free."

She walked off as she finished speaking, and Chancellor, glancing after and noting the air of triumph marking the carriage of the dark head, thought she meant only her return to the old home.

### XIII.

"MOTHER," said Chancellor, next morning, at breakfast, "have you been in the studio lately?"

"I, my son? How was that possible? I have not had the key."

"While I was away, mother, I left the key with you."

"True, my son, and, remembering your injunctions, I went in only once a week, taking Patsy with me, and doing only what was absolutely necessary."

"Like all men, I suppose you feared having cobwebs and dust removed from your treasures," laughed Roselle De Maurier.

"Like most men, I feared having confusion wrought among my treasures. Mingo was the only person to whom I confided the care of the studio, and I have missed him beyond expression."

"And your mother informs me that you have not made a discovery of his fate," remarked De Maurier.

"I think there is little doubt as to that fate," remarked Chancellor, gravely. "Mental aberration and drowning—it is a painful subject. He was a faithful guardian. Since his disappearance, every servant who enters my studio makes only confusion."

"Confusion, Mr. Goudain? A man's idea of confusion is order."

"Ah, Miss Roselle, such is the order in my studio, I know just where each morsel of canvas lies, just where each brush can be found, just where—"

"Enough, enough," cried the young lady, in affected terror. "Spare me a lawyer's defense of himself."

"Enough and willingly," said Chancellor, "especially as I want a mystery solved."

"A mystery?" exclaimed Roselle De Maurier.

"A mystery?" repeated Mrs. Goudain, pausing, with her slender hand on the cream-jug.

"I scarcely know what else to call it," went on Chancellor, opening his napkin. "Remembering my promise to De Maurier, I thought I would take a look beforehand at my treasures—"

"To see if order prevailed," interrupted Roselle De Maurier.

"Exactly, Miss Roselle—to see if order prevailed; and I found"—here Chancellor paused to slip finger and thumb into his vest-pocket—"and I found the key wouldn't turn easily in the lock, and, examining, discovered this piece of wax."

"Why, how odd!" cried the young lady, extending her hand and regarding the piece of wax, which the other dropped into her little pink palm.

"So odd," said Chancellor, "that I cannot open the door, and must call a locksmith. I cannot imagine," he went on, frowning, "who could have filled that lock with wax, unless someone wanted to get a false key, break into the room, and steal the pictures."

"Mais, it is what you call an opportunity for the exercising of your powers as a lawyer," exclaimed De Maurier, also examining the wax, which his sister had dropped into his hand.

"Rather, a case for a detective," said Chancellor, carving the beefsteak. "Nevertheless, I intend to ferret the matter and solve the mystery."

"Are robbers coming, uncle?" asked Louise, with wide-opened eyes.

"No, little one. Dagma, you are the only occupant of that upper floor—have you heard any noises? Have you seen any of the servants tampering with that door?"

"No," replied the young girl, stooping to pick up the rose which, re-arranging

in her dress, she had let fall. "Necessarily, as the chapel is on that floor, everybody goes upstairs at any time of the day, and Aunt Goudain often at night."

"Mother," exclaimed Chancellor, laying down knife and fork, "what do you mean by exposing yourself in this way? That room is the dampest room in the house, and you kneel on the marble—"

"Never mind, my son. Dagma, I do not wish you to report my prayers to the family. I am quite well, Chancellor."

"But you are not well, mother. You have not looked well for some time."

"I shall feel much better just now, if I see you attending to the wants of your guests," said Mrs. Goudain, in a tone meant to stop all further remarks about her health.

"Ah, ma foi, but you have not said yet, mon ami, when we may enter the precincts of the secret chamber," cried De Maurier.

"No secrets whatever," said Chancellor, bluntly. "The locksmith has been sent for, and the room will be at your service."

"Mon Dieu! but now my hair stands up. Just see, Mademoiselle Dagma, this big strong English-American cousin—this lawyer: he does not see that the spirits of that room have put that wax in his lock. Eh! he has not faith in a fairy—or a spirit."

"Have you?" asked Dagma.

"And have not you?" cried De Maurier. "And you have not heard—ah, ma foi, they have not said to you that all the floor above is a ghost-floor."

"Hush your nonsense, Eugene," interrupted the sister.

"Nonsense? Chère Roselle, it is true—

each word true. That is—ah! see, then, mademoiselle, it was a time that the dévote made her chapel, and she knew—"

"De Maurier, let those old stories rest," cried Chancellor.

"My father has told me," said Dagma, quietly, "that there was something said of secret closets built to serve as refuge for certain priests who had been persecuted, or who might in the future be persecuted. I think he said the ancestor of our family had once been called upon, in the early times of the city, to save some priest who had been arrested as belonging to the Inquisition, and, when this new home was built, and when the chapel was added, it was thought best to build also these closets."

"And, as none of these closets have ever been found, the fact of their existence," said Chancellor, severely, "is untrue."

"We have a big closet in our room," interrupted Cecil.

"Well, and when may we regard these wonderful pictures?" asked De Maurier.

"To-morrow morning, after breakfast," replied Chancellor.

"Then it is to-morrow morn, after breakfast," he cried, bowing and looking at Dagma, "that I bespeak the felicity to enter with you, and display to you, with the permission of the proprietor, all those most heavenly paintings. Will you come?"

"Do you care for paintings, Dagma?" asked her cousin.

"Yes," said Dagma, not lifting her eyes. And "To-morrow morn," whispered her heart, "to-morrow morn."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MY SOUL'S MATE.

BY WILLIAM W. LONG.

ONE evening, calm and holy,

While we sat upon the hill,  
As the twilight down the mountains  
Came quietly and still—

I watched the fair day dying  
On the grass there at your feet,  
And a silence fell between us  
As our eyes did chance to meet.

And a sadness twin-soul tender,  
And a joy wreathed round with pain,  
Stirred the deeper fount within us,  
As we thought what "might have been."

Though silence stood between us,  
And fate kept us apart,  
I saw your eyes grow tender,  
And knew I had a heart.

But not a word was spoken.  
Has the distance wider grown?  
And, some day, will miles be lying  
Between us, dearest one?

The inner temple tells me,  
On the holy heights of bliss,  
Together we shall find, dear,  
What here we both did miss.

## TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVEL.

### POISONING.

THERE is no emergency in which presence of mind and promptness do more to save life than in a case of poisoning. There is no time to be lost in rushing about distractedly, wondering what to do, or in sitting down helplessly to wait until the doctor comes, by which time the patient may be beyond hope.

Act promptly and use the means at hand. Send a message to the nearest doctor, and let him know, if possible, the kind of poison that has been swallowed, so he can bring the appropriate remedy with him.

If the sufferer is unconscious or will not tell the nature of the drug taken, something may be learned from the appearance of the mouth, the odor of the breath, or the symptoms in the case. Perhaps the bottle or paper that has contained the poison may be easily found. Set someone to look for it while the emetic is being prepared.

The poisons most commonly swallowed, either intentionally or by mistake, are opium in its various preparations, as paregoric, laudanum, morphia, codeia, or some of the soothing-syrups given to children, nearly all of which contain a narcotic.

Strychnia and nux vomica, aconite, atropia and belladonna, digitalis, hyoscyamus, and camphor, all used as medicine, are generally taken in an overdose by mistake.

Carbolic acid, strong ammonia, sugar of lead, and chloroform are often given by accident, a bottle of liniment being mistaken for a medicine-bottle.

Oxalic acid is used in some households for cleaning brasses, and children sometimes swallow enough phosphorus to be dangerous by eating the tops of matches. Corrosive sublimate is much used in contagious diseases as a disinfectant, and may be taken accidentally, as the solution looks like pure water.

If the poison be a narcotic, as opium, belladonna, etc., the patient will be sleepy and stupid, soon becoming insensible and breathing heavily. The pupils of the eyes may be

contracted to a pin-point or widely dilated; there may be convulsions.

If the poison be an irritating one, as arsenic, corrosive sublimate, etc., there will be nausea and vomiting, severe pain in the abdomen, faintness, purging, and the extremities may be cold and the pulse weak.

In all cases, the first thing to be done is to get the poison out of the stomach. This is most easily managed by an emetic.

Lukewarm water may do this; if it is greasy, so much the better. Give a glassful, then put the finger down the throat as far as possible and tickle it. This alone will sometimes cause vomiting, if no water is to be had.

A simple emetic is one tablespoonful of ground mustard, stirred into a cupful of tepid water; or two tablespoonfuls of common salt, prepared in the same way.

One tablespoonful of wine of ipecac, for a grown person—and one or two teaspoonfuls, for a child—is a good emetic.

Twenty grains of sulphate of zinc can be used, but haste is the important matter; use the finger while waiting, and try the other emetics if that be not effectual.

When the victim has taken opium, the nerves are so deadened it is difficult to arouse the stomach to vomit. Take a long piece of rubber tubing, put the end well back in the mouth, and pass about a foot of it down the throat. Fit a funnel on the end, and pour in a pint or two of warm water from a pitcher. Lower the funnel into a basin on the floor, and the water will run out. A fountain syringe answers well for this purpose; this washes the poison out of the stomach.

After vomiting has ceased or the stomach has been well washed out, try to remedy the harm that has been done.

In opium-poisoning, give strong hot coffee. If the patient cannot swallow, give half a pint as an enema. In the latter case, it should be only warm, that it may be retained;

if hot, it will be rejected. It can be repeated in an hour. Keep the sufferer roused, if possible.

In any case, when the pulse is feeble and the extremities cold, apply hot-water bags or bottles or hot bricks wrapped in flannel to the legs and feet, and put a mustard-paste over the heart. Give a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in warm water.

If the breathing become very slow—six or eight times in a minute—try artificial respiration. Raise the arms until the hands meet at the top of the head, bring them down on the chest with a firm pressure. Repeat this sixteen times in a minute.

If an irritating poison has been swallowed, give soothing drinks, thin starch boiled, thin corn-starch gruel, white of egg slightly beaten, flour stirred into water, or plain milk. This soothes the burned surface and relieves the strain on the nerves.

When the poison is an acid, give baking-soda mixed with water. If it is an alkali, as ammonia or caustic potash, give weak vinegar.

When the patient begins to recover, put him to bed and do not allow talking or any excitement. The system has been subjected to a severe shock, and needs quiet and perfect rest to recover from it.

## AN INVALUABLE BOX.

BY ANNIE CURD.

This is an upholstered box with castors and a hinged top. It must be large enough to hold the family rubbers and leggings in winter, or it may be a veritable "Pandora's box," containing space for a little of everything. Again, it may be used as a general work-box, or a "catch-all," to stow away the papers and magazines which accumulate from week to week. If made of handsome materials, it is ornamental as well as useful, and will also do duty as a seat, children preferring it to the most comfortable rocker.

Have a carpenter make you a pine box which will cost, finished with small white castors, about forty or fifty cents. Instruct your carpenter to make the top thirteen inches square, with the sides sloping down until only nine inches wide where they join the bottom piece, which should extend half an inch beyond the sides. The box should be ten inches in height, the inside and edges painted to correspond with the material in which it is upholstered. A fifteen-cent can of prepared paint will cover three boxes. When the foundation is thoroughly dry, you can proceed with the ornamental part.

Buy fourteen inches of double-width felt. Cut a pattern the exact size of the sides of the box. Have the goods an inch longer than the height of the box, but no wider than the actual size of the sides. If long enough, the material can be made to fit anywhere, owing to its stretching-quality. Now cut a piece of felt for the top, fourteen

inches square. Buy enough plush or velvet to trim the corners so that they will just meet. Fasten the plush to the felt with some fancy stitches—elaborate or plain, as the taste may dictate. Cut a square of ticking the size of the embroidered top (which must be tacked on three sides to the hinged cover), and stuff very full with moss or hair. Use regular upholsterer's-tacks with small round heads, and, after stuffing, tack down the remaining side.

Next, upholster the sides. Cut the pieces as before directed, of the felt, and sew together on the machine, except the last seam, which must be left open. Now take the box on your lap, place the goods around it, and sew the last seam by overhanding the edges together with silk or twist—the latter is better, because stronger—the color of the goods. Turn the felt under at the top, and tack in position. Then lay the fancy cover carefully over the stuffed top, tacking it at each corner. Do not attempt to turn under the felt or the outer cover, as the gimp will conceal the edge.

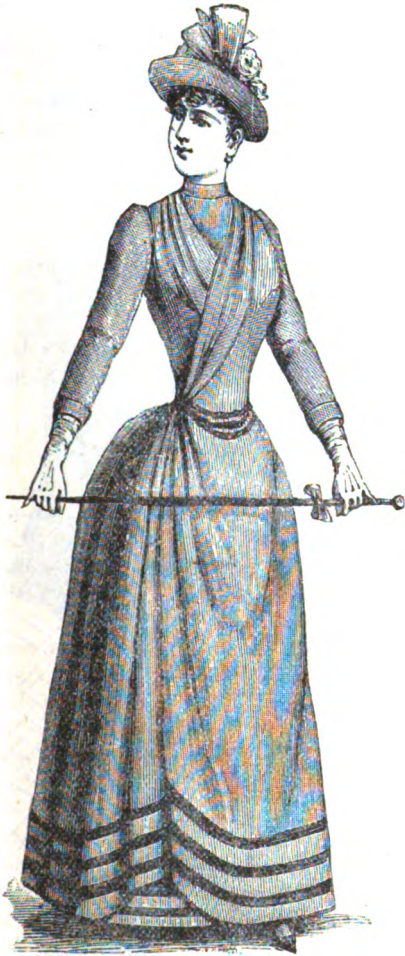
After the cover has been tacked securely all around, ornament with furniture-gimp and brass-headed nails. It will take three or four dozen nails for the top and bottom of the box. The pointed nails are much prettier than the round ones. Olive felt, with olive plush corners and gimp to match, makes a handsome covering, so does fawn-color, with corners of peacock-blue.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

**No. 1**—Is a promenade-gown, of electric-gray nun's-veiling, foulard, or gingham,

of double-width material will be required. The hat is of gray straw, with loops-and-ends of Ottoman ribbon and tuft of roses.



No. 1.

trimmed with circular rows of ribbon or mixed braid; three loops of silk cord to match drape the polonaise, fasten it on the right side, and are carried across the front to disappear in under the under-arm seam. Coat-sleeves full and high on the shoulders. The underskirt is only trimmed across the front and sides. From eight to ten yards



No. 2.

**No. 2**—Is a walking-costume for a young lady. Skirt in pin-striped woolen suiting,

(473)



laid in deep kilt-plaits all around. Jacket in stone-colored diagonal cloth, open in front over a full vest of cream flannel, and demi-belt of gray surah to match the skirt. The



No. 3.

jacket-facings are in steel-gray velvet, and the jacket is secured at the waist with a clasp of gilt buttons. Gray straw hat, faced with velvet and trimmed with cream and gray gros-grain ribbon in high standing loops.

No. 3—Is a demi-saison mantilla, of black corded silk; close-fitting at the back, with long ends in front. A plaiting of wide lace edges the mantilla and ends, above which is a border of jet trimming. Small toque, to match the dress.

No. 4—Is a tennis-suit, of flannel. The skirt and under-blouse is of plain flannel, while the over-jacket is of a pretty and effective striped flannel. The revers and collar and cuffs are cut on the bias. Eight to ten yards of flannel will be required for the

skirt and blouse, and four yards of striped flannel for jacket. Sailor-shaped hat in cream-white felt, trimmed with loops and band of gros-grain ribbon to match the jacket.

No. 5.—Knickerbocker suit, of diagonal blue cloth, for a boy of about six years. The vest and belt are of cream-white cloth or flannel. Straw hat, of mixed blue and white braid.

No. 6—Is a costume for a girl of ten to twelve years. The skirt is plain and bordered with a wide border of tartan plaid.



No. 4.

The full corsage is arranged on an under-waist, and the jacket fitted over it. Plain coat-sleeves, with deep plaid cuffs. This model will serve for either woolens or gingham, plain and plaided.

No. 7.—White nainsook frock for a baby of two years. A full waist, cut low in the neck and edged with a wide fall of fine embroidery. Full sleeves to match; plain skirt. The frock is worn over a tucked guimpe.

No. 8.—Is a pretty little model for a dress of plaid surah, woolens, or gingham. The waist is gathered at the neck, to form a circular yoke; again at the waist-line, both back and front, in groups. Skirt in large



No. 5.

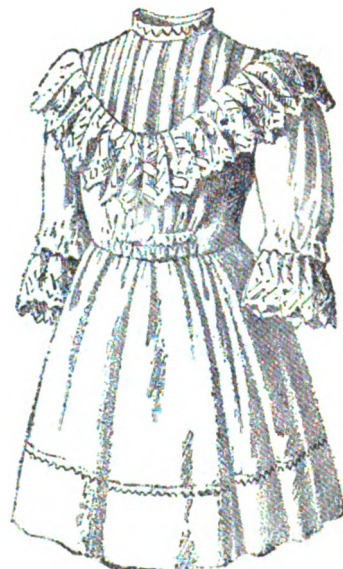
box-plaits. Full coat-sleeves, puffed high on the shoulders. Cuffs, collar, and sash of plain surah to correspond. Highland cap of straw or felt, trimmed with plaid ribbon and cord to match the dress.

No. 9.—For a little boy or girl of three years, we give this dressy paletot, made in cream or light-gray cashmere. Above the pinked-out ruffles, both on the skirt of the coat and the cape, is a quilled ruching of satin or gros-grain ribbon, used as a heading;



No. 6.

it also finishes the neck and sleeves. Soft gray or white felt hat, trimmed with a large ostrich-plume.



No. 7.



No. 8.



No. 9.

### JAPANESE DESIGN FOR CHAIR-PILLOW.

For our colored plate, this month, we give something quite new in design for a chair-pillow. It is to be embroidered in outline, in dark-blue washing-silk—one or two shades, according to the fancy, or only in one shade, if preferred—upon a light-blue China silk, of a very delicate shade. Some prefer cream-white or pongee. The pillow is to be made of silesia and stuffed with down, the size fourteen inches wide by twelve inches deep. The embroidery nearly covers the top of the pillow; the under side is of the plain silk.

A second pillow is made exactly like the embroidered one, only it is entirely plain. Then the two pillows are tied together with three dark-blue satin ribbon bows and ends—one at each end, the other in the middle. Now the pillow is ready to hang over the chair-back, and, when in use, the plain side can easily be turned over. These pillows are very useful as well as ornamental, and, worked on China silk or pongee, can readily be washed when soiled, and then freshened up with new ribbons.

### DESIGN FOR DESSERT-CLOTH.

On the Supplement, we give an appropriate design for a dessert-cloth, to be done in outline, in either black or white silk. The

pattern can be used for many dining-room purposes which will suggest themselves to ladies.

## OVER-JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of the stylish over-jacket, to be made of cloth or flannel; and the wide collar and cuffs may either be of moiré, velvet, or else braided on the cloth. Size of pattern, thirtysix-inch bust.

The pattern consists of seven pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.
5. COLLAR.
6. CUFF.
7. UPPER AND LOWER PART OF SLEEVE.

The letters show how the pieces join.  
Allow all seams.



## MUSIC-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This case is made of brown cloth, embroidered in front with trails of wild daisies. A cloth tab, fastened with a metallic clasp in the centre, secures together the two parts of the roll, the two handles of which are made of cloth. The inside is lined with a lighter shade of brown surah or China silk, or sateen may be used.

## DESIGNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

### KNITTING-BAG.

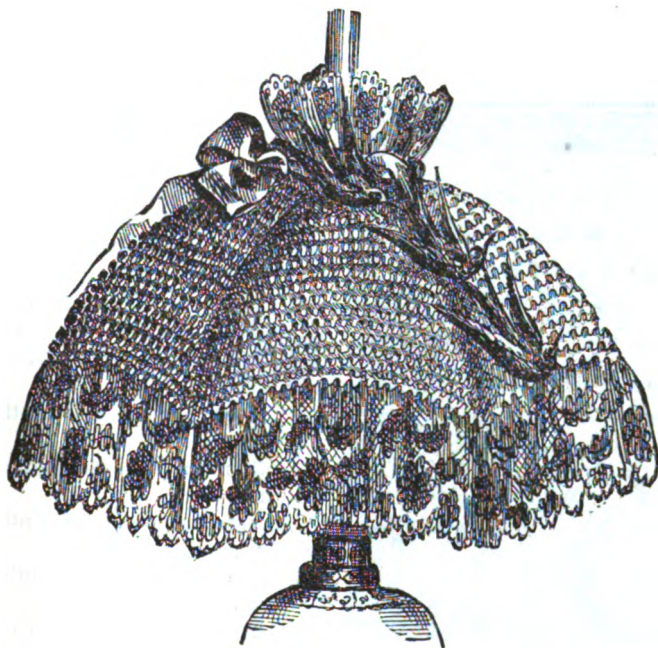


This knitting-bag can be made of any length or width, but the usual size is ten inches wide by eighteen long. The bag is sewed together at top and at rounded part, but the sides are left partly open, and the arm is passed through them, the bag being carried as a sling. To make: Cut out two pieces of dark-blue and two of pale-primrose silk. Upon the dark silk, embroider the roses with chenille or colored filoselle. Line the bag with the primrose silk, sewing all the materials together at the top and bottom, but not at the sides. Put a handsome cord round the edge, and finish the top part with a large ribbon bow. This bag makes a pretty present for an elderly lady.

## NEW STITCHES IN EMBROIDERY.

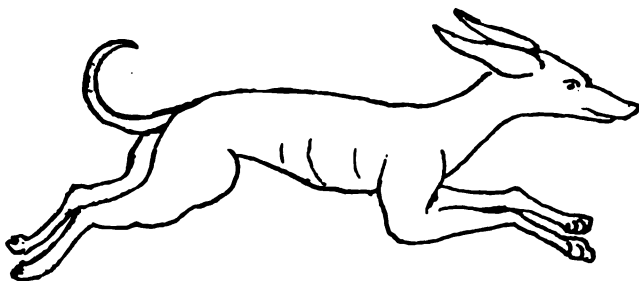
The design of new stitches in embroidery, which we give in the front of the book, makes a very effective corner for a centre-piece for a dinner-table. It can be repeated in all the four corners, or be placed only in the two diagonal ones. It will look best done in coarse white embroidery-silk. Many variations can be made in the stitches to add to the effect of the design.

## PARASOL-SHAPED LAMP-SHADE.



A wire frame in tapering sections is necessary for this shade. It is covered with gauze or thin silk, of rose-color, delicate yellow, red, or any color that may be preferred. The gauze or silk is fluted or gauged and has a flight of small birds down one side. Butterflies or dragon-flies would look pretty, in place of the birds. A lace ruffle is around the top and bottom, and a bow of ribbon at one side.

## DESIGN OF RUNNING GREYHOUND.



This design is simply worked in outline-stitch, with either silks or linen floss.  
VOL. XCVII—26.

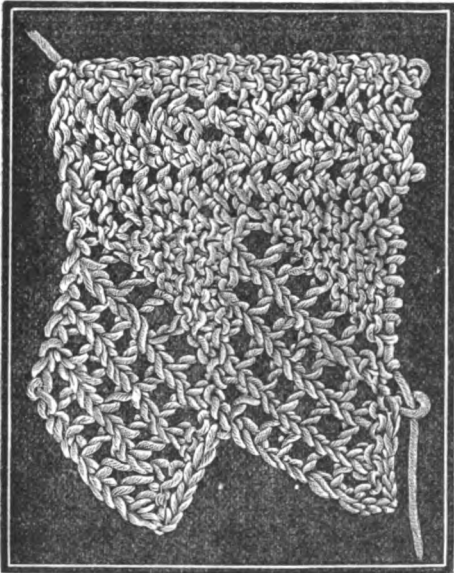
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## KNITTED LACE PATTERN.

Cast on sixteen stitches.

First row: Plain.

Second row: Knit two plain, throw thread over twice, knit two together purled, one



plain, throw thread over, knit two together purled, one plain, \*, throw thread over, knit two together plain; repeat from \* to end of needle.

Third row: Throw thread over, knit nine plain, \*, throw thread over twice, knit two together purled, one plain, throw thread over twice, knit two together purled, two plain.

Fourth row: First seven stitches same as second row, two plain, same as second row from \*.

Fifth row: Throw thread over, knit ten plain, then same as third row from \*.

Sixth row: Knit seven stitches same as second row, three plain, then same as third row from \*.

Seventh row: Throw thread over, knit eleven plain, then same as third row from \*.

Eighth row: Same as sixth row, except four plain.

Ninth row: Same as seventh row, except twelve plain.

Tenth row: Same as eighth row, except five plain.

Eleventh row: Same as ninth row, except thirteen plain.

Twelfth row: Same as tenth row, except six plain.

Thirteenth row: Same as eleventh row, except fourteen plain.

Fourteenth row: First seven stitches same as second row, fifteen stitches plain.

Fifteenth row: Bind off six stitches, nine plain, last seven stitches same as third row from \*.

## ALPHABET IN CROSS-STITCH.

The alphabet design in cross-stitch is a fashionable one to put on towels, pillow-cases, etc., and is to be done in red marking-cotton or in wash-silks. If the same stitches be used, but of a smaller size, they will be found very suitable for underclothing; or, if enlarged, equally appropriate for sheets and table-linen.

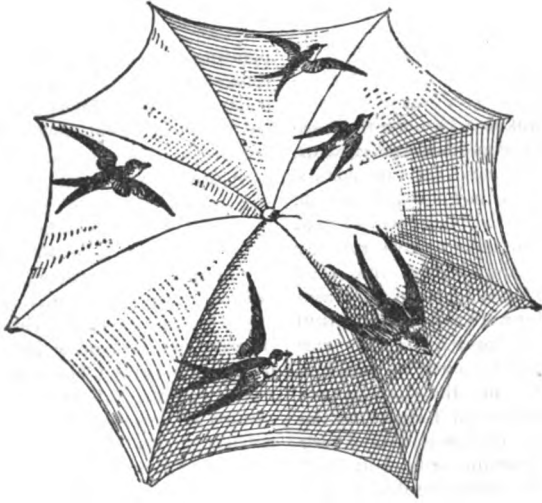
## DESIGN OF ACORNS, IN OUTLINE.

We give, on the Supplement, a pretty design in outline, suitable for cushions, corners of table-covers, or for a shopping-bag.



## EMBROIDERED PARASOL.

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The parasol of which we give the design is of natural-colored tussore or pongee. A skillful needlewoman should be able to embroider this in a made-up form. The swallows are worked solidly in natural-colored silks. Very little work is necessary to produce a good effect. Bows of ribbon, of some one of the colors used in the embroidery, may be attached to the top and handle of the parasol, and it may be made even more elegant by trimming the edge with lace. Humming-birds, butterflies, and Japanese designs may be worked on black satin and trimmed with Spanish lace. The inside of the parasol must be lined to hide the unsightly back of the embroidery.

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## NAMES FOR MARKING.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.**—A good deal is said of old-fashioned flowers nowadays. Some of us are trying to awaken a love for the blossoms that grew in our grandmothers' gardens. Many of the old flowers have got into florists' hands, and are changed beyond recognition. Especially is this true of the hollyhock. I used to think, when a child of four or five, running around the garden of the dearest blue-eyed grandmother that ever lived, that the tall single hollyhocks of every color were the most beautiful things in the world. There was row after row of them. I was allowed to pluck as many of them as I wished, and my little apron was frequently filled. Now, though I still love the single ones for the sake of old associations, I very much prefer the newer beauties, or the hollyhock as it has been improved. They are double as a rose, "beautiful in color and perfect in flower." For flat bouquets, they are indispensable, and can be used for other sorts by stemming them with wire, as florists do almost all their floral pieces. A cross, made of pure white hollyhocks and sprays of smilax or fern fronds delicately worked into the moss filling, is a beautiful piece for church-decoration. I find the hollyhocks are not so frail as one would think; they will keep for several days, if properly arranged. They are really biennials; but they may be made to bloom the first year, if planted early enough. I have planted them in the house in December and January, and they have bloomed well the following August. Of course, it is not always convenient to plant them at that season; but, if you keep house-plants, a few seeds may be put in the pots and transplanted to small boxes when out of the seed-leaf. By the last of April, plant them outdoors in a bed of well-enriched earth. They are gross feeders, and any little attention they receive, in the way of rich food and drink, they will amply reward you for, in the strength and vigor of their growth and the number of spikes of lovely flowers they will send up. To see them grown in perfection is to admire them and wish to possess some.

Another old-fashioned flower that should be in every garden, one that our grandmothers all took delight in, is sweet-william. Single and double now; in a variety of hues, from brilliant flame-color to the most delicate creamy white, fringed and plain, and in great clusters of bloom, the sweet-william is a bouquet by itself. These flowers sow themselves, and by merely trans-

planting the seedlings they may be had for all time. Fox-gloves and campanulas or Canterbury-bells, as our grandmothers called them, should not be omitted; but how rarely do we see them nowadays. The campanulas are beautiful, and, once grown, even though they are biennials, one will not give them up. The colors are rich and rare, and the shape of the flower is perfect. A little attention at planting-time every year, and you need never be without them. The perennial bed, once started in the garden, will after a few years become one of the things you will not do without. It need not be in the most conspicuous place in the garden, but in a side-plot of ground, where you will delight to go all by yourself to admire its beauty. The old-fashioned flowers will carry you back in memory to days "lang syne," when you went for the summer holidays to grandma's and raced up and down the neat walks of her dear old garden. Gather together as many of the sweet old-fashioned flowers as you can; there will come to you sweet thoughts with each, to cheer and comfort you for days to come.

MRS. M. R. WAGGONER.

**ILL-FITTING SHOES.**—It is safe to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred women wear shoes that are too large in the instep. Shoes that are too large in the instep allow the feet to crowd forward on the toes, and the result is a deformity of some sort. When a woman's foot hurts her, nine times out of ten she will have the buttons of her shoes set so they will be made larger in the instep, and, if her toes are troubling her, the mischief is only increased. The button should be reset so as to make the instep smaller and the shoe fit the better. The ill-fitting shoe is the cause of most of the trouble.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**—Butter-milk will take out mildew stains. Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals. A broad knife should be used to scrape pots and kettles. Old napkins and old table-cloths make the very best of glass cloths. Zinc is best cleaned with hot soapy water then polished with kerosene. It is well to keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

**"A GREAT HELP."**—A subscriber writes: "I enjoy the magazine very much, and find the short articles in the Editor's Table of great interest and help. I mean to begin early and get up a large club for next year."

**THE KODAK CAMERA.**—Photography holds a prominent place in the long list of our century's marvelous inventions, and its latest and most extraordinary improvement is the Kodak camera. It is the only instantaneous process ever devised which merits the name, and the wonders it works are beyond the power of words to describe. We have before us several Kodak photographs—one of a dog running at the top of his speed, another of a horse going at full trot, a third of a landscape in which a high wind is blowing the trees, and a fourth of a zigzag streak of lightning. Each and all are depicted with such startling fidelity that the sense of movement is as strong as if the gazer were watching the animals run, the tree-branches sway, and the electric flash cut its path across the heavens.

Not only does the Kodak enable professional photographers to reproduce faces, figures, and landscapes in absolute perfection, but by its aid amateurs can turn out pictures which no professional could have equaled a few years ago. Even a person who has not made photography a study can exercise the art with success by the assistance of a Kodak. "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up" was not easier and truer than the camera's promise: "Press the button, and I will do the rest."

**A GOOD WORK.**—Marion Harland, the well-known authoress, has taken up the work of restoring the ruined monument marking the burial-place of Mary, the mother of Washington.

One hundred years ago, this venerable woman was interred in private grounds near Fredericksburg, Virginia. In 1833, the corner-stone of an imposing memorial was laid by President Andrew Jackson. A patriotic citizen of New York assumed the pious task, single-handed, but, meeting with financial disaster, was compelled to abandon it.

Marion Harland says truly in her appeal to the mothers and daughters of America to erect a fitting monument to her who gave our country a father, that "the sun shines upon no sadder ruin in the length and breadth of our land than this unfinished structure."

**DRINKING-WATER** may be purified with alum without giving it any perceptible taste. Dissolve half an ounce of alum in a cupful of boiling water, put this in a quart bottle, and fill up the bottle with cold water. About a teaspoonful of this solution to every gallon of water is the proper amount for filtration.

**"CANNOT BE EXCELLED."**—The Denison (Iowa) Review says: "'Peterson's Magazine' is the same standard periodical as ever. Established in 1842, it has a standing which few monthlies attain to. For latest colored fashion-plates and good stories, it cannot be excelled."

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

**Henderson's Hand-Book of Plants and General Horticulture.** By Peter Henderson. New York: Peter Henderson & Co.—This is a most complete and admirable work. It is much better adapted to the needs of American horticulturists than any of the English publications, and costs one-third less. It meets every need of the professional or amateur gardener. Full instructions are found for the culture and forcing of fruits, vegetables, and the propagation of flowers and plants. It contains about one thousand engravings of the different species described, and the English as well as the botanical names are given. A series of tables and memoranda on horticultural subjects, and a monthly calendar of operations for greenhouse and window, as well as for flower, fruit, and vegetable garden, render the work especially valuable as a book of reference.

**How to Preserve Health.** By Louis Barkan, M.D. New York: Exchange Printing Company.—The purpose of this treatise is "to instruct readers what to do that they may preserve health." It does not attempt to teach people to treat themselves in illness. The writer wisely says that, as soon as unmistakable signs of disease are perceived, a physician should be consulted. The book deserves careful reading and a place in the family book-case.

**Rothermal.** By Louis Reeves Harrison. New York: The American News Company.—This is a very interesting and agreeably-written novel. The greater portion of the scene is laid in Paris and its environs during the siege, and there are numerous exciting incidents and graphic bits of description. The chief interest of the plot turns on a case of lost identity, which is managed with much skill.

**Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale.** By Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—No American author of her day wrote more charming stories than Mrs. Hentz, and "Eoline" is one of her best. The publishers have made another valuable addition to their cheap series, and we feel sure that they would do well to follow it by others of the same writer's productions, which retain their early popularity.

**Star-Light Ranch, and Other Stories.** By Captain Charles King, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott Co.—This is a collection of tales of army-life on the frontier, a field in which Captain King stands unrivaled. The stories are all capital, written in the author's most attractive style. As one finishes each in turn, one wishes that it were three times as long.

**Two Kisses.** By Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This delightful novel has lately been issued by the publishers in their twenty-five-cent edition of popular fiction. There is much humor in the tale, and its dramatic situations are as original as they are effective and varied.

**ABOUT TABLE-CLOTHS.**—Small table-cloths lend themselves to an infinite variety of treatment, and may be roughly classed under the heads of expensive and inexpensive. To the former kind belong the elegant arrangements of foreign silk bordered with plush, and worked in exquisite designs which stray at intervals on to the plush border. Others are of simple materials, but are rendered costly by the handsome lace which edges them. A novel idea is that of working a table-cloth of fine linen with an infinite variety of colored silks. The more the colors are varied, the better will be the look of the work, the idea being to give it to it as Oriental and jeweled an appearance as possible. Each small portion of the design must stand out as quite different from its fellows, and yet the whole effect is very pleasing. Such work as this may be recommended to those workers who have in their time done a vast amount of embroidery, and who have an immense accumulation of odds and ends of colored silks which it is advisable to use up.

Among the cheaper kinds of tea-cloths may be mentioned those that are worked entirely in white, with perhaps a fine outlining of gold thread, or ordinary linen worked in colors. Considerable diversity of opinion exists among workers as to the superiority of washing-silk over flax thread for such a purpose as this; but, in our opinion, the flax thread is to be preferred, as it certainly stands constant washing better than most kinds of silk. Handsome borders, again, may be worked on ordinary linen over canvas, in Gobelin and other stitches. The canvas is pulled away after the embroidery is finished, and the stitches are then left upon their proper linen foundation. Such work as this requires to be executed somewhat tightly, as otherwise the stitches will not set flat against the linen.

**A HANDY COMBING-TOWEL.**—This useful gift, to be worn when arranging the hair, is made of a pretty damask towel of medium length. Place over shoulders, and fit by taking small seams on shoulder and at back of neck. Add ribbon in front for strings, and decorate towel by outlining on each side of front a design of a brush and comb and a bunch of hairpins. Such a dressing-wrap forms an appropriate addition to a guest-room.

**WHAT A NEWSPAPER** says of England is growing to be true here. "The public mind is getting educated to the fact that tricycling for ladies is not an unseemly, fast, and utterly inexcusable pursuit. Many now ride who never before could see the beauty of the country ten miles from their homes. Unable to keep their own carriage, and the journey by rail entailing endless trouble, they stayed in-doors or potted about within a radius of some six miles."

**HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.**—For the benefit of many of our new subscribers, who ask how to transfer the patterns upon the Supplement, we give the simplest way of doing it: which is, to provide themselves with one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the traced pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to anyone who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and three cents for postage: postage-stamps will do.

**MANY A BOY OR GIRL** becomes discontented with home when all is kept in disorder and there is nothing pretty or attractive. Of course, the fairest home and loveliest surroundings will not always suffice, but still they have much to do in making the younger members of the family think there is no place like the roof-tree. So all that can be done should, and the talent and power of each member of the family called into action by being asked to contribute toward it.

**CHANGE** from a bed to a hammock is often very beneficial to a sick person who is not too weak to be moved. It is a pleasant variation; the soft yielding folds support but do not tire the body, and sleep is more refreshing than in a bed. The patient should be warmly wrapped up while in the hammock.

**ROSE BUSHES** and trees must be watched for the worm that curls itself in a green leaf, which if not pinched off infects the whole bush, and destroys it for blooming in the present year.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**MARION HARLAND** has written a book of nearly sixty-four pages, entitled "Our Baby's First and Second Years," which contains most valuable information regarding the care of infants through the troublesome term of nursing and teething, also contains valuable hints about the treatment of diphtheria, scarlet fever, and cholera infantum. This book is published by Messrs. Reed and Carnrick, of New York, and they will send it free upon application.

**FOR THE COMPLEXION** and for light cutaneous affections, Crème Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

## NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

## No. XIX. THE MILK DIET.

The real value of milk as a diet seems to be but little known, and its great vitalizing properties but little appreciated, by the great majority of mothers of the present day. Milk has been shown to contain all the necessary elements for the sustenance of animal infantile life, and there is no question that it is unequaled as a medium of nourishment.

Milk and its products are fully appreciated in the general household economy, as their multifarious uses in various domestic preparations fully prove; but milk as an exclusive diet for young children, which is its more important use, is unhappily too much ignored.

Mothers too early take their infants in their arms to the table, and too soon give "baby a sip of mother's tea or coffee," and thus early in infantile life a natural taste for milk becomes vitiated.

The proper use of a milk diet for infants is a most important subject, and it should never be deprived of its mother's milk if at all possible, for no other milk of animals or artificial substitute can fully fill its place.

The milk of the human species contains more sugar than that of the cow, but less than half as much caseine (cheese-principle), and will remain sweet much longer, and is therefore much more readily digested—containing more peptone. In other words, cow's milk contains almost as much caseine (cheesy matter) as sugar, and is therefore much harder to digest, while it contains much less nourishment.

When resort is had to cow's milk to feed infants or very young children, it is advised to remove the cream in a measure, as we thereby lessen the amount of caseine, which is too rich for the weak digestive organs of early existence. Boiled milk—or milk brought to the boiling-point, rather—will digest sooner than that fresh from the cow, and is soothing in its effects generally. Goat's milk is sometimes resorted to by mothers—especially those of Scotch or Irish descent—of feeble children, under the impression that it comes nearer to human milk. This, however, is one of the many popular errors of the masses, as goat's milk by analysis contains nearly equal portions of caseine and sugar. Ass's milk, in point of nutrient value, is claimed to be the nearest to mother's milk, and is well retained by the weakest stomach. It contains very little fat and a large proportion of sugar, and is consequently far superior to cow's milk as nutriment. Mare's milk, also, like the human, contains a much larger proportion of sugar than caseine, is easily digested, and is well adapted to the use of

children and grown persons of a general weak condition.

The Tartars are among the most robust tribes of the East, and to the habitual use of mare's milk they ascribe their physique and rugged health. Prof. Vaughan has proved from experience (so he says) that food prepared from "foods" to which milk must be added is not suitable for children who are suffering from summer diarrhoea. Foods for children should contain a large per cent. of milk solids obtained by the evaporation of milk in vacuo, partially and uniformly digested, by experienced chemists, so as to break up the firm consistency of the caseine of the cow's milk, which then becomes more like human milk. The Lactated Food, Carnrick's Soluble Food, etc., are the most suitable foods for children's use.

THE GREAT SUCCESS of the Royal Baking-Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening-power. All the scientific knowledge, care, and skill attained by a twenty years' practical experience are contributed toward this end, and no pharmaceutical preparation can be dispensed with a greater accuracy, precision, and exactness. Every article used is absolutely pure. A number of chemists are employed to test the strength of each ingredient, so that its exact power and effect in combination with its co-ingredients is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used, or the manufacture of the powder, who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business. As a consequence, the Royal Baking-Powder is of the highest grade of excellence, always pure, wholesome, and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its powers and produce the same and the highest leavening effect in any climate, at any time. The Government chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking-Powder at the head of the list for the strength, purity, and wholesomeness, and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

## DESSERTS.

*French Rice-Pudding.*—Pick and wash in two or three waters a couple of handfuls of rice, and put it to cook in rather less than a quart of milk, sweetened to taste, and with the addition of the

thin rind of one lemon cut in one piece, and a small stick of cinnamon. Let the rice simmer gently until it has absorbed all the milk. Turn it out into a basin, and, when cold, remove the lemon-rind and cinnamon. Then stir into it the yolks of four eggs and one whole egg beaten up, add a small quantity of candied citron cut into small pieces, and mix it well in. Butter and breadcrumb a plain tin mold, put the mixture into it, and bake in a quick oven for about half an hour. To ascertain when the pudding is done, insert a bright trussing-needle into it; it will come out clean when the pudding is done.

*Apple Compote.*—Peel, core, and halve six large apples, trimming them so as to get them all of a size; drop them, as they are done, into cold water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it, to prevent their turning brown. Have ready a strong syrup, made with a pound of sugar and one quart of water, boiling hot; put the apples into this, with the thin rind of a lemon and two or three cloves. As soon as they are cooked—great care must be taken that they do not break—take them out and arrange them on a glass dish, concave side uppermost; place a piece of currant jelly in the hollow of each apple, then well reduce the syrup, and, when cold, pour as much of it as is necessary under the apples.

*Curd Cheese-Cake.*—Take a gill of curds, a tablespoonful of currants, and a piece of butter the size of a large walnut; mix them together, and add sugar and nutmeg to taste. Have some good paste ready, line some tea-cake tins with it, put in the curds, and bake a nice brown. A few drops of essence of lemon are an improvement. To make the curds, put some new milk into a basin, and place it near the fire until it is the warmth of milk fresh brought from the cow, then put in a small piece of alum, still keeping the milk in a warm place; when it is turned to curds, put it into a piece of clean strong muslin, and drain off the whey.

## CAKES.

*Silver-Cake.*—The whites of sixteen eggs, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of flour. Beat the eggs stiff; add the sugar and butter, creamed together; stir in the flour; add two ounces of almonds, sweet and bitter mixed; blanch and beat them to a paste with rose-water.

*Golden-Cake.*—Take the yolks of sixteen eggs, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of flour. Beat the eggs light; add the butter and sugar, creamed, and then the flour. Season with lemon, vanilla, or almonds.

## SANITARY AND WARDROBE.

*Quickly-Made Beef-Tea.*—Take the juice and meat together, and put it on a slow fire. Let it boil for not longer than five minutes, strain it, and it is ready for use. If it has been carefully scraped, there will be no fat upon it; but, if there should be some, it can easily be removed with

paper. Salt must be added to taste. *Another quick method:* Scrape the beef as before, and remember that it is useless to put in gristle or sinew, because in none of these quick methods is there sufficient time to cook it. Set the meat over a very slow fire without water for a quarter of an hour, then add warm water and simmer for half an hour or longer.

*Fruit Jelly,* as apple, raspberry, plum, or currant jelly, converted instantly into a refreshing drink, night or day, and most beneficial for invalids. Put a small tablespoonful of currant jelly in a tumblerful of boiling water, add to this ten grains of tartaric acid; when it is cold, to be then drunk.

*Tincture of Roses.*—Take the leaves of the common rose; place them, without pressing, in a large-mouthed bottle; pour some good spirits-of-wine over them, seal the bottle securely, and let them remain in a dry place for a month or two.

*To Perfume Linen.*—Rose-leaves dried in the shade, cloves beaten to a powder, mace scraped. Mix them together, and put the composition into bags.

THE O. & O. Tea enjoys a popularity that has been fairly earned, and its superior quality is due to the fact that it is the result of years of study by experts who have devoted their entire attention to the blending of the best grades of tea. It is of exquisite flavor, and has the great merit of being more economical in the end than the lower grades of tea, which are not only less pure, but deficient in strength. It is imported direct from the plantations and sold to the retail grocers, so there are no intermediate profits.

## FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FINE WOOLEN PLAID. The skirt opens like a coat in front, over a plain piece of the plaid, and is faced with silk of one of the colors of the plaid. The round waist is worn with a broad belt. A double row of buttons ornaments the bodice and part-way down the skirt. High coat-sleeves. Black straw hat, trimmed with velvet and stiff wings.

FIG. II.—BOATING-DRESS, OF DELICATE FAWN-COLORED SERGE. The front is slightly draped and raised on the right side, and trimmed with panels of light-blue serge. The bodice has a very large rolling collar of the blue serge, with cross-stripes. Collar and cuffs of the same. Sailor-shaped straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF HAVANA-COLORED SATEEN. The slightly-draped skirt is trimmed on the left side by a jabot of white lace. The plaited bodice has a vest, cuffs, and collar of the same lace. Hat of black lace, trimmed with primroses.

FIG. IV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF CARDINAL-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is quite plain, very closely plaited, and trimmed at the bottom by a full ruffle of black lace; above this, several rows of very narrow black ribbon are run through the veiling. The bodice, of veiling, is full and worn under another of black brocade cut in a point back and front; on the left side, it is left full, not being taken in at the seams, and terminates in long pointed ends which fall nearly to the feet. Full-plaited loose sleeves, with lace ruffles. Hat of black straw, with long ostrich-plumes.

FIG. V.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF WHITE FOULARD, figured with yellow chrysanthemums. The plain skirt is slightly lifted on the left side, to show the underskirt faced with light-blue silk. The full bodice is crossed in front by three bands of blue ribbon, fastened on the left side by small bows. Long ends and loops of blue ribbon fall on the skirt. The jacket, of light-blue foulard, is lined with white foulard, has wide *Directoire* lappels, faced with the white foulard. The high sleeves have cuffs of the white foulard. A foulard ruffle under three narrow bands of blue ribbon forms the collar. Hat of white straw, faced with white foulard and trimmed with bunches of chrysanthemums.

FIG. VI.—YOUNG LADY'S AFTERNOON-GOWN, OF TARTAN CHEVIOT. Sleeveless vest-bodice and draped skirt of the plaid. The skirt is slashed on the side, and both skirt and bodice are cut on the bias. The vest, full sleeves, and underskirt are all of silk corresponding with the plaid, and arranged in accordion-plaitings. Neck and wrist bands crossed with tinsel braid, likewise the pointed waistband.

FIG. VII.—BONNET, OF FANCY STRAW, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Roses with leaves and stems adorn the crown. Strings of narrow velvet cross at the back and tie under the chin.

FIG. VIII.—NEW-STYLE SUMMER BODICE. Yoke, cuffs, and collar are of plain surah, China silk, gingham, or sateen, while the dress is of figured material to correspond. Watered ribbons tie around the waist, terminating in long loops-and-ends at the back.

FIG. IX.—TOQUE, IN SOFT SILK OR CRÈPE, with velvet for the brim. A band of gilt beads and a crescent-shaped ornament in gilt adorn the front.

FIG. X.—SHAWL-SHAPED WRAP, with hood in self-colored cloth, bordered with silver galloon. A silver clasp fastens the wrap, and ornaments of the same depend from the points in front.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS, IN CHECKED WOOLEN. Skirt and shawl-drapery in the large plaid, the latter being edged with a deep woollen fringe. Close-fitting jacket-bodice in Scotch tweed to correspond with the plaid, fastened invisibly and decorated in the centre with a double row of small buttons. Acorn tassels fall

from each vandyke of the basque. Close sleeves at the wrist, high and puckered at the shoulders. A double row of small buttons, corresponding with the waist, trims the sleeves. A plaid woollen long shawl would make the skirt and drapery. Straw poke hat, trimmed with plaid ribbon and ostrich-tips.

FIG. XII.—NEW-STYLE WRAP, OF BLACK SILK OR CAMEL'S-HAIR. The cut is a small dolman with hood and long ends which are folded up to the waist-line, where a handsome ornament fastens the wrap. Line with a pretty contrasting surah. Hat of straw, trimmed with a wreath of small ostrich-tips and loops of ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE AND FAWN STRIPED GINGHAM. The back of the skirt is laid in narrow plaits; the front is draped and looped at the left side under long bows-and-ends of ribbon of the two colors of the dress. The bodice has a wide collar of gingham, trimmed with a fine-plaited ruffle of the same. Loose sleeves, put in high at the shoulders; deep cuffs, made crosswise of the stuff. This will serve as a useful pretty model for challis, foulards, gauzes, etc.

FIG. XIV.—LARGE HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with bunches of wisteria or lilacs and large standing loops of gros-grain and velvet ribbon.

FIG. XV.—CHECKED BODICE. The skirt and full waist are in plain summer wool suiting, while the yoke and sleeves are in tartan plaid. Cuffs, collar, and waistband in velvet. Suitable model for plaid and plain gingham.

FIG. XVI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF PLAIN AND FIGURED CHINA SILK. The draped skirt is bordered with the figured material. The revers on the jacket, the collar, deep cuffs, and outside of sleeves are of the figured material. Walking-hat of straw, bound on edge with velvet and trimmed with loops of ribbon and ostrich-tips set high on the back.

FIGS. XVII, XVIII, AND XIX.—THREE NEW AND STYLISH PARASOLS. One is of black silk, with brocade of tropical leaves and trimmed with lace; the second is of black net, spotted with chenille and lined with scarlet; the third is of black chenille lace, over a cream lining. Some of the new parasols, however, are probably intended for Alpine-stocks, as the handles are twice the entire length of the parasol, and they are also conspicuous for their bright coloring. The latter only suitable for mountain-wear.

FIG. XX.—HAT, OF JETTED TULLE, trimmed with white gros-grain ribbon and tufts of wheat and grasses.

FIG. XXI.—TOQUE, OF CRÈPE, trimmed with standing loops of ribbon and bunch of shaded pink roses. Tulle veil.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The name of the new woollen goods is legion, the qualities are of an innumerable variety, and the designs as varied



as the names and qualities; plaids and checks of faint shades, spots, stripes, are all popular. The short stout woman should beware of checks and plaids, and array herself in either dotted, striped, or plain goods; while, on the tall slender woman, checks and plaids look well, as do also the plain materials.

*Foulards, India silks, sateens, challis*, are covered with the most beautiful natural-looking flowers, on the most delicate grounds.

*Grenadines, veilings*, and other thin tissues are generally satin-striped, while some of the black grenadines have several rows of colored satin stripes down the selvage; this material is wide enough to be made crosswise of the stuff, so that the satin stripes form the trimming for the bottom of the skirt; the stripes are of pale-yellow, light-green, blue, crushed-strawberry, or heliotrope satin. This grenadine is very beautiful, but very expensive.

*Ginghams* come in beautiful checks and quality. *Alpacas, mohairs, and serges* are very popular for traveling-gowns and general service.

*Tennis-flannels* are of the most delicate colors, and, having a good deal of cotton in them and being woven through, wash as well as a piece of white muslin.

*Skirts* continue to have a straight plain appearance, though in the thin summer goods more draping is allowable than in heavier materials. Plaid silks are used to make up with black grenadines, silks, etc.

*Paniers* have appeared in Paris, but principally on evening-gowns; no doubt we will have them in a modified form next winter, small at first, then attaining to the size of those worn by Marie Antoinette. These are not unbecoming to the figure, if not too large, as they serve to decrease the size of the waist.

*Blouses* are too comfortable to be discarded; moreover, they are serviceable in taking the place of a worn-out bodice, and are cool on a hot day when made of some of the beautiful plaid surahs or delicate striped tennis-flannels. They are not made too long to fall over the skirt, but fit neatly though loosely, full at the shoulders or neck as well as at the waist, and with full sleeves.

*Bodices* are made full or with some trimming that will give the appearance of fullness, or something to take away all appearance of plainness.

*Sleeves* are full and often fantastic in shape: they frequently are of quite a different material from the bodice, but are like some of the trimmings used somewhere on the dress. They are also invariably high on the shoulders, with more or less fullness, according to the fancy; when too high, they detract from the gracefulness of the figure.

*Jacket-bodices* are very popular for house as well as for out-of-door dresses. They are of

various shapes: some of them being rounded in front, like the Spanish or Figaro jacket; others cut longer, as in the fifth figure of our fashion-plate.

*The Medici collar* is popular, but should never be worn except by a tall slender person, as it detracts from the length of the neck.

*Capes* of various descriptions are found to be the most comfortable of the spring wraps; but the rather short mantles, with wide sleeves and long ends, are the most dressy.

*Bonnets* continue very small and are made of tulle, straw, Tuscan braid, etc.; all are much trimmed with flowers, some with the most startling combination of colors. Parma violets on a light-blue tulle bonnet are really beautiful; though, according to old-fashioned notions, the mixture would not be liked. The violet-and-green and violet-and-black are very "chic." Buttercups, roses, poppies, and bluets or ragged-robbins are all fresh and pretty.

*Red and yellow crêpe bonnets* are popular.

*Hats* are large, picturesque, and conspicuous-looking, as a rule, though the turbans or toques are often preferred. Both these styles are much trimmed with flowers; the larger hats with tulle, net, and ribbon as well. But our many and varied plates will give a better idea of the numerous fashions than any written description can do.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF LIGHT-GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is mounted on to a plaited shirt-waist of the same material; over the waist is a short jacket, double-breasted and finished with a deep sailor-collar with pointed revers, in a bright Scotch-plaid surah silk. Cuffs, pocket-flaps, and sash of the same. The sash ties loosely at the left side and passes under the deep pocket-flaps. Large mold buttons, covered with the plaid, ornament the front. Gray straw hat, trimmed with a band and cockade of the plaid surah.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A GIRL OF FIVE YEARS, IN BLUE AND GREEN PLAID. The skirt and waist are cut on the bias and kilt-plaited. The waist has a narrow yoke of blue velvet or silk, finished with a plaited ruffle of the plaid. Coatsleeves. A narrow waistband of the blue velvet fastens with a gilt clasp in front.

FIG. III.—COSTUME FOR A BOY, OF NAVY-BLUE. Knickerbocker pants and short jacket, with revers turned back and faced with white, opening over a white flannel shirt. Soft felt hat to match.

FIG. IV.—STRAW HAT, trimmed with quillings of lace and small rosettes.

FIG. V.—STRAW HAT, faced with velvet and trimmed with daisies and narrow ribbon.

## THE CACAO-PLANT.

At the discovery of America, the natives of the narrower portion of the continent bordering on the Caribbean Sea were found in possession of two luxuries which have been everywhere recognized as worthy of extensive production. It is needless to describe the more widely known of these—namely, tobacco—which has made its way into climates totally unlike that of its early home; the other of these plants, however, since it cannot bear the low temperature of even our sub-tropics, is less generally familiar to our readers. It is, nevertheless, well known by the products. One of the earliest, if not the very earliest, delineations of the chocolate-tree is in a rare volume by Benzoni.

The chocolate-plant is a tree of moderate proportions, which easily lends itself to cultivation. But it must be remembered that cultivation under tropical or even sub-tropical skies cannot be the same exact procedure that is found in temperate regions. It is absolutely impossible to obtain in the tropics a perfectly regular supply of steady help, even in the pressing times which demand rapidity of action; for, as Mrs. Brassey has shown in her delightful accounts of travel in the equatorial belt, and as Humboldt earlier pointed out, the natives are a law unto themselves. Nevertheless, a good amount of work can be performed, and, considering the conditions under which it is



In the reproduction of this engraving, the chocolate-tree, here called "Cacauate," is represented on the extreme right, and it will be observed that it is more or less completely sheltered or shaded by the larger tree near it. It is interesting to notice that this striking feature in the cultivation of the chocolate-plant—namely, the growth in the partially shaded place—was detected more than three centuries ago. The figure in the left of the foreground is said by Benzoni to represent the native method of procuring fire by rapidly twirling a pointed stick in a groove of a piece of wood placed on the ground.

procured, a surprising amount of it. But it everywhere lacks regularity and exact method. The cultivation of the chocolate-tree was formerly confined to America, including the neighboring islands; but it is now extensive in the East Indies, and has even encroached upon African soil.

The flowers are borne in clusters upon the older wood, so that we have here a great difference between the usual manner in which our Northern trees blossom and that which is true of the chocolate-plant.

The fruit ripens rather rapidly after the falling of the blossoms, and becomes conspic-

ous from its size and shape. The form is somewhat like that of a wrinkled brownish cucumber, sharpened slightly at both ends, as will be seen in the illustration. When the fruit is cut open, the seeds are disclosed in considerable numbers, sunken in soft pulp, from which they can be readily freed by rough

as a distinguishing feature of the product from different sources.

Chemical analysis and popular estimation show that the seeds of the chocolate-plant rank high in the scale of nutritive and comforting foods.

The next question is, in what way can these



washing. As a matter of fact, however, the seeds are generally liberated by fermentation in heaps. The masses are left to undergo a rapid change, which detaches the pulp and removes every trace of it, leaving the almond-shaped seeds dry. In color, the seeds vary from a bright-red to a dark-brown or almost black, the color being in most cases easily used

nutritive and comforting properties and the delicate flavor be best utilized? From the earliest times, the seeds appear to have been first roasted and freed from their seed-coats or "shells," and then ground into a paste, with or without sweet substances and spices, after which the mass was treated with hot water for the preparation of a grateful infusion

or decoction. By the Mexicans, the infusion was generally beaten into a frothing or foaming mass. One of the simple mills for grinding chocolate represents the form which was probably used in the Spanish Peninsula, immediately after the introduction of chocolate from the New World.

The contrast between the earliest mill and the largest now made is appreciated best by comparing the hand-mill with the complicated machine used in the factories of Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.



Copy of an Old Engraving of one of the earliest forms of Chocolate-Mill.

To show how much care can be well laid out in a single important industry like this, it may be worth while to trace the course of the product from the tropics to the breakfast-table, in the case of the oldest firm in America engaged in the manufacture.

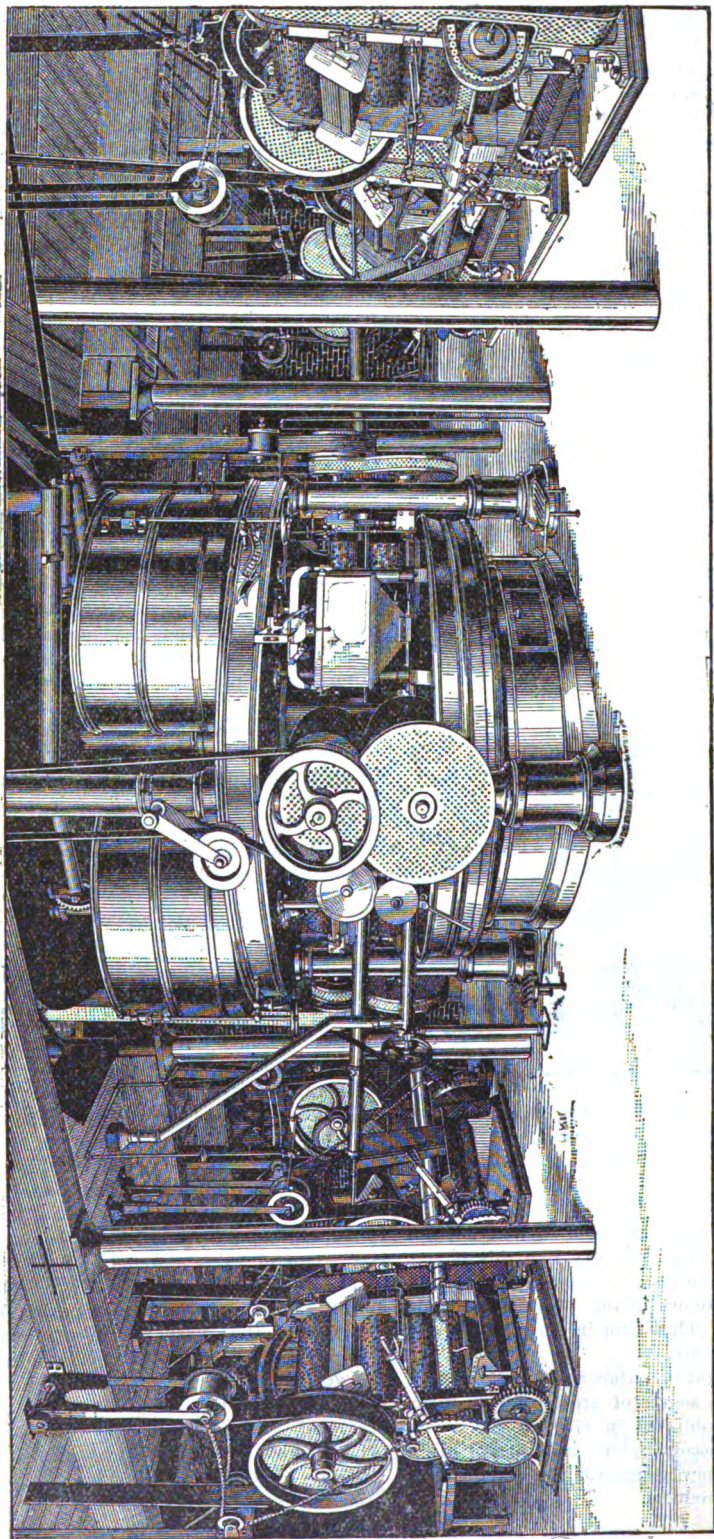
It is of no slight importance to Americans, and it is certainly a source of great pride to them, that a firm established in 1780, in the native home of the chocolate-plant, should still maintain its supremacy as regards the excellence of its numerous products.

In the instance of their chocolate, the prepared seeds, selected with scrupulous care as to quality, are roasted, cracked, freed from their shells, and ground by apparatus of the most elaborate construction. The oldest product of the firm is known as Baker's No. 1, the purest plain chocolate which art can possibly make. It is generally known that certain substitutes for the flavor of vanilla are widely employed, on account of cheapness, in the manufacture of chocolates; but the firm of Walter Baker & Co. has held aloof from all of these, and confines itself to-day, as it did in 1780, to the pure flavor of the choicest vanilla-beans. It is rightly held, that, for a product which has so long been recognized as being without a rival, the best of everything should be used. Owing to the care exercised in keeping to the old landmarks, Baker's No. 1 chocolate has to-day the same incomparable keeping-qualities and exquisite flavor which it had a century ago.

Chocolate-seeds contain a certain percentage of a pure oil, free from rancidity and grateful as an article of food. But there are many persons who find that the normal chocolates possess too large a quantity of this oil; and, to meet their preference, there have been prepared the articles variously known as Cacao or Cocoa. These, when well made, consist of the finest seeds properly roasted, ground, and freed from a definite proportion of the oil. The pressed cake is ground again, sifted, and is then ready for use. In what is known as the Dutch Process for preparing cocoa, the seeds are acted upon by some alkali or alkaline salt.

Walter Baker & Co. have taken a decided stand against the employment of the alkalies, potash, soda, or ammonia, believing that the ingenious mechanical process peculiar to their cocoa is far superior to any violent chemical process. By their method of manufacture, the tissues of the cocoa are as perfectly unlocked, and as ready for infusion, as any of the dark and perfumed cocoas thrust upon the market. In Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa, the purchaser is sure of finding the good qualities of the purest cocoa uninjured by any chemical torturing. By their process is made a fine pure cocoa, which, on the addition of boiling water, is fragrant of cocoa and not of foreign flavors of any kind. It is not excelled in solubility, and it is not approached in purity, by any product in the market. It represents the highest point of perfection which modern science has yet reached in the preparation of a soluble cocoa, and has the great advantage over all others of being made of the best blends of choicest seeds. The marvelous growth of this industry indicates that our people appreciate a pure and perfect product.





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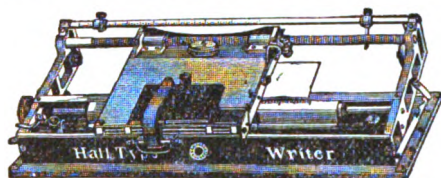
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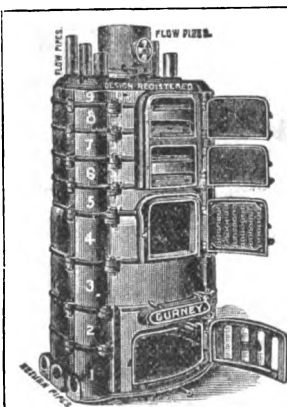
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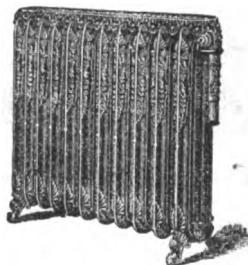
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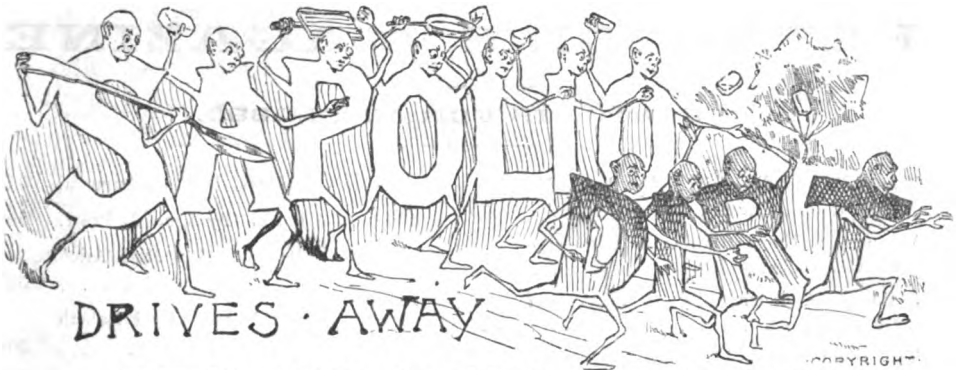
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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1890.

Frank Raymond's Faith. By Anna M. Dwight (Illustrated), . . . . .	525	Mrs. Mason's Boarders. By Clara Augusta, . . . . .	556
When Did Uncle Philbroke Die?—By Charles Richards Dodge, . . . . .	531	A Memory—A Poem. By Agnes L. Pratt, . . . . .	558
Jealousy—A Poem. By Gertie Vivian Guernsey, . . . . .	534	The Story of Dagma. By Miss Alice Bowman, . . . . .	559
The Silent Harp—A Poem. By George Frederick Park, . . . . .	534	Talks by a Trained Nurse. By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil. Emergencies, . . . . .	570
A Love and a Passion. By Ella Higginson, . . . . .	535	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . . . .	572
Life's Wanderer—A Poem. By Zola May Boyle, . . . . .	544	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	581
Two Hearts—A Poem. By W. J. Clodfelter, . . . . .	544	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	582
Some Hardy Plants. By Joyce Ray, . . . . .	545	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	582
For Right's Sake. By Frank Lee Benedict (Illustrated), . . . . .	548	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	583
		Fashions for June (Illustrated), . . . . .	584
		Our Paris Letter. By Lucy H. Hooper, . . . . .	585
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . . .	586



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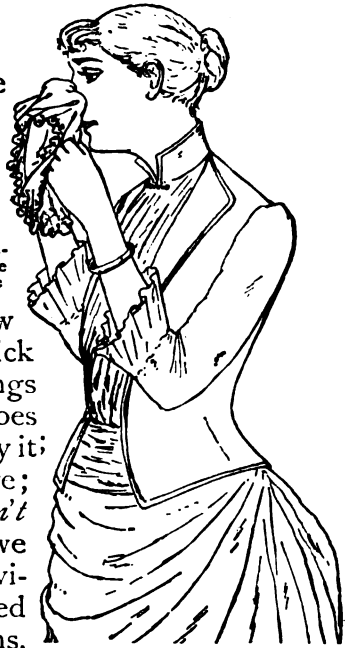
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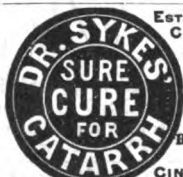
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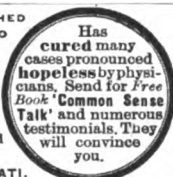
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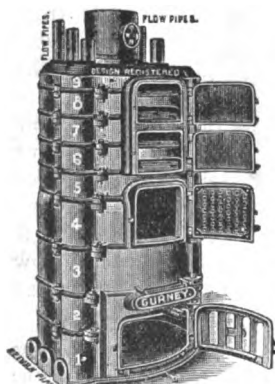


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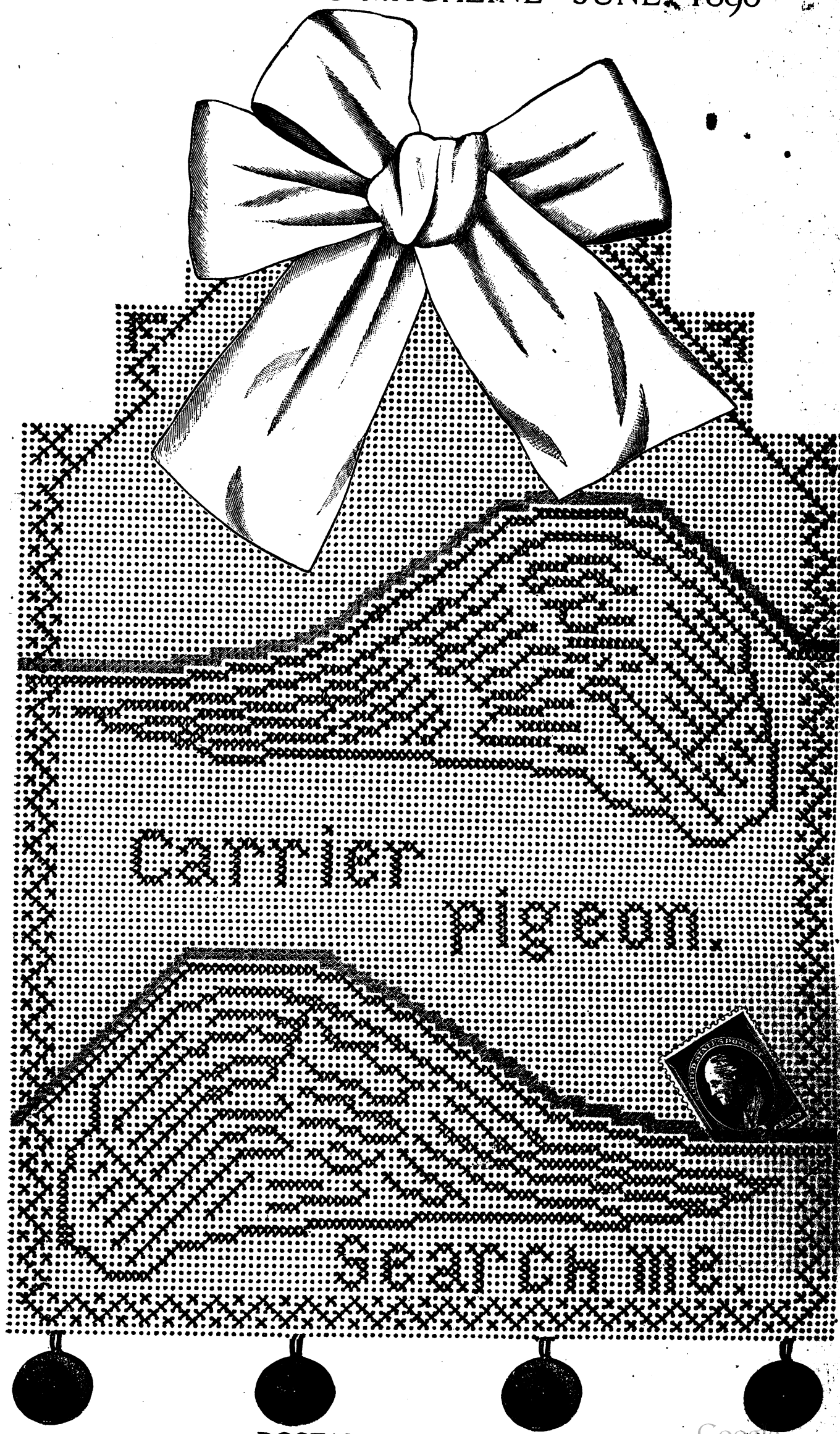


A JUNE TWILIGHT.





PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—JUNE, 1890



POSTAL-CARD HOLDER





HIS MOTHER'S MESSAGE.

[See the Story, "For Right's Sake,"]







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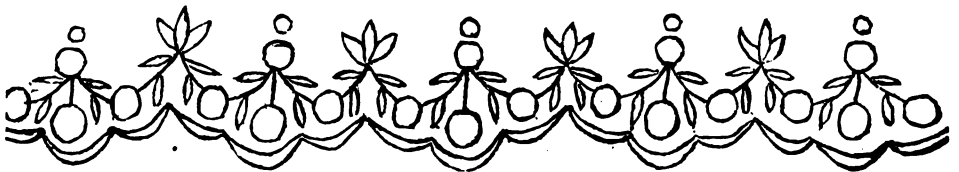
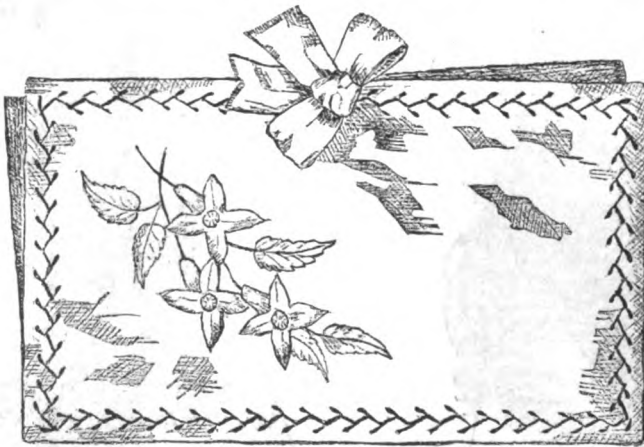
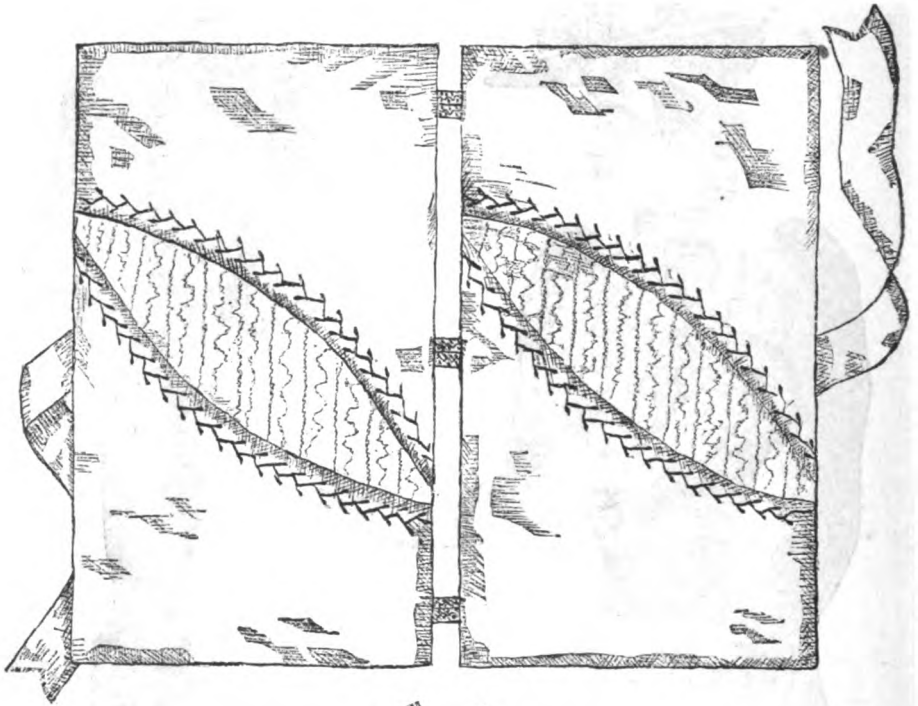




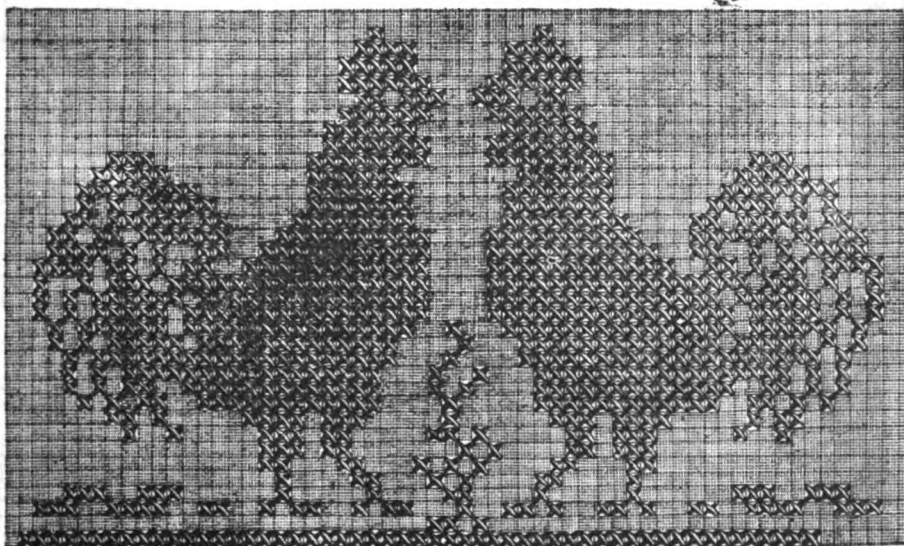
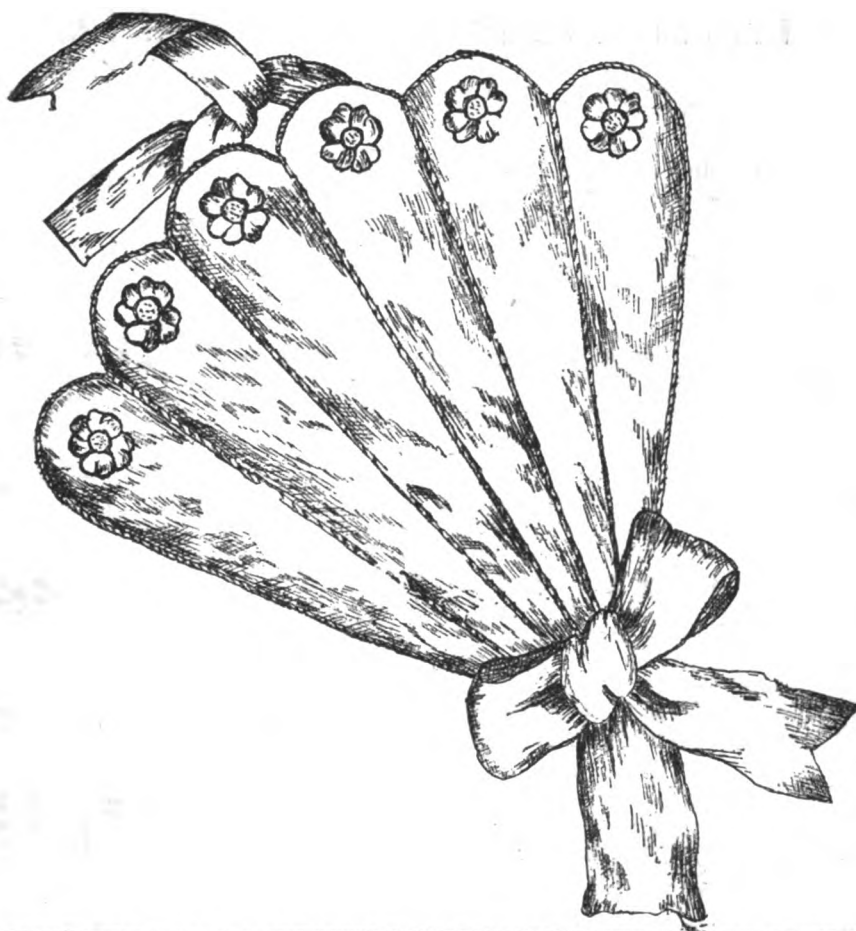
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The musical score is written for a piano with two staves per system. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes the following dynamics and markings:

- System 1:** Treble staff has a melody starting on G4. Bass staff starts with a piano (*p*) accompaniment of chords.
- System 2:** Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section with a crescendo hairpin.
- System 3:** Treble staff has a melody with some rests marked with 'x'. Bass staff has a forte (*f*) section.
- System 4:** Treble staff continues the melody. Bass staff has a piano (*p*) section with a crescendo hairpin.
- System 5:** Treble staff has a melody with a repeat sign. Bass staff has a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section followed by a piano (*p*) section. A marking "2nd time forte." appears above the treble staff.
- System 6:** Treble staff has a melody with some rests marked with 'x'. Bass staff continues with a piano accompaniment.

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1890.

No. 6.

## FRANK RAYMOND'S FAITH.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.



### I.

**A** SHADY wood at noontide on a summer day—what quieter, cooler spot can be imagined? Into its depths, no outside sound can penetrate; the stillness seems so profound as to be almost oppressive. But suddenly the stillness is broken by a merry peal of ringing laughter, in a clear girlish voice—such joyous heart-whole laughter as only happy youth can indulge in.

A moment later, two figures—a young man and girl—emerge from an unexpected turn in the road and enter the wood. Two care-free denizens of that enchanted country—youth—you would say; for the girl's looks are as joyous as her laughter would betoken, and her companion seems thoroughly to enter into her mood. Gay, handsome, and young, two happier mortals never laughed and jested than Ethel and Frank Raymond on that bright June morning.

"What can be more delightful than the shade of an old wood, on such a day?" cries Ethel, flushed and warm from exercise.

"You know I wanted you to stay here and rest, but you wouldn't do it," says Frank, provokingly, proving that the "I-told-you-

so" spirit is not confined to the feminine portion of humanity.

Ethel glances at him in a superior way.

"Ah! but I should not have enjoyed the shade half so much, except by contrast; so I was wiser, after all," she retorts, triumphantly, settling herself comfortably under the shadow of a great old tree and leaning against its huge trunk.

"Little philosopher!" laughs Frank, with an air of good-comradeship that seems to imply some sort of relationship between them, though it can hardly be that of brother and sister. Nor are they cousins. When Ethel was but a tiny baby, Mrs. Raymond had adopted her, and, while children, the two played together as brother and sister, unconscious of the truth. Accident had disclosed it to both of them, and, though a great blow to Ethel at first, it was soon almost forgotten in the tenderness of her adopted family.

Six years spent by Frank at a distant school and college somewhat altered the relations between them. At twentytwo, he returned home to find Ethel developed into a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was, after all, not his sister.

"Really, Frank," says his companion, after a momentary silence, "you are a very lazy young gentleman," and she accentuates the remark with a severe glance from what the reproved one suddenly realizes are the handsomest eyes he has ever seen.

"Lazy?" he echoes, in amazement.

"Yes, lazy, I said," continues his monitor, uncompromisingly.

"Why?" is the astonished query.

"Because you have idled away nearly a month here, and have not done one useful thing."





"Come now, Ethel, it isn't anything like a month," is the indignant protest. "Besides, haven't I been pegging away hard for the last six years? I think I deserve a little vacation—don't you?"

But there is no relenting in the judge's face.

"And then you make me waste so much time, too," she continues, severely; "why, I accomplish nothing at all lately."

Frank laughs, quite unabashed.

"The mother told me, when I came home, that you were the most industrious young woman of her acquaintance; but I haven't seen any indication of it," he goes mischievously on.

"It's entirely your fault—you're always dragging me off on some expedition or another," Ethel defends herself, while a faint blush flits over her face. "Don't you think it must be nearly luncheon-time?" she adds. And the two return to the house.

Three weeks later, the Raymonds are still at their country-seat, although discussing plans of travel. Frank seems satisfied to loiter at home, not even caring for the visitors which his mother suggests as a means of enlivening things. Ethel is indifferent.

"Whatever papa and you prefer; I am quite contented here, this hot weather," she says, "where we can do as we please." So they stay.

Frank still insists on his adopted sister's entertaining him, and she does not seem averse to the task. With the usual blindness of elders, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond are oblivious of what the young people themselves have not yet discovered—they are only perfectly happy.

One day, as usual, when the sun is low in the west, Frank persuades Ethel to bring her embroidery out in the grounds, where it is still perfectly light, though not sunny. He places a rustic chair for her near the great fountain, where they can hear its cool gentle splash, and, book in hand, stretches himself at her feet. She throws off the sun-hat which she no longer needs, and prepares to work very industriously.

Frank reads for a while, but Ethel is not in the humor for listening—she is in a mischievous mood, and begins to tease the young man.

"You seem pensive, Frank," she observes, laughingly. "You have evidently left your

heart behind you in Cambridge. Come, confide in me," she continues, coaxingly. "You know you assured me that you regarded me as a real sister. Tell me the name of your fair innamorata and all about her; I won't breathe a word to anyone."

"Nonsense!" says Frank, almost crossly. He does not relish this sort of teasing. He is beginning to comprehend that he does not regard this beautiful girl as a real sister at all.

But the more Ethel sees that Frank is actually teased, the more delighted she becomes, and she is about to go merrily on, when he suddenly interrupts her with:

"I don't look upon you as a real sister; there's no use in pretending that I do—"

Ethel's neglected embroidery falls to the ground, as she springs up and flies precipitously toward the house, exclaiming hastily:

"Hark! Mamma is calling me."

Frank makes no attempt to follow her. He is wondering whether he was not mistaken in fancying that hot blushes chased each other across his companion's cheeks, when she fled so unceremoniously. Her confusion surely was encouraging.

Ethel does not stop till she reaches her own room and drops into a chair by the window, to let the evening breeze cool her burning face. She is in a strange whirl of mingled delight and dread.

Does Frank mean— Ah, no! what is she thinking of? He only meant to rebuke her impertinent curiosity as to his feelings; but her heart tells her better. It is growing dusk now, and Ethel is thankful—the friendly summer twilight will hide her confusion.

When it is quite dark, she goes downstairs, knowing they will wonder where she is. She finds Mrs. Raymond alone in the drawing-room.

"Frank went for a walk, and your father accompanied him," that lady explains, and Ethel is much relieved to hear it. There are no lights, and, as it is a moonless night, her mother's face is hardly visible in the shadows, so she takes an ottoman at Mrs. Raymond's feet and sits silent for a while.

"Mother," she says, suddenly, in a low constrained voice, "have you really told me all you know about my own parents? Is there nothing more to tell?"

"Nothing, dear. I wish, for your sake, there were," is the gentle answer. "Your

father died abroad, and your mother came home to give you birth and then go too. The shock killed your grandmother, the only relative she knew of, and then you came to us."

Ethel sighs.

"Never mind, dear, since you can learn so little about them—you belong to us now."

There is a world of tenderness in her adopted mother's voice, but that cannot quite satisfy Ethel to-night.

"If I only knew something about them—about my father," she goes on, in a low voice.

"Your mother and I were friends when we were young, as I have told you," answers Mrs. Raymond, "but we had not seen each other for years. It was a strange coincidence that I should hear of your friendless state and take you for my own, but I could never learn anything about your father."

Ethel only presses the soothing hand in reply. The shadow of a coming sadness seems to mingle with the joy that is awaking in her heart as Frank's words nestle there.

When Ethel goes to bed that night, she cannot help wondering whether Mr. and Mrs. Raymond would be as willing to claim her as Frank's wife as they were to adopt her as their daughter.

## II.

TOWARD evening on the following day, a traveler upon a jaded and rather forlorn-looking horse might have been seen jogging along the high-road just outside of the Raymonds' land. This portion of their place was wild and uncultivated, Mr. Raymond having just lately bought it.

There being no fence yet erected between the public road and the private land, the horseman guided his weary beast across a stony meadow and halted under a tree. Here he fastened his horse, and, by a roundabout path, found his way into the grounds near the house, where the shrubbery was thickest.

That morning, Frank and his father had gone to town on business quite unexpectedly, leaving Ethel and her mother alone together all day, for which the young girl was not at all sorry. Frank had pressed her hand very tenderly when he bade her good-bye, and her eyes had fallen under his eloquent gaze.

Late in the afternoon, Ethel had taken



a book and sat in the garden, so busily reading that she did not hear footsteps as the strange intruder entered the shrubbery.

A man of about fortyfive or fifty, his clothes were shabby as well as travel-stained, his face dark and sinister, and his entire appearance was decidedly repellant. A shadow fell athwart the page of Ethel's book, and she looked up with a start of astonishment, to see this unprepossessing stranger near. A cry broke from her, but the man shook his head and spoke in such a tone of command that she was silent.

Mr. Raymond and his son being detained by some complication in their business overnight, they sent a message home to that effect and remained in the city.

Early in the morning, they received an

unexpected telegram in reply. It said: "Come back at once."

Alarmed though uncomprehending, they took the first train and reached their destination before noon.

The house and grounds seemed strangely still and oppressive, as Frank turned the key in the lock and swung back the great door. A servant in the hall, evidently waiting, came forward and gravely informed them that Mrs. Raymond was in her room.

"Miss Ethel is with her, I suppose?" asked the young man, as he followed his father up the broad stairs.

The solemn servant only shook his head, and, with a strange premonition of evil, Frank passed into his mother's room. She was sitting there alone, but she rose on her





husband's entrance, and, bursting into tears, threw herself into his open arms.

"Ethel is gone," she gasped, as soon as her sobs would allow her to speak.

"Gone? Ethel gone?" Both men spoke at once.

For answer, Mrs. Raymond held out a note in the well-known handwriting.

"My dear ones," it began, "can you ever forgive me for what I am about to do? I am going to leave you—you, who are the dearest to me on earth—after all your kindness. But what else can I do? My father is not dead; he has come back to claim me. He is not—no, I will not say it—but there is nothing else to do but leave you. He has proved beyond a doubt that he is my father. Alas! I am very unhappy. I dare not trust myself to bid you all good-bye, for fear you might urge me to remain. Farewell. Yours forever,

ETHEL."

A silence fell on them as they finished this strange epistle, and they looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Does she mean that she has left us, to go with him?" asked Mrs. Raymond, wearily.

"What else can she mean?" answered her husband, sadly.

When she was able to explain things, Mrs. Raymond told her bewildered listeners how this disappearance had occurred. Immediately after dinner, which they took about half-past five, Ethel had, as usual, repaired to the grounds with a book, while the elder



lady had retired to her room. On going downstairs when it grew dark, she had seen nothing of her daughter, at which she wondered a little, though she did not become uneasy until later, when she sent a servant to hunt her. Not finding her at once, she of course became much alarmed and instituted a thorough search. The note was found, and, as soon as possible, she had telegraphed to the absentees.

It was then, on witnessing their son's grief, that the parents understood for the first time his feeling toward their adopted daughter. They looked at each other in a silent bewilderment which added to their sorrow.



"We must set out at once to find her," cried Frank, in an impetuosity of haste, anxious to give some vent to his wretchedness in action, and he went immediately to make inquiries at the station. No one had left there yesterday, he was informed by the man in charge, who of course knew him, except several persons well known in the neighborhood. Then Frank rode over to the next stopping-place.

Here he was informed that a man and woman, the latter closely veiled, had left there for Philadelphia, the preceding evening. Frank at once sent word to his mother, and took the next train. In three-quarters of an hour, he reached the city; but, once arrived, he scarcely knew what to do. It seemed almost a hopeless undertaking; and, besides, they had nearly twentyfour hours' start of him.

The following day was spent in a search which resulted in nothing. Returning home by the evening train, he found his mother very ill, and for weeks father and son watched by her side.

For two years, after his mother's recovery, Frank traveled everywhere, but no trace of Ethel could he ever discover.

Wearied and discouraged, he sat in his room at a large hotel, one day, when a servant brought him a telegram from his father. It ran thus:

"Come at once. Nothing is wrong, but I must see you."

### III.

A QUIET old-fashioned garden in the suburbs of one of our large Western cities, a high stone wall, covered with vines and trees with leafy branches, shutting out the curious gaze. Within its pleasant privacy, a young lady of twentyone or twentytwo, in a simple morning-dress and modest hat, is sitting with two children. Removing her hat, she enters into a romp with the youngsters, feeling secure from intrusion.

Suddenly there is a step on the gravel—someone enters from the front garden; and, turning round, Ethel sees once more her adopted brother, and, forgetting for a moment everything, allows him to clasp her to his heart in a long close embrace.

"Found at last!" he exclaims, in deep thankfulness.

Then, suddenly remembering, she hastily

withdraws herself from his arms, and, pale and trembling, whispers to the astonished children:

"It is my brother, dears; go into the house and play until mamma returns," and, with the habit of ready obedience, they depart.

"Oh, why have you come, Frank? How did you find me?" asks Ethel, in a despairing tone.

But Frank's voice is full of joy as he answers only by saying: "Are we alone, dearest? I have so much to say to you."

Ethel points toward the little walk by the wall, where no one can see them. Mechanically she puts on her hat and accepts the support of Frank's arm, feeling hardly able to do without it. With one hand, she hastily pushes the loose waves of hair, disarranged in her romp with the children, under her hat, while they pace up and down the walk.

"I have searched for you ever since you left us, darling," he says, tenderly; "but my search was vain. The other day, I received a telegram calling me home. I went and learned everything. The man who claimed you as his daughter was dying in a hospital, and sent for my father to confess the truth. I know now why you left us so cruelly. That wretch had stolen papers from your own father, his friend, and palmed himself off on you. He wanted money, of course. He thought that through you he could work on us—that, rather than confess you were the daughter of an escaped convict, you would give him money. He little thought that you would leave us altogether."

"I never would, if I had not felt sure that you loved me," whispers Ethel. "I could not bring that disgrace on you, or on them either. I have sent that man my earnings, but I have never seen him since we reached Philadelphia. I had plenty of money of my own, and I was fortunate in finding work; but I knew how unhappy you would all be about me. If it had not been for our love, I should have staid and told them everything; but I knew you would never give me up—it seemed the only way."

The happy lovers' explanations last until Ethel's charges interrupt them, and, the next day, the doubly-united family are together—never, as they fondly tell each other, to part. A week later, Ethel becomes Ethel Raymond in law, and Frank loses a sister only to find a wife.

## WHEN DID UNCLE PHILBROKE DIE?

BY CHARLES RICHARDS DODGE,

AUTHOR OF "A SHADOW LOVE," "LOUISE AND I," "A QUIANT  
LITTLE MAID," AND OTHER STORIES.

THAT was the burning question which kept me in a state of feverish anxiety for three months, during a certain youthful period of my career—a question, the answer to which, when it finally came, nearly breaking my heart. But why anticipate?

I had never seen my Uncle Philbroke York, for he lived in England, and I was born in America. To be truthful, I may add that I had never entertained the slightest wish to see Uncle Philbroke, knowing him only as a miserly old fellow living across the water, who chanced to be my father's elder brother. In due course of events, however, he died—under very distressing circumstances, to be sure; and, had it not been for a rather interesting clause in his will, I should probably have passed the occurrence by, at the time, with a few words of regret at so tragic a taking-off, but with no great depth of sorrow.

Do not think me heartless, in making so frank an avowal of a lack of feeling; for, it must be remembered, I had never seen my uncle, and, between my father and his brother, but few letters had passed in all the years that my father had lived in America. Of Aunt York, less even was known; for she became Mrs. Philbroke York about three years after my father quitted England, and, previous to that event, he had neither seen nor known her or her family.

From long habit of business thrift, coupled with extreme penuriousness, Uncle Philbroke was very rich; and having no children, and being so much older than his wife, it was taken for granted by our family that, in the event of his decease, he would leave considerable money to my aunt. That was the fact in the case, as I one day learned, though the matter was brought to my understanding in rather a startling manner.

To go back a little in my narrative: By a strange fatality, father was taken dangerously ill about two weeks before the death of my uncle, his malady terminating fatally

in just three days from the beginning of the attack. Under such a weight of personal bereavement, therefore, it may be readily understood that the circumstance of Uncle York's death was soon lost sight of, not only by myself, but by my mother and sister. The announcement of his demise came to us in the form of a marked newspaper, in which also appeared a brief statement that he had been the victim of a steamboat-disaster.

One evening, as I returned from the office—for I earned a fair salary as a book-keeper in a commercial house—mother greeted me at the door of the sitting-room with a long blue envelope bearing a foreign stamp and postmark. It was addressed to my father, and, upon taking out the enclosure—my mother had broken the seal before I came in—I read these words:

"DEAR SIR: You have doubtless, ere this, been made aware of the death of your only brother, Philbroke York, Esq., of Pottingham Corners, Elton, who was fatally injured by a boiler-explosion while traveling, his wife dying at very nearly the same hour, though in a different place. By a clause in your late brother's will, should his death occur after that of his wife, you would be his sole heir. On the other hand, Mrs. York has left a will bequeathing her entire fortune to her surviving relatives, which of course would include her husband's fortune should she survive him, as he leaves everything to her. As it is a matter of considerable doubt at the present time whether your brother survived his wife, or your sister-in-law outlived her husband, it would be well for you to come to England at once, pending a settlement of the question.

"In case this is impossible, however, if you will give us power-of-attorney, we will be happy to look after your interests in the best manner possible, and will be pleased to subscribe ourselves, respectfully, your attorneys,  
HATFIELD & HALFORD.  
To ARCHIBALD YORK, Esq."

In a postscript to the letter, I learned that, in the event of Archibald York (my father) having departed this life, by a codicil to the will, my uncle had bequeathed his property to his "beloved nephew, Bradford York," under the conditions previously stated—namely, his survival of the wife. In short, I was that beloved nephew, and, as a possible heir to an uncle's thousands, perhaps millions, I provided myself with necessary papers of identification, and, with a sum of money representing half of my savings for three years, I sailed on the very next steamer for England.

I will not take time here to narrate all that transpired in the next two months. Messrs. Hatfield & Halford certainly used their utmost endeavors to bring light out of the darkness which seemed to enshroud my uncle's death, but without avail.

Meanwhile, I endeavored to hunt up some of my relatives—distant ones, to be sure—and was so far successful that, in a week or two, I found a cousin of my father's, who welcomed me warmly. He had two grown daughters, quite pretty girls, though rather too quiet and childlike, I thought, to be very companionable from the American standpoint. To speak plainly, they absolutely did not know how to flirt, and could not converse.

I continued to visit at the house, however, for I frequently met there a friend to these two young ladies, a sweet-faced girl of eighteen or twenty, who was not only able to converse, and to converse well, but, if she knew nothing of the science of flirting, looked at me out of her brown eyes so innocently, and yet in so dangerously fascinating a manner, that I soon began to have misgivings as to my own powers of resistance.

She professed a deep interest in America, and never wearied of my commonplace descriptions of people and customs in the land of my nativity. I professed a sincere love for American institutions, and frequently spoke with such warmth that the girl seemed to be carried away upon the tide of my enthusiasm. Then her eye would beam so sympathetically into mine, that I often forgot there were others in the room, and directed the chief part of my conversation to her alone.

So it came about that I fell desperately in love with pretty Mary Clement, and, before

six weeks had passed, found myself seriously considering the idea of taking her back to America with me, when—yes, when I had settled beyond any doubt the point that Aunt Margaret had kindly breathed her last a few moments before Uncle Philbroke. I felt it would be an easy conquest, and, with a fortune to lay at her feet, doubly so.

But, if I had made good headway in an entanglement of the affections during this time, I made none whatever in disentangling the muddle which had called me to England. This much, and no more, was known: My aunt, who was in delicate health, being a sufferer from heart-disease, experienced such a shock upon receiving intelligence of the deplorable accident, knowing that her husband could not live, that she was immediately prostrated, and breathed her last quietly in the presence of a sister and other members of the household, at precisely five minutes past three, this point being proved without a shadow of doubt. Uncle Philbroke, on the contrary, had been so terribly injured that the surgeons declared he would not survive the journey to the hospital, and he was therefore made as comfortable as possible at the steamboat-landing whither the disabled vessel had been towed, his death being momentarily expected. He had lived, however, several hours, his death occurring, as nearly as could be ascertained, somewhere near three o'clock in the afternoon.

Mrs. Dunbarton and her sister, Miss Mills, only surviving relatives (sisters) of Margaret York, who represented the other side of this pretty muddle in which an unfortunate boiler-explosion had involved me, had been very persistent in their efforts to prove that the wife outlived the husband, and certainly the indications seemed to prove the correctness of the theory.

One morning, Mr. Halford sent for me, and, in the course of our conversation, asked me point-blank if, since coming to England, I had met anyone by the name of Clement. I felt my cheeks flush at the direct question, but, before I could answer, he added: "There is a certain Dr. Robert Clement, who is believed to have been near your uncle at the moment of his death. There were two or three other witnesses also, who have not yet been examined, because we cannot obtain even a clue to their identity, through the offer of rewards or by other means. It has

been hinted that they are kept out of the way; as their testimony is important, however, we shall make every effort to find them."

So I went back to my cousins and to Mary Clement, toward whom, somehow, I felt myself more than ever drawn, as I realized that she might be a relative to Dr. Clement, and was possibly my enemy. More than once, I found myself upon the point of questioning her; but, like a coward, I held my peace, because I did not dare think of the possibility of bringing the present delightful experience to a close. I had been told by my cousins that her home was in London, but that she was visiting among her father's relatives in the neighborhood. I now learned it from her own lips, and with it the unwelcome information that she was to return to the city in a very few days.

By this time, we had become more than good friends, and so it came about that on the last day but one, of her visit, I forgot everything but my love for her, and offered her then and there my heart and prospective fortune; for I felt sure of making one, sometime, in America, by hard work, even if I did not secure one in England by inheritance.

Evidently she was wholly unprepared for my declaration, yet, from several little things, I judged that the proposition was not altogether distasteful to her. Then I grew bolder and resorted to entreaty, begging her, with boyish fervor, for her answer. She talked with me for some time, in a kind of half-serious pleasantry, interposing all manner of ridiculous objections to that I was urging so persistently. Then, growing thoughtful and looking away from me so that I could not see her face, she told me that on many accounts she wished to say yes, but that there were reasons, hardly explainable at the present time, why we should not at once become engaged. On the other hand, she said she could not bear to say no, but, if I were willing to wait for her answer, perhaps it would someday be as I wished.

I was sorely disappointed, for the three months which she named seemed an age; and the little "if," which had so suddenly interposed itself in the way, appeared as a mountain to overshadow my affection. The next day, I bade her good-bye, and for a time she was lost to me.

Meanwhile, Hatfield & Halford left no stone unturned to discover the missing wit-

nesses to my uncle's death; they were working with a purpose, and in a few weeks were successful. Then a new complication arose. The statements of the two witnesses were found to vary widely, considering that the deaths of my uncle and aunt had been so nearly coincident. One swore that it was three o'clock, because he thought he heard six strokes of a ship's bell upon a vessel lying near; the other stated under oath that he looked at his watch only a minute or two before Mr. York breathed his last, and that it was ten minutes after three.

Mrs. Dunbarton's lawyer insisted that there was far more likelihood of the ship's bell having been struck on time, than that the watch of the deck-hand who helped move Mr. York after death was right. I more than half agreed with him, though kept my opinions to myself. The case was settled, however, in a day or two; for the officer was discovered who had removed the valuables from my uncle's person, for safe-keeping, as soon as life was extinct, and he swore positively that, when removing Mr. York's watch from his vest-pocket, he noted that it was exactly one minute past three. So I lost my fortune, and, what made it the harder to bear, upon returning home I found that my employers, after waiting a reasonable time, had given my place to another. For weeks I sought employment, without success. Life grew very dark to me then, and thoughts of Mary Clement only added to the depth of my despair, for, as she had not even replied to the letter I had written, telling her of my safe return, I felt that she too was against me. Then I made up my mind to leave home and friends, and seek employment in a distant city.

Here, amid new surroundings, a ray of sunshine at last came to me; for, after a time, I found a place in a large mercantile establishment, though the pay was so small that it seemed to me like beginning life anew. I determined to make the best of it, however, and had about settled down to work in earnest when I received the long-expected letter from Mary Clement. It ran as follows:

"DEAR BRADFORD: You doubtless have thought it very strange that your kind letter has remained so long unanswered. Yet I have thought of you every day since we parted, and would gladly have written you every day, could I have done so. My mother

was very angry when she learned who my American friend was, and forbade a continuance of the acquaintance. I could have told her sooner, had I wished to do so; and I admit I felt a certain prejudice, myself, when, early in our acquaintance, I became aware that you were my enemy. But it was too late then; and so, in obedience to my mother's wishes, I have not even written you, though I know it has given us both pain.

"This is my birthday, and, as I am now eighteen years of age, I am no longer a child, and have a right to choose for myself. It is the day, too, on which I promised to give you my answer. Do you think for one moment that I could say no? And now, dear, let me tell you who I am, for your cousins in England told you some pretty fibs when you were visiting them, hoping to spare you embarrassment. My father, John Clement, was the first husband of the present Mrs.

Dunbarton, her second husband also deceased. Consequently, my brother Robert and I are direct heirs to the fortune which might have been all yours, but which, I trust, someday you will have a share in. And I am glad things turned out as they did; for, had you gained two suits at the same time, people might have made very hateful remarks about me, which they cannot make about you, for you could not have known that I was a relative to your aunt," etc., etc.

That was several years ago. Mary Clement York is sitting near me as I write, for we have been married two years. As to the fortune, I do not wish for any part of it now, as I have a richer fortune in the love of my wife than one my uncle might have left me, even were it doubled in amount. Besides, with a fair income and a sensible woman to aid me with her good counsel, I am accumulating a fortune of my own.

## JEALOUSY.

BY GERTIE VIVIAN GUERNSEY.

I SAT with my love in the twilight;  
She held her guitar on her knee,  
And was singing a plaintive ballad,  
To an olden melody.  
And somehow the music's pathos  
Passed into her face and air,  
And a longing I could not fathom  
Dreamed in her eyes so fair.

Then a shadow fell over my spirit,  
Like the twilight after the day,  
For I saw that her thoughts had drawn her  
A thousand miles away.

Had the song recalled to her fancy  
Some lover of other times?  
Was the old romance repeated  
In the poet's sad sweet rhymes?

And thus, as we sat together,  
We seemed so far apart,  
For how could I guess the distance  
That lay 'twixt heart and heart?  
But she turned and looked at me, smiling,  
When the mournful song was done,  
And my jealous doubts were banished,  
Like the clouds before the sun.

## THE SILENT HARP.

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARK.

OH HARP, whose numbers were once used to  
waken  
Rich melody within fair Poesy's bowers,  
Now dost thou lie hushed, spiritless, forsaken,  
Stripped of thy beauteous wreaths of wild-  
wood flowers.

Alas! that such a change should overcome thee,  
That thou shouldst cease thy lay like bird that  
tires;  
Alas! that death's chill breath should so benumb  
thee,

And freeze the soul that dwelt among thy  
wires.

Is there no touch that can arouse thy slumbers?  
Is there no hand that can attune thy strings?  
No voice to bid thee breathe harmonious numbers?  
No heart to listen while that soft sings?

That hand's too shadowy, that voice too distant,  
That touch too fine, to wake those old refrains;  
The heart that knows thy soul was e'er existent  
Hears but the echo of thy former strains.

# A LOVE AND A PASSION. A STORY OF SUNSET LAND.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE GRANDE RONDE VALLEY," "SAVED BY A  
TELEPHONE," "NIL," "IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS," ETC.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 450.

## CHAPTER IV.



THAT evening, Rouan took the train for Puget Sound. All night long, he lay awake, while the train went wheeling through the tunnel-darkness, thinking of Helen Dudley—

while he watched, in a dazed way, the sparks glancing past his window, and the great columns of white steam curling through the soft air. The regular rock-a-bye motion and the monotonous clickety-click lulled his senses; his window was open, and sometimes, when on some high trestle the train slackened to a snail-pace and there was no rattling of bolts or straining of couplings, he heard the clear rushing of waters flowing along rock floor-ways and the lonely piping of mellow-throated frogs.

Once, he put his feverish head out into the cool night, and saw twin stars sleeping in a black pool of water—bringing a message from heaven, even as her eyes brought a message from her own soul.

But with morning came Seattle, that busy bustling Queen of the West; where all is hurry and worry and confusion; where dollars slip out of one's hands far more easily than cents in an Eastern city; where people work and scheme and kill for money, and the blue sea laughs in the sunlight and rebukes them, unheard.

A few days in Seattle sufficed to bring Rouan to his senses.

"I have made a fool of myself," he thought, pulling himself together. "I have idled away a whole month in Portland

instead of working. Here it is May, and work promised for July not even begun. I must find some quiet nook on this blue Sound, and go to work. I must, first of all, however, make up my mind to forget her!"

So he drifted down that shining inland sea until he came to Bellingham Bay, lying in the shape of a mighty horse-shoe in the morning light, with the green Washington shores reaching almost around it; to the south, the chaste Olympics rise into the purple mist, and in the east the mighty dome of all the Cascades leans to the sky, making fit setting for that ocean-lake.

When Rouan stepped ashore, that May morning, the dreamy beauty of the scene soothed him, and he felt the overpowering desire to write throbbing along his full veins.

A new wooden town, bare of paint or adornment, clambered over the hills that sloped gradually, green as emeralds, to the bay; a long narrow pier ran out into the water fully a mile, and red-bloused village-girls leaned against the railings, watching the passengers, with shy eyes. Here and there, a fisherman stood with his line cast into the water, and a pile of sparkling fish at his feet; two or three saw-mills sent regular whirring shrieks across the quiet air; great fir forests arose, like solid impenetrable walls, behind the little clearing, and the sound of the axe and hammer and occasional thundering blasts mingled with the sweet peaceful tones of nature.

Glancing seaward, Rouan felt his heart swell. The blue snow-capped waves came rolling in, to break into a million particles on the pebbled beach, and restless sea-gulls dropped, with one glistening gleam, down through the purplish mist that hung over the water; while, in the far golden distance, blown sails drifted out to the ocean.



Rouan selected a "boarding-house" in preference to a hotel, because there was a green lawn on all sides, and old twisted fruit-trees, now one tangle of white and pink blooms. The house was an old white rambling one, that had been built before a town was thought of; but the windows were big and low, and the rose-vines that peeped in were already loaded with buds.

A tall thin old lady met Rouan, and surveyed him with looks of mild distrust.

"'ndeed, sir," she said, with a benevolent air, "I wouldn't hurt nawbody's feelin's fur th' leetle money there's in th' board'n' business. But I'm mighty partickler 's t' who I take; so, I'll hev t' know ye's business 'fore I could take yees—though, 'pun my word 'n' hon'r, yees 's most genteel-look'n'!"

Rouan took off his hat with a low bow.

"I am charmed that my appearance is prepossessing," he said. "If you will allow me to come in, I think I can satisfy you as to my respectability."

"Cert'n'ly; walk right inter th' liv'n'-room." And she opened the door wide.

The "liv'n'-room" was large and cool and shaded, nicer in every way than Rouan had expected to find it. He threw himself wearily into a large chair.

"The only reason I spoke o' fit, sir," said the woman, looking at the full blue veins on his brow, and unconsciously giving him a corner in her motherly heart, "'s b'cause I only want Lord-fear'n' peoples 'n my house. Ther' was a painter-feller here onct, 'n' I do think's it's wicked t' go about a-doin' nothin' from mornin' till night but look 't th' sky 'n th' sea."

Rouan colored slightly.

"I am afraid you will banish me, then," he said, in a disappointed tone. "I only came here to rest—I need rest."

"Yees shall stay," said the woman, her voice trembling a little; "yees look like my son—my unfort'nit son, sir, what went daft 'n' killed himself fer th' love of a married woman, sir!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Rouan, with a cold chill at his heart.

"Yes, sir," and the woman rocked slowly back and forth, with her hands clasped about her knees, "drownded hisself off Dead Man's Point, sir, 'n' I can't abide th' sight o' th' water never sence. But yees shall stay, b'cause yees looks like him."

She led the way through several wide passages to another large cool room, smelling sweetly of lavender and dried rose-leaves. A high snowy bed occupied one corner; there were also a chest of drawers, a wardrobe, a small table, and two comfortable chairs; a bright rag-carpet, carefully woven in stripes, adorned the floor, and at the windows were white curtains hanging in full soft folds, drawn back by yellow ribbons.

At one of these windows, a girl was kneeling, her elbows upon the sill, her face resting in the pink cup of her hands.

Rouan, following her eyes, was delighted to find that no trees broke the view of the sea from this side of the house, and that the waves rolled up within fifty yards of the orchard, making a low booming sound along the shore, now that the tide was flowing in.

"Nem!" said the woman, with some asperity. "Get up from thet winder, will yees? Can't yees find nothin' better t' do then t' set ther 'n' look 't th' Sound from ower t' ower? Fill them pitchers!"

"Them pitchers is filled," replied the girl, quietly. She arose as she spoke, and stood, tall and haughty and queenly, before them. In her way, she was the most perfect specimen of womanhood Rouan had ever seen, and he could not remove his eyes from her.

Her form was beautifully rounded; her arms and shoulders, bare and smooth as satin, were of a rich olive tinge, as was also her face, with a warm color lying in her cheeks. Her hair was black, and lay in curling rings about her temples and close to her neck; her eyes were so black and shining, they made Rouan remember those two stars in the pool that bitter night he had left Portland, and his soul grew sick at the remembrance.

"She's not my reel dawter, sir," said Mrs. Mowber, when the girl had left the room. "I jest 'dopted her, though I do treat her jest like my own."

She drew aside the curtains, patted the cushions in the chairs, brushed some imaginary dust from the table with her kerchief, and Rouan found himself alone. Alone—in a big homely country-house, with sweet scents and flowers all about him, and an unbroken view of the blue rolling sea!

He sat down by the window and tried to concentrate his thoughts upon his work. Suddenly the girl "Nem" came before his

vision, as she had looked when she arose from the floor. Why not put her into his novel? A Western tale should certainly have a typical Western heroine; where could he find one more characteristic than "Nem"? Besides, he would have daily opportunities to study her—her dress, her language, her ways. With a long sigh of relief, he finally decided that Nem should grace the pages of his next novel. He then threw himself wearily upon his soft white bed.

"Killed himself for a married woman!" he muttered, a great drowsiness stealing over him. He heard the tide swelling along the sands; the sea-breeze blew shoreward, full and strong, dashing the wet fragrance of lilacs into the room; the droning hum of many happy bees and the scream of a sea-gull stole to him.

"Killed himself for a married woman!" he repeated, now half asleep. "And—he looks—like me!"

Then he sank into profound dreamless sleep.

When the sun sank, like a great wheel of gold, behind the purple hills, that night, leaving its glorious radiance, like a dead man's fame, to make the world mad of admiration, and long pale tints blent with glowing colors across the waters, Rouan, sauntering down to the beach, came upon the girl. She was kneeling down upon the wet sands left bare by the ebbing tide, gathering shells and filling her dress with them.

She did not see him until he was quite close to her; she started then, and for a moment her hands trembled with vague confusion; a rich beautiful color stole into her browned cheeks; her dress slipped out of her hands, and the pink sea-shells rattled down upon the sand, tinkling softly one against the other.

"Well," said Rouan, with a smile of admiration at her confusion, "I am in great luck to find you down here this evening; I have been lonely. Are you ever lonely?"

"Lonely?" repeated the girl, in a tone of great bitterness. "I am always lonely. I 'most die o' bein' lonely, sometimes."

"Not much society?" questioned Rouan, with an amused smile.

Nem looked at him, her fine lip curling with scorn.

"Don't think I'm so small-natured 's t' regret that," she replied, coldly. "I know

all about fash'nable society: I've been t' board'n'-school 'n' attended their receptions 'n' balls 'n'—'n' all those things: 'n' I do hate 'em!"

"You hate them?" said Rouan. "Yet I think that cou'd scarcely be called society."

"It's enough society fer me. I hated all th' girls, with their powdered faces 'n' bleached hair!"

"And how about the men?"

"I hated them too!" she replied, with something like a sob, looking at him defiantly. "Insignificant, curled, pritty—oh, I did hate them!"

"I imagined," said Rouan, thoughtlessly, "that you had always lived here: that you had never been out of sight of Bellingham Bay."

She colored deeply.

"I know what yuh mean," she said, after a little hesitation, speaking calmly, with evident difficulty. "I dress like th' people here, 'n' I talk like the people here. I know better, though," she looked at him wistfully, "indeed I do. When I am away from home, I talk 'n' dress like—like other people. B't when I'm here, they all talk th' one langweege, 'n' I fall into it so quick like; it's so easy to run yer words together, 'n' s' hard t' remember, unless"—and unconsciously the girl gathered the whole truth into a nutshell—"unless yer born to 't 'n th' first place."

Rouan, deeply moved, was silent.

"Only," said Nem, looking away across the sea, with great tears gathering in her eyes, "only, I wish—I do wish—you had not spok'n o' fit. I knew 't all s' well b'fore, b't t' hev 't put into words—oh, 't hurts s' much worse!"

"Forgive me," said Rouan, hurriedly. "But indeed you misunderstood me. Come, let us have pleasanter thoughts. What do you do to pass away the time?"

"I have a boat 'n' a horse 'n' a dog," replied Nem, smiling, though her eyes were wet.

"Do you row?" Rouan looked at her firm girlish arm, with a look of strength lying beneath its dimples—quite the loveliest arm he had ever seen, he thought for an instant: then he drew in his breath shivering, in a very agony of remembrance.

"Row?" repeated the girl. "I should think I did row. I'll take you out often, 'f

yuh care t' go. I love t' go when a storm 's comin' over from Lummi way, 'n' th' great waves beat up about yuh, 'n' th' wind cuts through yuh like a knife."

"I think I would like that too," said Rouan, musingly, carried away by her enthusiasm. "I am sure I would like it—with you."

"With me?" repeated Nem, with a little startled wonder in her tone, her earnest eyes turning to his.

"What a very child you are!" he said, softly, speaking more to himself than to her. In the caressing way that, with him, meant so little, while it seemed to mean so much, he laid his fingers upon her round wrist—as he would have, indeed, laid them upon the wrist of a little child, gently and kindly.

"I wonder," he thought, as he went across the sands alone in the long pale light that sifted over the water, "I wonder if I can forget that other man's wife? I shall try, at all events, with all my strength and will. And now, to write! Thanks to my luck in finding that girl down there to-night, I shall have no difficulty in getting the first chapter."

But Nem sat on the sands until far into the night; until the last glow had paled in the sky, and the last receding wave had slipped away from her feet; until the violet skies were dotted with stars, and soft-toned frogs made sweet the summer air. Then, with a long sigh, she arose and went home.

"With me!" she repeated, looking up at the light that fell from his window. "With me!"

## CHAPTER V.

"Days that are dreamy and drowsy,  
On seas that are sun-checked blue;  
Birds flashing down to the water,  
Zephyrs and bare arms to woo;  
Lips that were made just for kissing;  
Hands that are clinging and cool;  
Music, and passionate kisses—  
Will make, of a wise man, a fool."

AND Rouan was not a wise man; he was not even a strong man. Trying, as he was, to forget Helen Dudley, he yet found pleasure in the companionship of Nem. He smiled each time he glanced at the bunch of flowers that daily found its way to the little table at the head of his bed; he found sweet old-fashioned herbs among his linen, and knew that Mrs. Mowber's hardened fingers

had not placed them there; once, even, his hose were neatly darned: he did not wear darned hose, and threw them contemptuously into the fire, but a tender expression went across his face as he remembered the brown busy fingers that had toiled over them.

Once, he was lying in his hammock, which was swung out under a heavily-loaded apple-tree whose branches drooped to the ground all about him. It was late afternoon, and he was sinking into oblivion to the drowsy humming of bees, when a light step came through the rustling grass, and Nem paused beside him.

He opened his eyes lazily, and looked at her.

"I—I—I've brought yuh a pilla," she said, in an embarrassed way, her eyes sinking beneath his. "I thought 't be more comfortable with somethin' under yer head."

"Thank you ever so much," he replied, languidly. "Now, if you will lift my head—it really aches—and put the pillow under—"

She colored deeply. Rouan studied her with drooping lids, which gave a certain tenderness to his eyes. She blushed differently from any other woman, and he wished to describe that blush in his novel. While he was trying to find words, he felt her arm slipping timidly under his neck.

The last apple-blossoms of the year drifted down, like flecks of white light, through the purple dusk that hung beneath the trees; a wild canary perched—a flame of yellow among the green—above them and poured out a flood of song.

A more worldly woman would have performed the little act of courtesy, and thought no more about it; but Nem was shy, and knew no arts whereby to conceal her embarrassment.

As Rouan regarded her in surprise at her confusion, her blush became too deep and painful to be borne, and, with some hurried excuse, she hastened away through the drooping branches; they closed behind her, and Rouan was alone.

"Well!" he ejaculated, with a long breath, rising on his elbow and looking after her, "she is the most original bit of femininity I have ever met. What eyes she has! And where did I ever see such a figure?"

He shivered and dropped back upon his pillow, remembering Helen Dudley's slim girlish figure and high-bred face.

It was perhaps an hour later that Nem came back to him.

"I thought," she said, with shy eyes, "yuh mightn't notess, 'n' so I'd tell yuh—thet—thet I made the pilla myself—fer yuh. I thought thet yuh might like 't."

Rouan turned his head to look at it, and the odor of sweet sap-filled fir-needles stole to him. The cushion was richly embroidered upon black satin. It was a very ordinary affair indeed, to Rouan, whose whole life had been spent among satin cushions; and how was he to know that she had saved her pocket-money this whole month—it was now June—to purchase the materials?

"It was kind of you, indeed," he said, lightly, his mind deep upon his writing. "You have too much work, as it is; don't do anything for me again."

That was all. After those days of stolen work, those worries over the blending of colors, those secret journeys for chenilles, those happy imaginings of his surprised delight! "It was kind of her, indeed; but she must not do anything for him again"! That was all.

She left him, with blinding tears in her eyes and a swelling heart, and in her soul the first pang of a new-born love wounded in its very birth. What woman who has loved does not know what Nem suffered as she went from him?

Rouan had no suspicion of it. He swung under the trees, and traced pages and pages of his work in his mind, and felt vaguely pleased when the scent of the fir-needles was wafted past his nostrils, and swore softly when the embroidery scratched his cheek.

When he went in to dinner, Nem did not look at him, which amused him greatly. Mrs. Mowber, seeing his eyes follow Nem from the room, said confidentially:

"Somethin's th' matter with Nem to-day. She's allus queer enough, th' Lord know, b't to-day she's queer'n I ever see. Walked a mile, sir, t' pack a heavy basket fer a poor ol' woman, 'n' w'en I jawed 'er fer wastin' 'er time she jest flared up like mad, sir, 'n' said doin' good wasn't never wastin' nawbody's time, 'n' thet's all ther was t' live fer, anyhow! Never did see 'er s' queer, 'n' 't kinder tuk my breath away."

"How old is Miss Nem?" asked Rouan, suddenly.

"Eighteen, sir, this June. Lawsy me!"—and she cast a sharp glance at him—"I don't know what we'd do without Nem. Hope she won't never git married. She ain't got b't one fault, sir, 'n' thet's a wicked temper, 'n' she ain't God-fearin'. Actyully told me onct, w'en I were remonstratin' with 'er, thet she didn't believe ther were a heaven and hell fer folks, unless ther were one fer anymals too! Did yuh ever hear o' sech a thing, sir?" And the good woman looked sorely troubled. "Right down wickid, I call 't, sir, b't I s'pose 't all comes 'n the natyer."

Later that same evening, Rouan was wandering down to the beach as usual, when a strange thing occurred. Nem was sitting upon the sands, and he was making his way indolently toward her, when cries attracted his attention at the side of the long wharf that ran out into the water. A young girl had fallen overboard, and was struggling in the surf. The distance was not great, yet, for one second, he hesitated. Nem turned, saw his irresolute air, and immediately leaped into the bay. Rouan shouted and ran after her, but she did not pause, striking out with bold even strokes. He saw her arms gleaming through the water, and her long black hair trailing behind her.

"How that girl swims! I wonder if there is anything she cannot do?" he thought, as he plunged into the water.

He swam with all his strength, yet she distanced him to the rescue, and he found her supporting the half-unconscious girl until assistance should arrive. She had saved a life; and there was on her happy face a glow brighter than the glory of the setting sun. A boat now came to the rescue, and the child was lifted in and placed upon blankets.

"You must get in also," said Rouan, authoritatively.

"I?" And the girl laughed, still with those happy eyes. "Why, I am good fer three times the distance! If yuh're afraid"—she turned her drenched glowing face to him, and her glance sank into his—"don't come."

He followed her leisurely, his pulses bounding with delightful admiration of her. Presently he noticed that she was swimming more slowly, and, as he came up beside her, he saw that she was panting.

"Help me!" she said, faintly, and was sinking when he caught her.

"Put your arm over my shoulder!" he commanded, and she obeyed, trembling and deadly white.

In a few moments, they reached the shore, and he lifted her in his arms as he would a child, and carried her up on the dry sands. He wrapped about her the shawl which she had cast from her when she leaped into the water, and then held her, wet and shivering, close to his breast—so close that he could feel the frightened irregular beating of her heart.

"My brave girl!" he said, tenderly, drying the wet face with a corner of her shawl. "Do you know you have made me ashamed of myself? Do you know you have made me proud of you? And yet, you little Amazon, you had to turn to me in the end! Ah! that made me glad! You are conquered, subdued, now; you are a woman—a little trembling girl, a little tender child! I have tried to resist you; but each day you draw me irresistibly to you with your pretty unfettered ways, your innocent heart. You are sweet when you are cross, attractive when you are wild and ungovernable, grand when you are fearless and heroic; but now—now"—sinking his voice to a whisper—"you are divine!"

The girl shivered happily beneath the passionate words.

"You are cold," he said, hurriedly, folding her shawl more closely about her. "Come!"

They walked rapidly then, and in unbroken silence, to the old house among the trees. Rouan paced nervously back and forth on the broad piazza, while Mrs. Mowber fluttered about, giving Nem a warm alcohol bath and dry soft clothing.

He waited impatiently until she was finally taken into the parlor; then he ran to the big cozy kitchen, like some eager school-boy, and mulled some wine, which he carried, steaming, to her.

She was lying on the wide old-fashioned lounge, which had been wheeled close to the fire-place. The only light in the room was that cast by the leaping flames; there was no one else in the whole house but Mrs. Mowber, and Rouan had left her washing dishes.

Nem was clad in a deep-red loose gown. She made him think of some sweet tired child, so quiet she lay, so lightly she seemed to breathe.

He went to her more timidly than he had ever before approached her. It needed only

one glance to make him wholly forget Helen Dudley; and, as he came near, she looked at him with eyes full of trust and tenderness.

"Drink this, Nem," he said, unsteadily, kneeling beside her.

He slipped his arm under her shoulders, and made her lean against his breast while he held the glass to her lips. Her luminous eyes sank, unable to meet his tender gaze.

"You are too—kind—to me," she faltered, very low, and one tear dropped from her eyelash to his hand. "It was—nothing—what I did. Who would see a child drown, when a little exertion would save it?"

She spoke slowly, and she uttered each word clearly and distinctly.

"If you were with me," said Rouan, putting away the empty glass and drawing her nearer to him, "you would always speak correctly, love. Why are you so careless, when, with but an instant's thought, you speak so sweetly?"

His voice was tender and his manner caressing, but she shrank from the words as from a blow. Her bosom swelled; she turned her face against him to hide the springing tears.

"Oh," she said, with one choking sob, "you hurt me! Oh, you hurt me so! You hurt my very soul!"

Even then, he had no remembrance of another woman who had spoken the same words to him—perhaps because he had been used all his life to hurting women, also because he was ensnared by an insane infatuation for this girl.

"How could I think?" she panted, passionately. "How could I be careful of my speech, when there was no one to care—no one to praise me—but a dozen to jeer at me for being proud?"

"Darling!" said Rouan, solemnly, forgetting everything but that a woman who loved him was grieving on his breast and that her tremulous lips were sweeter than wine, "I care! I will praise you! I will be proud of you! I am proud of you, my sweetheart, my darling—my wife!"

"Your wife?" whispered poor Nem, sobbing happily now and pressing closer to him. "Oh, heaven—oh, sweet heaven! What have I done to deserve such happiness?"

And then, all in a moment, with a sudden rush of bitterness that shook him like a leaf in a storm, Rouan remembered Helen Dudley.

## CHAPTER VI.

"I'd like t' speak t' yees, 'f yees please."

Rouan started and threw away his cigar; something in Mrs. Mowber's stern old face gave him warning of what was to come. But could it be that Nem had been in such haste to tell her?

He had just finished breakfast, and was lounging on the piazza, smoking his first cigar. Nem had been invisible the whole morning, but Rouan was not disturbed thereby; indeed, he felt no particular desire to see her, now that with daylight and the cool sea-winds had come back the sweet influence of Helen Dudley.

All night, he had been wakeful. He had lain in the pale starlight, with wide-open eyes, listening to the rolling-in of the tide and all the soft myriad sounds of the night—the booming of a beetle, the murmuring of frogs, even the mournful cry of a coyote far up in the timbered hills.

He had weakly yielded to the fascination of the girl's beauty and her evident tenderness for him, and he had mistaken his feeling for the birth of a new love. It is a cold-blooded way of putting the fact, and he was too honorable to confess it; but away down in his heart, hidden beneath his restlessness like spring violets beneath the snow, lay the truth.

He turned to Mrs. Mowber with his habitual courtesy, but a ludicrous feeling stole over him when he remembered that his future mother-in-law was about to call him to account for the first time.

"I—h'm!" said the old lady, clearing her throat; "I happind t' come t' th' parlor do-er las' night, 'n'—'n'—yees didn't hear n.e nur see me—'n'—"

"Yes," said Rouan, reddening.

"'n' I couldn' help seein'—seein' yees a-makin' love t' Nem. Of course"—she fidgeted nervously with her toil-worn hands—"I can't think yees meant anything by 't, consid'r'in' her antecedints 'n'—'n' blood; 'n' so I jist thought I'd tell yees thet the best thing yees can do is t' leave—right away, without sayin' any more t' 'er."

Rouan stood dumb. He was free! Free to step upon the steamer floating down by the wharf, and sail away over the blue sunset seas to the life he longed for, to the life he loved; to the gay fast men of his set, and the languid aristocratic women—the women with

low soft voices, well-bred manners, and delicate, refined faces.

Free! But at what a sacrifice! The sacrifice of a young girl's heart and his own honor! He could not accept his freedom upon those terms. He turned very pale.

"I have asked Nem to be my wife," he said.

A swift brightness swept over Mrs. Mowber's face.

"Yees hev'?" she exclaimed, in a tone of relief. "Oh, I'm s' glad! I was that afeard thet yees didn't mean nothin'. I never thought fer a minute o' yees a-wantin' t' marry 'er. B't I'm glad o' fit: I am glad o' fit, sir; I know yees'll always be good t' 'er, 'n' though I don't want t' part with 'er, the Lord know, yet I wouldn't stand 'n' 'er way with a gentleman like yees. I never dreamt she'd git married, consid'r'in' 'er blood 'n'—"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Rouan, sternly, struck by her significant tone.

"W'y"—and Mrs. Mowber looked at him in amazement—"didn't yees know? Didn't yees understan'?"

"I understand nothing, except that she is your adopted daughter and my promised wife."

"W'y, then," said Mrs. Mowber, dropping her voice to a whisper and coming nearer, "yees ought t' know, seein's yees 's a-goin' t' marry 'er: 'er mother, sir, was a half-breed Indyun, 'n'—"

She stopped, struck dumb by the look on his face; it was as if she had dealt him a blow. He essayed to speak, but no sound came between those white stern lips.

"La, sir, me!" ejaculated Mrs. Mowber, shrinking from him. "I didn't hev no idee yees'd feel thet bad 'bout 't, 'r I wouldn't 'a' told yees fer nothin'—not fer nothin', sir. She's thet white 'n' beautiful, sir, I s'posed yees didn't care 'bout the little taint 'n' 'er blood. Nem don't know nothin' 'bout 't, neither; 'er mother 'n' father died when she was a baby, 'n' I've hed 'er ever sence; 'n' there don't nawbody 'bout here know 't."

Still, Rouan was unable to speak.

"Don't look thet way, sir," said Mrs. Mowber, her voice trembling a little. "'t makes yees look jist like m' poor son afore he went daft."

Then Rouan burst into unnatural laughter.



"I do hope I am not going daft," he said, finding his voice at last. "But, Mrs. Mowber, this is terrible! Is there no way—"

He paused. A look of blank disappointment came over Mrs. Mowber's face. She clasped her old rough hands tightly together, to still their trembling; her good kind face seemed to have suddenly aged.

"Ther's only one way," she said, mournfully. "I know what yees was a-goin' t' say; 'n' ther's only one way, sir—'n' thet one 'll break 'er heart!"

She pointed one thin finger toward the steamer lying at the wharf. Rouan shivered, as his eyes followed hers. One moment, he looked irresolute; then he shook his head slowly.

"I cannot do it," he said, brokenly. "It would be cowardly—dastardly—brutal! And yet—oh, I must be alone for a while, Mrs. Mowber; I will talk with you when I have arrived at a decision."

As he turned away, he noticed a fine lace kerchief lying at his feet. He picked it up and gave it to Mrs. Mowber.

"'t b'longs t' the lady what come las' night on the boat," she said, folding it neatly. "The loveliest lady, sir, b't pale 'n' sad-lookin'. She said she would not be a bit o' trouble; all she wantid was t' lay under these green trees 'n' rest. She's been awful sick, 'n' somebody recommended this place. She must 'a' lost this las' night."

Rouan hurried to his room, and there paced back and forth for hours, trying to accept the inevitable result of his own folly.

"How could I have been such a fool?" he said, for the dozenth time. "To imagine that by making love to one woman I could forget another! I—who have always been so cool! It was bad enough last night, God knows—but now! Oh, if I must marry her, how I wish Mrs. Mowber had not told me!"

He went to the window; but the sunlit sea, breaking into ripples before his eyes, annoyed him. He walked back to his writing-table; but the fresh bunch of flowers upon it sent a pang of remorse through his heart. He threw himself upon his bed; but the sweet scent of lavender came to his nostrils, and Nem's tender happy eyes looked out of each shadow: the soft wind sifting through the vines outside his window sounded like the rustle of her dress.

At luncheon, he scarcely glanced toward her, and spoke seldom—hating himself for his cruelty, yet too weak to overcome it.

When she turned aside a little, he looked at her, and, young and beautiful though she was, shuddered, thinking of the blood that pulsed through her veins.

For Rouan was a thorough aristocrat, and the mere thought of taking this girl home to his haughty people was bitter as death. Yet there was no honorable way of escape—he was sure of that. He had argued the question in his mind until his brain had become dull in consequence, and he yielded to a listless apathy.

So the day wore slowly away, and evening came on. In summer, on Puget Sound, one can read fine print by daylight at ten o'clock at night—such a long pale glow does the sun leave behind it when it finally sinks into the Pacific Ocean.

It was only eight when Rouan, bored to death with thinking, slipped out to his hammock. It was already dim twilight under those drooping branches.

He threw himself into the hammock, and lay motionless, his hands clasped under his head, his eyes closed, one foot resting on the ground.

Softly, timidly, Nem presently came stealing to him; he opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Well, Nem," he said, kindly.

"I thought," she faltered, "you had—seemed lonely to-day—or—or troubled, 'n' thet"—falling back into her homely speech—"yees might like me t' talk t' yees; do yees?"

"Yes, certainly," he replied, feeling sorry for her.

Nem drew a low chair beside the hammock, looking at him with wistful questioning eyes. Rouan reached out languidly and laid his hand on hers.

He felt the girl tremble, and again he called himself a brute for having selfishly trifled with her love.

"Now that you are here," he said, speaking lightly with an effort, "what are you going to say to me? Something cheerful, I hope."

"It's nothin' thet yuh will care t' hear, I'm afraid," said the girl, bitterly. "Only—only—I'm s' happy, I don't want t' go t' bed; I can't sleep fer thinkin' 'bout 't. Las' night"

—her voice fell to a whisper—"I never closed my eyes onct—not onct! I just lay 'n' thought 'n' thought 'ntil the sun came tremblin' right into my room."

"I did not sleep, either," said Rouan, with fine irony. Then, checking the girl's exclamation of surprised delight, he added brutally: "Why is it, Nem, that almost in the same breath you say 'yees' and 'yuh'? If you must speak improperly—"

He stopped; Nem had shrunk away from him, and was trying to withdraw her hand. In the semi-darkness, he saw that her lips were quivering and her eyes full of tears. Ashamed, he drew her toward him.

"Nem," he said, slowly, kissing her hair to soften his words, "if you love me—if you"—wincing—"marry me, I am afraid I shall make you suffer. I am fairly brutal sometimes, am I not? There was really no reason why I should have said that to you, child, and yet it was a keen pleasure to me to say it—to hurt you. Do you think, Nem, that you can be happy with me, after all? Now is the time to think well before you decide."

His heart beat fast as he awaited her reply; everything depended upon it. If she gave him but the smallest loop-hole! If she—

The girl lifted her head from his breast; her tender wet eyes shone into his; her hands shook a moment in his clasp, then gently released themselves and sought his neck, clasping themselves there as though they would never unloose.

Rouan's heart sank like lead, even before she spoke.

"Don't! Don't!" she said, passionately. "I would die without yuh—you, I mean—now that I know what 't is t' be loved by yee—you! Oh, I will be s' careful, 'n' try t' speak as you wish—if only yuh will be patient till I learn—"

She broke off, sobbing. Rouan was moved, in spite of his disappointment.

"You must not mind my impatience," he said, gently, kissing away her tears. "I am a bear, as I told you, dear, and you must make the best of a bad bargain. Nem, how well do you love me?"

She hesitated a little, moving her head restlessly from side to side.

"I love yuh so well," she said at last, in a tone of intense feeling, yet very low, "that I wonder sometimes how I ever lived eighteen years without yuh—you. I love you better

'n the sea out yonder loves the sunlight—better 'n the sea-gulls loves the sea. I love yuh so well"—she said, solemnly—"that I think it would kill me 'f—'f anything should take you away. I ust t' always wish that I'd be drowned while I was young. I thought I'd like t' lie down under those blue clear waves, tangled into the green sea-weed 'n' the pink shells. But now"—she shivered and pressed closer to him—"oh, I don't want t' die now! Oh, I don't want t' die! I should be thinkin' all the time, after I was dead, that you was lovin' someone else—holdin' 'er in your arms, like this—kissin' 'er—"

"Like this!" said Rouan, carried away by her earnestness.

"'n' 'f I knew it," said the girl, yielding to the sweet interruption, "do yuh think I could rest, wherever I was, knowin' it? An' I would know 't! Oh, I would!"

"Nem! Nem!" Mrs. Mowber's shrill high-pitched voice came ringing across the lawn.

"I must go," said Nem, reluctantly. "There's a new boarder now, 'n' there's so much more to be done. I never get tired, though, now—there's always you t' think of."

"Nem," said Rouan, with a sudden good impulse, "I shall be as kind to you as I can possibly be. I have my faults, and God knows they are bad ones; but you must bear with me, dear, always; I will do my best to deserve you. I can do no more."

She leaned against him for a moment, then ran away through the wet grass.

All his life, Rouan was glad that he said those words; afterward, he never again found it in his heart to say them.

When she was gone, he lay there swinging slowly, touching his foot to the ground each time the hammock swung forward.

"I feel as if I were some other man," he said, bitterly. "I am so changed that I do not recognize myself, because I was fool enough to fall in love with a woman I had never seen! Yes, in love! For it was a feeling so deep that it required only her glance, her voice, to make it leap forth into adoration. Not satisfied with being unhappy, I must needs make myself wretched. My work neglected, my brain numbed, my hands idle, I lie here swinging in a hammock, like some sentimental school-girl! I wonder if

such things happen to a man more than once in an ordinary lifetime?"

It was ten o'clock when at last he flung himself out from under the shadows of the apple-tree and strode to the house. As he passed the open window of the "livin'-room," he observed that a fire was burning upon the hearth, and he stepped through and approached its warmth, feeling wet and chilled by the night dews.

The lounge was wheeled to the hearth, and someone was lying on it—a woman, with a shawl thrown about her and a white kerchief over her face.

"The pale lady with the sad face," Rouan thought, with a feeling of contempt, as he seated himself near her. "How I hate delicate women who are always fancying they are ill! I believe I would hate an angel, though, to-night. I suppose this woman will come down late to breakfast, and take her other meals in her own rooms—one thing, at least, for which to be grateful."

The lady stirred, and one hand and arm fell over the side of the lounge. The fire-light leaped into a magnificent diamond on her finger, and a thousand tinted rays flashed before his eyes.

It was a beautiful hand—soft, white, finely formed, with narrow pink nails; and the arm, bare to the elbow, was so perfect that Rouan could not withdraw his eyes. Suddenly it burst upon him that it was a familiar arm—one that he had seen, touched, kissed.

He started up with an exclamation. The lady drew the kerchief from her face and raised herself upon her elbow; her startled sleep-filled eyes met his; her lips parted—pale, trembling, though she did not speak.

"Is it you?" exclaimed Rouan, harshly, nervously. "You—Helen Dudley?"

Her lips parted again, but one word only escaped them:

"You!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## LIFE'S WANDERER.

BY ZOLA MAY BOYLE.

PASS on, pass on, O wanderer,  
Upon thy lonely way!  
Thou mayst not pause a moment  
Till the closing of the day.

Out there, upon thy pathway,  
The land is white with snow;  
But ever, ever onward,  
Thy weary feet must go.

Why dost thou stand here, wanderer,  
And weep with bitter fear?  
Why dost thou not go bravely on  
Without a sigh or tear?

Dost thou not know, O wanderer,  
That, just beyond thy sight,

The soft green grass is growing  
And the sun shines warm and bright?

And that, when at last thou seest  
Gold and purple in the west,  
Thou mayst lie down, O wanderer,  
And sweetly calmly rest?

Then thou wilt know of grander things  
When thou wakest from thy sleep;  
And, wanderer, thou wilt wonder  
Why it was that thou didst weep.

PASS on, pass on, O wanderer,  
Upon thy toilsome way!  
Thou wilt rest in peace and happiness  
At the closing of the day.

## TWO HEARTS.

TO H. H. BY W. J. CLODFELTER.

ABOUT the shrine of Cupid lay  
Two hearts, poor little things—  
They both were nestling, by the way,  
Beneath his drooping wings;

And, as they lay in close commune,  
'Tis strange, a golden sun  
Came riding o'er so opportune:  
They melted into one.

## SOME HARDY PLANTS.

BY JOYCE RAY.



**HARDY** plants which live from year to year without requiring much attention prove very satisfactory to persons who have little leisure to devote to the cultivation of flowers.

Of course, this class of plants do not generally have so long a blooming season as the annual and summer bedders, neither do they require the specially-favored locations or the care, nor prove so costly; for, when once planted, they remain for many years, growing better and better. When plants must be replaced every spring, as is the case with regular summer bedders, much time and labor are spent in making the beds at the proper time, sowing of seeds, care in transplanting, watering, etc. All of this time can hardly be spared by the busy house-mother, and so she goes without the pretty flowers that would prove such an enjoyment to her.

By properly choosing sorts whose blooming-time greatly varies, one can manage to have a regular succession of bloom all through the season, from May first to November. I will therefore enumerate below some of the most satisfactory varieties, giving a short description of each. First, please observe these general directions, as applying to nearly all perennials.

Usually they may be planted in any location most convenient, excepting directly under the eaves, as there they would get no benefit from our summer showers. Do not let them become choked up with grass and weeds; the better the soil, the better the plants. When planting them, give as rich a soil as possible, generally putting some good well-rotted manure in quite deep, as this will provide sustenance to the plants for the coming years. Keep all dead and

sickly wood cut out, and the plant in as symmetrical shape as possible. Loosen the soil around the roots occasionally, keeping it soft and friable, as, when hard and baked, it does not allow the necessary moisture to penetrate to the roots. In the fall, a top-dressing of rotted manure is very beneficial, as it serves as a protection and enriches the soil greatly. This must be spaded in, in the spring. Also, a slight dressing of the manure may be put on in spring or early summer, as it is of great service as a mulch to the plants, preventing the hot sun from drying up the soil, and, when the rains come, the food, in the shape of liquid manure, is carried to the roots of the plants.

Campanula is an old-fashioned flower, but it still holds its own; it is sweet-scented and very graceful. It is popularly called bluebell, because of its bell-shaped flowers, which are usually blue or purple. There are white varieties as well, which are very pretty. There are also biennials and annuals in this class; but, of course, if the hardy ones are wanted, be sure to get the perennial varieties. Give them a good rich mellow soil, with plenty of well-rotted manure dug in, if you have it. Every two years, dig away some of the older portion of the roots, keeping the newer ones for blooming, as the old ones become weak and diseased in time. It is well to do this with nearly all herbaceous plants.

The *Gypsophila Paniculata* is the fine feathery white flower so much used by florists to give a peculiar delicacy and grace to their bouquets. The small white blossoms, borne in large loose panicles on fine stems, are particularly beautiful; they may be used in a bunch of other flowers, and are also very pretty when used alone, mixed with some of their own green. The florists cultivate this plant largely, and it should be more often found in our house-gardens. It grows four feet high, and is perfectly hardy; it grows easily from seed; of course, as it is a perennial, it will not blossom the first season the seed is sown, but it blooms pro-

fusely every year after. Where one does not care to wait for this, good blooming roots may be procured of some florist. By many, this is commonly called the lace-plant. As there are other *Gypsophilas*, which are simply annuals, be sure to get *Gypsophila Paniculata*.

Everyone knows the dainty little forget-me-not, and everyone who can should have a little plot of it. It has been greatly improved of late years in size and growth, while more tints are now found. It needs a rather shady place, and likes to be kept rather moist.

*Achillea Alba Flore Plena* is the long-drawn-out name of a very pretty hardy plant. It is also called mountain daisy and flowered sneezewort. It is of a dwarf spreading habit, with small white daisy-like flowers, perfectly double and produced in large sprays having from ten to twenty flowers in a single spray. They are very graceful and fine for bouquets, the blooms lasting a long time on the plant or when cut and placed in water. It is perfectly hardy, and is not at all particular as to soil or location. A single root, planted in any out-of-the-way place, will grow and bloom and spread until you have so much you can easily spare a few roots to your friends who have none. It commences to bloom early in July, and is a mass of lovely white flowers from then until frost. It is valuable for cemeteries, as it thrives with so little care, bearing its snow-white flowers for a long time. It is said that the flowers, when dried, make fine everlasting; but I have never tried preserving them.

A finer thing can scarcely be imagined, among hardy herbaceous plants, than the *Anemone Japonica Alba*. It is of strong growth and upright habit, attaining a height of from two to three feet. The flowers of this variety are pure white, two and one-half inches in diameter, with a yellow centre and a dark eye. It commences to bloom about the time spring flowers have stopped, and continues until frost. It is also very effective as a pot-plant. It seems to do best in a light rich soil, and should not be removed or transplanted any oftener than is really necessary. A light covering of manure, leaves, or straw will be of benefit to the plant, and also be a sufficient protection during our most severe winters. There are two other varieties, *Rosea* and *Elegans*, which have flowers in pink shades. All the varieties are good.

The *Platycodon Grandiflora* is one of the

bellworts, and it is a lovely thing. The plant grows about two feet high, and is covered with its lovely blue flowers from midsummer until cut down by frost. There is also a white variety, *Platycodon Grandiflora Alba*, which is becoming very popular with the florists for cut flowers; the blossoms are star-shaped, resembling *Gladiolus*.

*Helianthus Multiflorus Plenas*, or double perennial sunflower, seems to give satisfaction to all who have tried it. It has lovely golden flowers the size of dahlias and perfectly double. They have strong woody stems and are of such good substance that they keep a long time after being cut. The plant blooms in July and August, and is altogether one of the most striking and handsome flowers of its season. It grows about four feet high, and does well in any soil. It should have a light covering of leaves through the winter.

*Armeria Vulgaris*, also called sea-pink or thrift, is a hardy little evergreen with masses of narrow green leaves and bearing clusters of pink flowers through spring, summer, and fall. It is a dwarf grower and is well adapted for rock-work or as a border-plant. Its flowers are beautiful for bouquets, and it makes a fine pot-plant. There is also a white variety.

*Asperula Odorata* is a favorite of mine. It is commonly known as woodruff. It grows from six to eight inches high, has whorled leaves and small fragrant white flowers resembling forget-me-not, borne in corymbose heads. It is lovely in masses or as a border-plant. It does well in any location, but should not be allowed to dry out. It blooms very profusely in May, while its pretty foliage, even with no bloom, makes it always very ornamental. I have a quantity of it planted as a border to my rose-hedge. It spreads quite rapidly.

*Alyssum Saxatile* is a good hardy plant. It is in full beauty in May, and the flowers are bright yellow in corymbs. Although a perennial, this does better when treated as a biennial, having its seeds sown every two years.

But, if you want the loveliest mat of yellow among hardy spring flowers, get *Chieranthus Alpinus*, or Alpine wall-flower.

Doubtless all are acquainted with our annual white candytuft; we also have it as a hardy perennial in *Iberis Sempervirens*, commonly called the hardy candytuft. It is of spreading habit, the flowers completely cov-

ering the plant when in bloom in April and May. It makes a very good border-plant.

The improvement made in the perennial phloxes during the last few years is more marked than in any other hardy plant. Instead of the thin flowers of plain lilac or white colors, we now have gorgeous blooms in all the shades of pink, rose-carmine, glowing crimson, red, purple, lilac, salmon, and white, with their distinct eyes, many being of several shades beautifully blended, also striped and variegated. Their vigorous growth and freedom of bloom make them exceedingly useful, while they can scarcely be excelled for beauty. The new French varieties are very fine, with flowers of distinct pure colors carried in immense trusses, many being beautifully shaded and marked. These perennial phloxes are of two distinct classes: one early flowering of dwarf habit, and the other of taller growth and later flowering; the two classes, when used together, give as extended a season of bloom as do many of our bedding-plants, from July to frost. They may be planted in groups on the lawn, in front of shrubbery, used in a border or in almost any out-of-the-way place. However, they must not be put where the roots will dry out, as they relish considerable moisture at the roots, if it is not stagnant. They require no other care beyond dividing and resetting every second year. There are so many excellent varieties that there would be no space here to describe them particularly; nearly all of the varieties offered by reliable florists are good, the choice being a matter of individual taste as to color.

The herbaceous peonies that grow in our grandmother's garden are still flourishing, but, like nearly all other old-time favorites, they have undergone great changes and been greatly improved. A few years ago, we had but few representatives of this class, and not many shades; but now, thanks to modern progress, we have numerous varieties in all the shades ranging from deepest maroon to pure white, some being variegated, striped, or tipped like carnations. Most of the peonies are very sweet-scented, and, when cut and placed in water, will perfume a whole room. They are easy to cultivate, taking care of themselves in any situation, if provided with a good rich soil. They are handsome when planted singly or in clumps on the lawn.

The old-fashioned sweet-williams, *Dianthus Barbatus*, are coming to the front again, having been much improved. They can now be had in beautiful colors, very large, almost perfect in form, with trusses of great size. There are some very handsome double varieties, while the double and single white ones are particularly beautiful. The plants are perfectly hardy and may be increased by a division of the roots.

The Penstemons are growing in favor for bedding-purposes. They are hardy perennials and live out-of-doors, only requiring a very slight protection. They are of compact habit, growing about two feet high, flowering in spikes of *Glosinia*-like flowers. They bloom constantly from June to October, and come in shades of blue, scarlet, rose, and white.





## FOR RIGHT'S SAKE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



RS. GRAHAM'S illness had at first appeared of such slight consequence that she would not allow her son and his wife to be sent for. A sudden change for the worse took

place, and her young relative, Doris Dene, followed the letter she had written by a telegraphic dispatch which brought Mr. and Mrs. George Graham on from Boston.

By the time they arrived at the old homestead in Connecticut, the sick woman had reached a pass where, though she recognized them, she was either in such violent spasms of pain or so much under the influence of anodynes that she could talk very little. On the second evening, she died—passing quietly away in her sleep.

George Graham had loved his mother dearly, and, as she was by no means an old woman and had always seemingly enjoyed fair health, the suddenness of the blow fairly overwhelmed him, though he was not a man to be demonstrative in his grief. In this respect, he resembled Doris Dene, who had come to live with Mrs. Graham four years previous and grown deeply attached to the kindly lady, whom she had always called "aunt," though in reality the tie between them was no closer than that of cousinship thrice removed.

The enforced composure which the son and Doris exhibited was, however, compensated for by young Mrs. Graham's uncontrolled exhibitions of feeling, and many of the neighbors spoke of her emotion at the funeral in terms of approval; manner, if not words, making this commendation also express dissatisfaction with the calmness of the other two mourners.

Louise Graham had not cared two straws, and had always been irritated by George's love and reverence for his mother. Still, between a tendency to hysteria and a passion for excitement, the shock to her nerves, and

her secret regret at having come, she managed to get up numerous scenes and to torment her husband and Doris to the full extent of her powers, which in that line were ample.

Some business connected with the property detained Graham for a week after the funeral. He had not wished to sell the homestead, and was heartily glad when Doris proposed to take it on a long lease.

"My income makes me quite a rich woman in this quiet place," she said, "and I have grown too fond of it to go away. I shall have your mother's old friend—Mrs. White—come and live with me. Aunt Lydia is a dear soul, and I can practice my educational theories, that you laugh at, on her little granddaughter."

Young Mrs. Graham waxed exceedingly hurt and indignant at her prolonged detention in the country. This very morning, she had, in the privacy of their chamber, indulged in so many complaints that he had lost patience and recommended her to go home by herself. On this, she had given vent to tears and reproaches, to which he was too much accustomed to pay any attention, until, furious at his insensibility, she had gone so far as to tell him that probably he wished to get her out of the way, in order that he might enjoy Doris Dene's society more unrestrainedly.

She discovered then that she had gone too far, and there was a quarrel which ended in the lady's having hysterics, taking her breakfast in bed, making all the trouble she could in the little household, and, when she appeared at the early dinner, declining to speak except in monosyllables. Mr. Graham had gone out again as soon as the meal was over, and directly afterward old Martha, the cook, had the misfortune to scald her hand so severely that it was necessary to summon the doctor to dress it. Rosa, the half-grown girl who assisted Martha, had been allowed a holiday, and, as the only other domestic was a man who took care of the garden and the horse and cow, Doris

Dene had her hands full, since there was no person whose services she could secure at such short notice. She was, however, much too capable a housekeeper to be alarmed at having matters in kitchen and dining-room devolve on herself for one day, and, as young Mrs. Graham sought refuge in her own room as soon as the accident happened, there was no unquiet element to disturb her.

Doris sat by Martha till the pain lessened and the old body felt sleepy, then she went downstairs, and, in much less time than most women would have required, had the culinary region in complete order without bustle or seeming hurry.

She remembered Martha's lamentation over the fact that she had just got "a lot of Mr. Graham's collars starched and sprinkled, and, if they were not spread out to dry, they would be sure to mildew." Doris decided that the easiest way would be to iron them herself, and prepared at once to act on her decision.

She had nearly finished when George Graham entered the kitchen, which was as dainty a room as one could easily find, so neatly carpeted and furnished that old Martha always declared she had the prettiest parlor in the house.

"May I come in?" Graham asked, pausing on the threshold. "I saw you as I was passing the window."

"Come in, by all means," Doris replied, keeping her iron in her hand, though she looked round with a pleasant smile.

She wore a large white apron over her black dress; her sleeves were carefully pinned up to the elbow, and showed the fair dimpled arms; her cheeks were flushed, and altogether she offered as charming an impersonation of "a neat-handed Phyllis" as any poet of the last century ever described.

"What are you doing?" Graham exclaimed, as he caught sight of the collars. "Really, this is too much, Doris! We have made you trouble enough; it is a little too bad to let you turn laundress."

Doris proceeded to explain the disaster which had befallen the poor soul; and Graham, who was a man of quick sympathies and warmly attached to the servant who had lived with his mother since his early boyhood, went softly up the back stairs to her room.

He came back presently, saying:

"She was asleep; I'll go again after a while. Oh, Doris, please put those things away. Why, you must have had all the housework to do."

"There are only two or three more—it will take very little time to finish them," she answered.

Graham pulled a chair close to the table and sat down, with his pale and rather handsome face thrown out in relief by the dark background of a screen which was the pride of Martha's heart. Doris had covered and decorated this gift with her own hands, for Martha was growing rheumatic and declared that there were more draughts everywhere nowadays than there used to be, and that, no matter in what corner she put her rocking-chair, they always hunted about until they found her.

Doris went deftly on with her task, speaking now and then in her sweet low voice. She saw that George was tired; she knew, too, that Louise had made a scene with him in the morning, and she understood how deeply he felt his mother's death; but it was wiser to show her sympathy by kindly manner than by any attempt at spoken condolence.

Suddenly Graham observed:

"If only I could have reached here sooner!"

"I telegraphed as soon as your mother would permit," Doris said.

"Oh, I know—I know," he rejoined.

"She was in such pain with her head that she did not talk a great deal. I think now that her mind had begun to wander before I noticed it. I—" Doris broke off, struck by a sudden recollection. She put down her iron and turned so quickly from the table that the holder fell to the floor. "I forgot till now," she added, "something your mother said."

"What?" he inquired, as Doris paused, trying to recall the exact words which the sick woman had employed.

"She had been lying so still that I supposed she was asleep," Doris rejoined, slowly. "She suddenly began to talk in a low voice, and I heard her say several times: 'I meant for the best—I meant for the best.' It struck me for the first time that she was somewhat delirious. I spoke to her. She roused up and looked at me with a smile and that strange far-away expression in her eyes which she had from the first."

Doris's voice broke, and she was forced to pause; she stood with her hands clasped and her eyes cast down, struggling to maintain her composure.

"What else?" Graham asked, softly.

"She did not speak for a while," the girl continued, steadily; "then she said: 'You may send for George, Doris.' After a little, I heard her half whisper again: 'I meant for the best; maybe I did wrong, after all—but I meant for the best: George knows that.'"

Doris still stood with her eyes cast down and her hands clasped before her, while her thoughts wandered back over the past and her heart ached with regret for the gentle lady whom she had so dearly loved.

Graham had leaned eagerly forward; one hand was stretched out on the table, the other had involuntarily clenched itself, while his troubled gaze remained fastened on Doris. Had the girl noticed his face and attitude at this instant, she could hardly have failed to catch some perception of the secret which had lain at his heart during the four weary years of his married life.

He rose, saying in an odd choked voice:

"I think I know what she meant. It is very hard, sometimes, to be certain what is right; but no mortal ever tried harder to find out and to do it than my mother."

The door from the dining-room opened, and Louise Graham entered as hurriedly as if blown in by a high wind. Although slight, even delicate in appearance, she always moved so fast and had so many furbelows and ribbons flying about that somehow she gave the impression of requiring a great deal of space.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, with an unpleasant little laugh. "So you are back, George? You said you should be gone all the afternoon."

"I finished my business sooner than I expected I should be able to," her husband answered, rather indifferently.

"So it appears," she rejoined, significantly. "I think you might have come up to ask how I was. I have been alone in that dreadful old chamber till, between headache and the horrors, I thought I should go mad. I suppose I might have died there, without anybody's dreaming of so much as trying to find out."

"I have been very busy," Doris said, in

a tone of polite explanation which held no apology.

"And I have just come in," Graham observed, coolly; "and so—"

"Oh, please don't take the trouble, either of you, to offer excuses," Louise broke in with a repetition of her bitter little laugh. Between indigestion, nervousness, and bad temper, she was in a mood for a scene, Graham perceived, and he knew from experience that any attempt to avert it would only render her more violent.

As Louise gave utterance to that ill-bred speech, Doris stopped short near the table and regarded her with an air of cold surprise.

"I fancy bed would be the best place for you," Graham said, with an enforced patience in his voice, through which pierced a ring of contempt.

"Is that a delicate hint that I am intruding?" retorted Louise. "I suppose you want a chance to try and flirt with your cousin. I warn you, Doris, that it is his pleasant little habit, no matter who the woman may be who comes within his reach—"

"Stop there, please!" Doris interrupted, in a voice which, low as it was, held an accent of irresistible command.

The ill-regulated woman stared at her with flashing eyes, but the tone and the steady gaze which met hers checked the retort that rose to her lips.

"Upon my word," she said, complainingly, "I think I might be allowed to tell my own husband a little wholesome truth, without being ordered to keep silence, like a child."

"You will do well to remember that you are insulting Doris in her own house," Graham returned, coldly.

Louise indulged in a gasp which gave warning that she would speedily take refuge in tears. She cared little for her husband's reproof, but she was actually startled by the cold authority with which Doris had spoken.

"You know I only meant it as a joke—don't you, Doris?" she asked, with another gasp.

"Then we will drop the subject," Miss Dene replied, still with that ring of command in her voice.

"George always has acted as if he didn't want his relations to like me," Louise continued, fretfully. "I could always get on nicely with his mother when he was not about. I know she enjoyed the visit she

made at my house, and whenever I came here she was always glad to see me, and so were you, Doris."

That young lady was busy putting away her ironing-cloth, so was spared the necessity of answering the remark.

"We shall be able to go home to-morrow," Mr. Graham said.

"Why didn't you tell me this morning? Then I could have packed without being hurried half to death," cried Louise, plaintively.

Graham went out of the room without making any reply—at this moment, his wife's presence was absolutely unendurable to him. Those words of his mother's which Doris had repeated kept ringing in his ear as he walked down the garden-paths, that looked gloomy enough in the chill gray light of the late autumn afternoon: "I meant for the best; maybe I did wrong, after all—but I meant for the best."

He understood the full significance of that regretful speech; but there had never been any feeling of reproach in his mind toward his mother, and assuredly none rose now. Could he have foreseen his life during these past four years—these dreary years, which he must accept as a symbol of his entire future—certainly his own decision would have been different from what it was in the crisis to which his mother's words referred. But it was useless to reflect on that; he had tried to do right, and his mother had meant to help him.

This was the story—not very new, not very romantic; but the suffering had been, still was, and must continue, just as hard to bear as if the record had held all the elements of the darkest tragedy fate ever conceived—perhaps even harder, because commonplace troubles lack the dignity which belongs to those catastrophes out of which tragedies are woven.

George Graham was only two-and-twenty when he became engaged to Louise Laidley, who had been brought up in a town some ten miles distant from his boyhood's home. After graduating at Harvard, Graham studied law in Boston, and, the autumn that he was admitted to the bar, Louise Laidley went there to spend the season, her father having been elected a member of the State Senate, more through the influence he possessed as being one of the richest men in his district

than owing to any special qualification for the office.

Louise was his only child; and quite an heiress; fairly educated, and handsome and dashing enough to find numerous admirers. She loved George Graham, as she had done ever since she entered her teens. How much the fact that for a good while he remained indifferent to her fascinations had to do with her growing more and more in earnest, it would be difficult to decide. Like most spoiled willful persons, Louise Laidley could never rest till she had succeeded in getting her own way, whether the point at issue might be great or small.

When she reached Boston, she found Graham not only finer-looking and more interesting than in his callow days, but he had become the junior member of a flourishing law-firm and seemed already on the high-road to success.

So, when Louise Laidley began her season in Boston, she discovered that he was at home in circles to which all her father's money could not procure her an entrance, and this knowledge added to the glamor of girlish romance with which she had long before invested him.

Probably no young man, unless his heart were previously engaged, could resist a bright pretty girl who shows in the thousand ways in which a woman can, without laying herself open to the charge of forwardness, that she prizes his society and approval beyond the companionship or verdict of any human being. Still, it is doubtful whether George Graham would ever have gone to the length of deciding that he loved Louise sufficiently to ask her to become his wife, if he had been left to act entirely in accordance with his own feelings.

But, during the winter, the girl fell ill; and, when she became convalescent and could see Graham again, she scarcely attempted to restrain her emotion, and the young man was drawn on to say things he had no intention of uttering when the interview began, and, before he went away, he found himself engaged.

Spring came; the Laidleys left Boston; and, somewhat later, business called George Graham into the neighborhood of his old home, and the county town was near enough his mother's house so that he could make it his headquarters.

There he saw Doris Dene, who had come, after her father's death some months previous, to reside with Mrs. Graham. The girl possessed few relatives, and she and the kindly lady had met often enough to become warmly attached.

It so chanced that Doris and George had never seen each other, though Mrs. Graham had several times visited at Mr. Dene's house in Ohio, and Doris and her father had been twice at the homestead during George's college-days.

Doris knew that George was engaged to be married; so, to her, the intimacy which soon sprang up between them seemed a matter of course and was as free from any disturbing element as if he had been her brother.

Some time passed before Graham learned his own secret, and even then he tried to shut his eyes to its existence. Before returning to Boston, he paid a visit to his betrothed. The comparisons which he drew between Louise and Doris caused his chain to drag more heavily than ever.

During the summer, Graham again visited his home. He was fully aware that he had committed the most terrible mistake possible to man—promised to marry a woman whom he did not love. His mother became his sole confidante; and she, with her strict Puritan ideas and sense of duty, upheld him in his belief that he had no right to end his engagement and risk breaking the heart of the girl who loved him.

The marriage took place at the appointed time, and, even before the honeymoon waned, George Graham discovered that he had wedded a woman whose love, like every thought and feeling of her nature, had its root in selfishness. As for the mother, she learned enough of the wife's character, during the first visit the newly-married couple paid her, to be troubled by grave doubts whether she had not done wrong in her sincere effort to aid her son to act aright.

Mr. Laidley died some eighteen months after his daughter's marriage. Owing to unfortunate speculations on her father's part, Louise's inheritance proved much smaller than she expected, and, though he prospered in his profession, Graham found her exactions and extravagance a sore drawback.

In his indulgence of her whims, he was actually weak, though the folly grew out of a chivalrous sentiment. He told himself

that, since he could not give her his heart, the least he could do was to surround her with every material comfort in his power.

Louise spent her time in frivolous amusement or in petting her numerous ailments. Year by year, month by month, day by day, the horizon of her purposeless existence grew more narrow and selfish, and, strive as he might to awaken her interest and sympathy in his pursuits, Graham found himself condemned to an ever-increasing solitude in every aim or aspiration.

Now his mother's loss rendered his loneliness more complete. He knew that it was better he should not see Doris often; this fresh meeting had roused such bitter pain, such rebellion against his present and future, such heart-burning questions whether his determination to follow duty at any personal cost had not led him on to a sacrifice which passed the limit that any human being has a right to make.

The next day, he took Louise home and plunged with renewed activity into his work, trying always, vain as he knew the task was, to waken her to a realization of her own wasted gifts, some idea that affection for him ought to have an influence on her habits and pursuits.

But, when she felt certain of his love, Louise always waxed indifferent; when one of her senseless spasms of jealousy seized her, she went to the other extreme, and in numberless ways she contrived to render life a daily torment. She was not a monster, by any means; she was what is more common—and actually, in some respects, more unendurable—a person who could not for one instant get outside of self. She could no more comprehend that she and her wishes must not always remain paramount than the theologians of Galileo's era could be brought to contemplate the possibility that their earth was not the centre of the universe, created for the special behoof of mankind.

After her mother-in-law's death, Louise kept up a constant stream of laments and complaints over the restraints imposed on her by her mourning, and declared that the horrible monotony would kill her, though within the first six weeks her black subsided into gray and lavender, and her seclusion was mitigated by so many social entertainments that she seldom passed two evenings in succession in her own home.

At the expiration of that season, she made no further pretense of "shutting herself up," and was hurt and indignant with George because he set his face against her giving a musical and card-party before his mother had been four months in her grave.

One day, Doris received a telegram begging her to go to Boston by the first train—Mr. Graham had met with a severe injury. She started within an hour, and by evening reached her destination. She found George almost at death's door, and his wife in a state of hysterical despair, after the habit of her kind in the presence of disaster and the need for efficient action.

Louise had conceived a fancy for riding, and Graham bought her a horse. She had set her heart on an animal which she refused to purchase because it had been badly broken and had a trick of shying. Louise sent for this beast to try, and went out to ride, followed by a groom. Everything passed off well enough, and she rode homeward in high spirits at the thought of proving to her husband that it had been mere tyranny on his part to refuse her request.

As she turned the corner of the street in which they lived, her horse took fright at a loaded dray, and began to rear and plunge like a mad creature. Graham was just passing, accompanied by a friend. He sprang in front of the frightened beast and caught the bridle, while his companion lifted Louise from the saddle—she, of course, immediately fainting in his arms.

The horse gave another leap, and struck out so suddenly with his right foot that Graham received a blow in the chest which knocked him down, and in falling he struck his head heavily against the curb-stone.

He lay unconscious for some time after they got him indoors, and, in the midst of her weak tears and lamentations—none of which held the slightest trace of self-reproach—it occurred to Louise that Doris would be the greatest possible help and comfort, so she immediately dispatched a telegram.

"It was so, so good of you to come!" she sobbed, as she threw herself into Doris's arms. "I loved you before, but I shall fairly worship you now. I am always so grateful for kindness!"

"I was glad you sent," Doris answered, "and I hope to be of use. I am used to ill-

ness, and my father once met with an accident very similar to George's—"

"The doctor has already brought a professional nurse," Louise interrupted; "they are both in his room. The doctor said it was too much for me—he knows how delicate I am. George will have everybody at his beck; it is I who need society and sympathy. Oh, that accident! I shall never get over the shock—never!"

Doris Dene was a born helper and caretaker, and the responsibility early thrust on her through her mother's long illness had developed these qualities in a marvelous fashion. Before three days were over, doctors, nurses, and servants all looked to her for assistance and directions as naturally as if she had been the mistress of the mansion. Louise remained worse than useless on her hands; indeed, she was a great hindrance, from the needless attention she exacted.

As soon as Doris entered his room, George recognized her, though he had not before appeared to notice anyone, and when conscious had only spoken in monosyllables.

He was very ill for a while, and the physicians almost despaired of his recovery. Doris could always soothe him, whether he was delirious or in pain; and during the worst days she was a great deal in his chamber, for, when matters waxed so serious, she managed in her quiet fashion to make Louise behave with a certain degree of decency and common sense.

George had lain, one evening, watching Doris for a long time through his half-closed lids, as she sat near the bed, with the soft light from the shaded lamp falling on her refined noble face. He lay there, able to think collectedly and revolving many things in his mind.

"The doctors hardly expect me to get well, and I feel very sure that I shall not," he said, speaking so abruptly that he fairly startled Doris, though she gave no sign.

"You have a strong constitution and great vitality," she replied, unhesitatingly. "I believe you will get up; it is bad for you, George, to feel hopeless."

He looked at her with a strange smile, and said slowly:

"I wonder whether 'hopeful' would not be the right word."

"No," Doris answered, with decision. "You have work to do; yours is a useful life—you must not want to give it up."



"But, if it is about over—why, then, according to all the creeds, I ought to be resigned," he rejoined, still smiling. "But never mind—it was only a foolish thought I had. Whether I live or die, it will be all right. I wonder—I wonder—"

"What, George?" Doris asked, softly, as he paused.

"Whether, when a man is dying, he may claim the privilege of saying things he would never have dreamed of telling before," he said, slowly. "What do you think, Doris? I want your real opinion—I have a reason."

The expression of his face moved Doris deeply; the melancholy mouth and yearning eyes made her heart ache. No perception of the truth disturbed her, but a realization of his solitary maimed existence struck her even more vividly than ever before. She seemed to read the full misery of his past and present in the patient sadness of his gaze.

"I tell you I have a reason for wanting to hear what you think," George added, appealingly. "Should he speak out—a dying man?"

"If what he had to say would do any good," Doris answered, at a loss how to frame what she wished to say. She thought he meant something in regard to Louise and the troubles of his married life. "If not, if words could only pain those left behind, why—Oh George, you ask a question I can't answer. Such things must depend on circumstances; only—I am sure, if speech could do no good, it would be better to keep silence."

"Yes," he said, "you are right. Words could do no good if a man were dying. It would only be selfish on his part to speak, and he might give pain to—to someone else—I see, I see!"

He gently touched her hand as she arranged the pillows, turned his head away, and appeared to fall asleep; but he lay there thinking, not so much of himself as of her.

"I thought, with death so close, I might tell her," he whispered; "but I have no right—no right! It could only leave her still sadder memories of me, and it would be weak and selfish; when I die, my poor secret must die with me."

He held his peace, and, before a fortnight passed, he could be glad that he had done so. The crisis passed; vitality asserted itself just

as he appeared to the doctors to be slipping slowly but surely through their hands, and, once he had begun to mend, his recovery was more rapid than could have been hoped for.

When he got well enough to travel, the constant unspoken desire of his soul was to be taken to his boyhood's home; but he would not indulge himself in this wish.

"It is only in order to be near Doris," his inflexible conscience told him; so he fought his battle out in silence and solitude. Enfeebled as his body was, the strong will was able to cling to and act on what he had made the motto of his life: "Do right for right's sake."

So, in the society of his nurse and a friend, he made a little trip Southward. Doris had expected that Louise would insist on going and taking her; she dreaded the idea, for she perceived that the wife would torment the invalid so that his progress would be materially impeded. But the doctor recognized this fact also, and announced a verdict in accordance therewith which was plainly a relief to his patient.

Graham was absent for several weeks, during which time Louise required much sympathy from Doris, discoursing plaintively of her loneliness and her grief that her wretched health prevented her accompanying her husband. All the same, she went out constantly or had the house full of company; she wrote to George that she did this from a sense of duty on Doris's account, though Miss Dene's share in the amusements was slight indeed.

Just before he returned home, Graham received a letter from his wife, informing him that an acquaintance of Doris's was in town—a clergyman, such a handsome and charming man! It was evident that he adored Doris, and she was sure Doris liked him. George had already met Mr. Gershom, and he thought it probable that Louise's opinion was founded on better grounds than she ordinarily had for very positive assertions. He was glad to have been prepared in advance, for, not long after his return, Doris told him of her engagement.

"You know there is no human being who can more heartily wish you every happiness than I," Graham said.

Doris talked very freely with him, though she was not given to personal confidences.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Gershom has been

very patient; I have kept him in suspense for a good while. It is sweet to be loved so dearly—I prize that!”

“And—and you love him?”

“I think I must be incapable of the love one reads about,” she answered, with her pensive smile. “I have an earnest sympathy, a true affection, for Mr. Gershom, or I should not marry him; but—well, I could promise nothing more.”

George Graham felt a quick thrill of joy which gave him an actually guilty sensation.

“Sympathy and affection make a good basis for happiness,” he said.

“Yes,” Doris replied; “but I—I wish I were like other people. That sounds silly, but somehow I feel as if I had missed something—as if some absorbing love ought to have come into my life and have been returned. But that is folly! No, I am not a woman to inspire or feel a great passion.”

When he had left her, Graham thought:

“It is almost as if my great love had cast a restless longing across her soul. Ah, well, she will never know—she will be content. But I can’t help being glad that she has only sympathy and affection to give him—I can’t help being glad!”

Early in the summer, Graham and his wife went back to the old house for Doris’s wedding. George gave the bride away. His face was calm, no tremor shook his voice; but many a one among the great martyrs suffered less than that man in his supreme hour of agony.

“And now,” he said, as he turned his face homeward, “I have my work: I have to try and do my best for the poor undeveloped nature whose lot is indissolubly linked with mine. I have to do right for right’s sake!”

He performed his task thoroughly; he carried out the leading motive of his soul. If he faltered sometimes, no eye ever saw the struggle, no ear ever heard aught of the pain. The years went on; success came, wealth came, middle-age came. His home-life could have no change for the better; young as she was when she married, it had been even then too late to hope for any improvement in Louise; such germs for development as lay dormant in her nature, a wrong training had very early stifled. No human being can stand still; the law is inevitable: every man and woman gradually grows upward or sinks to a lower level.

There were no children in that desolate home, and, with each year, Louise waxed narrower and more exacting. At last, she became so completely the slave of her ailments that, fond as she was of gayety, she liked her darkened chamber, her medicine-bottles, and the petty tyranny of keeping her husband beside her whenever he was not engrossed by the cares of his profession, even better than the excitement of a new gown or a ball.

George Graham was forty when his wife died suddenly from an attack of pneumonia, brought on by her own imprudence.

A twelvemonth later, Doris Gershom came back from California a widow, and the cousins met for the first time in all those years. They encountered each other unexpectedly in New York, and at first Doris did not recognize the gray-haired man; but he knew her on the instant. At thirtyseven, Doris was as delicately fair and pretty as she had been at twenty.

She went to the house in Connecticut, where Aunt Lydia and her granddaughter still lived; and there, during the next year, Graham visited her frequently.

One day, as they sat in the quaint old parlor, he said abruptly:

“Doris, I love you dearly. Will you be my wife?”

It was some time before she would consent, declaring that at their ages such a step must look silly. But George had his way, and then Doris discovered that existence had suddenly blossomed into a brightness it had never before possessed.

“I seem at last to have found what my life always lacked,” she confessed, wonderingly. “Do you remember that silly speech of mine?”

“I remember,” he answered. “And do you mean that it has come to you—love—not affection, but love?”

“Yes,” she said, with her smile made more beautiful by a vivid blush. “But how odd it is to fall in love, and to have you fall in love with me, at my age!”

George did not permit himself any revelation of the truth, for he knew that she would be sorely troubled and dismayed to learn that his long-cherished love for her had made the heaviest burden in his overburdened past.

So he had his secret still—but he had happiness as well.

## MRS. MASON'S BOARDERS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WHEN Mason died of the cronical brown-creeters, aged fiftyfive—and “death loves a shining mark”—he left me with two thousand dollars in the Pine Ridge bank, a house at Pine Ridge and twenty acres of land, two cows and three pigs, a hoss that had seen better days and was spavined in both hinder legs, a son named Daniel, and seventyfive Plymouth Rock hens.

Soon after he left this spear, the Pine Ridge bank busted, and the cashier went to Canady for a vacation; and I expect he took my two thousand along with him for safe-keepin', for I've never seen nothin' of 't sense.

It was kinder tight work for me to squeeze along on that farm and pay the taxes and the hired man; and Daniel, he sez to me last spring, sez he:

“Ma, why don't you take city boarders, like Simpson's folks? We've got two good frunt rooms, and you're a good cook, and I could rub up Billy's legs with lineament so's that he'd be as frisky as a colt, and there's lots of scenery laying round loose here for folks to admire, and you could make money,” sez he, “I hain't the shadder of a doubt.”

“Massy on us, Daniel!” sez I, “I ain't no hand to primp up for city-folks, and set out the table with lamp-mats and finger-bowls, like they have over to Simpson's; and there's yer gran'ther—he's allers into everything, and he'd be sartin to act wuss than ever if there was anybody here that I keered for.”

“Oh, they wouldn't mind him,” sez Daniel. “Jest now, it's all the fashion to go crazy over old things, and, if there's anything more antique in this town than Gran'ther Jones, then I hain't seen it. They'll admire him; and he'll grow young agin, telling his stories over to a new set of folks.”

Somehow, Daniel's talk kinder kept a-turning itself over in my mind, and at last I concluded to take some boarders. I advertised in the city papers, and in a week I had twentythree folks come to see what kind of a place I had.

I took six of 'em at fifteen dollars a week  
(556)

each, and afore they was gone I wished I'd have asked 'em twenty, for I expect they would have paid it.

There was two women and two men and two children that was the most moddle children, their ma sed, that ever lived. She was in constant fear that they never would live to grow up, she sed; she had noticed that oncommonly bright and lovable children warn't never long for this world.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rasher and their two children Bertie and Sammy had the south frunt chamber and the little back room that jines it, and the Widder Whitney and Miss Arethuser Smith had the tother frunt room.

Mr. Rasher was a sighthentic man, and wanted to try experiments and gather bugs and things, and Mrs. Rasher was a faith-cure woman that don't believe there is any such a thing as being sick. She had had so much faith, and prayed so much for sick folks through the winter, that she had wore herself to a shadder and had got her general cistern all out of kilter, and she wanted to stay in the country to recruit, and her dear children needed fresh air and cow's milk and change of scene.

Widder Whitney was a short fat woman about fortyfive, and she was on the lookout for a second husband; and Miss Smith was a dreadful sentimental miss, awful nigh-sighted and fond of novels and poetry.

And they all had the biggest appetites that it ever was my fortin to come acrost. It was nigh about all I could do to cook enough for 'em. But then I ain't stingy about vittles—I allers like to see folks eat well.

Mr. Rasher, he wanted my back attic to rig up his experimenting apparatus into, and I moved out the barrel of dried apples, and the quilting-frames, and the rags that I'm going to braid a rug out of, and the boxes of old newspapers and bottles, and gran'ther's blue shirt that he had when he follered the sea, and several other things, to make room for Rasher's fixings. And he

had 'em come out by express, and there was a cart-load of 'em.

Gran'ther Jones was terrible curis about 'em, and I had all I could do to keep him from poking into the things afore they was got upstairs; for Mr. Rasher was off out in the woods, hunting bugs, when they come, and they sot in the cart till he got back.

Them Rasher boys was the worst little warpints that ever you see. Their ma might have employed all the time she had wasted in mourning over their early deaths, in some other bizness. They turned everything topsyturvy. The fust two days they was there, they let the calves out of the pastur, and broke the best rooster's leg, and sot our dog onto Jenkins's hens and killed two of 'em, and they lost the bucket down in the well, and Sammy got into the river and would have been drowndid if Daniel hadn't happened to have seen him, and they both ketched the mumps, and they broke Gran'ther Jones's specks, and got a good caning from gran'ther in consequence.

Widder Whitney, she begun to set her cap for Daniel afore she'd been there a week; but Daniel didn't seem to see it, and he laffed like a crazy loon when I told him of it.

"Bless your soul, ma," sez he, "the critter's old enough to be my mother, and she hain't got a tooth in her head! You must be kinder beside yerself."

"Well, you'll see," sez I, "and, if you ain't keeful, she'll git some holt onto you and sue you for breaches of promise."

There's never any tellin' what these widder wimmen may do. I am one on 'em myself, and I ought to know.

Mr. Rasher, he jest filled that house from one end to t'other with bugs and varmint of all kinds. Specimens, he called 'em. I was so skairt with 'em that I was afeard to go to sleep nights, for fear a boa-constructor or a hippopototmer or some kind of an onheerd-of critter would creep out of that attic and devour me. Rasher, he ginerally stuck pins through their inards, but land sakes! the most of 'em wriggled off from the pins and come to life agin. I found frogs in my shoes, and one night there was a lizard and three snapping-bugs in my bed, and I got rite in onto 'em—and come out agin quicker than you could say scat! What time Rasher warn't a-bugging,

he was ingaged in biling and stewing various strong-smelling things that he called chemicals, and the whole house smelt like a fourth-class rum-shop that had patent fertilizers to sell.

Mrs. Rasher, she practiced her faith-cure onto gran'ther. He is nigh about doubled up with rhumaticks in his j'int, and, when there is a north-easter coming on, the way he'll grown is enuff to set you crazy, if your narves is at all skittish.

He had one of them spells come on about two weeks after the boarders come; and Mrs. Rasher, she told him she could cure him. She made him set down and look straight at her, and she looked straight at him, and for fifteen minnits they kept it up, and then she told him to git up and walk. She told him that nothing ailed him but his imagination, and he told her that she was mistook. And she argyed and he argyed, and they both got mad, and she fired a hem-book at him, and he hit her a whack over the eye-glasses, and between 'em they knocked over the kerrysene-lamp onto the dog, that was a-laying under the table peaceable as any lamb, and he flew at gran'ther and bit him on his lamest leg; and gran'ther forgot that he was lame, and kicked at that dog, and hit Daniel's aquarius, where he keeps fishes and turkles, and busted it, and all the water run out onto my best carpet. And Mrs. Rasher sed that, if gran'ther's kicking-up that way didn't show the power of faith, then she should like to know what did.

Miss Smith was delicate, and she used to lay in the hammock and read novels, and sit on a dead tree acrost the river and look at the moon. She expected to die early, she said, and be buried by the murmuring sea. And Daniel sed that, if she died early, she'd have to hurry up; for, if she ever see thirty-five agin, then he missed his guess.

One day, Mr. Rasher, he was stewing and biling more than ever, and at dinner he was so absent-minded that he eat ten pertaters, and salted his tea, and put some sugar on his steak, and blowed his nose on his napkin. His wife sed that when he was specially absent-minded he allers eat a great deal. I expect that he was specially absent-minded most of the time, if that was any sign.

He sed he was about making a great discovery in sighence. Sez he: "Wait with

patience, and, if everything goes well, you will hear something drop before night."

And he went off up into the attic.

It was in haying-time, and Daniel had drawn up a load of hay and left it in the yard, to dry a little more afore he put it into the barn. The house sot rite on the side of a steep hill; and Daniel, he trigged the wheels with a stake before he left the cart, so's it wouldn't take a suddint start down-hill.

Mrs. Rasher and the Widder Whitney, they sed that there was nothing like the smell of new-mown hay, and they clim up on that load of hay and was a-pelting each other with the hay, as frisky as kittens. The two boys was a-playing in the dooryard, and I was out back of the shed, feeding a new brood of chickens.

Suddintly I heerd an awful siz-z-z-z, and a rumble; and, looking up into the air where it seemed to come from, I seed the ruff of my ell part and the top of the chimney h'ist rite up into the air, and at the same time Gran'ther Jones h'isted too, and his cane flew in one direction and his broad-brimmed hat in another, and I screeched Murder! at the top of my voice, and run to pick up his mangled remainders, and land sake! he flew rite over into that load of hay, and so did about four bushels of bricks from the chimney after him, and the shock it give that cart sot it a-going, and then I seed that them awful boys had pulled that stake out from under the wheels and was playing hoss with it, and the cart was at the mercy of the world, and that steep hill!

Something had dropped, as Rasher sed it would.

"Watch and pray!" yelled I to Mrs. Rasher. "Now's the time you need help, if ever!" And, by the time the words was out of my mouth, the load of hay was a-whirling down that hill like all nater, and them wimmen was yelling for help the awfulest.

On whizzed the cart, and I expected every minnit to see it upset and kill the whole lot on 'em; but it kinder whirled round and was dashed rite into our duck-pond, and there it stopped. Daniel and I run to the rescue, and, with some boards and a ladder, we saved the live freight, but the hay was a dead loss—nigh about a ton of it, and worth fifteen dollars!

Gran'ther owned up that he had got into the attic while Mr. Rasher was out, and "jest teched off some stuff in a tin can to see what it was," and he'd blowed the ruff of the ell part to Joppy, and singed the eye-brows all off from him, and peeled a place on his bald head as big as a sarcer.

But all the bugs and things was killed dead this time!

Mrs. Rasher took to her bed, and had to live on chicken broth till her nerves got settled, and Mr. Rasher licked them two boys for pulling the stake away from the wheels, and the Widder Whitney fainted away in Daniel's arms, and there was a terrible time generally.

It cost me considerable money to git my ruff repaired, and Mr. Rasher paid for it, which was real honest in him, seeing thet it was gran'ther that teched it off.

## A MEMORY.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

THERE is a corner in my heart,  
Hid from all mortal eyes,  
And there, enshrined with watchful care,  
A sacred treasure lies;  
'Tis but a memory of the past,  
But oh! 'tis dearer far  
Than all the fleeting joys of earth  
Or gorgeous riches are.

A memory of the "long ago,"  
Of youth's bright golden years,  
Of skies so cloudless and serene,  
Of life without its tears,

Of hours all sunshine unto me,  
Of days all full of love,  
Of joys that caught their brightness from  
Those better joys above.

And, though the clouds hang dark and drear,  
And life's best joys are gone,  
And, though of all sweet memories  
This one is left alone—  
Yet still its rays shall light the gloom,  
And still its sweetness shed  
A perfume rare o'er life's hard toil,  
Whence all the joy has fled.

# THE STORY OF DAGMA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 470.



## XIV.

ND "To-morrow morn" dawned as only a Southern spring morning can dawn. The light, softly toned, struck down from windows above, among the pictures and over the paneled walls of the studio. A rich divan

ran around the four sides of the room, and there were a few ottomans and couches scattered about. Several easels, bearing half-finished pictures, were standing at odd angles of light.

"You have not much perseverance, Mr. Goudain," called Roselle De Maurier, from the divan, where she sat by his mother. "Just see all those half-finished ideals."

"They do look rather like mockeries," said Chancellor, grimly. "This," he cried, dragging a light curtain from a tall easel, "this is meant to represent Evil—the quintessence of all that is evil. But—a failure—it is simply a hideous face. It has not the expression I want. Some day, I shall catch it."

"Horrible!" cried the young lady, shuddering. "Do cover it up: the evil is creeping over your face, as you look."

"Some day," said Chancellor, deftly draping the canvas, "some day, that old woman will be a good friend of mine. When I have conquered her—when I shall have made her what I want."

"Ah, ha! so—a confession, Mademoiselle Dagma," cried De Maurier, his eyes dancing with mischief. "Behold! this great big Chancellor, he counts for his friends just the ones that he may conquer, and just not any-one else."

"A willful misrepresentation, De Maurier. Now, Miss Roselle, here—behold another

unconquerable. This young girl came to me as the vision of 'A Dream.' I wanted 'A Dream' personified. The lights are good, but the face not sufficiently etherealized. I don't seem to catch the mists of expression. The face seems rather 'A Reverie.'"

"I assure you," said Mrs. Goudain, in her slowly elegant way, "when Chancellor commenced that picture, I thought he would fade off into a dream. He moved around with such a far-off look on his face, that I began to feel alarmed."

"Cover it up," said Roselle De Maurier, "else we shall have you fading now."

"Mais, my friend," cried De Maurier, "why is it that you may not complete that picture, and call it 'The Reverie'? It is enchanting. Those soft eyes—"

"Are not soft to me," interposed Chancellor, regarding the half-veiled beautiful orbs. "No, De Maurier," he continued, replacing the drapery, "success or destruction. I dare say I shall make a bonfire of them all, some day. It is rather agreeable to find that others too fail. I suppose," he added, dragging forward a third easel, "it is only another rendering of the old adage, 'Misery loves company.' This picture was commenced by my grandfather. It was meant to represent—"

"An Italian flower-girl," interrupted De Maurier.

"Yes, but something more—rather as if both thorns and fragrance, with beauty, filled the face. Flowers are the prayers of the earth, but they draw sustenance from the blackest soil, just as the purest spirits sometimes are born of trials, of thorns. I don't know," he continued, thoughtfully regarding the budding form and the dim outlines of a face, "I don't know why, but the inspiration of this picture seems to have descended to me as a heritage from my grandfather."

"And is it possible," asked De Maurier, in a low voice, and at the same time laying his hand on Chancellor's arm, "is it possible



you don't see that your Cousin Dagma fills that canvas? Open your eyes and look at her, Chancellor."

"Dagma?" repeated Chancellor, beginning to cover the canvas.

De Maurier stopped him.

"Just regard that young girl," he said, earnestly.

Chancellor, against his will, looked forward.

Dagma, seated on an ottoman, was regarding a forest-scene. She wore, for the first time, a white dress. It fell softly around her, and the folds, crossed over the lovely neck, were caught with a cluster of pale half-opened buds. Her face seemed to reflect the picture on which she gazed—seemed to have caught the breath of the wind tossing the branches and leaves, the light drifting down 'twixt the tossed boughs, and the shade lurking in cool hollows. There was just the expression Chancellor desired—just the luminosity in darkness, just the bloom over thorns which he had wanted, and just the needed touch of Italy in form and feature.

"You are right," he said, reluctantly, and commenced re-covering the canvas.

"Allons, donc, mon Dieu! Why not call mademoiselle, and ask that she allow—"

"De Maurier," interrupted Chancellor, "if I were to ask, she would refuse. Beside," he added, bluntly, "I have no desire to paint her picture."

"Ah, beside and beside. Paint it for me, Chancellor. Look—she is just one flower. Behold—wait," and, before Chancellor could prevent, he had gained Dagma's side and was proffering the request.

"Paint my picture?" she exclaimed.

Chancellor did not look, but he could imagine the expression of amazement which accompanied the words. He finished the covering to the last fold, then walked to the spot where she sat.

"De Maurier thinks," he said, meeting her inquiring eyes, "that you would make an excellent model for the picture of 'An Italian Flower-Girl' which our grandfather commenced some years ago."

"It is what my father called me," said Dagma. "And do you want to paint me? Do you really want me to sit as your model?" she cried, a brilliant color spreading over face and neck, and the eyes flashing with the beautiful gleam of sparkling waters.

"No," was the abrupt response. "It is De Maurier's request, not mine."

"Ah," said Dagma, a cloud falling over her face; "I thought the request remarkable, as coming from you."

Chancellor regarded her thoughtfully an instant. She looked indeed a rose, set with thorns, as she sat, her face uplifted, the bright color yet on her cheeks, and the thorns of defiance in either eye. Perhaps he found her an irresistible model—perhaps, after all, he had intended from the first to grant De Maurier's request; at any rate, yet regarding, he asked gravely:

"Do you think you would have patience enough to keep quiet? To come when I call you? To do what I tell you?"

The cloud passed from the uplifted face, and the brightness of sunlight shone over it.

"Oh, yes; I will do whatever you tell me," she cried, eagerly.

Chancellor hesitated, as if pondering.

"Then you shall do it—you shall paint her," cried De Maurier.

"And why not now, yes?" he continued. "Behold!" waving his hand, "just as mademoiselle sits. She is—ah, charming!"

"I dislike compliments," said Dagma, adjusting a drooping bud and frowning, as her fingers arranged the rebellious stem.

"What is all this talk? Do you mean really, my son, to paint Dagma's picture?" asked Mrs. Goudain, coming forward. "Are you not unwise, my son? You have that heavy case."

"Do not fear, mother mine. The case is well under way. I have worked hard enough to gain a little holiday," answered Chancellor; "and—yes, I will paint Dagma, but I will not use the old canvas. It shall be a new picture entirely."

"You seem to be elated at the idea of having your picture painted," called Roselle De Maurier, from the divan where she sat.

"I am," answered Dagma, smiling.

"She ought to be painted as an *ignis-fatuus*. Just as one thinks to hold her and understand her, she slips away," thought Chancellor, as he watched her bright face. "Suppose, after all, it's just her woman's vanity, and not what I imagine."

He pondered a moment, as if weighing well the matter, then said bluntly:

"Three hours from now, Dagma, we will commence."

"On Sunday?" exclaimed Roselle De Maurier. "What will Madam Grundy say?"

"What she pleases. Sunday is my only day of rest, and, after I have been faithful to my religious duties, I may allow myself recreation. And besides, Miss Roselle, what comes nearer heaven than the spiritualizing influence of a beautiful picture? Sometimes, when I am painting," he continued, his fine eye sweeping the walls, rich with beauties, "it seems to me I find myself uplifted—all that is earthly gone—only the spirit left. And these are all as spirit-scenes to me. I don't know why, but even that murder-scene—it is just the evil of a bad spirit I see on that man's face: the blood is scarcely blood—it is blood spiritualized. You perhaps don't understand an enthusiast—" He broke off suddenly, smiling as he looked at Roselle's puzzled face.

"Ah, mais, the philosophy it is, perhaps, that makes Mademoiselle Dagma comprehend," said De Maurier, who, with arms folded, stood regarding Dagma.

Chancellor, almost unconsciously glancing toward the young girl, caught a fleeting glimpse of her face, expressive in keen appreciation. She must have resented De Maurier's remark, for the old calm returned and was still there when, three hours later, she came for her first sitting.

As for De Maurier, who was present, his flashing eyes reveled in joy—happy to feel within their depths the reflection of that "bewitching Dagma."

"Flowers bloom in the open air," said the artist, thoughtfully, as he stood regarding his model, "and flower-girls generally sell their flowers in the open air. Therefore this picture ought to be painted in full light, in the courtyard."

"I think you are mistaken," said Dagma, quickly. "Many flower-girls sit in markets; others under sheds; others against walls, with sheds hanging over them. I would rather be one of these."

"You are to be what I want," replied Chancellor, firmly, "or you are to be not at all on my canvas. I wish this especially understood before we commence."

"I forgot," responded Dagma, compressing her lips.

"Eh, ma foi," said De Maurier, shrugging his shoulders, as if with keen enjoyment, "but you two make one big comedy. It is the two flints and the spark."

VOL. XCVII—30.

"I want this picture to be a success," continued Chancellor, as if not hearing his friend's remark. "I belong to a club of artists—there is to be an exhibition, the first of the year, in New York—"

"I understand," interrupted Dagma, her lip curling. "You want to use me for your success. Make what arrangements you please."

"If I can get the light to fall here as I wish," said Chancellor, dragging at a curtain which covered a sky-light, "I of course prefer doing the work here; if not, we shall try the open air. Stand there, Dagma."

She stood as he directed.

"No, that does not do."

Another light was tried, another, and yet another. Chancellor had no cause for complaint. The young model was docile enough.

"Mais, my friend, it is at a corner many flower-women will sit," said De Maurier, who had critically examined the light of each change. "Place mademoiselle by this angle. It is what you want—eh?"

"Yes," said the artist, scanning his model as she sat where the wall of the dormer-window met the wall of the room. "Yes, I think that will do. Wait—this curtain. Now, that is better. Throw your head a little further forward. There—that will do. Now wait—let me see the effect."

He emptied a basket of flowers into her lap, as he spoke.

"Lay your hands among them. Gather two or three together."

"Is this what you want?" asked the young girl, picking up two or three blossoms.

"No, no; half-blown buds—rosebuds. There, that will do. Now wait."

He dragged his easel forward while speaking, and again regarded his model.

"I wish you would try to look as you looked this morning."

"How?"

"Why," said Chancellor, impatiently, "like—like a flower. You are nothing but a thorn now."

"Mon Dieu!—I think me—I might be thorn too, if I had been made move like mademoiselle."

"Are you tired?" asked Chancellor, grimly.

"No, no," answered Dagma; "I am thinking—"

"Well?"

"It is not easy to assume—at least, not for me. If I could forget!"

She passed her hand once or twice over her brow.

"I do really want to look as you wish."

"Yes," said Chancellor, gathering pallet and brush and glancing carelessly toward her, "naturally, every woman wants to look well in a picture. Oh, you will not do at all, if you look angry. Excuse me—I spoke without thinking," he added, abruptly.

"I wish you would not speak at all—I wish you would speak only when it is necessary," cried Dagma. "I don't care—" She stopped and bit her lips and looked away from her cousin. As she did so, her eye fell again on the rich forest-scene which she had that morning so intently regarded. "I will try now," she murmured; "those woods are lovely."

And Chancellor, scanning her now, could not complain. It was indeed as a flower she bloomed above her flowers. Motioning De Maurier to silence, the artist commenced.

The noise from the city below drifted up with the murmur of far-off life: laughter and sighs, joy and sorrow, words of prayer and words of ribaldry, curses and blessings, the babblings of youth and the mutterings of age, all mingling in soft sound, swept upward under the roof, where those three were gathered. A pigeon lit on the window-sill, cooed, and flew softly away. A butterfly floated in on a sun-beam, fluttered over the flowers in Dagma's lap, and off again through the opened window. De Maurier was absorbed in Dagma, Chancellor in his work, and Dagma—who could say? There was the same forest shadow and light on the young face, the same thorn-gleam, recognized by Chancellor's artist eye, and yet—Chancellor frowned once or twice. The expression beneath these, he could not fathom. It was the *ignis-fatuus*—the light intangible—before him, yet not before him—there, yet gone.

"I don't want to tire you, Dagma," he said, presently. "The face must not show the least trace of fatigue. Can you give me a half-hour to-morrow morning, before breakfast?"

"Yes; oh, yes," she answered, passing her hand over her eyes.

"I think me, mademoiselle has made a long voyage—mademoiselle has been to her home?" asked De Maurier, softly, while

Chancellor stood, critically examining his work.

"Yes; I had gone home."

"I am jealous of that home," said De Maurier, drawing near and looking down on the young girl.

"It is a lovely home; there is no other like it for me," responded Dagma, rising, so that all the sweet flowers fell in a shower at her feet. "Pretty things!" she cried, stooping to gather them. "You too are only for the club," she added, in a low tone.

"And it does not please you, mademoiselle," asked De Maurier, who had stooped with her to help gather the fading blossoms, "it does not please you that this picture goes to the club?"

"In one way, yes—it is a bargain," answered Dagma, dryly. "I lend myself for his success."

"And if I say," continued De Maurier, almost whispering and slowly dallying among the blossoms where Dagma's little hand sped back and forth, "if I say that hereafter, perhaps, it may be for me—"

"For you?" cried the young girl, regarding him with wide-opened eyes, and then letting them suddenly fall, and stirring her hand, which had for a moment lain still on the blossoms. "The picture will be my cousin's—I have nothing to do with its disposal," she added, abruptly. "Now let us lay them in the basket. I will give them water when I go to my room. I want you to tell me something, Mr. De Maurier: did that painting always hang where it hangs now?"

"Which, mademoiselle?"

"That forest-scene. It was a favorite with my father, and I thought he said"—she hesitated, then looked toward the side of the room by the chapel—"that it hung over there."

"I remember; it does seem to me—yes, mademoiselle is correct. Chancellor, did you have that picture—that 'Spring in France,' I believe you call it—eh, bien! whatsoever it may be—was it not removed?"

Chancellor looked up from his work.

"That one, do you mean?" he asked, pointing with his brush.

"Mais, yes. Mademoiselle says that her papa tells her—"

"In former years, it hung where that 'Culprit Fay' hangs now," interrupted Chancellor. "I did not like the light."

He resumed work, as he finished speaking.

"This side of the house presents a different view," observed Dagma, going to the dormer-window and looking forth on a maze of roofs and steeples.

"It is a view quite different," assented De Maurier, standing with her beside the open window.

Like a benediction, the sound of a distant church-bell fell over the roofs.

"I wonder whether they are all unhappy," said Dagma, dreamily.

"Who?" asked De Maurier.

"Why," pursued Dagma, in the same dreamy way, "all the people covered by those roofs."

"There is only the one thing which may make them happy," said De Maurier, glancing at the young girl, whose face was temptingly lovely under its unusual expression of gentleness; "and that, mademoiselle, is love. If the parent may love the child, and the child the parent, and the wife the husband, and the lover the sweet young maid that he may hold to his heart—ah, *mon Dieu*!" continued De Maurier, "can you not perceive, Mademoiselle Dagma—"

"I perceive that this roof is not very steep," interrupted the girl, craning her pretty head forth into the sunlight. "Those are the chapel windows adjoining—those two; and that beyond is the store-room window. I should like to go in there some-day," she went on, not noting De Maurier's crestfallen appearance. "I dare say," she continued, turning away, "I dare say I should find some of my father's old treasures in the rubbish. These poor flowers will be quite dead, if I do not place them in water."

She picked up the basket as she spoke, and walked toward her cousin.

"I will be here at—"

"A little before half-past seven," responded Chancellor, not lifting his eyes.

"I shall be punctual," answered Dagma, as she passed into the hall and across to her room.

"Well?" said the artist, raising his head, and, brush in hand, regarding his friend.

"Well?" repeated De Maurier, inquiringly.

"I want to know, only, whether you still find her 'delicious.' I believe that was the expression," added Chancellor, resuming work.

"Yes," answered De Maurier, reddening.

"What! even when she snubs you and interrupts your rhapsodies with exclamations over a roof?"

"Bah! she is delicious, all the same. And next time, my friend, I shall see, yes, that you are not near when I make my rhapsodies."

"Take care, only, that the wind does not blow toward me," said Chancellor, with a quizzical glance at the other's disturbed face.

"I will take care, yes," replied De Maurier, nodding his head.

## XV.

"Do you always keep your studio locked?" asked Dagma, when she met her cousin next morning.

"Always," he answered, thrusting the key into the lock.

"Why?"

"Why? For many reasons. My study and my studio are my castles. I am richer than most people, Dagma—I own three. The third—"

"Is your mind—the castle we all own; but," she continued, entering through the opened door, "I cannot understand why you keep others from enjoying these pictures at any time."

"It is not necessary to explain. Ah, here comes De Maurier. He asked permission to get the flowers this morning. Good-day, my friend."

"Eh, my good Chancellor—eh, mademoiselle, behold them! The fairest I could find, with the dew all over each face, like the fresh representation of another face I know."

"They are very pretty," said Dagma, glancing at the basket of lovely blossoms he extended toward her. "Is it necessary—do you intend to dress me every day in flowers?" she asked, looking with a slight frown at her cousin, while De Maurier showered the wealth of blossoms over her lap.

"Yes," he answered, shortly; "I prefer a model perfect in all surroundings. Those flowers spiritualize the air about you; but," he broke off suddenly, "you are not an artist—you do not understand."

Dagma lifted her brows slightly, but made no response, as she obediently adopted the position he chose.

"And am I a silent spectator just, and not anything at all more?" asked De Maurier.

"You may talk to the model, if you can

keep the expression I want," replied the artist, arranging himself for work.

"I don't care to talk."

"But mademoiselle is cruel," objected the young planter. "Come, we will talk of the home which mademoiselle does love so well. Now tell to me what in that picture recalls the home and makes mademoiselle so that she blooms."

The young girl hesitated a moment, and her eyes fell.

"Nothing—nothing, perhaps," she said, hurriedly, "except"—here she lifted her eyes and regarded the "Spring in France"—"it is green and soft and beautiful, like our woods."

"But there are others—"

"Not just like this. The green is—see, it is a lustrous glamor of light, and then that bit of opening: there was a savanna near our house—we could see it from the roof. The sunlight fell just as it is falling there, and the clouds drifted over—their shadows were just like big birds moving. My father said it was life—that every life had shadows. I knew, when the days were dark and there was just a flush of sunlight now and then—I knew he thought—" She stopped suddenly.

"Look up, please. Don't drop your head," said Chancellor, calmly.

Dagma obeyed.

"What did he think?" asked De Maurier, seating himself near and speaking in a low voice.

"I would rather not say. I spoke without thinking."

"His life—it was a sad life, eh?" asked De Maurier, in a tone of sympathy.

"Yes; oh, yes—so sad. Though he loved me, I was nothing more than just the bits of sunlight that fell through the cloud."

"Mais, I cannot believe it," said De Maurier, edging nearer and taking a flower from her lap. "You were to him, I think—"

"De Maurier," interrupted Chancellor, brusquely, "I have no desire to paint you with Dagma. Will you please move off?"

"Is that far enough, my friend?" asked the other, laughing, as he took a seat some two yards away.

Chancellor did not answer, but worked on, casting cool critical looks toward his model.

"I don't know what's the matter," he exclaimed, presently, dropping his brush. "I believe that coffee was too strong. My

hand is not steady. I shall ask mother to give us breakfast at seven instead of eight o'clock, then we can have the half-hour after breakfast."

"Just as you please," said Dagma, among her flowers.

"I don't do well this morning, De Maurier; you're a chatter-box."

"Mais, did you not give me permission that I might talk?"

"Yes, but not as you talk to-day," objected the artist, touching and retouching his work.

"Ma foi! I don't know, me, what sort of talk you want, my friend. Is it the botany—eh? To make her look a flower, must we talk botany—eh?" He shrugged his shoulders and twisted his handsome features into a grimace so comical that Dagma smiled.

"You may go," said Chancellor, shortly, without deigning a reply to his friend's appeal. "I shall not need you again to-day."

"Come and take your flowers, Mr. De Maurier."

"Ma foi, but they are for mademoiselle."

"If I am to be covered with flowers every day, and carry them all to my room—"

"You will live with your companions—your sisters," interrupted De Maurier, eagerly, kneeling and helping to pile the basket.

"It is so pretty, that I shall place it on the breakfast-table, if Aunt Goudain will allow," said Dagma, going toward the dormer-window, with the basket on her arm. "These are exquisitely-colored glasses," she observed, as De Maurier followed, and she passed her finger over a delicately-tinted pane.

"But yes," assented her companion.

"They are like the chapel windows," observed Dagma, drawing the hook back and forth.

"I don't know—I believe, yes."

"They open just like them—just like two little doors. I think this is a lovely room. And I like this view—I like to be far up above other people. I like to look across these roofs and see the masts of the ships, and wonder where they are going. They make me think of a dream I had once. It was after father had left me, and Padre Ambrose said it came to give me peace."

"And this dream—" asked De Maurier, glancing at the softened young face.

"Ah," replied Dagma, and he knew by her eyes that she saw what she told, "I stood on a beach, and a great ocean stretched

before me. The waters were gray; but, far off on the horizon, where the sun was setting, they were golden, and all the sky was golden, and against the gold sky I could see a ship showing black. The sails were torn and hung in tatters, and it moved slowly and it looked so tired, as if all worn with the battling of storms, and soon it began to move down—first the hull, and then the sails, till all, even the masts, were lost in that beautiful glory. I was very lonely afterward—so lonely, standing on the shore by those gray waters, that I awoke, and then I knew it was father's life-boat I had seen, sinking away into the glory of heaven; and, when I told Padre Ambrose, he said I had translated as God wished."

"And were you lonely after that vision?" asked De Maurier, his soul strangely moved by the exquisite tenderness of voice and face.

"Ah, yes—so lonely; but I did not wish him back. He had gone where—"

"Where—" repeated De Maurier, softly prompting as she became silent.

"Where he found peace," she concluded, the voice quite hard now and the eyes contracted, while she gazed toward the masts which had called forth her story.

Some pigeons were cooing on the roof, but, through the soft noise, De Maurier could hear his heart throbbing. He drew a little nearer Dagma, and leaned his arm on the sill.

"And, if there is loneliness in your heart," he said, almost whispering, "have you not had the thought that another heart might give sympathy? Can you not think that—"

Dagma moved quickly.

"I don't believe I have thought at all," she said, turning abruptly away. "Those ships carried me into dreamland—a sad sort of dreamland. I beg your pardon for taking you there—and before breakfast, too," she added, smiling. "It was too long a journey. Au revoir."

"My friend," observed Chancellor, as he continued work, after Dagma had closed the door, "I wish—" He paused a moment, and stood off to regard the effect of a certain tint.

"Well?" exclaimed the friend, inquiringly.

"I wish," pursued Chancellor, as he recommenced work, "I wish you would choose some other spot in which to pay your court. Flowers generally tremble when butterflies

hover over them, and I want a flower at rest."

"Is it that I am forbidden the studio?" asked De Maurier, who stood and watched the dim outlines of the work.

"Oh, no. You are of service. You gave me some odd bits of expression this morning, when you talked to her. They came out very well. I have had some difficulty in keeping the rest of the family away. Frankly, De Maurier, I haven't the least objection to anything, except—you must not try to cull that flower while it is my model."

"Ah, but you say 'Do not gather at all,'" objected De Maurier.

"I have said all that I intend to say on that matter. You are taking your fate within your own hands," he went on, gravely, "and the responsibility must rest with yourself. I can see you yielding as to the work of a charmer."

"And if I rejoice that I yield? If I am content?"

"Talk no more about the affair," exclaimed Chancellor, frowning. "Just grant my request, and let my model bloom calmly."

"But what other place may I see her? What other place may I converse?"

"An ardent lover generally finds a rope ladder, if he can't do better," remarked Chancellor, coolly.

"She refuses me when I join her on the street, she objects and says I interrupt if I go see the little ones when they play in the summer-house, she is just but a short time at breakfast, and then she will not talk, but just 'Yes' or 'No'—ma foi! she evades me—she will not even come down at night—she sits up there beneath the stars, and I stand below and make my worship."

"Get a guitar and sing to her, as if you were Antoine," interrupted Chancellor, throwing a grim glance at the despairing face.

"You have not much sympathy, my friend," cried De Maurier; "but, nevertheless, it is an idea you give. Antoine she loves, because he is of her home in the country—the country she loves. Good! I will ask her to my home. I will ask Mrs. Goudain and Roselle and two or three more to make company, and I will make an invitation to the children, in order that it may be an impossibility that she refuse.



And she shall see my home, and I will teach her to love my big trees and my cane-fields and the big river, and especially I will teach her to love the old house and the galleries, where she may lie in a hammock and dream that she is away in her own home. And then she will lie there before me, and she will talk to me, and tell me some more of her beautiful visions and—"

"I suspect breakfast is ready," interrupted Chancellor, dryly, as he laid down his brush and pallet.

De Maurier, who had been excitedly walking back and forth while he talked, stopped suddenly.

"Ma foi, Chancellor, you are just one big bucket of cold water."

"Happily and healthfully administered," said the other, as he bolted the window. "Just pull that curtain across the sky-light. Come, my friend, we will descend now from these realms spiritual to those more substantial."

"Do you think she will go?" asked De Maurier, while they went downstairs together.

"I suppose you mean my Cousin Dagma," said Chancellor. "I should never venture an opinion as to her course of conduct. If it is possible, just defer the date of the visit a week or two. By that time, I shall perhaps have caught enough of my model to dispense with these daily sittings."

"If but I could catch her into my life, as you on your canvas," exclaimed De Maurier.

"Unfortunately, she defies me, as she defies you. There's something about her—well, evasive," muttered Chancellor, as he entered the dining-room, where the family had already assembled.

The key of the studio was yet in his hand, and, when he had seated himself, he laid it beside his plate. Something white gleamed in a cleft of the dark steel. He picked up the key, examined it, and thrust it into his pocket. As he did so, his eye rested on Dagma. Her face was crimson. Otherwise she appeared calm, and sat silent, beating on the table a soft tattoo with her fingers.

The something white was a morsel of wax.

## XVI.

TEN days passed. The "Flower-Girl" was fast growing into loveliness, but there

was an eerie unearthly expression about the sweet face. Not the fresh beauty of rosebuds looked forth from the eye: rather, the souls of lotus-bloom, water-lilies, mimosa-blossoms, and night-cereus. That something mysterious and evasive had crept to the canvas, and looked at Chancellor as he worked. In vain he tried to catch just the bloom of a rosebud and the prickle of a thorn mingled; in vain he bent frowning over the vexing depths of those strange eyes; in vain he changed a shade here and a tint there—that mysterious something lingered and would not be gone.

The door of the studio stood always open now, during the daily sittings—for what reason, Chancellor best knew. De Maurier talked, and Dagma listened.

Several times, Mrs. Goudain and Roselle De Maurier disturbed the sittings; but Chancellor brusquely avowed he could not work when they were present, and insisted that he should be left in peace. Among his pictures, he was as a king in his kingdom. A certain softness from their influence touched his rugged nature, giving even to form and feature a new expression of grace, as when the softness of foliage decks the naked skeletons of trees. Apparently to make up for time spent in the studio, he seldom now accompanied his mother and Miss De Maurier on their evening expeditions of pleasure, but, placing both under the care of De Maurier, regretted that business prevented his going. Midnight often found him writing in the library or in the little study downstairs.

One morning, Mrs. Goudain expressed much disappointment because her son wished his refusal sent to a friend's reunion. She evinced such deep regret that Chancellor, kissing her good-bye, exclaimed:

"If it will give you great pleasure, send my acceptance, mother. Let me see: when does this event come off? Tuesday next. Well, I will make a memorandum."

He drew out a little book while speaking, and commenced rummaging in his pocket for a pencil.

"Have you a pencil, De Maurier? Mine has disappeared."

"Eh? and mine!" cried De Maurier.

"Mademoiselle has one—she always carries one in her pocket," exclaimed Cecil.

"Will you have it?" asked Dagma, extending the pencil, and her hand touched his for

the first time. It was deathly cold, and the girl's face seemed absolutely shining with light.

"Tuesday next," said Chancellor, writing. "Tuesday next," he repeated, glancing toward his cousin, as he slipped the book into his pocket and walked from the room.

And, when Tuesday night came, Dagma, from her eyrie, watched the family cross over the courtyard and enter the carriage, saw the big gates open and the horses and the lights pass through.

She sat a long time, watching. One by one, the house-lights were extinguished. Pierre had closed all the blinds. The lamp in the courtyard threw a dim glow over bushes and trees faintly waving in a soft wind. She got up and looked into the hall. A mere glimmer crept up from the lamp below. The clock struck the half-hour after ten. She heard a footstep, and moved back to her room.

"It is not time yet," she murmured.

Another half-hour slipped away. A bell somewhere chimed eleven. She counted the strokes as they breathed and died.

"Now, dear father—now, dear father," she whispered.

Her throat was dry, and she trembled as she stood. She poured out a glass of water and drank it. Then she unlocked her trunk, took thence the dark-lantern which Antoine had brought, lit it and closed it, and passed into the hall. Her feet fell softly as she glided to the door of the studio. She stopped there, set the lantern on the floor, drew a key from her pocket, and slipped it into the lock. It turned softly, for the lock had been greased.

"Blessings on the oil," she murmured, withdrawing the key.

The big door swung gently open, and Dagma picked up her lamp, slipped within, closed the door behind her, softly locked it, and, withdrawing the key, stepped forward.

A very little light streamed through the panes of the dormer-window and through the sky-lights. The room looked unearthly, for this faint light disclosed faces here and there gleaming down from the walls, the draped easels loomed up like shrouded figures, and the ottomans seemed like other figures crouching in the dimness of the night.

Without pausing, Dagma set the lantern on the floor, and, going to an easel, removed

the draping and the picture, lifted the easel in her arms, and placed it beside the dormer-window. She then seized the draping, and, mounting the easel with the agility of one accustomed to climbing, took a hammer and some tacks from her pocket. Two or three taps, very gently given, fastened the draping securely.

"No one can see the light now," she thought, adjusting a fold here and a fold there.

Then the lantern was softly opened. It threw a red beam on the picture which Dagma had removed.

"Horrible!" muttered the girl, recognizing the face of the woman who had defied Chancellor, and she turned it prone on the floor. "Dear father, just so I shall turn away the evil which blackened your life."

She moved the lantern so that the single red ray shot upward on the wall 'twixt chapel and studio, and fell in focus on the picture of the "Culprit Fay," now filling the spot where "Spring in France" had once hung.

Dagma looked up.

"It is very heavy, that picture." She looked toward the easel. "I wish I had a step-ladder. It does not hang high, though."

Then she moved quickly, as if struck by a bright idea, and placed the largest ottoman under the picture; on top of that, one smaller; and on that, another smaller yet. She moved like a phantom, but a wonderful strength seemed filling her young form: it was the strength of excitement. Bringing the easel beside the pile of ottomans, she climbed to the highest, knelt, and, extending her hands, attempted to lift the picture from a brass nail. But the wire was so caught and twisted, she could not succeed.

Trembling and cold, she drew a dagger from her pocket, and, bending forward, cut the wiry knot on the nail, then laid the dagger beside her. With hands clasping the frame, she lifted the picture, which now moved easily, rested it on the ottoman where she knelt, and was about to stretch forth one little foot, when the door opened and—Chancellor appeared.

## XVII.

ONE instant they looked full at each other.

Chancellor stood quite still, his big form looming up in the mystic light.

Dagma, with the red lamp-glare playing

all over face and figure, and both hands resting above the picture, which shone forth distinctly, knelt, a culprit indeed.

"Can I help you?" asked Chancellor, moving forward. "I was in my room below and heard you."

"I thought you were away," said Dagma, looking down with a frown 'twixt her brows.

"I was away; I reported myself to my hostess, excused myself to my mother, and I am now quite ready to help you."

"If you really want to help me," responded Dagma, whose heart was fluttering wildly, "just go from the room and leave me in peace."

"You ask too much," said Chancellor. "I never allow anyone to tamper with my pictures. I cannot understand," he went on, standing now so that the red light bathed his whole figure and showed his flashing eye, "I cannot understand how you dare attempt to move that painting. What do you want to do with it?"

"Perhaps," replied Dagma, coolly, "perhaps I want to replace the 'Spring in France,' which used to hang here."

"And by what right—but get down," he ordered, breaking off suddenly.

He reached up his arms as he spoke and drew the painting from under her hands.

She did not attempt to retain it, but, while he placed it on the easel, taking her dagger and slipping her foot to the edge of the second ottoman, sprang deftly down.

"It was you who filled the lock of this door with wax," he said, turning and facing her as she stooped to pick up her lantern.

"Yes," she replied, standing still, the lantern hanging from her left hand.

"You went to that old courtyard, where you were seen twice, to have keys made from impressions taken of the key-hole. I know the place—I know the man."

"Oh, yes."

"When you were seen buying those bunches of keys, you were not, as I supposed, getting keys for my book-cases—you were hunting a key for this lock."

"You are quite right."

"The second day of your sitting, you drew the key from the lock when you closed the door, and you took the impression in wax."

"Not one, but two," said Dagma, correcting.

"You worked so quickly that you left in the key a piece of wax, which I found."

"Precisely."

"Then you filed one of the keys bought—"

"And it worked admirably. I was charmed with my success."

"That lantern was bought for night-work in this room."

Dagma made no reply.

"Now, what do you want here? Tell me!" he asked, taking a step forward and looking down on her as she stood, the glow all over her white dress and the dagger gleaming in her right hand.

"What do I want? What do I want?" she repeated, looking up with curling lip and defiant eye. "You are such a fine detective—really, it seems a pity to spoil the case you have worked up so well; but, since you insist—why, I came—I think I must have come to change those paintings and to see what progress you have made since yesterday, on this picture."

She lifted the lantern as she spoke, and let the light fall full on her pictured self.

"You came here simply to change those paintings and to see what progress I had made on my picture, at this hour of the night?" he asked, seizing her wrist and looking into her face, suddenly lifted toward his in surprise. "And made all those preparations for this?" he continued, yet looking as one searching the very depths of a human soul. "Pshaw! after all, Dagma," and here he dropped her arm, "after all, you are just as false as—" He stopped suddenly.

"Go on," said Dagma, coldly; "go on. Say at once: 'As false as your father.' But no," she added, "you shall not say it. I had a reason for coming here. Stay—see: I despise you; and—yes, I had a reason for letting you paint this paltry daub. Dieu! Do you imagine—do you dream—that I sat, hour after hour, a victim—yes, a victim—to all your cold looks and your indifferent orders, just that I might see my face grow under your hand? Ah, it is a wonder that face did not scowl as you laid the soft colors all about. One night—yes, I will tell you—one night, I went down to the courtyard to get a book I had left there. I thought rain would fall, for the sky was cloudy. You came, and I did not want to meet you, and I hid by the big jars. I thought you would go soon. But you did not go, and

your friend joined you, and I was watching a chance to go, and then you both sat down and talked, and I heard every word that you said."

"Honorable!" exclaimed Chancellor, looking on her with blazing eyes.

"I would gladly have spared myself the pain of listening," went on Dagma, calmly, "and I put my hands over my ears; but, unfortunately, Bruno came and growled, and I took my hands down to soothe him, because I did not want you to find me hiding: and I learned all the opinions you had formed of me, and all your plans for my future."

"At least," said Chancellor, interrupting, "they were honorable."

"Honorable? Oh, yes," replied Dagma, scornfully, "most honorable—especially honorable, the warning given your friend against the daughter of a dishonored father. Did you suppose," she continued, drawing up her slender figure and throwing back her head with gesture singularly proud and disdainful, "did you suppose for one moment that I would have accepted his love—that I would have given even the faintest sign of encouragement—until I had told the stain on my father's memory? How little indeed you know me!"

"Do not be disturbed," said Chancellor. "The warning has made no difference in his feelings toward you."

"It has made no difference," she repeated, "because, unfortunately, he really loves the cousin with green eyes and yellow face, whom you scorn—whose picture you have deigned to paint that it may gratify an odd idea and fill a panel in your club. And you thought my vanity pleased—you thought," here Dagma laughed oddly, "that I rejoiced to see my face grow on canvas. Well, I will show that I did not rejoice—that I scorned your work. See, thus!" And, as Dagma spoke, she plunged her dagger into the semblance of her lovely self.

Chancellor, after the first thrust, just as she lifted her hand for a second, placed himself before the "Flower-Girl" like a shield.

Dagma, with eyes all ablaze, looked up into his, stern and wrathful.

"This stab," she said, slowly, "has torn only a picture—a silly worthless bit of work; but those which you gave tore a human heart."

"Stop!" exclaimed Chancellor, seeing that she turned to leave; "stop! Was it for this too, to destroy my best work, that—?"

"That I came?" she interrupted, standing where the light was thrown full on his white face and on her own—most temptingly beautiful, all tossed and moving with the power of a soul-storm. "No; I had another reason."

"And that other reason?" he continued, in the same tone.

"That other reason? Ah, I will not tell."

"Do you know," said Chancellor, folding his arms and calmly surveying her from head to foot, "do you know, Dagma, that as a work of art you are surprisingly beautiful to-night? That white dress, in this spectral light, and those old laces, tone and soften your tinting. I take back all that I have said; I acknowledge that, notwithstanding defects, you are wonderfully beautiful. Are you satisfied?" he asked.

Sheer surprise had held the girl still; then her eyes, opaline and lustrous, suddenly contracted—a cold tremor swept over her slender figure, so that the lantern in her hand trembled; but there was no break in the voice with which she answered: "I thank you for those words. They have given me new strength."

"Strength for what?" asked Chancellor.

But she was gone.

A long ray of moonlight streamed through the half-drawn curtain above and fell on the wounded neck of the lovely "Flower-Girl." He stood before his beloved work, gazing into the eyes—those vexing wonderful eyes, whose varying colors had taxed and thwarted every pallet-shade. Here in the moonlight they gleamed forth with the coldness of ice and the warmth of fire, with their mysteries and their strange changes.

"Altogether contradictory," said Chancellor, coolly lifting the canvas from its easel and turning the face toward the wall.

Without a backward glance, he passed on, taking care to pick up the key, which glistened on the floor where Dagma had left it. As he stepped into the hall, the big clock below chimed twelve. He locked the door, went to his chamber below, and resumed work. But the pen grew still in his hand; and, when De Maurier returned, a half-hour later, he found him slowly pacing back and forth, head bent as in deep reverie.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

### EMERGENCIES.

#### ASPHYXIA.

It seems impossible that there should be anyone in this enlightened age who does not know that, in putting out gas, it should be shut off by turning the stop-cock, and not by blowing it out. Yet it is not rare to see accounts in the newspapers, of death from this cause. Sometimes it is carelessness, and not ignorance, that brings about the fatal result. The gas is turned low, and a puff of wind blows out the feeble flame, or an alteration in the pressure extinguishes it. The noxious vapor continues to pour out through the vent in the burner, and smothers the sleeper who occupies the room. Sometimes the gas is inhaled intentionally.

Anyone may be called upon to treat a case of this kind, and then "knowledge is power" indeed; it may be the means of saving life.

The victim is insensible, the eyes are fixed, and all efforts to arouse him are unavailing. Open doors and windows to admit a strong current of fresh air. Dash cold water in the face, give a smart slap on the pit of the stomach, and hold ammonia to the nose.

Set two persons to rub the arms and legs thoroughly, place hot-water bags—or any means for conveying heat—about the feet and legs, and cover them with flannel.

Make another person start artificial respiration. Sylvester's method is very simple and should be familiar to everyone. Let someone stand at the head of the patient, and, grasping the arms below the elbows, bring them up until the hands meet above the head. Bring the arms down on the chest, making firm pressure to expel the air from the lungs. Repeat sixteen or eighteen times in a minute.

Mix brandy or whiskey with one-third hot water, and try to put some down the throat. If none be swallowed, mix half a pint, half and half, and have it given hot by enema. Strong coffee can also be used for this purpose, as in opium-poisoning. Hold a folded

towel to the rectum, to assist in retaining it. The object is to stimulate the system in every way possible.

Asphyxia means literally "without pulse," but it is generally used for any form of suffocation. The sufferer is dying from want of air in the lungs, and all efforts are to be directed to restoring the breathing.

This condition may arise from many causes: drowning, in which the supply of air is cut off by the water; exposure to gas, the fumes of charcoal burned in a close room, foul air from a sewer, cesspool, or disused well, or choke-damp in a mine; hanging, or strangling from a piece of meat or other foreign body lodging in the throat.

In all these cases except the last, the treatment is the same: stimulate by heat, friction, and stimulants. Keep up artificial respiration as long as the body is warm. Have several volunteers to take turns at this, and do not give up for at least two hours, even when the efforts seem useless. Success may be near when you are most discouraged.

When a person is strangling, try to hook a piece of wire around the object and draw it out of the throat. If this cannot be done, try to push it down. A smart slap between the shoulders will sometimes send it out of the mouth.

#### SUNSTROKE.

When a person working or walking in the sun feels a sense of weakness at the pit of the stomach and in the knees, headache, or nausea, he should lie down in a quiet cool place and have cold applied to his head, in hope of preventing further mischief.

When these symptoms are not attended to, and the person becomes suddenly unconscious, the temperature becomes very high, as if the blood were boiling hot, and there is no perspiration.

The clothes should be removed and the body wrapped in a wet sheet kept constantly wet with ice-water. Keep cold cloths on the head, which should be raised. When

consciousness returns, keep the patient in a cool dark room. Give light easily-digested food and no stimulants.

#### FAINTING.

This state is caused by the heart ceasing to contract for a moment; the supply of blood is cut off from the brain, the face becomes pale, the pulse weak, and the sufferer unconscious. Lay the patient flat on the back, raise the foot of the bed or couch, or let the head hang over the side, to bring it lower than the body. Wet the lips, hold

ammonia to the nose, and, if breathing stop, press hard on the chest. If this does not start it, try artificial respiration. Give a little stimulant when it can be swallowed.

When the face is flushed and red, as in sunstroke or apoplexy, showing that there is a rush of blood to the brain, stimulants should not be given. When it is pale and drawn, they may safely be used. This is a good rule to follow in cases of unconsciousness, when uncertain whether to give stimulants or not.

### INSOMNIA.

IN our day, insomnia has become a sadly prevalent complaint, and the dwellers in this excitable American climate are especially liable to its evil effects.

To the good sleeper, a single night's wakefulness is a thing to be remembered and talked about for a week; but only a person who has endured at least a portion of its long catalogue of horrors can form the least idea of the suffering of a confirmed victim of insomnia.

Still, though apparently few persons seem to recognize the fact, it is often to a great degree the sufferer's own fault that his malady has reached such appalling proportions, as in many cases the trouble can be checked in its first stage without much difficulty.

Sometimes insomnia is the outcome of nervous disease and the precursor of insanity, and in its aggravated form demands heroic treatment. This aggravation, where it is not a primary result of advanced disease, may be established by the habitual dependence on hypnotics. All deprecate the use of opium, chloral, or cocaine for trivial causes.

There are a great many cases of insomnia in which simple and direct physiological treatment will accomplish the desired end. A brisk walk, followed by a cold douche on the head before retiring, will often check incipient symptoms. On the other hand, a hot shower-bath may be equally effectual. Warmth, generally speaking, favors sleep; but excessive warmth has the contrary effect. On this account, while it is advisable never to go to bed with cold feet,

it is equally so to avoid excessive covering. The bed should be neither too warm nor too soft; the covering only just sufficient. A cool head is as necessary as warm feet; one should try a cold compress, protecting the pillow with a dry cloth, and applying the compress back of the neck.

The ordinary sanitary conditions must be present in the bed-chamber, in order to banish sleeplessness. Excitable persons should always keep quiet during the evening, which with everybody should be, as far as possible, a time for relaxation and especially change. Persons of sedentary habits are better for doing some muscular work. Regular hours and sufficient exercise are necessary; also a good digestion.

Late eating does not interfere with sleep, provided the food taken is easily digestible, in which case it rather favors sleep. This is especially true with invalids. Among the devices found to control insomnia, we may mention the water-drip. The sound of water dropping slowly and steadily into a pan occupies and quiets the brain.

A long-suffering victim of insomnia cured himself by keeping the eyeballs looking down. Another kept rolling them in one direction with good effect, repeating meanwhile a certain word or number. Long inspirations by the mouth and expirations by the nostrils, conceiving the air as currents, have been found effectual. All intellectual exercise should be stopped half an hour before bed-time. A tumblerful of milk, instead of the usual copious draughts of water, taken during sleeplessness, will often help to overcome it.



# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1.—Is a young lady's street or house dress, of fine Hamburg embroidery. The same embroidery in a more elaborate pattern trims the fronts and sleeves of the jacket. A plaited waistband of the material finishes the



No. 1.

slightly draped at the left side, showing the under-petticoat a little; all the rest of the skirt hangs in straight folds. The jacket-bodice opens in front over a full round waist of the material, which is adorned with a jabot

(572)



No. 2.

round waist. From ten to twelve yards of gingham will be required. The quantity of

embroidery will depend upon the length of the waist. A small straw toque, trimmed

in deep points finishes the waist and trims the sleeves. All sleeves are high and puffed at the armhole. A straw poke hat, faced with crêpe or lace and trimmed with the same, with the addition of two wings or some flowers to correspond with the dress, is worn for street or country. Twelve to fourteen yards of sateen will be required to make the dress.

No. 3—Is a plain pink or blue chambrey or gingham, for a young girl. The plain skirt is edged on one side and all around the bottom with a wide band of heavy English embroidery. There is also, on the front breadth of the skirt, a running pattern of



No. 3.

with a tiny wreath of flowers, is worn with this costume.

No. 2—Is a stylish model and entirely new, for a figured sateen or cheap China silk or challis. The skirt hangs plain all around. The waist is arranged for the front to fasten at the side seam under the arm. It is full over a plain vest of vandyke lace. The same



No. 4.

stems and leaves, done in braiding; but this is entirely optional—the gown will be quite

as pretty and effective without this addition. There is a full tucked waist, which laps in front and has a revers to match the skirt, which it seems to join. Over this is a short jacket, trimmed with revers of the embroidery. The same forms epaulettes for the sleeves and is used for the cuffs. Twelve to fourteen yards of chambray and at least ten yards of embroidery will be required. A bordered gingham might be made up by this model, using the border instead of the embroidery.

No. 4—Is a girl's country-dress, of figured challis, smartened up with embroidered bands



No. 5.

in the light tint of the frock. A pretty ribbon or open embroidery may be substituted. The bodice has the high puckered sleeves and is full at the right side, having a single revers opposite. The skirt is gathered with several rows of gathers under the fitted waistband. A round straw hat, turned up at the back and trimmed with loops of ribbon and a bunch of daisies, completes this pretty costume.



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 8.

No. 5—Is a plaited skirt and waist, of flannel, gingham, or nun's-veiling, for a little girl of four years. The waist is plaited on to a full yoke, and the sleeves are full into cuffs which are tucked to match the waist. A sash of the material ties at the back.

No. 6—Is for a little boy of three to four years, and is a simple one-piece suit of plaid woolen or gingham. The deep collar and cuffs are trimmed with English embroidery. A leather belt is worn with this style of dress for a boy.

No. 7—Is a sailor-costume for a little boy of six years. It is of marine-blue flannel or serge, and is composed of short pants, the fullness of which is plaited into the knee-piece and finished by three buttons. The blouse has two box-plaits back and front. The collar and top of left sleeve and waist-piece are all embroidered—anchors, done in white silk.

No. 8.—For a little girl or boy of four to five years, a kilted skirt of piqué or flannel, in white. The blouse is of striped flannel, blue and white. The hat is a corded white muslin, trimmed with loops of blue and white ribbon; or the hat may be of blue and white straw, similarly trimmed.

## POSTAL-CARD HOLDER.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

We are glad to see the taste for articles in perforated card-board revived, so many pretty things can be made of it; and the work is so easily done that a child need not hesitate to undertake it.

In the front of this number is a charming device to hold postal-cards and stamps. It is made of light-brown perforated card-board and embroidered with cross-stitch in very dark-brown silk. The legends "Carrier-Pigeon" and "Search Me" may be worked in a different color, if desired. Three pieces

of card-board are first cut, the largest for the back, the second size for the postal-card pocket, and the smallest for the stamps.

Each part is lined with old-gold or crimson silk, or with some color corresponding with the colors of the room. The lining is secured by the cross-stitch edge, and, when the pieces are put together according to the illustration, the sides are finished in the same way. A ring and a bow of ribbon the color of the lining finish the top, and four brown plush balls ornament the bottom.

## LILY FOR TABLE-FALL, IN OUTLINE.

The lily design which we give on the Supplement can be utilized in many ways. For a fall for a small table, it is pretty worked on a band of silk or satin and edged with lace, or placed between plain bands of plush. It will also make a pretty curtain-band.

## BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, an elegant and generally useful bodice. Size, thirty-six-inch bust. Allow seams. The pattern consists of eight pieces:

1. HALF OF VEST.
2. HALF OF FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.
5. REVERS.

6. COLLAR.
7. UPPER HALF OF SLEEVE.
8. UNDER HALF OF SLEEVE.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The dotted lines on the front indicate the darts for both the vest and over-front. The upper part of the sleeve is put in very full at the armhole, and the dots on the under side show the extra room for turn

of elbow. The notch on each part of sleeve some and simple for a gingham or sateen, near the wrist shows where the two join. with the revers, cuffs, collar, etc., made of English embroidery.

## HOW TO MEASURE FOR A BODICE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



To measure correctly, take the size of the waist, say twentyfive inches; round the bust will be, say thirtyfive inches; round the hip, fortyfive inches. The length of the front and back must be given exactly, say thirteen inches the front, and sixteen inches the back. The seam under the arm will be, say nine inches; but, if the front be eleven inches or twelve inches, and the back fifteen inches or sixteen inches, then the seam under the arm will be seven inches. For every figure, give the size of waist and length from neck to waist, both back and front. Follow these directions, and you cannot go far wrong.

## IVY-LEAF DESIGN.

The ivy-leaf design on the Supplement silks, or done in white floss. It can also looks well in the natural colors, in wash- be used as a design in painting.



## DESIGNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

### FASHIONABLE LAMP-SHADE.



Dome-shaped shade in faint-green spotted gauze, which is fulled on to the foundation. A row of pink and green ostrich-tips, heading a lace flounce. Knots of pink and green satin ribbon are festooned upon the shade. Pretty pink paper roses and green leaves can be used instead of the feathers, if thought desirable.

### SHELL-SHAPED NEEDLE-CASE.

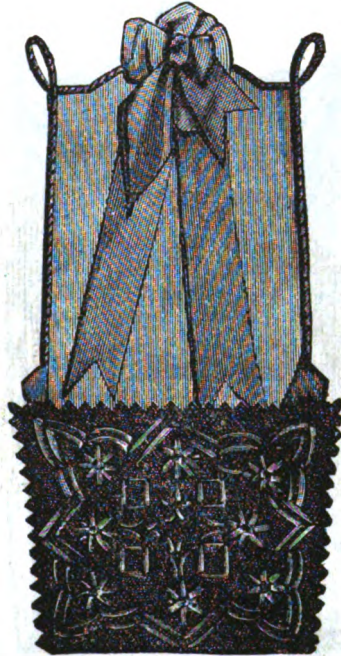
The shell-shaped needle-case in the front of the number is very pretty when made neatly. Two scalloped pieces of card-board are covered with pink satin or plush, lined with white satin, and edged with a silver cord, which also forms the divisions of the shell. A little blue forget-me-not is embroidered or painted in each scallop. Four or five leaves of fine white flannel, cut in the shape of the outside, but somewhat smaller, the edges buttonholed in blue silk, are placed between the backs and sewed firmly at the narrow end of the shell, which is covered with a bow of light-blue ribbon. It is tied together with ribbon strings, either of white, pink or blue.

### BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

The cock border in cross-stitch which we give in the front of the number is suitable for a tray-cover or border of a large napkin or a table-cloth. It should be done in red marking-cotton, or a combination of red and black.

## H A N G I N G   P O C K E T .

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Straight back in stiff card-board, covered with moss-green felt or cloth and edged with a mixed woolen cord, which is twisted at the top corners to form a loop, to be suspended from the wall. In the centre is a large bow in shot ribbon. The square pocket is dark-green felt, pinked out at the edges and

perforated, so as to produce a rather showy pattern quickly executed with long stitches done in arrasene floss-silk or wool in various shades. The pocket is lined with gold-colored sateen like the side tabs, neatly added between the back panel and the front flap.

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## N E C K - T I E   C A S E .

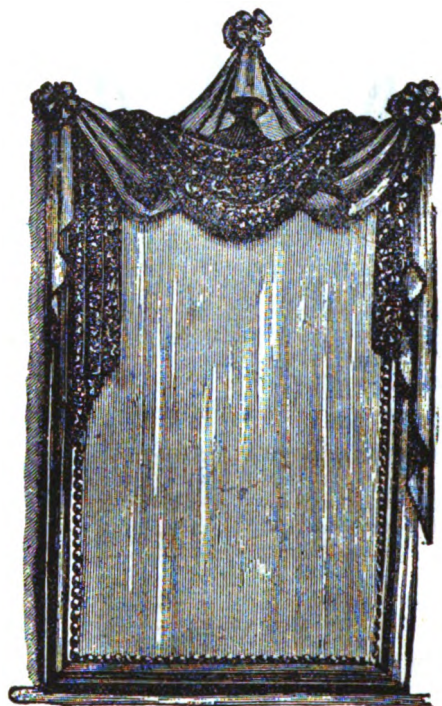
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In the front of this number is a pretty design for a case to hold neck-ties. It is to be made of satin or plush, with a card-board foundation, each half being twelve inches long and eight wide. It is lined with a pretty silk, contrasting in color with the outside, and has a thin layer of wadding beneath the lining. A fancy stitch finishes the out-

side edge and also surrounds the pockets. A sprig of flowers can be either painted or embroidered on the back, and the two parts are connected by elastic bands. The whole is completed by a bow of ribbon, the same shade as the back. The ties are placed lengthwise, so as to show across the opening of the case.

## DRAPED LOOKING-GLASS.

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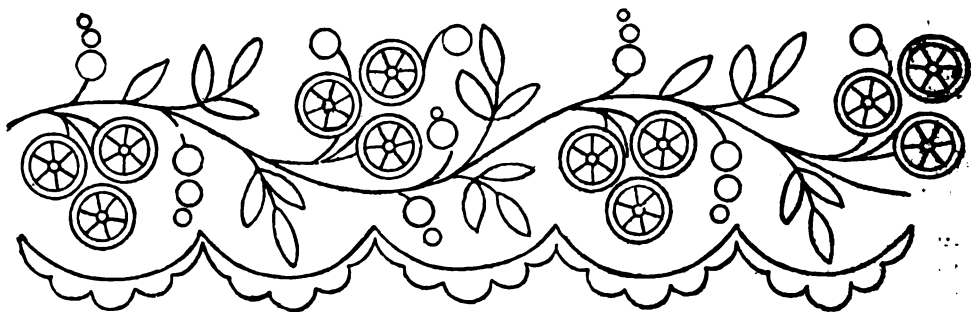


Ruby-colored China silk is arranged in festoons, with irregular folds drooping at the side. Over this is thrown a scarf of figured silk or Madras muslin. For a country-house, Turkey-red twill and figured Madras would make a very cheap and effective drapery; or even the colored cheese-cloths, blue or pink, with a figured Madras on a cream ground.

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## DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME affords us an opportunity to thank our many subscribers for their flattering appreciation of our efforts to render "Peterson's" monthly visit an eagerly expected and always welcome event. We have never received higher praise than during the past six months, and our new volume will offer attractions as great as those which in this have proved so satisfactory.

We seldom call attention to any special issue, for we propose to make each a "specimen copy"; but the July number, in the merit and variety of its illustrations and reading-matter, will afford persons not familiar with the magazine a capital example of its general character and excellence.

The steel-engraving, "Celebrating the Day," has been pronounced a gem by the best art-judges; and the story which it illustrates, "Hilda's Fourth of July," will be found worthy of the picture. An illustrated article on "Turkish Women of To-day" will prove highly interesting and full of valuable information, as will "Imprisoned Rainbows," the first of an admirable series on precious stones.

We shall give complete a short novelet, "The Phaeton of Lampasas," by the popular South-western author, Howard Seely. "Things Worth Knowing" will contain a carefully prepared article on "Baby's First Outfit," which will not only interest young mothers, but every woman who is happy enough to take rank as aunt or grandmother. Each succeeding number will display features equally distinctive and varied, and a supply of our best stories and miscellaneous articles is yet to come. We are sure that our wide circle of friends will not fail to advise acquaintances in search of a magazine what good things are in store for the readers of "Peterson."

The verdict of many readers enables us to assert with confidence that a six months' trial never fails to make a person a permanent subscriber.

THE WISEST PARENTS.—The wisest parents are those who teach their children how to do without them; and surely this end is best attained by training every faculty of mind and body. If fathers and mothers can be looked upon as loving sympathizers and advisers, there is more chance of sons and daughters doing credit to their training than if parents are considered as mere autocratic holders of purse-strings.

A DRAWER-SACHET.—Ladies who love to have their clothing sweet with delicate perfume should have a drawer-sachet. This article of luxury is of China silk, either figured or painted by hand. It should be made the size of the bureau-drawer, both sides alike, padded with wadding and caught here and there with a stitch. This should, of course, contain quite a quantity of perfume-powder, lavender being by far the most preferable for underclothing.

One of the loveliest of these sachets was made of cream silk, with a flight of swallows painted on its upper surface and an appropriate motto on the reverse. Another had a strip of flowers conventionalized painted lengthwise down the centre, while another was garnished with a spray of wild roses springing from one corner.

A CONFUSION OF COLORS.—A confusion of colors will spoil any room; and this applies to the smallest appointments. A cushion or chair-covering can be as complete a disfigurement as a carpet which does not accord with the wall-paper, curtains, or woodwork. There is a decided character in colors; some suggesting warmth and action, while others breathe of coolness and repose. Thus, red is a color which seems very lively, and for this reason it should not be used in a bright sunshiny room. Blue, gray, drab, and fawn are the proper colors for sunny rooms. Red, pink, salmon, buff, and cream belong to north rooms or wherever the light comes in a stinted or miserly fashion.

NEW TIDIES.—Tidies in flimsy white fabrics, that are always becoming unfastened and getting torn, to the mortification of visitors, have at length succumbed to the storm of abuse, and are now being discarded by sensible housekeepers. An excellent substitute, which is at once a protection for handsome furniture and an ornament, can be made of two broad bands of plush, say deep ruby-color, with a puffed and gathered band of rich satin in marigold-shade inserted between and bordered with heavy lace. This can be fastened to the back of a chair, and, as it is substantial, it will remain secure.

A PAMPAS PLUME.—A large pampas plume, with five or six long peacock feathers, using the plume as a background for the feathers, tied with a bow of wide peacock-blue satin ribbon, is very handsome, fastened on the wall in a corner, or over or under a picture.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**ABOUT PEARLINE.**—Everyone knows about Pearline, almost everyone uses Pearline, but we wonder if all the housekeepers who use it know half that can be done with it. We wonder if they all know what some of the bright ones have discovered, that those mountains of dish-washing—the greasy pan and kettle—may be reduced to mole-hills of the smallest size by the judicious use of Pearline. Fill the roasting-pan, as soon as the gravy is poured from it, with cold water, shake in a little Pearline, and set on the stove. By the time the rest of the dishes are washed, all the grease is dissolved and the pan can be washed as easily as a plate. Treat the kettle in which anything greasy has been boiled in the same way, and beside clean utensils you will have a clean sink, the use of the Pearline rendering it safe to pour such dish-water into it. Sinks regularly treated to a bath of Pearline and scalding water will seldom need the services of a plumber.—From *Watchman*, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1889.

**DRINK THAT IS HEALTHFUL.**—Use by the public for a hundred years, with ever-widening popularity, ought to be sufficient proof of the excellence of an article of food. Such is the testimonial submitted to the good sense of housekeepers by the proprietors of Walter Baker & Co.'s cocoa. Of the legion who cannot drink tea or coffee steadily without deleterious effects, probably nearly all have tried this article, and thousands have from choice substituted it permanently at the table for the less nutritious drinks. It is a healthful, refreshing, and delicious beverage. Its vastly increased consumption has enabled its proprietors to place it upon the market at a lower price than ever before, while guaranteeing that its established reputation for absolute purity shall remain unimpaired.

**OF INTEREST TO HOUSEWIVES.**—For saving time and labor in making ice-cream, there is none that can compare with the Gem Freezer. Below we give one of the many testimonials given in its praise.

Testimonial from Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking-School, says:

*American Machine Co.*

*Gentlemen:* After a careful and severe test of your Gem Ice-Cream Freezer, I am convinced of its economy and efficiency, and I cheerfully recommend it.

**FOR THE COMPLEXION** and for light cutaneous affections, Crème Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Law of Husband and Wife.* By Lelia Josephine Robinson, LL.B. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This book supplies a lack which in our day everybody has experienced. As the author says in her introduction: "Except in the way of political disabilities, there are now no laws that discriminate against women as women; or at least there are so few and of such minor importance, they are not worth considering. It is at her marriage that a woman walks into a complicated legal net." Of course, this subject is of the same interest to men as to women, and the ignorance which prevails among persons even of much general intelligence is astounding. Besides a great deal of other valuable information, there is given a clear statement of the laws prevailing in each State and Territory in regard to a wife's legal status, the divorce-laws, and the claims of widows and widowers on property.

*The Voice.* By Prof. E. B. Warman, A.M. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—The author has given us several most valuable books on various subjects, but he has never surpassed the usefulness of this present effort. Ministers, actors, singers, teachers, and public speakers generally, will find in this work the most accurate scientific methods as to the training of the voice. Professor Warman is widely known as a high authority on the subject, and his comprehensive treatise is based on the practical experience gathered from a long and successful career as a teacher.

*A Study in Scarlet.* By A. Conan Doyle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This is a very striking story, original in plot and so skillfully managed that it holds the reader's attention to the very close. The amateur detective, Sherlock Holmes, the leading personage in the book, is a wonderful bit of character-drawing, and the extent to which by incessant practice he has developed his perceptive faculties offers a psychological study as curious as it is interesting.

*Afloat in the Forest.* By Captain Mayne Reid. New York: Worthington Co.—No writer for the young in our country has ever had so wide a circle of readers or taken so deep a hold on juvenile hearts as Mayne Reid. "Afloat in the Forest" is full of that power, at once realistic and imaginative, which characterizes his best works, and it is prefaced by a brief memoir from the pen of R. H. Stoddard, which will be read with great interest.

*The Millionaire's Wife.* By Prudence Lowell. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a story of New England society-life, told in a charming way. The numerous incidents are realistic and natural. The characters are true to life, and the interest of the book increases with each chapter. Although an entirely new novel, it is issued to sell at the remarkably low price of twentyfive cents.

*The Tartuffian Age.* By Paul Mantegazza. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This little volume is as original as it is entertaining and instructive. It is really a marvelous compendium of the faculties for deception possessed by all sorts of living creatures, from lizards up to man. The hypocrisy prevalent in social, professional, political, and religious institutions is exposed with an unsparing hand, as might be expected from Mantegazza's well-known keenness and power of satire. The translation by W. A. Nettleton and Professor Ventura is capitably done, but we regret that they curtailed the list of the famous toilet-preparations of the day. These are divided into harmless, doubtful, and dangerous, and much good might have been done by extending the American volume sufficiently to include the entire catalogue.

A CARPET is an expensive item in furnishing a room, and old-fashioned people, who cling persistently to the idea that it looks bare and comfortless to see a carpet not in actual contact with the woodwork on the walls, may still continue to indulge in the extravagance. But this arrangement is now discarded by those who value artistic and sanitary considerations, since it is so much easier and healthier to take up and shake a rug every week.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### JELLIES AND PRESERVES.

*To Make Jelly.*—The first thing required, to insure jelly being wholesome, pretty, and appetizing, is a bag, which should be made of a very stout flannel, cut into the shape of a half-square, sewed at the sides with a double seam, and formed like a cone at the bottom; to each side a small loop of tape should be fixed, by which the bag can be suspended while in use.

Before the liquid is poured in, the jelly-bag should be wrung out in boiling water; this should be repeated again and again, until it becomes perfectly limp and sweet. Then dry the bag, not at the fire, but in the open air.

A stiff jelly is never good, except for ornamental purposes. If the jelly be not quite bright on the first pouring-out, the liquid should be warmed, returned again into the bag, and strained a second time. The contents of the bag should on no account be disturbed, or the sediment, being broken, is likely to render the jelly cloudy, nor should any pressure be used. The liquid, when properly done, should run clear and freely. When spirits are used, they should be added after straining, for this process would detract alike from flavor and strength. Before

turning out a jelly, dip the mold into lukewarm water; but when earthenware molds are used this is useless, as the thickness of the mold prevents the heat reaching the jelly. They must be perseveringly jerked from side to side, until loosened. In order that the jelly may turn out without breaking, do not place the liquid in until signs are shown of its setting.

The utmost attention must be given to the cleanliness of all the implements used, for, from the excessive delicacy of the substance, it is liable to show the slightest mustiness of smell; and, unless every article is clean, and every ingredient good and fresh, a pure jelly is impossible to be obtained; for, strain as you will, the liquid will always maintain a cloudy appearance. The least touch of a greasy spoon, or of a not too clean pan, or a bag that has not been freed from all the stiffness of the previous use, has been known to spoil a whole mold.

When isinglass or gelatine is used for jellies, it should be so thoroughly soaked in warm water that it can be easily molded into any form desired. In order that the time for dissolving may be hastened, cut the gelatine, etc., into shreds. When this method is adopted, it does not usually take more than an hour to dissolve. When the jelly has to be cleared with white of egg, be very careful that the liquid does not boil longer than is absolutely necessary.

*Gooseberry Jelly.*—Take gooseberries that are only just ripe, equal weight of red and green, bruise them in a mortar, then put them in a cloth and squeeze out all the juice. To each pint of juice, add one pound of sugar; boil until it will set, then put in glasses. If sufficiently boiled, it will be set half an hour after it is put in the glasses; cover with brandy-papers when cold. This jelly is very nice as a dessert-dish.

*Invalid Jelly.*—Care should be taken, in making jelly for the sick or aged, to ascertain whether or not wine or spirits are allowed, and whether the use of sugar is or is not expedient for the patient. Generally speaking, all highly-flavored dishes are distasteful alike to doctor and patient. Only a sufficient amount, therefore, of flavoring should be added—in fact, just a “suspicion,” nothing else—and the smallest quantity of sugar used.

*Strawberry Preserve.*—Pick the stalks from the strawberries, weigh them, and put their weight of loaf-sugar into the preserving-pan with a teacupful of cold water. As soon as the sugar boils, put in the strawberries; boil them half an hour or until the syrup sets quickly on a plate. Do not cover the preserve until the next day. Plums, raspberries, or any other fruit preserved in this way will remain whole.

*Plum Preserve.*—Throw plums into fast-boiling water for five minutes, then proceed as for egg-plums. The stones should be removed, and bitter almonds be skinned and cut lengthwise and mixed in with the plums. The kernels of the stones are



preferable to bitter almonds, which last must be used sparingly, as they are intensely bitter.

*Red or Black Currant Jelly.*—Pick and string the fruit, put it in a piece of muslin, and squeeze out the juice. For each pint of juice, add a pound of loaf-sugar, boil for twenty minutes, remove the scum as it rises. Try the jelly; as soon as it sets quickly, it is done.

### FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED NUN'S-VEILING, for a watering-place. The skirt has a plaited ruffle around the bottom, headed by a band of cream-colored ribbon. The loose bodice has a yoke of cream-colored lace, and the rather short sleeves are trimmed with lace. White ribbon sash, tying in front. Hat of black lace, trimmed with roses.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-RED SATEEN, figured with black. The underskirt is edged with a ruffle, and the overskirt is made with bordered sateen. The bodice is made with a rounded jacket of the bordered sateen, tied with black ribbons. The sleeves open over a piece of black surah, and are finished by black bows. Long black gloves. Sun-bonnet, composed of cream-colored Spanish lace.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR MORNING-WEAR, OF DULL-HELIOTROPE SERGE. The straight skirt is laid in long plaits and has bands of very dark pansy-colored velvet on each side. The plaited bodice has a large pansy-colored collar, and the quite loose sleeves have deep cuffs of the velvet.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF THIN WHITE WOOLEN OR INDIA SILK. The front of the skirt is laid in narrow plaits; the back is trimmed with rows of black lace edging either side, with three cross-rows. The ribbon sash, which is lined with black, forms a wide-pointed belt in front, and falls in long ends on the back of the skirt. The bodice has a plaited plastron, back and front, and is trimmed with black lace. Puffed sleeves, ornamented with black lace. White straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon and flowers. White tulle veil.

FIG. V.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE FOULARD, figured with blue of a darker shade. The back is quite plain; the front has flounces edged with white lace, surmounted by tucks. The jacket-bodice and sleeves are trimmed with white lace, and the white lace waistband terminates in long loops-and-ends. Lace ruffles on the sleeves. Bonnet of white lace, lined with light-blue silk and trimmed with bluets or ragged-robins.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE AND LILAC STRIPED GRENADINE. The skirt is made straight and plain. The bodice is rather full, the grenadine made without darts, over a close-fitting bodice made in the

ordinary way with darts. Bows-and-ends of heliotrope ribbon are on the waist, bodice, and sleeves. The full sleeves are edged with a lace ruffle, and there is a full jabot of lace down the front. Straw hat, trimmed with heliotrope ribbon and a spray of lilac.

FIG. VII.—SARATOGA DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED FOULARD. The skirt is laid in small flat plaits—or accordeon-plaits if desired, but these are not as popular as formerly—and is trimmed with several rows of narrow watered ribbon. The bodice is slightly pointed, back and front, gathered full from the shoulders to the breast, and opens over a plastron of gold and white brocade. A long pearl buckle extends from the plastron to the point of the waist. Sleeves very long, wrinkled. Straw hat, trimmed with cream-colored ribbon and a wreath of violets.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-RED SATEEN, bordered and figured in white. The border is arranged to form an underskirt as well as a trimming for the overdress, which is draped on the left side. The full bodice is pointed, opens over a white India-silk full vest, fastened with large buttons. Sleeves rather close about the lower arms, but full at the shoulders. Straw hat, trimmed with red roses.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-GRAY SERGE, with a box-plaiting around the hem to simulate a skirt. The straight tunic is trimmed with several rows of darker-gray braid, and opens off the right side to display a kilted panel. The jacket is of two shades of gray striped serge, and is faced with white serge. The collar, plastron, and cuffs are of white serge, striped with gray braid. Hat of black straw, trimmed with white gauze and black wings.

FIG. XI.—EVENING-DRESS, OF BLACK FIGURED NET, with the skirt, yoke, collar, and cuffs trimmed with rows of dull-gold braid. The belt and girdle are also formed of gold braid. It is very necessary that the trimmings should not be too bright in color.

FIG. XII.—SAILOR-HAT, OF WHITE STRAW, trimmed with loose rosette at the back, formed of white ribbon.

FIG. XIII.—HAT, OF WHITE GAUZE, with a black and gold lace plaiting around the edge. Jet butterfly on the front.

FIG. XIV.—HAT, FOR A WATERING-PLACE, made of shirred tulle or net and trimmed with large pink roses.

FIG. XV.—NEW STYLE OF BODICE, which, with the skirt, is made of green India silk. A great deal of the fullness of the bodice comes from under the arms. The collar, sleeves, and waistband are of Alpine-green figured India silk. Hat lined with dark-green velvet and trimmed with daisies.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF COARSE STRAW, trimmed with cream-colored lace and narrow black velvet ribbon.

FIG. XVII.—CAPE PELERINE, OF BLACK LACE, with long mantilla-ends of lace coming from the neck, shirred at the waist, and tied with small bows of black satin ribbon at the bottom.

FIG. XVIII.—NEW STYLE OF BODICE, made without seams at the back. Hat of black net, trimmed with wheat-ears.

FIG. XIX.—HOUSE-DRESS OR WATERING-PLACE DRESS, OF LILAC FOULARD, trimmed with five rows of black lace. The bodice has a shawl-shaped drapery of black lace, and the full sleeves have cuffs of the same. Black lace bonnet.

FIG. XX.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED SERGE. The straight tunic opens over a plain piece on the left side, and is trimmed with a row of golden-brown velvet. The same trimming ornaments the front of the bodice and the deep cuffs of the sleeves. The broad waistband and sash-ends are of golden-brown velvet, as is the straight over-jacket with square short sleeves. Hat of cream-colored straw, trimmed with golden-brown velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, a great variety of styles, which will afford innumerable suggestions to those who are making new gowns or re-making old ones. Even the most elaborate of our models can be made in the simplest materials, and will look well in them.

*Skirts* remain straight with panels at the sides, flat and with little or no tournure at the back. They are full, however, though so closely plaited that they have a flat appearance. The Paris dress-makers are endeavoring to restore draped skirts, and small paniers are sometimes seen on imported gowns. At present, a little drapery on the hips is introduced, no doubt to be followed by more decided loopings and curves later on.

*Bodices* are much less simple than skirts. They are much trimmed, often very irregularly and with two or three materials combined. Waists are both long or short, at the wearer's pleasure; and a scarf, sash, or belt is worn around the waist. For stout women, this fashion is not to be recommended; they look much better in pointed bodices.

*Sleeves* are in the greatest variety; but, except in the case of wash-dresses, they are usually made rather close below the elbows and are generally long, sometimes falling over the hands, but made so as to turn back if preferred. Sleeves that are very high on the shoulders, full, and wide are only becoming to tall slender figures.

*Wash-dresses* are usually made full on the shoulders, gathered or plaited and crossed at the waist, and worn with a belt and buckle. With these bodices, the sleeves are frequently slightly full and put into bands or cuffs at the wrists.

*Yokes* are worn with many dresses, white embroidery for the yoke and sleeves taking the place of the velvet worn earlier in the season.

*Small jackets* of all shapes continue popular for the house or for summer street-wear; they are made of black lace, white lace, embroidery, or of the material of the dress.

*Capes* continue very popular, in consequence of the ease with which they are put on over the full high sleeves.

*Mantles* of lace or black silk are worn with long points in front and a little fullness in the back at the waist-line.

*Bonnets* and *hats* show nothing new; the bonnets are usually small, and the hats large with very deep fronts and irregular brims. The small capote can be converted into a small hat by removing the strings, which now seem to constitute the difference between a bonnet and a hat.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

### RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The material that is decidedly assuming proportions of a renewed and universal popularity is black lace, in the form of the wide single flounce, a yard and a quarter, or at least a yard, in breadth. This revival was indicated by the simplicity of the unlooped, undraped, and almost untrimmed skirts of the present day. When once velvet and heavy silks had perforce to be laid aside as unseasonable and unwearable in warm weather, some material had to be devised to take their place, which would be at once light and elegant, and which could moreover be made up without trimming. The new lace dresses are very elegant, those in imitation Chantilly being shown in patterns which, for grace and artistic merit, fully vie with those used for the real lace. They are made with a plain full skirt over an underskirt of black or colored satin. This underskirt has no alpaca foundation, and is not even finished with the once universal narrow gathered or plaited flounce. The corsage admits of more variety of style, according to the taste of the wearer. Black velvet sleeves in these costumes are very popular, but would be intolerable in warm weather. However, they lend a touch of elegance to the toilette, which is attainable in no other way. These lace dresses will be popular for outdoor wear in the summer, as well as for house-costumes. For every-day use, for traveling, etc., the wide woolen lace has been revived. It comes in imitations of guipure and of Spanish lace, the latter style having very large flowers; and it is so light and durable that, in spite of the cost of the inevitable satin underskirt, they are really economical dresses. They last a good deal longer than cashmere or mousseline-de-laine, and are much less expensive than silk crapes or gauzes. A handsome black silk or satin dress that has outlived the style of its original make can be beautifully and fashionably arranged by

putting long straight widths of the silk or satin at the back of the skirt, the skirt front and sides being composed of black lace, as is also the corsage. If there is enough of the original material for the sides, the skirt-front only may be covered with the lace, either falling in loose straight folds or held down in narrow longitudinal plaits.

Foulards maintain their popularity, and no wonder, for they are at once cool and elegant and dressy. The most fashionable patterns are either very large or very small. The former are elaborate groups of flowers or else arabesques, scattered over a dove-gray or marine-blue background, and in dark colors or in white. A pretty and stylish pattern is a series of bow-knots in double narrow white lines linked together and having a groundwork of marine-blue or of plum-color. The small spots and leaves and other minute patterns are in red or in blue, on a ground of cream-white. Also with white grounds are the beautiful floral devices, poppies, roses, etc., as finely shaded as a water-color drawing. These are made up with the skirt finished with two or three narrow bands of white lace placed just above the hem and lined with white satin ribbon. The corsage is shirred just above the waist, and has cuffs and a military collar in the lace and white satin ribbon.

The prettiest wrap of the season is short and is composed of transverse folds of black lace crossing in the back, a loose scarf of the same material falling in front over a vest-shaped frontage of velvet. The loose high puffed sleeves are in black velvet and reach to the elbow, where they are finished with a wide gathered ruffle in black lace. It is called the Rita. Short wraps are naturally much more popular for summer-wear than the long polonaise or paletot shape, which is more suitable for the spring and autumn.

Soft white woolen materials, such as India cashmere, mousseline-de-laine, and even light cloths, are a good deal in vogue for evening-dress, especially for young girls.

In jewelry, the most noticeable item at present is the number of bracelets with which a fashionable lady will adorn her arms. In the slender round bangle shape, each bracelet being set with a single good-sized precious stone or with three rubies or sapphires or emeralds or diamonds, as many as ten are often seen worn together. Each bracelet must be set with a different kind of gem.

A popular style of finger-ring is a thick band of gold, set with a single round ruby or sapphire, cut "en cabochon" (without facets) and surrounded with small brilliants. Small enameled brooches, representing flowers or butterflies, are a good deal worn.

The newest trifle for the writing-table is a heavy round bottle in cut crystal in a thick spiral pattern, closed with a cover in hammered silver. It is intended to contain dissolved gum for pasting.

Very pretty decorations for dresses, in jet passementerie or in gold braid, are amongst the novelties of the hour. One of the former, to be worn on a corsage, in black tulle worked with small cut jet beads and fine black silk cord, is composed of two narrow pointed revers and is finished at the back of the neck with a Medicis collar in the same work, the whole forming a most effective trimming. A Spanish jacket in gold braid is shown, with a girdle and a military collar of the same accompanying it. Then there are gold or silver butterflies in fine passementerie, for the adornment of evening-dresses or of bonnets, which are very delicate and beautifully made. A Spanish jacket in jet passementerie, with a girdle to correspond, looks well on one of the black lace dresses that are now so popular.

The most exasperating fashion of the hour is that of long skirts for walking-dresses. The hem must touch the foot in front, and the back-breadths must trail on the ground at least a finger-length. This style compels the wearer to hold up her skirt whenever she chances to find herself in the street in muddy weather, and is altogether absurd and trying.

The newest pattern for gentlemen's socks is in a deep blue, a shade lighter than marine-blue, with very narrow white stripes—or rather lines—extending up the foot and ankle. The monogram of the wearer is worked in white silk on the dark-blue point of the foot. This style is shown in fine cotton hosiery, and is then accompanied with a full suit of underwear matching the socks precisely, and shown in gauze flannel as well as in cotton webbing.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE AND BUFF STRIPED TENNIS-FLANNEL. The skirt and blouse are gathered; the blouse opens with a blue silk Directoire collar over a small plastron of spotted blue and buff flannel. A blue woolen cord is worn under the blouse. Deep silk cuffs on the loose sleeves. Hat of blue straw, with a straw-colored edge.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF GREEN, WHITE, AND DULL-RED SURAH. The skirt is bias and is trimmed with a narrow band of dull-red silk. The bias bodice fits loosely, is gathered in a point over a plastron of the red silk, and confined at the waist by a narrow red ribbon sash tied at the side. The full sleeves have pointed cuffs of red silk.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN AND WHITE CHECKED TWEED. The knickerbockers are full, the blouse-waist is plaited to a yoke, back and front, and has a belt of brown leather. Loose sleeves, collar, and cuffs of plain brown tweed.

FIG. IV.—BONNET, OF CREAM-COLORED SURAH, for a child three or four years old.

# Muscular Strength

Depends upon the general health of the body, and especially upon the purity and vigor of the blood. To supply that fluid with healthy nourishment and maintain its natural force and vitality, no other preparation is so effective as



## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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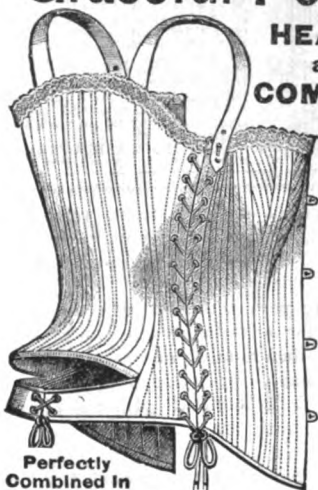
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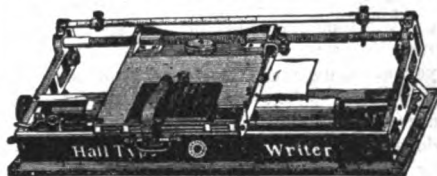
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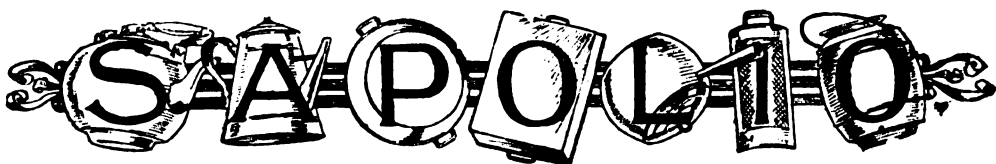
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## CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1890.

Turkish Women of To-day. By Sidney Ross (Illustrated), . . . . .	33	Imprisoned Rainbows. By Miss Louisa Jamison (Diamonds), . . . . .	69
Hilda's Fourth of July. By Mary Gray Umsted, . . . . .	38	The Story of Dagma. By Miss Alice Bowman, . . . . .	71
A Love and a Passion. By Ella Higginson, . . . . .	44	Flowers to a Poet—A Poem. By Minna Irving, . . . . .	81
Wistful Willie—A Poem. By I. E. Dickenga, . . . . .	53	Things Worth Knowing: Baby's First Outfit. By Ray Joyce, . . . . .	82
Oh, Could I See Your Face—A Poem. By Hope Farnham, . . . . .	58	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . . .	84
Toward Their Haven. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	54	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	92
Books—A Poem. By Belle Bremer, . . . .	60	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	93
Summer Days—A Poem. By Emma S. Thomas, . . . . .	61	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	94
The Phaeton of Lampasas. By Howard Seely, . . . . .	62	Fashions for July (Illustrated), . . . .	95
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . .	96

# PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.

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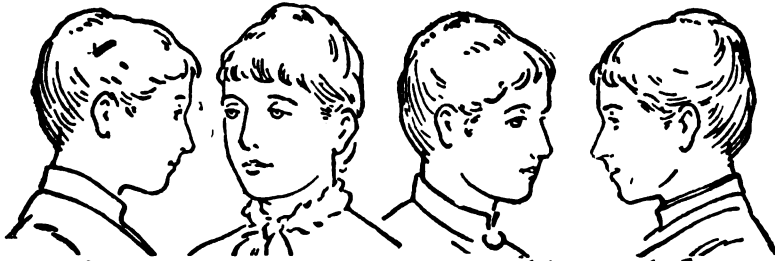
<i>The Surrender of Cornwallis,</i> . . . . .	(27 inches by 21)
<i>Washington's Adieu to His Generals,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>Bunyan on Trial,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>Bunyan in Jail,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>Washington's First Interview with His Wife,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 20)
<i>The Star of Bethlehem,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 16)
<i>"Our Father Who Art in Heaven,"</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 16)
<i>Washington at Trenton,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 16)
<i>Bessie's Birth-Day,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 16)
<i>Christ Weeping over Jerusalem,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 16)
<i>Angels of Christmas,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 16)
<i>Not Lost, but Gone Before,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 16)
<i>Christmas Morning,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 20)
<i>Christ Blessing Little Children,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 20)
<i>Washington at Valley Forge,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 20)
<i>Gran'father Tells of Yorktown,</i> . . . . .	(24 " " 20)
<i>"Hush! Don't Wake Them,"</i> . . . . .	(20 " " 16)
<i>The Parable of the Lilies,</i> . . . . .	(20 " " 16)
<i>Christ Before Pilate,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>Tired Out,</i> . . . . .	(20 " " 15)
<i>Lion in Love,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>Angels of Paradise,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>Mother's Darling,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>The Wreath of Immortelles,</i> . . . . .	(27 " " 21)
<i>The Morning Greeting,</i> . . . . .	(28 " " 22)
<i>The Two Readers,</i> . . . . .	(28 " " 22)

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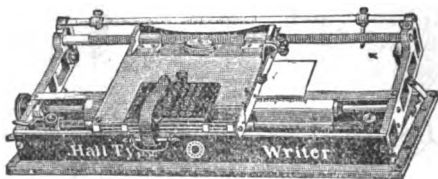
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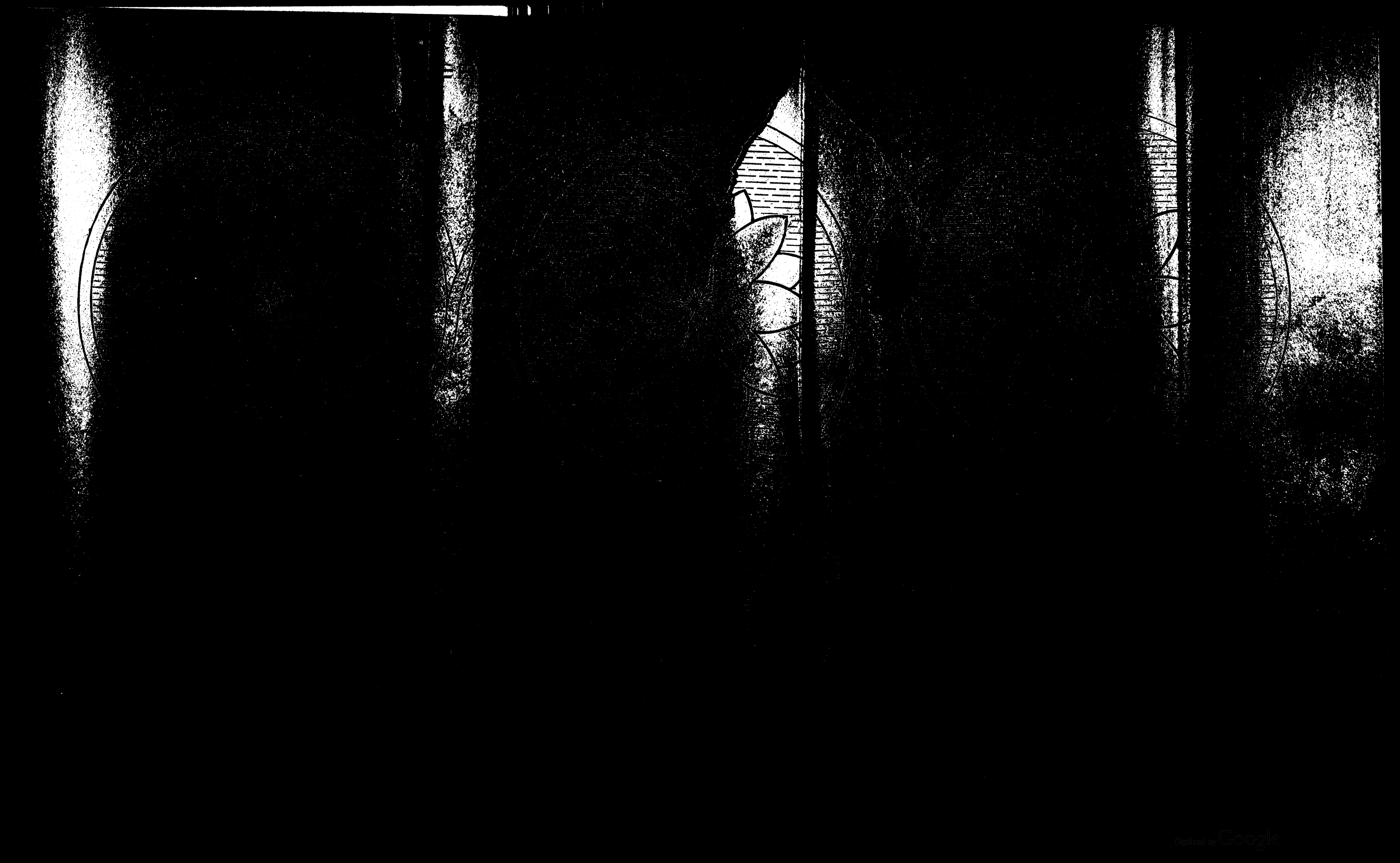
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# CONTENTS

TO THE

## NINETYEIGHTH VOLUME.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1890, INCLUSIVE.

A Diverting Acquaintance—By Dorothy Ridgewood, - - - - -	525	Fashions for October ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - -	378
A Giant Grass and Its Uses—By Harriet Latham ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	221	Fashions for November ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - -	481
Along Lake Como—By Olney Towne ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	559	Fashions for December ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - -	584
A Love and a Passion—By Ella Higginson, - - - - -	44	From Christmas to Christmas—By E. C. Creighton ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	545
A Medieval City—By Garrett Foster ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	450	Gossip, - - - - -	479
A Music-Mad Lover—By M. Warren Hale, - - - - -	413	Harmony in Furnishing—By L. E. Chittenden, - - - - -	570
An American Poetess—By T. W. P. Bunting ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	315	Hilda's Fourth of July—By Mary Gray Umsted ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	38
An Unforeseen Crisis—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	353, 457, 552	Hints upon Gardening, - - - - -	478
A Problem Never Solved—By Edgar Fawcett, - - - - -	564	His Thanksgiving—By Robert B. Graham ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	437
A Spanish Lover—By Cecil Charles, - - - - -	253	Horticultural, - - - - -	186
Between Themselves—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - -	150	House-Plants—By Ray Joyce, - - - - -	434
Between Two Fires—By Miss Kent, - - - - -	423, 532	How to Preserve Autumn Leaves—By John A. Peters, - - - - -	242
Children's Fashions ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	96, 190, 284, 380, 482, 586	Imprisoned Rainbows—By Miss Louisa Jamison : - - - - -	
Editorial Chit-Chat, - - - - -	92, 184, 278, 375, 476, 581	I.—Diamonds, - - - - -	69
Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc.—By Emily H. May ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	84, 175, 269, 367, 467, 572	II.—Corundum, - - - - -	148
Fashions for July ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	95	III.—Chrysoberyl, - - - - -	333
Fashions for August ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	188	In the Bush-Tree—By Adelaide Clark, - - -	362
Fashions for September ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	283	In the Earl's Keeping—By Georgia Grant, - - - - -	162, 257, 326
		Jacky and the Princess—By Alice Maud Ewell, - - - - -	138, 233
		Knick-knacks and Necessaries—By Margaret V. Payne ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	453



Design for a Balsam-Cushion, - - -	89	Wall-Fan Photograph-Holder, - - -	579
Design for Braiding, - - - - -	179	Wall-Pocket for Newspapers, - - -	181
Design for Painting on a Plaque of Red Terra-Cotta, - - - - -	576	Water-Lily Design, - - - - -	91
Design in Embroidery, - - - - -	578	Water-Lily Design for Cushion, etc., -	473
Design in Embroidery for Piano Scarf or Stool, - - - - -	91		
Design for a Book-Cover, - - - - -	471	BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.	
Design for Embroidery for Cushion for a Bamboo or Wicker Chair, - - -	579	Corn Design, - - - - -	579
Design for Embroidery on Flannel, - -	277	Dish-Cover, - - - - -	473
Designs for Doyleys, - - - - -	180	Lamp-Lighters, - - - - -	471
Drawn-Work, - - - - -	374	Pen-Wiper, - - - - -	578
Duster-Bag, - - - - -	90	Screen, - - - - -	473
Embroidered Bird, - - - - -	475	Tea-Cozy, - - - - -	273
Embroidered Edge, - - - - -	87		
Embroidery for a Sachet, - - - - -	370		
Embroidery for End of Table-Scarf: Col- ored Pattern, - - - - -	472		
Embroidery in Silk, on Flannel or Cash- mere, - - - - -	183		
Embroidery-Pattern, - - - - -	372		
Flower-Pot Cover, - - - - -	373		
		POETRY.	
Geranium and Coronation Designs, - -	275	A Creed, - - - - -	432
Hanging Bellows, - - - - -	578	After—By Marie M. Pursel, - - -	364
Hanging Pincushion, - - - - -	90	Along Southampton Road—By Minna Ir- ving ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	433
Lamp-Mat, - - - - -	89	An Unselfish Desire, - - - - -	137
Lamp-Shade, - - - - -	374	At Las Rosas—By Gertie Vivian Guernsey,	264
Lily Designs for "Powdering," - - -	373	Before the Battle—By Minna Irving ( <i>Illus- trated</i> ), - - - - -	325
Lion Design for Curtains, - - - - -	87	Books—By Belle Bremer, - - - - -	60
Music-Portfolio, - - - - -	276	Cobwebs—By Emma S. Thomas, - - -	346
Name in Embroidery (Henriette), - -	370	Dream-Land—By Belle Bremer, - - -	147
Night-Dress Sachet, - - - - -	580	Flowers to a Poet—By Minna Irving, -	81
Perfumed Envelope-Case for Paper and Letters, - - - - -	372	Given Away, - - - - -	252
Photograph-Frame, - - - - -	182	Graves of the Flowers—By Charles Kiely Shetterly, - - - - -	321
Portfolio for Letters, Envelopes, etc., -	183	Hope and Trust, - - - - -	569
Simple Pattern for Drawn-Linen Work, -	90	Immortality, - - - - -	531
Spanish Cushion, - - - - -	475	In the Shadow by the Gate—By William F. Harding, - - - - -	436
Swallows in Cross-Stitch, - - - - -	89		
Table-Scarf, with Pockets, - - - - -	182		
Venetian Pocket, - - - - -	275		

Keep Faith—By Lucien Arnold, - - -	551
Life's Web—By Mrs. A. A. Simmons, - -	524
Love, - - - - -	343
Memories—By Sara Burns, - - - -	422
My Song, - - - - -	464
Nature's Dress—By Carrie M. Bassick, -	157
Never Despair—By Mrs. Pidsley, - - -	551
Oh, Could I See Your Face!—By Hope Farnham, - - - - -	53
On Christmas Eve—By Arthur Lewis Tubbs,	544
Remember—By Josephine M. S. Carter, -	264
Sailing Away—By Charles J. Peterson ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	303
Santa Barbara—By Doctor Mary, - - -	325
Summer Days—By Emma S. Thomas ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), - - - - -	61
Symbolic—By Guinevere, - - - - -	232
Thanksgiving—By Letitia Virginia Douglas, - - - - -	422
The Best Things—By Lillian Grey, - - -	266
The Captive King of the Forest—By Letitia Virginia Douglas, - - - - -	563
The Last Faint Trace of Summer—By Arthur E. Smith, - - - - -	232
The Mandolin—By Gertie Vivian Guernsey,	161
The Queen's Gift—By Mary Leonard, -	168
The Wildwoods—By Letitia Virginia Douglas, - - - - -	364
To-Day, - - - - -	332
To the False Lover—By I. E. Diekenga, -	172
Unrest—By M. J. Tourjee, - - - - -	157
What Matter? - - - - -	452
Who is My Love?—By William Zachary Gladwin, - - - - -	266
Wistful Willie—By I. E. Diekenga, - -	53

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Lullaby (Peep of Day).  
Only to See Thee, Darling.  
Loving Memories.  
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A Revery.  
Fashions for November, colored.  
Watching.  
Fashions for December, colored.  
Title-Page.

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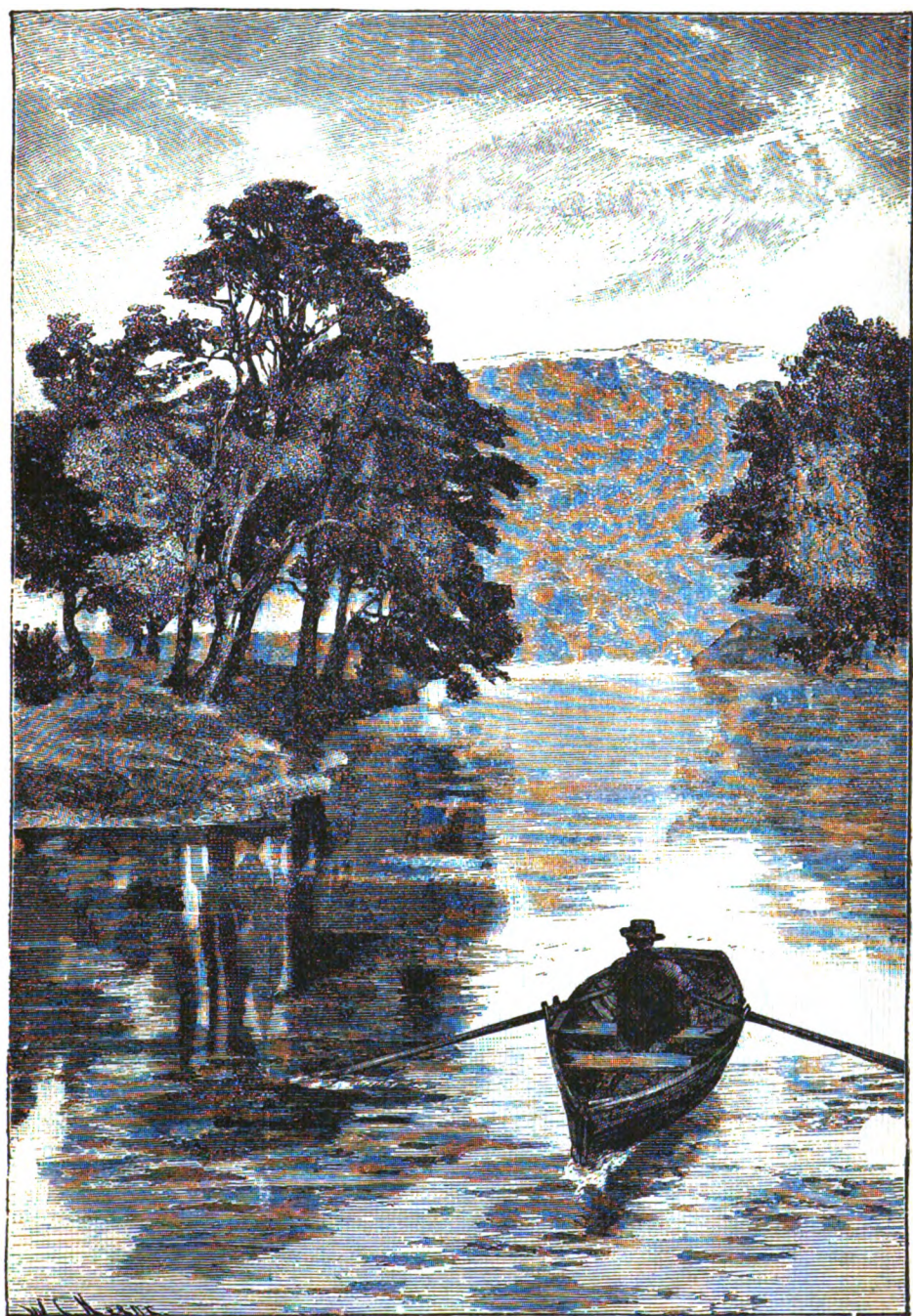
On a Summer Day.  
One Thing at a Time.  
One of Grandmother's Stories.  
In the Sunset.  
Sailing Away.  
The First Snow.  
Thanksgiving Morning.  
An Impending Storm.

#### COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

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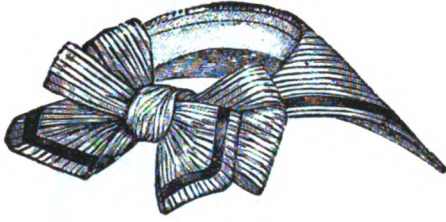
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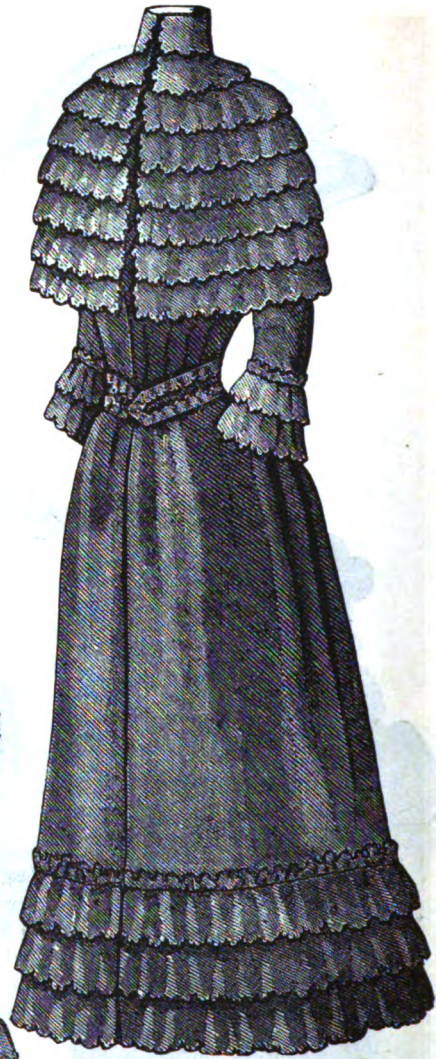




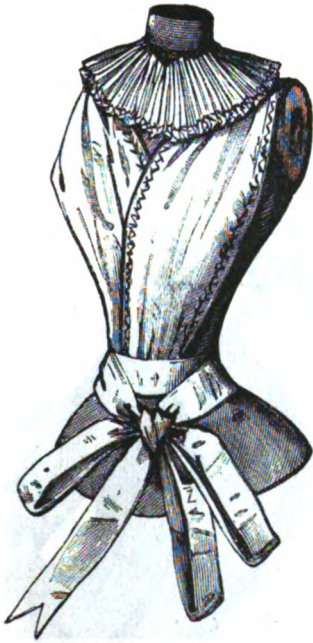


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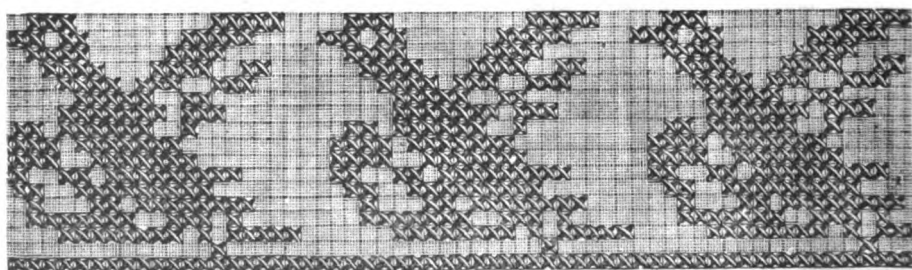
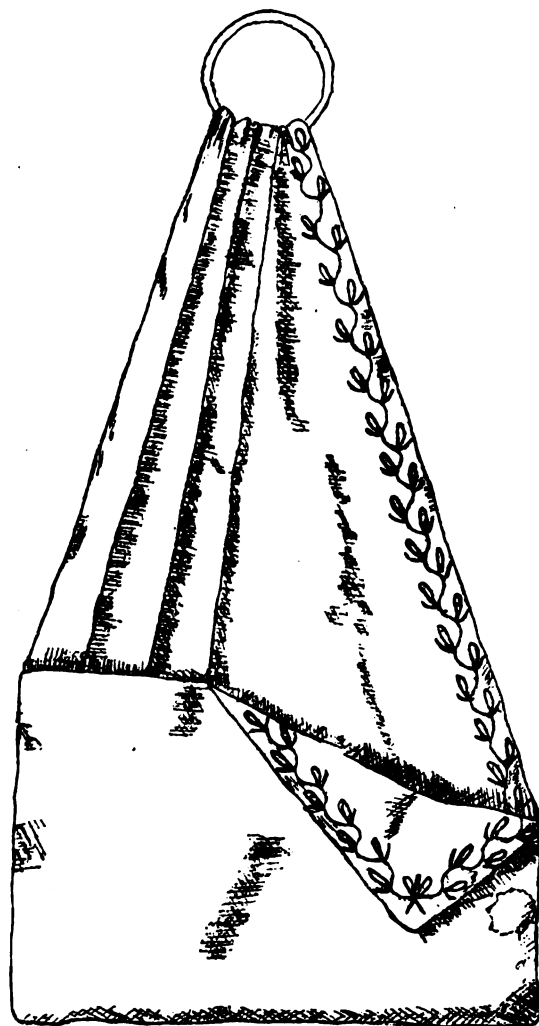


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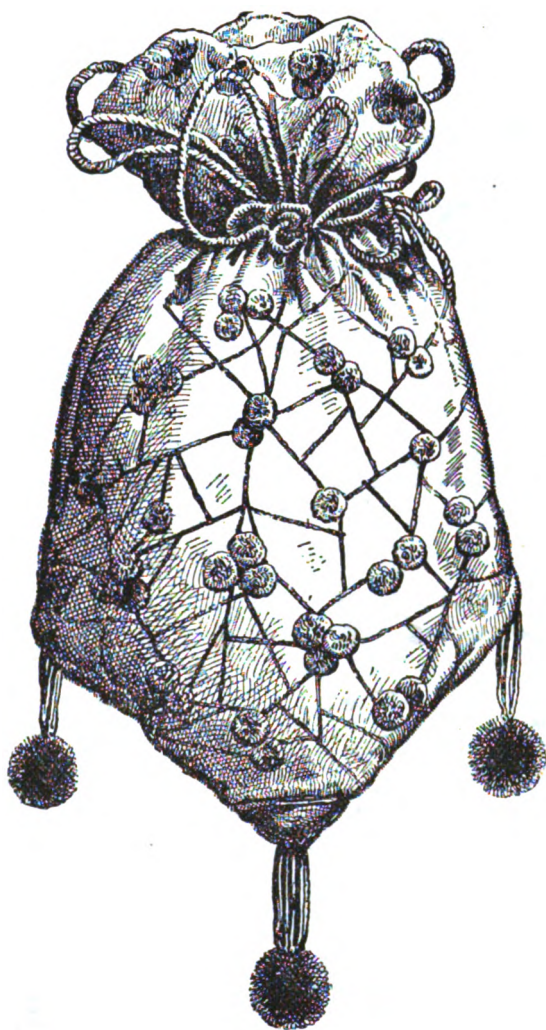


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*Allegretto.*

M. DARE.

Piano.



1. Hush! ba - by, hush! The day is fast ap - pear - ing, The  
 2. Hush! ba - by, hush! That lon - ger day is break - ing, When  
 3. Hush! ba - by, hush! No night shall we be fear - ing, The

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves below the vocal line, providing a harmonic support.

morn first morn, The dawn of life to thee; The  
 thou shalt know How dear thou art to me; When thy  
 moon shall watch Our sleep from sor - row free; Its

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the vocal line carrying the lyrics and the piano providing accompaniment.

sun shall soon a - wake; For the clouds are fast a clearing, And its  
 lit - tle arms shall clasp me At the ear - ly morn's a - wak - ing, And the  
 ten - der light shll wane, And with glori - ous day ap - pear - ing, The

The third system concludes the song with the final vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a sustained chord in the piano.

# LULLABY.

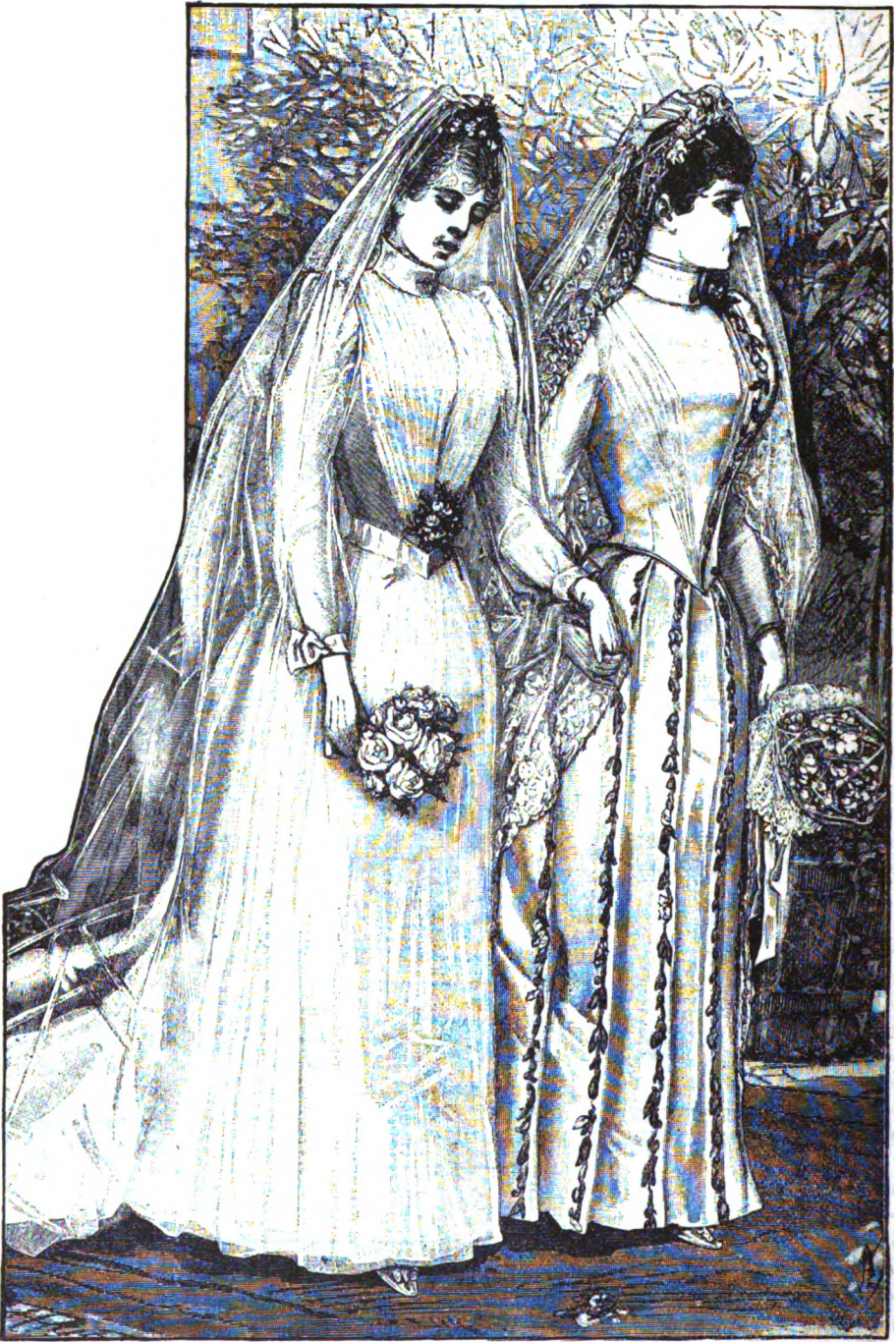
cheer - ing rays come hith - er For ba - by mine to see,  
 sun of love come hith - er For ba - by mine to sec,  
 sun of joy come hith - er For ba - by mine to sec,

For ba - by mine to see; And its  
 For ba - by mine to see; And the  
 For ba - by mine to see; The

cheer - ing rays come hith - er For ba - by mine to see.  
 sun of love come hith - er For ba - by mine to see.  
 sun of joy come hith - er For ba - by mine to see.

1st and 2nd time. Last time.





WEDDING-DRESSES

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1890.

No. 1.

## TURKISH WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

BY SIDNEY ROSS.



THE world moves very fast in our day, is an expression which we all frequently employ when we speak of the wonderful advance of human progress during this century. There is no people so conservative that the effect of this onward sweep has not made itself felt to a marked degree. Even Turkey, where formerly any attempt at change or the least innovation on any established custom was regarded as an attack upon religion, has in many matters yielded to the influence of the age, and is almost insensibly being borne rapidly on in the grand general march.

In no one thing is this alteration in opinions more strikingly emphasized than in the stand which Turkish women have taken in regard to dress. Indeed, they are fast accomplishing a revolution so complete that one begins to fear that before very long they will in no way, so far as costume is concerned, be distinguishable from the women of European races.

Travelers in search of the picturesque will regret this change, if it should really be brought about, and indeed it seems a pity that any country should relinquish its traditional costume altogether, even though common sense and comfort may suggest numerous modifications.

The law of Mahomet strictly forbade the pictured representation of any living creature, so there are no historical portraits to show us the costume of Turkish women

in past centuries; still, it is easy to decide clearly in regard to it, for, though the beginning of the Turkish empire is shrouded in mystery, it is a pretty well established fact that the Turks originally sprang from the Turcomans of Asia Minor. Of course, these nomad gypsy-like tribes have not altered much for hundreds of years, either in costume or manners, so that one can feel pretty sure of seeing preserved in their dress the fashions prevalent among the ancestors of the Turks of to-day.

In these tribes, the fez is the ordinary head-gear for both men and women—perhaps as a distinguishing sign from the neighboring Arabs, who universally wear a handkerchief about the head, carefully bound by a cord. This fez, which modern Turks wear as well as their wandering relatives, is in reality a marvelously ancient head-dress, for one sees its counterpart depicted on Assyrian monuments.

The fez of a Turcoman woman is covered with rich embroidery, and a circular plate of gold or silver gilt fastens the blue tassel which hangs at the back. The women wear their hair braided into tails, each tail finished with a small metal weight. The costume is exceedingly simple, consisting of a long-sleeved chemise tied at the throat, but open over the bosom; a short bodice, which does not reach to the waist and seems intended chiefly as a support for the bust; and finally, a pair of wide trousers, fastened at the ankle. The chemise is pulled out loose about the waist, so as to fall over the tops of the trousers. Pointed red shoes complete the costume, though these are usually hung over the shoulder instead of being worn on the feet. Bangles





TURKISH LADY ACCOMPANIED BY HER SLAVE. (FRONT VIEW.)

and bead necklaces are displayed in profusion on both neck and arms.

This costume, or something very closely resembling it, is the ordinary house-dress of the Turkish women, though they have modified or altered it in certain ways, while preserving the general details.

For out-of-door promenade, the Moslem religion required and still exacts that a woman's face should be completely covered, with the exception of the eyes, and the form so carefully enveloped that every grace or outline should be concealed from view.

This covering for the face is called a yashmak. It consists of two square pieces of book-muslin, each of them folded so as to form a triangle. The piece that is to make the top is placed on the head, with the point of the triangle toward the back;

the other two corners are then brought around and pinned behind. The second triangle is then placed in front of the face, and the two corners pinned to the first, so that the point shall be down the front and the folded edges go over the nose, but falling sufficiently outward not to impede the breathing.

When put on by a skilled hand, the entire combination can be held by a single pin inserted at the back, though, when a woman is adjusting the triangles to her own head, it is of course more convenient to add to the number of pins. Our illustrations give the effect of the front and back view.

With the yashmak, a peculiar cloak is worn, which is intended to conceal the figure, while leaving some freedom for the arms. Our illustrations show how the mantle looks in front and at the back. This feridjie, as it is called, is some-

times gathered in at the back, but is always left loose in front. Attached to the neck of the mantle is a kind of flap, which reaches nearly to the bottom of the back.

For promenades, the feet are encased in thin yellow leather socks and then thrust into heelless slippers with turned-up pointed toes. On returning indoors, the slippers are left at the entrance—a necessary precaution for dwellers in Constantinople, where the streets are always filthy and door-mats are unknown.

The slave, who accompanies her mistress, wears a charsaff, which consists of a simple square of striped or plain material, measuring two yards each way. It is made of yard-wide stuff, with a seam in the middle, and is tied about the waist, with the front edges overlapping far enough so that it cannot fall open when the wearer is walking.

This garment is of much older invention than the popular feridjie, and is also much uglier, resembling a loose bag more than anything else. Nowadays, wealthy ladies have almost wholly discarded it; but the poor will doubtless long cling to the sack-like garment, because it so completely hides any defects in the dress beneath.

The indoor costume of ladies of rank is exceedingly expensive, and a pasha's wife will often display on her jacket a small fortune in embroidery and gold-thread lace, into which costly jewels are woven.

For walking in the harem grounds or gardens, it is customary for a lady to wear, fastened under the jacket, a long skirt, which falls to the feet. Thus attired, with a fez crowning her elaborately-plaited locks, a woman makes a very pretty picture, straying about among her flowers, accompanied by a patient slave, whose duty it is to hold a parasol so as to protect her mistress's delicate complexion from the sun.

Until our time, Turkish women have always been obliged to render themselves so hideous, when they ventured into the street, that it is no wonder they inherited an inordinate love for showy garments in the house.

Even yet, rapidly as they are becoming emancipated in many details of their out-of-door toilet, the most courageous have not dared to lay aside the time-honored covering for the head, though they have succeeded in rendering it less ugly and uncomfortable. The yashmak is a hot and stuffy contrivance, but particularly so when made of the thick muslin that was considered necessary by the Scheik-el-Islam, backed by his priests. Not only is it inconvenient, but it puts the best-looking woman

on a par with the ugliest. This was not to be borne by the women of the present generation, and they have gradually modified it until now it is made of the thinnest and most transparent materials.

The finest book-muslin has a great hiding-power, particularly if it is double, which is a necessity with the yashmak, so gauze and net are pressed into the service. Some women have even gone so far as to discard every sort of veil, and leave the face exposed; but none have yet ventured to leave the head uncovered, and the charsaff or overall is contrived so as to come close round the face and entirely hide the hair. Under the yashmak, flowers are much worn on a kind of low hat, made generally of stiff muslin or net.

When the late Sultan Aziz, in his goings



TURKISH LADY AND HER SLAVE. (BACK VIEW.)

to and fro in the city, saw a lady with her face exposed, or wearing a gauze-like yashmak, his righteous wrath always blazed out. He would order two of his soldiers to go to the offender, and either have her taken to prison, or the flimsy yashmak torn off and cut in pieces before the bystanders. Naturally, during his life, women were forced to be very prudent; but the present Sultan

less hideous speedily, and even thrown aside after the first terror had subsided. Finally the heroines adopted a new plan: they tampered with the police, and these officials reaped a harvest of "backshish" by growing conveniently blind to infringements on the ancient law. Indeed, it is said that, even yet, women who go about unattended by a eunuch are often obliged to fee policemen in a small way in order to avoid arrest, in which case they would be forced to pay heavy bribes to the judges if they hoped to escape punishment.

So the change goes on, in spite of all attempts at repression. In fact, were it not for the yashmak, wealthy ladies might pass on a street of any European capital without attracting special attention. Not only do they sport pelisses and dolman mantles, but they carry Parisian parasols, wear long kid gloves, bracelets, and dainty kid or satin boots.

Odd as it at first glance seems, this revolution in dress is opening the way to a corresponding revolution in Turkish social life, which must before long produce startling results. Naturally, no lady is willing to be surpassed by her acquaintances in elaborate toilettes, and these have become so expensive that already a man must possess great wealth in order to afford the luxury of several wives.

It is becoming the rule for a husband to have only one spouse, and it is easy to understand how soon this state of affairs will elevate the position of the female sex. Then, too, a strong determination to be set free from the

never goes about the town, and discipline has grown so lax that it is now little more than a name, though, in the early part of his reign, the police had orders to arrest all women who too flagrantly offended in the matter of veil and head-dress, and occasionally a few culprits were seized and punished.

Of course, these arrests always caused a temporary panic, and the prescribed disguise was religiously resumed, but only to be made

tyranny of narrow antiquated laws is fast developing among married and single women alike, and this resolute rebellion must in the near future meet with the complete success it merits.

It may well be that in time these social changes will deal a deadly blow at Mahometanism itself. Women will not fail, sooner or later, to insist on enjoying the privileges of education. Study, even though carried only



TURKISH LADY IN THE COURT OF THE HAREM.





TURKISH LADIES IN OUTDOOR COSTUME.

to a very moderate extent, must teach these daughters of long-enslaved generations to think and to question.

It should seem unavoidable that they will then rebel against a faith which teaches that women are soulless and must perish with this material existence, while the lords of creation are to enjoy an eternity of bliss, and, into the bargain, pass it in the companionship of superhuman feminine creatures of inconceivable beauty.

What neither force nor proselytism has been able to effect may at length be brought about by the influence of Mahometan women.

VOL. XCVIII—2.

The record of ancient religions shows that each creed retained its sway while women were its devotees, but withered and died as soon as that support failed.

To preserve its power, Islamism would be forced to widen its dogmas to suit the needs of increased enlightenment. But its very essence and foundation preclude the possibility of change in any "jot or tittle" of its law; so, as the tide of progress sweeps on, it seems clear that the religion of Mahomet must at length share the fate of countless creeds of the past, and be consigned to unregretted oblivion.

## HILDA'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MARY GRAY UMSTED.



It is a morning in early spring. The sun, not yet high in the heavens, casts its beams with mild radiance on the uncovered head of a girl standing by the rickety wooden steps at the rear of an old stone house.

The figure has all the roundness of early youth, its gracefulness according well with the fresh face, bright eyes, and soft brown hair brushed smoothly into the closest of coils.

All around, the world is waking into greenness, and, in the orchard near, a robin sings; but Hilda Dane scarcely hears his melody. She is gazing delightedly at a letter which she holds in her hand, and has forgotten everything else, even the chickens clacking and clucking about her, waiting to be fed.

It is war-time—the spring of '64. The whole North is ablaze with excitement. Even the quiet little village of Crombie, in the heart of the New England hills, is aflame. Most of its able-bodied men are in the thick of the fight—among them, blithe bonny Jack Dent, Hilda Dane's sweetheart. In the beginning of the conflict, to the first call for men, Jack had responded. Just twentyone, he had left home and Hilda, perhaps never to see either again.

The eldest of a large family, most of the burden had fallen on his boyish shoulders, and bravely he had borne it. The elder Mr. Dent was what his energetic neighbors called, in their expressive phraseology, "shiftless." Mrs. Dent, of a far more enterprising spirit than her husband, had not been able to pull against the stream. Jack was brought up in a hard school—which accounted, perhaps, for the energy that he developed. As he grew toward manhood, he gradually took most of the management of the farm into his own hands, and succeeded so well as to astonish everyone, including his easy-going father.

At the time the war broke out, the brave fellow was actually beginning to lift the

heavy mortgage off the land, and the clouds which hung over his future seemed breaking a little. He had a sure hope that, some day, Hilda Dane would be his. The two had plighted their troth with the perfect understanding that they must wait for years—at least, until the farm was entirely paid for and Jack's parents were comfortable. The cruel war had postponed that hope still more indefinitely!

"But they were young, and they loved each other—they would wait a life-time." So said Hilda, and her lover echoed her words.

And now, Jack gone, with so little else left in her dull empty life, no wonder the lonely girl lives on his letters.

Again and again she reads and re-reads the loving lines which the sheet contains, just a few hastily-scribbled words written on the eve of battle; but they tell her Jack is well, and that is all she cares to know. A hurried postscript adds the comforting tidings that he has come safe out of the conflict. She draws a long sigh of relief. Then, there being no living spectators but the hungry hens, she presses the paper to her lips.

"Laws sakes! chile, habn't ye fed dem po' fowl yit?" exclaims an old black woman emerging from an adjoining wood-shed, her arms full of fagots.

At this sudden address, Hilda starts into consciousness of the every-day world, and, hastily thrusting the precious letter into her pocket, begins the homely occupation which is her daily duty. Scarcely has she finished when old Mirah's shrill voice is heard from within, calling:

"Hurry up, chile! yo' uncle wants ye." And, in response to the summons, the young girl goes into the house.

The interior of the dwelling, formerly the old homestead of Hilda's grandfather, is as much out of repair as the outside. The stone floors, oak panels and wainscotings, are still solid, but the wood-work is unsightly and the window-panes cracked or patched with paper. The furniture, though scant, is heavy and handsome—a relic of the Squire's days. Not

a cheerful home for a young girl! Little wonder that Hilda, coming in from the spring sunshine, shivers with a chill, half physical, half mental.

Propped up on pillows in an easy-chair by the window of the large bare chamber which she enters, is an old man, thin, wizened, gray-haired—seeming to share in the general appearance of decay which pervades his domicile. This is Hilda's uncle, her only living relative.

"So you've come at last!" says the old man, in querulous tone that could never have been soft or gentle.

"I came as soon as I could," answers Hilda, patiently as ever.

"And to think, if it hadn't been for me, you would have been in the poor-house—you and your useless black woman! You had no claim upon me; your father had his share when he married and went down South to live on his wife's money."

The natural bloom on his listener's rounded cheek deepens, but she makes no reply to this diatribe. Of what use? Has she not heard it a hundred times before, ever since her uncle became nearly helpless? It is true enough, perhaps; but has she not, by hard work and patient waiting on him, repaid his grudgingly-given bounty over and over again? But, now that he is helpless and dependent, she cannot leave him. Pity, rather than gratitude, holds her to her task.

"You may think that Miss Miranda would have taken care of you, but she has just as much as she can do to get along herself," cries the invalid, still more fretfully.

Hilda knows this to be true also, so again she does not answer, but waits on him as gently, if not so affectionately, as though her devotion were his due.

A week later, the girlish figure stands once more in the door-way, looking expectantly down the road, watching for the neighbor who always brings the mail. He is approaching, but with exasperating slowness. Generally, at sight of the waiting girl, he hastens his footsteps; to-day, as he draws nearer, his pace seems to become still more lagging. Unable to restrain her impatience, Hilda runs to meet him.

"Have you anything for me?" she asks, eagerly.

Slowly the old man shakes his head.

Usually, Hilda's general interest in the

war-news is merged into a particular anxiety; but, when she has no letter, then the newspaper is worthy of attention.

Taking the damp sheet from the fingers that seem reluctant to part with it, she unfolds the paper and turns to the accustomed place.

Another battle! The old, old story, but this time with a difference—to Hilda, at least. Glancing down the long list of killed and wounded, she sees no familiar names until she comes to the "Missing." Then she knows why she has had no letter; for there, standing out in terrible distinctness, is his name—Jack's!

For one awful moment, the world goes round; but the dazed girl does not move, and the paper falls unheeded to the ground.

"It might be worse, Mis' Hildy; he'll turn up yit," are the only comforting words the old man can find; but Hilda does not hear him, so he hurries on his way.

To see the moon wane, while the stars are still bright, does not matter; but, to this lonely girl, loss of Jack means loss of everything.

Years ago, long before Hilda was born, old Squire Dane died, dividing his property between his two sons, so that the elder had the real estate, and the younger—Hilda's father—stocks and bonds. The latter married a Southern woman and went South, where his wife died soon after the birth of her child. Through mismanagement, he lost everything, and died suddenly, leaving his little daughter in charge of old black Mirah, her nurse. The faithful woman, having minute directions for finding the child's uncle, started North.

The elder son still lived in Crombie, practicing law in the villages for miles around, and becoming rich and miserly as he grew older. Had it not been for a remnant of family pride, he would have allowed his orphan niece to go to the poor-house. Willingly he consented to Miss Miranda Larkin's offer to "raise" the child. But, when she was old enough to be of use, he was glad of her services.

Feeble and broken in health, obliged to give up the practice of his profession, he retired to his childhood's home, waited on faithfully by Hilda.

Miss Miranda would hardly have consented to this sacrifice of the young girl, had she



not believed that it would be of benefit to her in the end. With barely enough to support herself, the old lady knew that she could do nothing for her charge.

The one bright spot in the girl's sad life had been Jack and his love. Now, if that were gone!

"Missing! Missing! Missing!" The word rings in Hilda's ears, imprints itself on her brain, suggesting every horrible dread—sickness, imprisonment, death! Just enough uncertainty to feed hope so as to keep it alive! Poor child—fast becoming a woman!

After a while, the natural craving for human sympathy asserts itself, and Hilda seeks the house. It is of no use to go to her uncle, but Aunt Mirah will sympathize with her.

Fast asleep over the pan of potatoes she has been paring, sits the old woman, so Hilda does not venture to disturb her. She must speak to someone, however; and, snatching up her hat, she hurries toward the village. Just on its outskirts, in a tiny cottage, lives Miss Miranda.

Few people are abroad at this time of day; so, to her great relief, Hilda does not meet anyone. A hasty knock at the spinster's door brings forth a prompt "Come in," and, in response to the invitation, Hilda enters. Miss Miranda is mixing pie-crust. She looks up in surprise at Hilda's unexpected appearance.

"What is the matter, child?" she asks, in her mildest tone. For answer, Hilda holds out the fatal newspaper.

Slowly, deliberately, the old lady withdraws her fingers from the dough, removing every loose particle; then she goes to a roller-towel hanging on a door, and carefully wipes her hands on it. With the same deliberation, she turns to the mantel-shelf, and hunts for her spectacle-case. Finding it at last, she draws out her glasses, and, wiping them with care, puts them on. Taking the journal from the impatient girl, she glances down the page until she sees the familiar name. Then her face changes.

"Poor child!" she says, gently.

That is all; but the kind sympathizing words open the fountain of Hilda's grief, and, for the first time since the blow, tears come to her relief.

Carefully as she took them out, Miss Miranda puts her spectacles back in their

case, laying it on the shelf again. Then she speaks in a tone so impressive that it almost carries conviction with it.

"Child," she says, solemnly, "don't worry. Jack Dent's too much needed here to be lost altogether. If he's only missing, you're all right. Wait patiently; God'll bring him back some day."

Not quite comforted by the homely sympathy, Hilda returns to her duties again and tries hard to follow Miss Miranda's wise counsel.

Another week, and still another, without tidings of Jack. How slow time crawls!

April blossoms into May, May deepens into June, and still no news.

One day early in June, Miss Miranda calls on Hilda, her knitting as usual in her hand.

"I've brought my work and run over to see how you are getting along, since you never come to see me," she says, rather sharply.

Hilda starts from the sad dreaming into which she has fallen over her sewing.

"I am very glad you've come, Aunt Miranda," she answers, gently. "I don't go out much nowadays."

The visitor shakes her head at this reply. "Have you heard how things are going at the farm?" she says, presently.

"No, but I can guess. Things are going wrong without Jack, I am sure."

"Yes, they are," nods Miss Miranda. "Mr. Lynch told me a dismal tale."

"Oh! I knew they would," cries Hilda, rising; "they'll go to rack and ruin without him. And if he never comes back!"

It is only the next day that Hilda, engaged in her usual morning task, sees their neighbor approaching the house. She hurries to meet him, speechless from mingled hope and fear. He hands her a letter—it is in Jack's handwriting! One little cry, and Hilda clasps it close.

"He is alive, at least!" she murmurs, and, with trembling fingers, manages at last to break the seal. Then she notices that the usually bold firm handwriting is cramped, and shaky, the lines but few. She must grow calm enough to read them.

"Dearest," the letter runs, "I am safe, but ill in a Washington hospital. I have been here at least a month. I am just able now to scrawl you these few lines. The doctor was unwilling to allow me to do even this, but

I told him I must let you know. How I long for a sight of your sweet face!

Your own JACK."

Ill in a Washington hospital! And she not able to go to him—powerless to help him! Oh, if only she could get some money!

Everybody in the village and the surrounding country is interested in Jack Dent, and Hilda finds their sympathy very hard to bear. Miss Miranda's, being most silent, is the easiest to endure.

When Hilda tells her the news, she only says:

"Maybe your uncle would give you the money to go to him."

Hilda shakes her head.

"No," she answers, "and besides, I could not leave him; he is failing fast."

"Do you really think so?" says Miss Miranda.

"Indeed I do."

"Did he ever say anything to you about his will?" asks the old lady, abruptly.

Hilda glances up in some surprise at her questioner.

"No. Why should he?" she answers. But Miss Miranda does not pursue the subject.

Hilda, seeing that her uncle is growing worse, urges him to send for a doctor, again and again; but this he positively refuses to do.

"What can they do for me?" he growls. "They don't know any more than I."

Confiding her trouble in this respect to Miss Miranda, that lady comforts Hilda by assuring her that she does not think a physician could do the old man any good.

Another letter from Jack! Hilda opens it and reads the tender lines written with such difficulty, but straight from the faithful loving heart longing for her. Poor Hilda! It is but sorry comfort they give her, after all. He is getting better, but oh! so slowly; and the doctor fears, he has overheard him say, that he may never get his strength entirely back—never be quite strong again.

Going over to the farm to see Mrs. Dent, Hilda receives painful confirmation of her letter. Not only has Jack written to his mother, but the physician also has deemed it advisable to let her know of the precarious state of her son's health: not that Jack will die, but he may always be an invalid.

Looking sadly about the forlorn kitchen, Hilda's young eyes do not see a hopeful

future; but at least, as she whispers to the worn-out woman almost too weary to weep:

"We shall still have Jack."

Waiting on her uncle, who is more amiable than usual to-day, Hilda timidly tells him about her lover; but he listens in unsympathizing silence.

The next thing that Hilda hears is that Mrs. Dent is ill. She hurries over to see her, and every moment that she can spare from her ministrations to her uncle she spends in care of Jack's mother. How she longs to take the sufferer some delicacies! But alas! she has no money to buy anything. Poor Mrs. Dent confides to her that things are getting worse and worse.

"It will end in our leaving the place I was born on, I suppose," she finishes, sadly.

Hilda tries to comfort her; but, after all, there is little to say.

It is the third of July—a hot sultry day. The air is heavy as lead, heavy as poor Hilda's heart in her bosom. The sun pours down his fiery rays relentlessly, scorching the parched vegetation longing for rain, of which there is not the slightest sign, though the atmosphere is weighted with moisture. The sky wears a dull brassy look; its clouds do not veil or soften the blaze of the burning sun. Oh, for a breath of cool air to turn them into rain! But scarcely a leaf quivers in the oppressive stillness, Hilda notices, as she hurries over to the doctor's, hoping to get something for her uncle, who still obstinately refuses to see a physician.

Kind old Doctor Barton has not much encouragement to offer, but he does not let her go away without medicine, which he feels sure is useless.

On her way home, Hilda sees small Bob Dent coming down the road. The mischievous young urchin wears an air of great importance, and carries a queer-shaped mysterious-looking package in his chubby brown hands.

Hilda is a great favorite of his, so he stops to speak to her, grinning from ear to ear.

"How d'y, Hilda?" he cries. "Guess what I got here." She manages to smile as she shakes her head in token of her inability to imagine. "Well, I'll tell ye. It's a great secret." And, drawing her mysteriously aside, he whispers into her ear: "Fire-crackers! I can't the money to buy 'em. Isn't that jolly?"

Hilda cannot resist a smile at his enthusiasm. She envies him his light-hearted indifference to the cares of his elders. In spite of the many anxious hearts in Crombie, the small boys are eager to celebrate the glorious Fourth with their accustomed energy.

"These b'long to me and Jim Taylor," Bob continues, delightedly. "Oh, won't we have a lark? Ye see, we hev the cannon, too—the one Jack bought me; it's little, but it makes a big noise!"

"Only be careful and don't set anything on fire," Hilda admonishes the youngster, with another smile and a cheerful good-bye.

"Poh! We shan't—you needn't be afraid," cries Bob, proceeding merrily on his way.

Left to herself, the smiling curves of Hilda's lips vanish, to be replaced by the sad look which her face so often wears of late. Old Mr. Dane, looking so feeble as to suggest a vague fear to his niece that he is nearer dying than she thinks, is leaning back in his chair when she enters, a gleam of something almost like tenderness in his dull eyes; but at sight of the bottle he frowns.

"Why will you waste money on such useless stuff?" he asks, impatiently.

The Fourth dawns just such a morning as its predecessor, save that the air seems even heavier—more laden with moisture. A long lonely day for Hilda, watching at her uncle's side or creeping downstairs to find some sort of comfort in the presence of old Aunt Mirah, bent with rheumatism so that she can scarcely get through her daily tasks.

The house is gloomy and silent—oppressively silent; her uncle scarcely speaks, and even Aunt Mirah's sympathy is dumb. In the darkened room, Hilda sits thinking of Jack, anxiety waking anew in her heart; for she has not heard from him lately, and all sorts of nameless fears start up like phantoms in the shadows and silence—the shadows, the poor child is sure, of approaching death.

Once again she says:

"Is there no one I can send for—no one you will see?"

But her uncle shakes his head impatiently.

Her lips frame the word:

"Minister?"

Old Mr. Dane looks into the pure young face.

"I want no one better than you near me, child." And she is touched by this unwonted tenderness.

The sun is sinking behind the western hills, the shadows are growing longer, and a faint breath of cool air stirs the long-motionless leaves.

At the old man's request, Hilda pushes open the shutters and feels the refreshing breeze on her hot brow. The clouds are banking up in the sky.

"There will be a storm before morning," she murmurs, drawing a breath of relief at the thought.

"Hilda!" says her uncle, and his voice sounds strangely clear. The young girl draws in her head and turns gently toward him, an indefinable awe gathering in her heart. The last rays of the fast-sinking sun light up the wrinkled brow and scant white locks with a touch almost of glory. "You have been very good to me," he is saying, "as good as a daughter could have been." The listener's lips tremble; a pity, yearning almost into solemn tenderness, rushes into her heart. "Years ago, before you came here"—his voice seems to grow weaker—"I made my will, and I left everything to charity; I could not bear that my money should go to the State, and I knew of no kith or kin near me." The room is growing dusky now, the white face is in shadow. "I meant to make a new will, child, when you proved yourself so faithful; but somehow"—his voice quivers a little—"I couldn't bear to; I loved it so—I loved it so—I could not bring myself, as I grew older, to think of the time when I must leave it to someone else—to spend."

"It does not matter now," she murmurs, a little choking in her throat; but, even as she speaks, visions of Jack and a home rise before her tired eyes.

"To-morrow morning I shall make a new one," he says; "don't be afraid."

For a moment, there is silence; then, bending toward him, Hilda sees that he is asleep.

With a quick longing for some other companionship than her own thoughts, she slips down to the kitchen.

"How is he?" asks Aunt Mirah, softly.

"Asleep," answers the other, as quietly as if the echoes of their voices could pass up the stairs to the sleeper's room.

Almost in silence, the two sit side by side until it is quite dark, the young girl's tears dropping slowly on the black hand that

grasps hers. Then Hilda suggests that they return to the sick-room.

Lamp in hand, they enter the quiet chamber; old Aunt Mirah goes first, and beads over her sleeping master.

"Him will nebber wake up no mo', chile," she says, gently; then she forces the half-fainting girl on an old settee near, and adds: "Ye'r worn out, honey; lie still."

Five minutes later, Hilda falls into the deep sleep of exhaustion, while the black woman, in her chair, slumbers as heavily.

Meanwhile, the boys have selected a deserted spot back of the lonely Dane mansion as a favorable place for their Fourth of July celebration; they feel sure that there they will not be molested. Just as the inmates of the house have fallen into a sleep which for one of them is endless, the two youngsters stretch themselves flat on the ground, regardless of the fact that they have persuaded their mothers to dress them in their best clothes, and eagerly await the racket so dear to their hearts. Their cannon does not make as much noise as they expected, but they have enough fire-crackers to remedy that defect.

Within, the sleepers, who are on the other side of the house, do not even hear the last and loudest explosion, after which the boys take their departure.

Suddenly, however, Hilda awakens, gasps for breath, rises—the room is full of smoke. Horrors! What can this mean? A strange light, that is not the dawn surely, fills the room; then she sees the flames licking the open casement, and she knows what is the matter.

"Aunt Mirah! Aunt Mirah!" she cries, seizing the sleeping woman by the shoulders and startling her into consciousness of the scene, "the house is on fire! Help me, quick!" she goes on, hurriedly, slipping her arms under the shoulders of the motionless form on the bed.

Between them, by an exertion of almost superhuman strength, they manage to drag the lifeless burden out of the room, through the smoke-filling hall, down the steep staircase, and into the open air at last.

"Dey'se seen de fire, bress de Lawd! Dey'se sendin' help!" cried Aunt Mirah, looking eagerly in the direction of the village.

But Hilda does not hear her, does not heed the great crash of thunder which seems to shake the ground, nor feel the splash of the raindrops pouring in a sudden torrent from the sky.

"The will! The will!" is her low exclamation; and, before the old woman perceives what she is going to do, she turns quickly and re-enters the house.

Through the choking blinding smoke that is rapidly filling the entire dwelling, she forces her way, while outside all the hoses in the village unite with the streams of heaven to conquer the flames. On she struggles toward her uncle's room, but is beaten back by the fiery flood, and, falling, is caught in the firm clasp of a pair of strong arms—caught in a clasp that is strangely familiar.

"Dearest," a well-known voice whispers in her ear, and then she realizes nothing more, as she is borne by a tottering figure out of the deadly element into safety.

Blinded, half fainting, Jack stumbles forward, while waiting hands receive his unconscious burden, and strong arms give him support.

A little while afterward, Hilda is lying on the bed in Miss Miranda's cottage, her hand clasped tight in Jack's.

"All the perishable part of the house—the worm-eaten wood-work, the moth-eaten furniture—is gone," Miss Miranda is saying, in answer to the questioning in the girl's eager eyes; "but the solid portion is left. The boys were having their Fourth of July celebration, and they must have dropped a smouldering cracker among the brush-wood and rubbish at the back of the house."

"And the will?" Hilda manages to ask.

"That is gone too," says Miss Miranda, with her grim smile.

"Are you sure?" Hilda reiterates, faintly.

"Everything in the room was burnt to ashes. Thank heaven, now you can have your rights," is the reply.

"But—"

"My child," says the old lady, more gently, "it is yours justly. He surely must have meant you to have it."

"He did," murmurs Hilda, and she tells them of his last words.

"Thank God that the best intentions he ever had were fulfilled," Miss Miranda answers, solemnly.

A LOVE AND A PASSION.  
A STORY OF SUNSET LAND.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE GRANDE RONDE VALLEY," "SAVED BY A  
TELEPHONE," "NIL," "IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS," ETC.

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CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 544.

CHAPTER VII.

**N**ES, I!" said Rouan, in a shaken voice. He was standing on the hearth, and he mechanically leaned his arm upon the mantel, as if for support. He was so agitated, he could not command his voice; but his eyes took in each smallest detail of her appearance.

Mrs. Dudley was more frail and girlish than when he had first met her, three months before. The firelight, leaping up brightly now, revealed blue veins in her temples and on her wrists; and under her eyes were dark shadows. She sank back among her pillows and looked at Rouan in dead silence, only her slim fingers nervously played with the fringes of her shawl. She was struggling hard for composure; but the remembrance of that parting scene and the bitter humiliation and self-abasement which had followed was shaking her like a leaf.

That scene had been with her through all the days of fever and delirium that had succeeded; it had arisen with her from her sick-bed; it was with her now. She was forced to put her hand to her throat, to steady its reckless throbbing.

"I imagined," she said at last, when she could speak, "that you had returned to your home; I am surprised to meet you."

"I have been here more than a month," replied Rouan, and his voice sounded cold and strained. "I thought it a beautiful place; I am writing—a Western novel."

They both smiled faintly, as sometimes a gleam of moonlight flickers over snow and is gone. Then an awkward silence fell upon them.

"You have been ill?" said Rouan, inquiringly, after a while.

Her old sweet blush spread over her face and throat; she moved restlessly and drew her shawl closer.

"Yes," she replied, slowly, "I have been ill: very ill, I suppose. My doctor was here last summer, and he says the climate is unsurpassed by any other; so, at his suggestion, I—came."

The break in her voice told how deeply she regretted the coming. Rouan winced.

Presently Mrs. Dudley threw aside her shawl and arose. She stood before him, slender and straight, like a field-lily, in her white gown. Her eyes were full of tears, her lips trembled.

"If our lines have fallen together again for a little while," she said, falteringly, "tell me, at least, that you have forgotten and forgiven the past. I cannot—oh, I cannot—bear it, unless you do!"

"Forgiven?" repeated Rouan. "Oh, the pity of it! That such a word should come between us! In heaven's name, what have I to forgive? Helen—oh, I beg you, if you care for me as you once let me dare to think—"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, in a low anguish-stricken voice, shrinking away from him.

"If you ever cared for me, or even fancied you did, I beg that you will not use that word to me again. While you are here, let us be friends. Let us become better acquainted. Let us make the best of the few golden hours the gods give us; they will never come again."

She laid her hand on his arm. At that moment, the door quietly opened and Nem entered. She took a few steps forward and then paused, in amazed contemplation of the tableau.

Mrs. Dudley gave her a haughty glance, coloring deeply, as she withdrew her hand and sunk slowly into a large rocking-chair.

"Mrs. Dudley and I have met before," said Rouan, awkwardly, answering the question in his affianced's eyes.

Nem moved slowly on and accepted the chair he placed for her, not knowing how to refuse, yet grieved at the new cold courtesy of his manner.

The firelight played upon the two women who loved Rouan, each with the entire force of her nature. The one, white, delicate, perfect as a flower; the other, strong, grand, nobly formed as a queen. The one, cold, proud, high-bred; the other, shy, awkward, uncertain in her bearing, yet lacking only confidence to make her queenly. The white silk gown of the one rested against the coarser dress of the other.

Rouan looked at them and felt a deep pity beating in his heart for Nem, because there was no other feeling for her there.

Mrs. Dudley rose; her gown fell in lovely folds to her feet.

"I will say good-night now," she said, sending a brief tremulous smile across to Rouan. Then, with a quick change of manner, kindly but distantly, as she would have spoken to her maid, she added to Nem: "I will be down to breakfast, I think, in the morning. I am eager"—she glanced back at Rouan—"to see one of Puget Sound's famous sunrises."

When she was gone, Nem burst into a storm of nervous weeping. Rouan was amazed.

"I hate her!" cried the girl, passionately. "She spoke t' me 's if I was 'er servant. Cold, proud, haughty, hateful! Is she any better 'n me, just b'cause her face 'n hands 's white 'n soft 'n 'er dress such heavy silk 't makes 'er look like a—empress?"

Her bosom swelled convulsively; her eyes flashed sparks of fire; her hands closed until the nails sunk into them and full veins stood out on the backs.

"I wisht—oh, I do wisht," she sobbed, forgetting all about her resolve to use better language, "thet she hadn' come here. It makes me feel wickid. It makes me feel—to hev a woman speak thet way t' me—'s if I'd like t' put my two hands 'bout 'er throat 'n '—n'—hold 'm ther. 'er slim, white, pritty throat!"

"Horrible!" thought Rouan, with a cold chill at his heart. "It is the Indian taint in her nature."

"Yes, I would," she went on, meeting his eyes defiantly. "I'd hold them ther till she'd never say scornful things t' me again. I would! What beautiful eyes she had!" she went on, sinking her voice and staring into the fire, as though she enjoyed her self-torture. "What hair, with a bit o' gold runnin' through it! I saw the firelight playin' on it, 'n' 't looked so lovely 'n' was done so nice thet I hated 'er then, even b'fore she spoke. Do yuh think," she whispered, still sobbing nervously and looking at him with drenched eyes, "thet 'er arms 's half 's nice 's mine? Do yuh? Oh," she broke off without giving him time to reply, "yuh can't think thet! Hers 'r too small—they're not half so fine 's mine, nohow. B't I wisht—oh, I do wish—I could look 's cool 'n' proud 's she did. Oh dear heaven, how I hate 'er!—hate 'er!"

"Nem!" pleaded Rouan, frightened and bewildered, "what has come over you? What is it? Is this the tender girl who kissed me awhile ago? The girl who promised to speak carefully to please me? Who—"

Struck dumb by his kind but stern manner, Nem cast herself upon the lounge. Such violent sobs rose in her throat, she could not speak. Rouan laid his hand a moment on her hair, and left the room.

At five o'clock on the following morning, Rouan made his way to the beach, in the pale rose-gold dawn. He walked with free swinging strides, cutting off clover-cups and dandelion-down with his cane. The mere knowledge that she was near him, that she breathed the same air, looked on the same sunrise, smelled the same flower-sweets, made him happy.

Yesterday he had been the listless, apathetic, utterly wretched lover of a half-bred girl; to-day he was Laurence Rouan once more—clear-brained, débonnaire, light-hearted, forgetful of all that lay between him and future happiness.

"I have been mad this past month," he said to himself. "But my senses have come back at last. But I will enjoy these few days with her—and afterward? Well, when she is gone, I must make the best of it and pay for my folly, my senseless infatuation, with my heart's— But these days shall belong to me. Poor Nem!"



He paused beside a blackened stump, over which a vine of white star-flowers was twining. He plucked one swelling star.

"It is like her heart," he breathed, thinking always of Helen. "White and pure, with a core of gold."

Coming to the beach, he was amazed to see her slim girlish figure standing out against the purple distance of the sea. She greeted him with her swift sweet smile, and gave him her cool palm. He would have retained it, but she drew it gently away.

The sun was rising, round and dazzling, over the mountains, shaking itself free of the fir-tops little by little, and flinging streaks of gold aslant the mist of morning; the tide was flowing in, and the waves laughed for purest joy as they broke over the glistening sands; wild birds darted downward and laved in their foaming crest.

"I did not expect to find you here—at least, so early," he said. "But it is an excellent prescription."

"Written by wisdom, and filled by nature," she returned, smiling. "This fresh air is better than all the medicine in the world."

"This wind is strong, though," said Rouan, looking at her anxiously. "Come up to this nook in the cliff, and let me put your shawl about you."

She obeyed, walking beside him with her head bent and some shells clinking musically together in her hands.

"How beautiful it is here," she said, when he had folded her shawl about her and stretched himself, full length, beside her. "How you must have enjoyed your holiday here! Did you write all the time?"

"Not quite," he replied, with a burning guilty flush. "I—I—idled part of the time—did nothing, you know, but lie in my hammock and listen to the bees; or, down here on the sands, watched the sails drift by."

"Alone?" She turned calm wondering eyes to his.

Again he flushed hotly.

"Sometimes," he replied, uncertainly. "That is, almost always. Who was there to be with me?" And he laughed nervously.

"Mrs. Mowber," she replied, also laughing, but with genuine amusement. "Or some of the pretty village-girls; or—or the girl named—what is it?—Nem?"

Rouan pulled his wide hat down over his eyes. When one's conscience is ailing, each random shot seems to be heavily loaded with significance. He slipped away from the suggestion.

"And you?" he asked, pulling up tufts of grass and letting the sand from the roots slip through his fingers. "What have you been doing all these days?"

"Oh, I?" she replied, with an accent of pain. "I have been ill ever since—ever since—"

She hesitated. Their eyes met: his, passionate, rebellious; hers, troubled, wet. Rouan's pulse beat hard and quick; a deep silence fell upon them.

After a little while had passed thus, the man conquered his emotion.

"No more sad thoughts this morning," he cried, gayly. "I am your doctor now, and I mean to bring some color into your cheeks—"

"Like the girl Nem?" interrupted Helen, smiling into his eyes. She meant nothing, but Rouan started.

"How I wish," she continued, reflectively, "that I possessed that girl's physique! I would like her rich coloring, her magnificent form—even," hesitatingly, "her brown skin—"

"Oh, stop!" cried Rouan, with terrible earnestness. "Do not make such a wish. Do not even allow such a thought in your mind."

"Oh, of course," she said, smiling at his vigorous protest, "I am not envying her lot; she is proletarian, if ever there was such—shy, awkward, haughty, insolent, all in a moment. She was born to be a servant, I think—a poor one, also."

She was not speaking vehemently or maliciously. She was calmly dissecting the character of a woman to whom she had taken a dislike, as a queen might criticize one of her humblest subjects.

But her words sank like poisoned arrows into Rouan's soul. He felt the injustice of her criticism, yet he was too great a coward to correct her. Besides, she was speaking of his promised wife, and he had dared to be silent when he heard her called proletarian! It is a terrible misfortune to be born a coward and to possess at the same time all the aspirations of the hero.

Now was the time to make his bitter, humil-

iating confession. He braced himself to the effort; he essayed to speak; he even uttered one word. But his companion lifted her calm clear eyes to his, and the sentence died on his lips. He felt that, in spite of her sweetness and yielding tenderness, she was the kind of woman who could be hard and cold as stone in the presence of such an insult.

He arose and leaned so heavily upon his stick that the end sunk far into the sand.

"Let us go," he said, looking at her miserably. "This wind is too cold for you. And as for me—"

He did not finish. Helen's hand, trembling in his clasp as she arose, sent a thrill of emotion through his whole being, which sealed his lips effectually.

From the low fir shrubbery near which they had been seated, the half-bred girl rose, looking after them, seeing nothing else. Her eyes blazed like coals of fire in the dark; she panted like some wild animal with an arrow through its heart; her strong hands clutched convulsively at her throat.

"Oh, God!" she cried, and her voice was like unto the cry of one who is enduring a fearful surgical operation with bound hands and clear senses. "Oh, that she should dare t' speak so of me t' him, 'n' that he should let her!"

She fell, face downward, on the sands, and lay there motionless, like one dead.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THERE, a couple of hours later, strolling along with his stick swinging in his hand, Rouan came upon Nem.

The instant he recognized her, he surmised the truth. He approached her doubtfully, reluctantly, dreading to meet her first look.

He had returned to the place, full of pleasant memories of the morning, only to find Nemesis awaiting him.

He bent and touched the girl's hair.

"Nem!" he said, kindly.

The girl fairly leaped to her feet, shrinking from him and putting out her hands to keep him away.

"Don't! Don't come near me!" she cried, breathing heavily. "I couldn't bear 't—yet. Oh, God!" she burst out, with one long shivering sob. "Thet yees should 'a' let her say sech things o' me, 'n' yees pretendid t' love me!"

"Come, Nem," said Rouan, tenderly, striving to pacify her as he would a child. "I do love you. You misunderstood our conversation, and besides," forcing a smile, "you are not keeping your promise. You—"

"Oh, I know what yees mean," cried the girl, retreating from him. "But I don't care n' more how I speak 'r what I say. I've laid here—here!"—pointing miserably to the hot sands—"fer two mortal owers, 'n' I've thought 'bout 't till I was 'fraid I was losin' m' mind. I couldn't b'lieve 't nohow at first, b't I heard ev'ry word s' plain—s' plain—"

She stopped, choking.

"I didn't mean t' list'n," she went on, presently, looking at him with eyes full of anguish. "B't when I seen her down on th' beach I jest hid b'hind them bushes so's she wouldn't see me, 'n' then yees come—'n' then—"

She broke off, with another dry terrible sob.

"Oh, it's a-killin' me!" she cried, with a look of unbearable suffering. "Don't—don't come near 'me! I want t' talk while I can. I heard ev'ry word." She dropped her long arms down at her sides. "Ev'ry word! I heard 'er call me insolint, proletarian, servant; 'n' yees—yees didn't say one word fer me! Not one word, 'n' yees pretendid t' love me!"

The reproach in her eyes hurt Rouan more than her words.

"I wonder," said the girl, suddenly, beginning to pant again, yet speaking in a lower tone, "I do wonder I didn't kill 'er! I had 't in me. Yes, I did have 't in me t' do 't! 'er slim, pritty, white throat!"

She looked past him at the blue rippling waves, and in a moment her face softened.

"Oh, why did yuh ever want me t' love yuh?" she cried, stretching out her hands in dumb entreaty. "Oh, why did yuh? Wasn't she enough. 'n' didn't yees love her all th' time? Say, didn't yees?"

Rouan quailed before her stern yet agonized look. Then, with a sudden resolve, feeling that the situation could not be worse, and might possibly be bettered, he said:

"Yes, Nem; I did love her. I—"

She fell away from him, with a strong shudder. I once saw a dog fall back so when his master struck him a cruel blow, and I have never forgotten his violent tremble of submission or the look in his eyes.

The girl put up both hands, palms outward.

"Oh, heaven!" she breathed, after a while, in the amazed tone of one who has lived through some horrible operation. "How that hurt! How that did hurt—here!"

She pressed both hands strongly upon her breast. She looked at him now without seeing him.

"You forced me to say it, Nem," ventured Rouan, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, yes, I know," she replied, hurriedly, retreating as he advanced a step. "I'm not blamin' yees fer tellin' me; I'm glad yees did. But—" she faltered, her throat swelling so she could not control her voice—"tell me! Oh, tell me th' truth, 's yuh live! Didn't yees—didn't yees never love me?"

The last words were drawn from her torturingly, as a knife is drawn from a shrinking wound; and, uttering them, she cast herself prone upon the hot sands at Rouan's feet.

"Didn't yees?" she whispered; then, looking up, with an awful calmness of eye: "Tell me! I can bear all th' rest but that! 'f 't wasn't love, what was 't?"

"I think I was mad," said Rouan, bitterly, not daring to lie, yet longing to do something to help her. "I do think I was mad, dear."

"What!" said she, still in that whisper and with that calmness which was more dreadful than her sobs. "Do yees mean 't tell me, then, that 't wasn't love?"

He looked away over the sea, and Helen's flower-face, pale and sweet, arose before him. It could never be his, yet he loved it, he revered it; he could not deny that face, that love, even though the denial would spare another woman suffering.

"I am afraid," he said, very slowly, choosing each word with care, "that it was not really love, Nem. I thought so—oh, believe me, dear!—I thought it was love, until—until—"

"Until she come!" She laughed aloud.

Rouan was silent. Nem slowly arose.

"'n' yees never loved me?" she said then, in a dull tone. "Never? What!" she burst out, sobbing in a dry tearless way again, "not that night when yees laid in th' hammock 'n'—'n' I gave yees th' pill? W'y, I can jest hear them frogs yet, 'n' smell th' apple-blossoms 'n' lilacs too! I was s' happy—'n' yees didn't love me that night? Ner—ner when yees saved me from drownin',

'n' held me, all eoid 'n' wet, in yer bosom—not then, nuther? W'y, kind heaven!" her sobs fairly trembled from her now, "th' world seems t' be turnin' round with me! What! yees didn't love me thet night a' tall? Not when—when—yuh brought me that wine, 'n'—'n'—put yer arm roun' me, 'n'—'n'—kissed me? Oh, say, didn't yees love me then?"

"No," said Rouan, solemnly, "not even then, dear. I cannot make you understand. God alone fully comprehends a man's soul. I do not even understand myself. You are very beautiful, and—I am susceptible to beauty. I was alone with you almost always. I was trying to forget another woman, and I turned to you for sympathy. Unconsciously I drifted into a tenderer feeling for you—what it was, God only knows! I did not pause to analyze it—men are all selfish. That night"—he spoke hastily, seeing that he was making her suffer almost past endurance—"it seemed to me that I really loved you as I never had loved before. You were like a little tender flower leaning to the wind that breaks down its trusting heart. You trusted me, and yet I—oh, it was cruel, selfish, I know!—but she was in my heart, I think, all the time."

She stopped him with a gesture. She came nearer and looked into his eyes with painful entreaty.

"Don't yees think," she asked, speaking brokenly and with difficulty, "don't yees think that yees really loved me a little thet night?"

"No," said Rouan, sternly, realizing what a farce the feeling had been, compared to his deep true love for Helen Dudley. "No, not even that night was it love. It was sympathy, tenderness, fascination. It cast a glamor over me while it saw fit to last, but it was bitter as gall when the sparkle was gone. It was a momentary madness, born of mellow air and dreamy moonlight, dancing waters and blue serene skies, white sails, brilliant birds, fragrant flowers, and you—all set in this intoxicating sunset-land! It was everything sweet and desirable and maddening, except love—it was never, never love!"

There was a long silence following his words. In Nem's eyes was the dull look of exhaustion that comes after long suffering. Rouan had been brutal to be kind, and each word had sunk into her very soul.

"It's all over, then!" she said at last, working her slim fingers nervously. "I might've knowned I was too happy. I don't think anybody could be s' happy 's thet fer long."

Rouan's eyes fell beneath the desolate misery of her look.

"Yees 's free!" she continued, her nostrils swelling with each word. "Jest 's free 's th' wind thet comes over Puget Sound from th' ocean—'s free's th' sea-gulls thet we uster watch from th' beach—'s free's th' blue waves thet wash th' shells up on th' sand! Only," a black terrible expression flamed into her eyes, "see thet she goes away soon! See t' thet, will yees? I couldn't no more stand 't 't see yees with her than—than I could tear m' own heart out and live! I'm talkin' poorly to-day, ain't I?" she added, suddenly growing calm again. "I say one word wrong, 'n' the next minit I say 't right. But yuh'll not care any more whether I talk t' please yuh or not. Do yees think, 'f she hadn't come, 'n' we-uns hed got married, yees might 'a' loved me in time?" She looked wistfully into his face.

A full moment Rouan hesitated. Then, obeying a sudden impulse which he regretted always after, he said:

"Nem, my dear girl, her coming has made no change in my plans. She can be no more to me, ever, than she is to-day—the woman I love, the woman who loves me—no more. But"—he looked away from her—"there is a reason why I could not have been happy, had I married you—or I will say: if I do marry you; for I am willing to fulfill my promise, of course."

"What is 't—the reason?"

Her bosom arose and fell with her quick irregular breathing.

"Nem," said Rouan, earnestly, not daring to look at her, "my family is of the oldest and proudest of New York. My father is stern and rigid in his views, my mother and sisters cold and high-bred. They would prefer to see me wretched as the husband of a woman of good family, than happy as the husband of one of inferior blood. I am the only Bohemian in the family, and they look leniently upon my short-comings only because they feel sure I will eventually settle down and marry one of whom they may be proud."

"They wouldn't 'a' been proud o' me," said the girl, mournfully.

"Nem," continued Rouan, with an effort, "has it ever occurred to you—that is, have you ever thought about your parentage?"

"My parentage?" faltered Nem, a deep half-angry color rising to her face. "I never thought 'bout 't—no! But I s'posed thet they was th' same 's Mrs. Mowber; 'n', no matter how proud yer folks are, they can't hev no better hearts than she's got."

"Very true," returned Rouan, wincing. "But your mother, at least, was of different blood—"

"Dif'rent blood?" interrupted Nem, turning suddenly white and trembling. "What d' yuh mean by thet?"

"Your mother"—he spoke very gently—"was a half-bred—"

"Oh, my God!" cried the girl, throwing out both hands. "Oh, what hev I done t' yuh, thet yees should tell me such a thing 's that? Oh, I would 'a' died 'fore I'd 'a' told yees, 'f 't hed been yer mother 'nstead o' mine! Oh, my mother! my mother!"

Terrible sobs broke from her dry lips, seeming to tear her bosom as they came. She locked her strong arms in a perfect agony of suffering, then dropped them, with a gesture of despair, to her sides.

"Oh, my mother!" she cried again, as one cries when he bends over the coffin of a dead loved one. "Oh, w'y did yuh work me this ter'ble wrong? A half-bred Indian! Then what 'm I? Merciful God! what 'm I? Indian! Indian! 'n' I hev hated 'm so! All my life, I hev loathed th' sight o' thum—'n' all th' time, I was one o' thum! The same blood thet flows 'n their veins flows here 'n mine! Oh, th' horror o' fit! Oh, th' madness o' fit! Oh, th' cruelty, th' want'n cruelty, o' fit! Ev'ry time I see one o' thum, I'll be wond'rin' 'f my mother"—a strong shudder shook her—"looked like that! Oh, tell me," and for the first time she spoke directly to him, "do I look—do I look like—"

She could not finish for the choking in her throat.

"No, no!" exclaimed Rouan, overpowered by the sight of her suffering. "It is so little," he added, huskily, "one would never imagine it. You are only a quarter—"

"Stop!"

For an instant, he feared she would strike him. Then, panting unevenly, she let her arms drop to her sides; her chin fell on her breast, her eyes sunk to the sand.

"Yuh may say 't now," she said, in a slow dull tone. "Let me say 't, so's I'll get uster 't: I'm a quarter-breed; my mother was a half-breed; my grandmother was an—oh, God!—Indian! I can never, never meet one o' 'thum old, homeless, hapless, mis'erable squaws without feelin' that maybe I'm her own kin, without feelin' that I oughter be livin' out 'n th' woods, on roots 'n' berries 'n' fish, without lookin' 't her 'n' tryin' t' trace my own features 'n hers! Oh, th' horror o' fit! Oh, th' sin, th' crime, o' fit—fer a white man t' marry a—an Indian!" Had it been to save her life, she could not have articulated the other word.

Suddenly, with one last supreme effort, she lifted her fine form proudly and faced him; her eyes flashed, her nostrils quivered, her bosom swelled, her lips trembled away and left her strong white teeth bare.

"Tell her," she said, in a voice that did not quiver, "thet, as she's called me insolent, servant, she may call me worse! She may put her foot on me, 'n' strike my bare back: th' right's hers, fer I'm a coward, a traitor, an Indian, a slave! I'm accursed of heaven!"

And, with a cry like that of an animal which runs dying, she fled up the steep bank and disappeared among the trees.

## CHAPTER IX.

SEVERAL days passed, disturbed by no unusual occurrence. Nem was invisible; and only an added line or two of disappointment and care about Mrs. Mowber's lips told Rouan that she had at least surmised the truth.

Despite the calm, or perhaps because on account of it, Rouan trembled for the future—as, on a still sultry day, one scans the heavens and dreads a possible thunder-storm.

There was something in the girl's strong passionate nature that awed and subdued him. He was conscious of a kind of fascinating exquisite fear of her, the fear one feels while standing on the brink of a slumbering volcano.

He courteously avoided meeting Helen Dudley alone. He could not force himself to ask her to leave, or summon courage to go himself; so, weakly, he lingered from day to day, deriving keen pleasure from dwelling beneath the roof that sheltered her, and from sometimes meeting her tender troubled eyes, or touching for an instant her trembling hand.

His novel lay untouched, the leaves of manuscript idly rustling in the sea-breeze. When he attempted to write, a sweet pale face stood out upon the paper beneath his eyes, and his pen grew still in his hand.

The fresh bunch of wild flowers that bloomed daily on his table was the only sign given him of Nem.

One afternoon, he started for a long walk, taking the narrow path that led along the cliff above the beach.

Nem, washing the dinner-dishes in the little dark kitchen-closet, heard him pass. A few moments before, she had seen Mrs. Dudley sauntering in the same direction.

A black terrible light flamed into the girl's eyes. Her strong throat, whiter always than her face, swelled as it did whenever she was excited, and a choking sensation came up from her bosom. Red flecks, like drops of blood, dimmed her fine vision; there was a dull roaring in her ears, like the sound of the surf in a storm, beating against the rocks; a dish fell from her shaking hands and crashed into a dozen bits.

"I could stand 't while he staid 'way from 'er," she muttered, drawing in her breath hard but silently between each word and its successor, "b't 'f he folla's 'er now, 'n'—'n'—ketches up with 'er, 'n'—"

She stopped suddenly. She took from her dress a new gleaming revolver, looked at it, hesitated, and concealed it again. Then, bare-headed, bare-armed, bare-throated, she slipped through the kitchen, across the wide porch, and disappeared down the path Rouan had taken. Her big Newfoundland dog followed her unnoticed, keeping his faithful eyes fixed curiously on her stealthy uncertain movements.

About a mile down the bay, at a place where the cliff was low, Rouan came suddenly on Helen Dudley. She was sitting beneath a laurel-tree, her broad hat lying upon the grass, her lap full of wild flowers.

She started and colored when she saw him.

"Do not go," said Rouan, hurrying to her with eager eyes. "Let me look at you, speak to you, be near you once more, for a few moments at least!"

He paused; but something weighed down her tremulous lids, and she could not lift her eyes.

"Helen!" Rouan exclaimed, with a sudden desperate resolve. "There is one thing I

will ask you before I go. Is he kind to you? Are you sure you can live your life out with him?"

"With whom?" Her eyes and manner were alert with amazement.

"With"—he shrank from the word—"your husband, of course."

"My husband?" She drew back as though he had struck her. Her look was one of horror and reproach. "My husband?" she repeated; and slowly and laboriously, as a new idea is grasped by a child's mind, the truth forced its way into hers; then a sudden joy, so great that it was painful, filled her soul.

"What!" she continued, in a low glad whisper, "did you not know? Could you have thought—oh, did you think—"

She broke off abruptly.

"What do you mean? I don't understand," he cried.

"It was only the past that stood between us," she said. "After my husband died, I—I promised myself never to marry again."

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun lay at the horizon; the fir-trees stood out, clear and distinct, against the gold background; one broad yellow path stretched, motionless, across the bay.

"We must go," said Helen, rising, with a long happy sigh, her figure showing slim and white against the crimson haze.

"Do you know," said Rouan, looking up at her with a joyous face, "we have been sitting all this while on the very edge of Dead Man's Point? What a romantic place in which to plight our troth!"

"But why Dead Man's Point?" asked Helen, laughing from pure happiness. "Why give it that name?"

She approached nearer the water as she spoke.

"Oh, be careful!" exclaimed Rouan, turning pale.

From her feet, a wall of rock, worn smooth and slippery by the ebb and flow of the waves, slanted almost perpendicularly to the water—a distance, now that the tide was coming in, of five or six feet. The sea, blue and shining out in the sunlight, rolled up here black and sullen, boiled and seethed for a moment against the rocks, then retreated with a powerful under-current.

"Oh, nothing ever happens to me," cried Helen, with a glad laugh. "But I am so

happy now, I think I could bear some kind of shock or adventure with the most perfect equanimity."

As she spoke, Rouan fancied he heard a rustle in the bushes behind them. He turned his head carelessly, and something bright and gleaming sent a swift dazzling light full into his eyes.

With a sudden exclamation, Rouan sprang to his feet, but instantly fell backward with a deep groan of pain.

Helen ran to him.

"What is it?" she cried, in a frightened staccato. "Oh, tell me—what is it?"

"My foot slipped on that rock," said Rouan, trying to smile, although he was deathly white. "I have broken, or at least badly sprained, my ankle."

He spoke slowly and laboriously, breathing heavily between words; great cold drops of perspiration trembled on his forehead.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Helen, beginning to weep. "Shall I run for a doctor? I cannot bear to see you suffer."

"You must bind a wet cloth about my ankle first," gasped Rouan. "I hear a creek near by; will you take my hat and bring me some water?"

"I will try," said Helen, shuddering. "But I am sure—sure—I cannot bear your suffering!"

There was a rustling among the bushes, and Nem flashed across the open space and flung herself beside him.

"Oh, heaven!" she cried, in a terrible voice. "Yees 's suff'rin'—suff'rin'—'n' 'ts ali a judgmint on me! Oh, tell me thet yer not much hurt!"

"But I'm afraid I am, Nem," said Rouan, kindly, forgetting everything but his own pain. "I am suffering horribly! Oh, water, Nem! Quick!"

He fell back into Helen's arms. She drew his head to her breast and pressed her lips tremblingly to his forehead; her tears fell on his face.

"Oh, if I could help you!" she sobbed, brokenly.

One look of mortal agony Nem cast upon them; then, seizing Rouan's hat, rushed into the wood, followed by her faithful dog. In a few moments, she returned with water.

She knelt beside Rouan as he lay in Helen's arms, and, with set teeth and white lips, bathed his ankle with the ice-cold water



and bound it with his handkerchief. Once or twice, he gave a cry of pain that hurt her to the soul, but she did not falter.

When she had finished, Helen leaned over suddenly, caught Nem in the circle of her soft arms, and kissed her with quivering lips.

"Oh, thank you!" she whispered. "Nem—my dear, dear sister, I shall always love you! I could not have done it, because—because I love him so!"

Nem shrank away from her, with a sob that choked her for a moment.

"Oh," she moaned, at last, in the voice of one tortured beyond endurance, "don't speak kind t' me—don't! I was jest on th' point o' killin' yuh! Yes, I was. Look ther 'n th' bushes, 'n' yees 'll fin' th' revolver. I hed 't pointed at yuh 's yuh stood out 'gainst th' light, when my dog made a noise, 'n' he looked up 'n' then tried t' spring t' his feet, 'n'—'n' fell! Oh, Lord, Lord! I'm punished enough, that he should be hurt through my fault, through my crime!"

Rouan, his horror overcoming his suffering, partly arose and leaned on his elbow. Helen slipped away and stood on the edge of the bank, as far as possible from the excited girl.

"Yees couldn't help him b'cause yuh loved him so!" cried Nem, with cutting sarcasm. "'n' what 'bout me, I'd like to know—what 'bout me? Yees don't even know what love is, compared t' what I feel fer him! I love him so"—she flung back her head, her eyes flaming, her nostrils swelling—"I'd die fer him! I'd suffer torture, 'f 't pleased him! I'd—I'd cut my very heart—"

The words froze upon her lips. Her eyes dilated.

"Take care!" she cried, sharply. "Thet moss 's a-slippin'!"

The warning burst from her involuntarily, but it came too late. The moss was indeed slipping, and Helen with it.

Uttering a groan of horror, Rouan tried to rise, but was held down by throes of pain, strong as steel fetters. Nem stood, her hands still uplifted in warning, but motionless as death.

With one awful cry for help, Helen slipped downward with the treacherous moss-surface, and sank beneath the black water.

"Save her! Save her! Oh, God! Nem—you can swim like a man! Save her!"

Beside himself with frenzied anguish, Rouan again tried to rise, and again fell

back. Still Nem stood silent, with horrified eyes.

"Don't! Don't!" she said, in a whisper louder than a cry and more terrible in its passionate despair. "Don't ask me t' save her! Don't! I'll do anything else fer yees—die fer yuh—sin fer yuh—anything, anything b't thet! What! bring'er back 'n' put'er 'n yer arms? Oh, t' ask sech a thing o' me!"

Helen's white face appeared now several yards from the shore. Her light gown bore her up, but she was being carried out to sea. Her feeble cry for help came faintly across the lashing waves.

"She's goin' straight into th' whirlpool!" said Nem, in a horrible fascination, unable to withdraw her eyes from her drowning rival. "I couldn't save'er now, nohow—without bein' drowned m'self."

She uttered the last words under her breath. A fearful struggle was raging in her breast—a struggle between right and wrong, between the noble elements in the girl's nature and the ignoble. Rouan had flung himself, face downward, on the ground. Unable to save the woman he loved—unable even to cast himself into the sea and die with her—he could not look at her drowning struggles.

"My God! My God! Save her!" he cried, in the one sublime prayer of his life; then a solemn silence fell on Dead Man's Point.

"T' ask me t' save her!" muttered Nem, passionately, looking at his prostrate figure, her mouth twitching, her hands clutching convulsively. "'n' 't means death fer me, 'n'—Yes! his love fer her! 'n' yet she kissed me—she called me sister! I've a notion— It might make 'im love me—after I'm drowned—"

The girl's free wild spirit conquered. Without faltering, without hesitation, she plunged down into the black water and struck out boldly for Helen.

Rouan, scarcely breathing in his awful suspense, dragged himself painfully to the very edge and prepared to lend what feeble assistance he could.

Helen was on the brink of the whirlpool, from which no earthly power could have saved her, when Nem caught her white gown. Then began the terrible struggle to regain the shore.

Whether it was a minute or an hour, Rouan never knew. But at last, when they

were so near that his heart stood still with passionate hope, a mighty in-rolling wave broke over the two women and separated them. One was tossed safely almost into his arms, the other was carried back to sea.

The Newfoundland dog seized Helen's dress and pulled her to a place of safety. The action put a new thought into Rouan's mind.

"Jeff!" he cried, in a terrible voice of command, "save your mistress!"

The faithful creature uttered a moan of almost human despair. One pitiful look of entreaty he cast at Rouan; then, with one long shiver of horror, fear, grief—who knows what?—the noble animal plunged into the water.

But the sudden faintness which had once before come over Nem had possession of

her now. Her limbs stiffened and grew useless, and she was borne thus into the deadly vortex from which she had rescued her rival.

As she whirled round and round, she was conscious only of the golden glow of the sunset skies and of the clear blueness of the sea out in the sunlight. Then she was conscious of a black form swimming to her—of two brown eyes, full of affection, never swerving from her face.

"My faithful dog!" was the last thought in her heart.

The dog was caught by the eddying current, and, with one long mournful moan that reached Rouan above all the roar of the water, was borne down to death with the mistress he loved.

[THE END.]

## WISTFUL WILLIE.

BY I. E. DIEKENGA.

WISTFUL WILLIE came to me  
With a flower in his hand,  
With a question in his eye  
That I could not understand;  
Came and looked, and looked and smiled.  
Till my heart was all beguiled.  
Here's the flower in my hair;  
Wistful Willie placed it there.

Wistful Willie's gone away—  
Gone away with scarce a word;  
Oh, I wonder what I'd say  
If the question I had heard.

Oh, he seemed to long to speak—  
Red as roses was his cheek;  
But he did not ask nor try.  
Wistful Willie, why—oh, why?

When he comes to me again,  
I will silent be the while;  
If he asks me what I mean,  
I will only look and smile—  
Look and smile, and blush and sigh,  
Till the question from his eye  
Creeps into his halting tongue,  
Creeps and leaps—and all is done.

## OH, COULD I SEE YOUR FACE!

BY HOPE FARNHAM.

OH, could I see your face, my love, your face!  
No spoken word is needed 'twixt us two.  
If I could find again the old home-place,  
I know so well what you would surely do:

You'd hold my two hands close in your two hands,  
And push me slowly backward, tender-wise,  
To give and take—what each soul understands—  
The love and trust that speak within the eyes.


VOL. XCVIII—3.

Then draw me swiftly to your lips and heart,  
To shut the world out—only you and me,  
One life, one soul, one thought; no more apart,  
Each loving each, in perfect sympathy.

Alas! the days are long, and weary years  
Hold me from you and from the old home-place;  
But sometime, looking up through happy tears,  
I know I'll see your face, my love, your face!

## TOWARD THEIR HAVEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

NE bright spring morning, the Italian steamer bound for New York was lying at Gibraltar. It had entered the bay on the previous evening, and the passengers had taken advantage of the delay to explore the quaint old town and visit the world-renowned fortress.

The noon bells had already struck, and, as the captain had announced that he should get under way precisely at half-past twelve, the latest loiterers were hastening on board.

Atley Hayne and Herford Eastlake stood on deck, looking up at the frowning piles of masonry, as they talked in a fragmentary fashion.

"I expected to be disappointed in the view by daylight," Miss Hayne said; "but it is as picturesque in a different way."

"Such a pity these steamers don't stop long enough to give one an opportunity to go up to Granada," Mr. Eastlake said, putting his own thoughts into words instead of answering her remark, for he had just been reflecting how delightful it would be to visit the Alhambra in the society of this imaginative girl.

"And, as you are acquainted with that city of marvels, what a cicerone you would make," rejoined Atley. "I discovered your genius in that direction while we were at Naples; and then, you always know about everything."

"That is not difficult, between Murray and Baedeker," he said.

"Here comes our invalid American sea-captain," observed Miss Hayne. "He is the most delightfully original character I ever encountered."

The elderly sea-dog limped along the deck, and said as he passed:

"This morning is fine enough to have been made expressly for you, Miss Hayne."

Atley laughed and turned again to watch the boats.

"You have completely won his heart," Eastlake said.

"And I am proud of my conquest," she replied. "But see: there are some new faces in that boat."

"The captain told me he expected to take on several passengers; as we are so few, we need not grudge them room."

"I hope they will be pleasant," Miss Hayne observed. "All our passengers are very nice. It is odd how well acquainted one has become with them in so short a time—just six days since we left Naples."

"Oh, a week at sea always counts for as much as two months on land," Eastlake said.

Miss Hayne was still watching the boats, but Eastlake had lapsed into silent congratulation over the fact that the voyage before them was still a tolerably long one. The steamer, though one of the most comfortable which the line could boast, was a very slow sailer, and would probably require nearer three weeks than a fortnight to complete her trip. In the wake of this reflection, a rush of pleasant memories came trooping up, all of them connected with the dreamy-eyed girl at his side.

Eastlake had spent the past winter in Rome, and there renewed his acquaintance with Atley Hayne, whom he had not seen since she was a child of nine, and he a youth of three-and-twenty.

Rome had been Atley's birthplace and home; her father, a sculptor of eminence, having, after the general habit of Americans of his profession, established himself in Italy at the outset of his career. When Atley was just entering her teens, she had lost her mother, and, some eighteen months back, her father had died after a lingering illness. A distant cousin, Miss Dunstan, had resided in the household since Mrs. Hayne's death, and proposed to remain with the girl. The spinster infinitely preferred to reside in Italy, where she and Atley could live comfortably by uniting their moderate incomes. But a great-uncle of Atley's had been suddenly inspired with a desire to see his unknown niece, and Miss Dunstan, though

far from worldly wise, knew that his liberal offers ought not to be disregarded.

The two ladies decided to take the Italian steamer direct to New York, and Eastlake concluded to return by the same. The three went down to Naples and spent a fortnight there, as some accident detained the steamer at Palermo, its original place of embarkation.

Eastlake was roused from his retrospective reverie by Atley's voice, full of excited wonder:

"Look—do look! Certainly that is Mr. Craven!"

"Oh, no; it must be somebody who resembles him. Craven is in Paris," rejoined Eastlake, with a sensation as if a chill wind had suddenly swept athwart the sunshine, so many uneasy memories were roused by the eagerness of her tone.

"He is coming on board," was all Miss Hayne said.

She turned and looked toward the companion-way; silently, Mr. Eastlake turned also, impatient and anxious under the momentary suspense, in spite of his belief in his own assertion.

Several new passengers appeared, but no one among the number who bore any resemblance to the gentleman whom Miss Hayne had fancied she recognized.

"The double has vanished," said Eastlake, looking toward her with a smile.

Just then, a little boy, running heedlessly along, caught his foot in a coil of rope and fell. Eastlake started forward and picked the child up, with some comforting words. While thus occupied, he heard Atley Hayne speaking again, still eagerly, excitedly:

"I said it was you—I said it was!"

A man's voice answered laughingly:

"Now, please to say that you are not sorry to have me for a fellow-voyager."

"Indeed, I am very glad; but it is a great surprise," Atley said.

"I had a pleasant anticipation, instead: I knew I should meet you," the musical voice replied, in a still softer tone.

The small unfortunate ceased his sobs and allowed himself to be placed on his feet. His nurse came up with voluble thanks, though Eastlake felt that he had reason to be grateful to the child for giving him time to prepare for greeting the new-comer.

He wheeled about and saw Victor Craven,

looking, in spite of his conventional costume, as picturesque and gipsy-like as ever.

"Eastlake, I am awfully glad to see you!" the young man cried, with a cordiality so evidently sincere that its recipient felt a little guilty as he shook the proffered hand.

"Isn't this a sudden inspiration?" the latter asked. "I thought you meant to stay another year on this side of the water."

"I did; but I have some matters in America that need attention, though, when I left Paris, I had not thought of going over," Craven gayly explained. "The truth is, after I got into Spain, I somehow developed a regular fit of home-sickness; it reached its climax the other day. I had gone over to Malaga from Granada, and, in the banker's, I saw the passenger-list of this boat; it had just been telegraphed from Naples."

He looked at Miss Hayne with his eager eyes; but she moved at the instant to let some sailors pass with luggage, and, when she spoke, only said:

"We are off! This time, I begin to realize that I am really on my way to America."

"You are glad, of course," returned Craven. "You were always terribly patriotic. I notice that is usually the case with European-born Americans who have never seen what ought to have been their native land."

"I am glad," she answered, "nor am I afraid that the reality will disappoint my expectations."

"Must not any reality do that?" he asked, banteringly.

"I don't see why, though people sometimes disappoint us by proving to be very unlike what we at first fancied them," Miss Hayne said, with a faint note of irritation in her voice.

Craven laughed, while Eastlake tormented himself by trying to decide whether the young man's cynicism had vexed her, as he remembered it had sometimes done in Rome, or whether there was a meaning in her speech which implied a certain soreness in her mind. He got rid of that fear, however, by recollecting that in such case feminine pride and delicacy would have restrained the words she had spoken.

"That speech sounded rather misanthropic," cried Craven. "Formerly, when I aired such theories, you always declared there was nothing more belittling to the

character than to indulge in pessimistic views of our race."

"I must go see how my cousin gets on, else she will have good reason to grow misanthropic," Miss Hayne said; and, with a bow which included both gentlemen, she walked away so quickly that she had disappeared down the stairs before either of them could offer his arm.

"How is Miss Dunstan?" asked Craven, rather indifferently. "She dreaded the voyage so, that she used to vow nothing should ever tempt her to make it."

"She has not suffered much," Eastlake replied; "but she lives in constant fear of doing so, which must be about as bad. She kept in her state-room till we reached here; she went on shore with us this morning, but disappeared as soon as we came on board again."

Craven lighted a cigarette and remarked: "That little girl is prettier and more original-looking than ever." Eastlake received the observation in silence, and waved away the proffered cigarettes. "Don't you think so?" persisted Craven.

"Oh!—Miss Hayne, did you mean?"

The eyes of the two men met; Eastlake's face showed the disapproval he felt at such mention of the lady, but Craven apparently did not observe it, asking gayly:

"You didn't think I meant her cousin?"

Eastlake looked out across the sunshine, toward Africa, in obstinate silence. Craven laughed and added: "Though that delicate spinster has been very pretty in her time. She is like a carefully-preserved flower—petals faded, but not really discolored. Now, at the same age, Atley's magnificent eyes will keep her from getting that faded look. They have figures exactly alike, though—that's because the younger has not filled out as she will do. Let me see: eighteen, about, isn't she?"

Eastlake brought his gaze back from the shores of Morocco, to say abruptly:

"Excuse me, please; I want to find the steward."

"And I must discover what my state-room is like; so good-bye for a while," said Craven.

Eastlake caught a quizzical smile on the mocking lips and mentally anathematized himself, painfully certain that he had betrayed exaggerated annoyance almost as plainly as if he had expressed it in words.

Victor Craven had passed the winter in Rome, and his intermittent spasms of devotion to Atley Hayne had caused Eastlake much anxiety. He had suffered not only from jealousy, but a dread that the girl would surely live to rue the day that she allowed herself to become attached to a nature so unreliable as that of the young artist. Early in March, Craven had been called to Paris; it seemed at first to Eastlake that his departure left a great blank in Atley's life. Still, he found hope in the fact that she openly expressed her regret; it hardly appeared possible that she could have done this, had she really loved him.

As the weeks passed, Eastlake forgot his fears, in the contentment brought by an ever-increasing intimacy with Atley; and the fortnight in Naples, followed by the week's voyage to the Spanish coast, had been a season of quiet intense happiness.

When the good ship took up its course anew, sailing straight away toward their haven, Eastlake was troubled by fears that the fact of having Victor Craven for a fellow-passenger would sadly dim the brightness of his idyl. But, during the first days, the artist, though cordial and attentive, did not seek to usurp Miss Hayne's attention.

Atley's manner toward the young man was easy and unrestrained, yet to Eastlake's watchful scrutiny it held a slight, almost indefinable, change from her attitude during the weeks in Rome. The silent lover marvelled whether Craven noticed the difference; but, if so, he made no sign, and then, knowing him to be an acute observer, Eastlake tormented his soul by wondering if this apparent unconsciousness were not assumed as the surest means of piquing her into some show of feeling whereby an explanation might be brought about.

On the fifth morning after they left Gibraltar, the three sat together on deck. Eastlake was reading aloud, while Atley occupied herself with some dainty needle-work, and Craven, having brought out water-colors and a sketching-block, was, as he expressed it, "courting insanity" by an effort to reproduce a marvelous effect of color on the horizon.

Suddenly a loud noise surged up from the machine-room, and then the engine stopped. The whole disturbance was over in a few instants. Before there could be any outbreak of excitement, even among the excitable

Italians in the steerage, the captain appeared with an explanation which quieted all rising alarm. An accident had happened to some portion of the machinery, and their voyage must in consequence be a good deal prolonged; but there was no other unpleasant result to dread.

Eastlake noticed that Craven had disappeared; he returned while the captain was explaining matters.

"I went to find out what the trouble was," he said. "Oh, there's my color-box upset—what a nuisance!"

Eastlake thought his face looked white. Had he been frightened?

"I must go tell my cousin there is no danger," Atley observed.

"I will go," Eastlake said.

At a little distance, he passed the American sea-captain.

"I believe that painter-chap was badly scared," he said. "He hasn't got over it yet, it's my opinion. He's a taking kind of fellow, but I wouldn't trust him—especially if I was a woman."

He walked away without waiting for an answer.

When Eastlake returned to the deck, the chairs which Atley and Craven had occupied were vacant. He looked about, but the pair were not in sight; and he began walking up and down, mechanically prolonging his march until he reached the stern. There he saw them; their heads were partly averted, but he could see that Craven was gazing down into the face of his companion and talking earnestly, while she listened with eager absorbed attention.

After this day, it was plain to Eastlake that Atley Hayne's manner to the young artist exhibited no trace of coldness—he had evidently made his peace. It was the conviction that Atley had cared enough about the volatile man to betray either pique or sensitiveness which most disturbed Eastlake in the matter.

But he possessed rare self-control, remained outwardly cheerful and cordial, and made no change in the daily customs which had become as thoroughly established as if they were expected to continue indefinitely. The readings and the quiet talks between the three took their course. In Atley's presence, Craven deferred more and more to Eastlake's opinion, till the latter wondered if it were

done to make him feel the difference in their ages; then he felt ashamed of the suspicion, though all the while certain that it was probably the truth.

Gradually he left the pair more and more to themselves, and then sometimes he fancied that he caught a wistful regretful expression in Atley's glance or smile, which made him think she had perhaps guessed his secret and that her womanly heart was moved to pity by the knowledge. He did not chafe at the idea—he could bear her sympathy without humiliation—but it was harder to endure certain little airs of triumph which the artist occasionally betrayed when the two men chanced to be alone; but Eastlake bore these also with unflinching patience.

Time drifted on—grew into a week, a fortnight; the steamer's progress was so slow that its haven still seemed far off.

"We'll get there, though, never fear!" became the American sea-captain's morning salutation to Miss Hayne. "'Slow and sure' is a good motto, for a boat or a man—slow and sure."

And the days glided on; the sun shone, the waters danced and sang in its radiance and kept up their revel into the night, while the moon, now almost at its full, turned the waves to silver and glorified the heavens with a beauty for which no mortal speech could find comparison.

Atley Hayne's eyes grew always deeper and softer, her smile more wistful and dreamy; and more and more openly Victor Craven displayed his devotion and monopolized her attention.

The other passengers were of little importance to this trio; they were on pleasant terms with them all, but none were especially congenial, with the exception of the invalid sea-captain, in whom Atley delighted, and who in turn quite worshipped her.

Miss Dunstan still spent the greater part of the time in her state-room, into which every novel the ship could furnish was carried in turn. She appeared daily on deck for a short promenade, sometimes in a mood to join her friends and talk, but, as a rule, unhesitatingly making it known that she preferred her solitude; perhaps filling up the emptiness of her existence by weaving some impossible romance which might have been hers, if events in the past had chanced differently.



The resemblance between the spinster and Atley often caused Eastlake and Craven a certain unreasonable annoyance, which only the latter ever expressed. They never got accustomed to this likeness, which gave rise several times to amusing blunders on their part.

The two men were seated, one evening, in the twilight, idly conversing, when both started forward at the same instant, seeing Atley, as they thought, at the top of the stairs, standing with her back toward them. They discovered, on approaching, that the lady was Miss Dunstan—in one of her solitude-seeking moods, too, it was evident, for she returned the chilliest of nods and briefest of answers to their salutations, and walked unceremoniously away.

"That was an odd mistake for us both to make," Craven said. "But look at her from here: wouldn't you swear it was her cousin?"

"Their figures and gait are so much alike," Eastlake answered.

"And somehow that exasperates me," Craven said, laughing. "The voyage is doing wonders for Atley Hayne—she grows prettier every day. Her relations in America can't help taking to her. Is the old uncle really rich, do you know?"

"Only moderately well off, I believe," Eastlake answered, dryly.

"A pity! A girl like that ought to be an heiress," Craven pronounced. "I tell you, Eastlake, in this age, even a painter or a poet has to think of realities; he must confine his dreams to his canvas or his sonnets."

"Do you mean that, if he hasn't money, he must marry it?" Eastlake asked.

"Well, that's an awfully blunt fashion of putting it," laughed Craven, "but I think it's about the size of the thing. But, mind you, a fellow can't always live up to his own doctrine. If his head gets a bit turned, the most practical man will astonish his friends by committing some terrible folly."

"Even marrying a poor girl?" Eastlake asked.

"Oh, even that—if he belongs to one of the professions in which imagination is a necessity. And there's a satisfaction in doing a crazy thing—letting your fancy run away with your head. You may be sorry afterward, but it is nice while the romance lasts."

"It occurs to me that the woman such a man fancied he loved would be the one most deserving of pity—especially if she were to marry him," returned Eastlake, in a tone through which sounded both scorn and indignation. "I think a sure way to prevent the latter catastrophe would be to have his theories explained to her."

A step sounded on the deck; Atley Hayne was so close to them that she might easily have caught their words.

"I don't believe it would change anything, if she cared for him," said Craven, as both men lifted their hats. "Miss Atley, decide between us: Suppose a meddling fellow tried to prejudice a woman against the man she liked, by tales of his worldliness, hard-heartedness, and so on; what would be the effect?"

"She would probably prefer her own judgment to that of her informant," Atley answered, simply.

"You see, Eastlake!" cried Craven, with a triumphant little laugh. "Miss Hayne has settled the matter."

Eastlake could not trust himself to reply. He began telling Atley how they had mistaken her for her cousin; but presently Craven struck in and crowded him out of the conversation, though in a fashion so skillful that it appeared unintentional.

Eastlake left the pair and indulged in one of his long promenades, which lasted till late in the evening.

Another week passed; three days more would see the end of the voyage.

Eastlake had grown terribly impatient. Looking at happiness through another man's eyes is dreary work, and it added to his burden to perceive that of late Atley avoided his society.

But there would soon be an end to all this; and, once back in his old home, he must do the best with his life, and try, so far as might lie in his power, to put aside the memories of the past months, with their withered joys and their harvest of pain. He was thinking these things as he paced the deck, at a late hour of the evening on which he had been told that within three days they would reach Sandy Hook.

A chill wind had begun to blow, bringing with it a damp fog that clung about the rigging and wrapped the smoke-stacks in gray shrouds.

"I think it is England we are nearing, instead of America," the American captain said, as Eastlake passed him on his way below.

The next morning, the fog hung down so dense and black that it was impossible to see from one side of the deck to the other. The whistles sounded dolefully every few instants, and the warning-bell struck at regular intervals, as if tolling for a funeral. The passengers either remained in their state-rooms or sat in the saloon—where it had been necessary to light the lamps—gathered in little groups and trying to forget the dreary surroundings in books or conversation.

The morning wore on. Noon came; one o'clock—two—still there was no break in the fog.

Eastlake sat holding a book, endeavoring to read; but his gaze kept wandering to the table at which Atley Hayne and Craven were seated, examining some photographs. After luncheon, most of the passengers went to their state-rooms, to find relief from discomfort or anxiety in sleep. Two or three elderly gentlemen sat dozing in their chairs, and a pale sickly little lady was doing her best to amuse a couple of children by a game of dominoes.

Suddenly there came a terrible crash and a recoil. The boat quivered from stem to stern like some sentient creature in agony.

Eastlake sprang forward just in time to prevent Atley from falling. Craven had started back; Eastlake glanced quickly at him—he saw fear in his blanched face and dilated eyes.

There was a rush of terrified passengers from their state-rooms; but Atley Hayne sat perfectly still, in obedience to Eastlake's low command.

"We have been run into by another boat," he said.

This proved to be the case. They had come into collision with an English steamer, which had got out of its course in the fog.

The European-bound vessel had met with slight damage and soon moved on, as the Italian steamer was at first believed to have suffered almost as little.

The accident occurred about four o'clock; perhaps an hour later, considerable confusion rose among the crew, and the passengers soon learned that some serious harm had been done to the ship's side. But mattresses

were crammed into the hole to stop the leak; great sheets of tin were fastened within and without, and finally the captain confidently declared that there remained no further cause for alarm.

A wind sprang up and blew the fog backward; it parted like a vast curtain, and the ship sailed out from its gloom into a cloudless horizon, on whose western rim rested an almost blood-red sun that illumined sky and sea with a spectral light.

The wind ceased to blow; scarcely a ripple stirred the waters; the heaven was a vast dome of sapphire, and suddenly in the east the full moon rose, and, as the red light faded, turned sea and sky to silver.

The quiet was abruptly broken by the clang of bells and the shrieks of the whistle. The order was passed for every man to get to the pumps. In a few instants, the news spread that the leak had begun afresh with such violence that the danger was imminent.

Little commotion ensued on the main deck; but, out at the bow, where some thirty steerage-passengers were huddled, a terrible excitement prevailed for a while. The officers and crew behaved well, and were ably seconded by Eastlake, the American sea-captain, and most of the men among the first-class passengers. The sight of steadily-aimed revolvers reduced the frightened Italian peasants to submission; they patiently took their turn at the pumps, and worked with a will.

Atley Hayne was soon at the bow, encouraging the women and children; several ladies followed her example, and, during the next two hours, a tolerable degree of order reigned.

At length, it became necessary to give the order to lower the boats—the vessel was sinking fast. Again, in their fright, the emigrants attempted to defy control; but strong measures subdued them once more, and they began to build a raft, under the direction of some of the sailors and the omnipresent American sea-captain. There were not more than a dozen women and children among the emigrants, and these could all find places in the boats.

"The men with wives or families are to be thought of next—whether they belong in the saloon or the steerage," was the fiat that went forth, inspired by Eastlake, and the work began.

The ladies and children were got into the boats, and husbands and fathers were given places with their families.

The captain and Eastlake guarded the starboard boats, while the first mate and the American sea-captain took charge of those on the opposite side. Most persons behaved with reasonable composure, and, when the third and last boat began to fill, Eastlake told the captain he was going in search of Miss Dunstan and her cousin, whom he had bidden to wait quietly in the wheel-house.

As he moved away, he heard Craven say at his elbow:

"There won't be room for all us men."

Eastlake turned and looked at him; he was deathly white and shaking from head to foot.

"Will there be room, do you think?" he questioned.

"We shall know presently," Eastlake answered, and passed on.

Atley and her cousin were not where he had left them—neither was in sight. Eastlake looked into the captain's room—hurried down the deck. As he reached the stairway, a lady with her head enveloped in a white scarf ran up the steps and fainted in his arms.

In another second, Craven rushed forward, crying:

"Give her to me! It is Atley—I will have her!"

"Where is Miss Dunstan?" Eastlake asked.

"In the boat on the larboard side," Craven panted; "your boat is already filled! The women are all in—there's place for two more with the mate! Atley! Atley! Give her to me, I say! She loves me—I have a right to take her—"

"To be saved, you mean," Eastlake interrupted. "Quick! the mate is calling—

quick! Take care of her—be worthy of her! I love her too—but she is yours."

Five minutes later, he stood looking about the deserted deck. Out at the bow, such of the crew and emigrants as had been left behind were working at the raft. Eastlake walked forward to join the party; he stopped to glance over the vessel's side. In the nearest boat, he saw Craven seated, still supporting the slender figure with the head enveloped in a white scarf.

"She is safe!" Eastlake unconsciously exclaimed aloud. "If only at the last moment I could have seen her face! Oh, Atley! Atley!"

A hand touched his shoulder; he turned—Atley stood beside him, with a smile on her lips and an unfaltering courage in her eyes.

"You here?" he groaned. "They shall come back! You—"

"Must stay where I am," she interrupted, quietly. "There is not place for another person; I heard Mr. Craven tell you so when he took my cousin."

"Oh, this is too terrible! Atley! Atley!"

"I am with you—I am not afraid," she said, her low voice sweet as music. "Oh, I heard what you said—we are facing death too closely to keep up disguises now."

"I love you, Atley! I love you!"

"And I would rather die by your side than live without you," she answered.

"Oh, to die now would be too bitter," he cried.

The American sea-captain's gruff voice suddenly called, close by:

"It's all right! I thought I saw a light, so I sent up a rocket. I wouldn't tell you till I was sure—we are safe enough! It's a steamer—don't you see the smoke? They are making signals. Miss Atley, after all, we shall get to our haven within the promised time."

## BOOKS.

BY BELLE BREMER.

Books are wells, from which we draw and quaff  
Rich draughts of knowledge and of pure delight;  
Castalian fountains bubbling to the brim,  
Like that of old upon Parnassus' height.

Books are good company; in them, we hold  
Communion with the minds of greatest worth—

The poet, saint, philosopher, and sage,  
And all the kindred spirits of the earth.

Books are our truest friends; in them, we find  
Good comrades, loyally to us allied,  
When all the world gives but a wondering look  
And passes by upon the other side.

## SUMMER DAYS.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

WILD roses are blooming,  
And summer-time's here;  
The bees are all humming,  
And bird-songs of cheer

Awaken the echoes;  
And butterflies bright,  
Really live flowers,  
Are winging their flight;

Fox-glove and fern-leaves,  
Insect-life teeming,  
While fairest and brightest  
Of sunbeams are beaming

Over the summer-land  
Filled with bright flowers,  
Through the glad summer-time  
Filled with bright hours.

Leaf, bud, and blossom  
Join nature's glad praise  
Unto the Giver  
Of summer's glad days.

I love thee, my summer  
Of bird-song and flowers;  
True life is living  
Within thy glad hours,

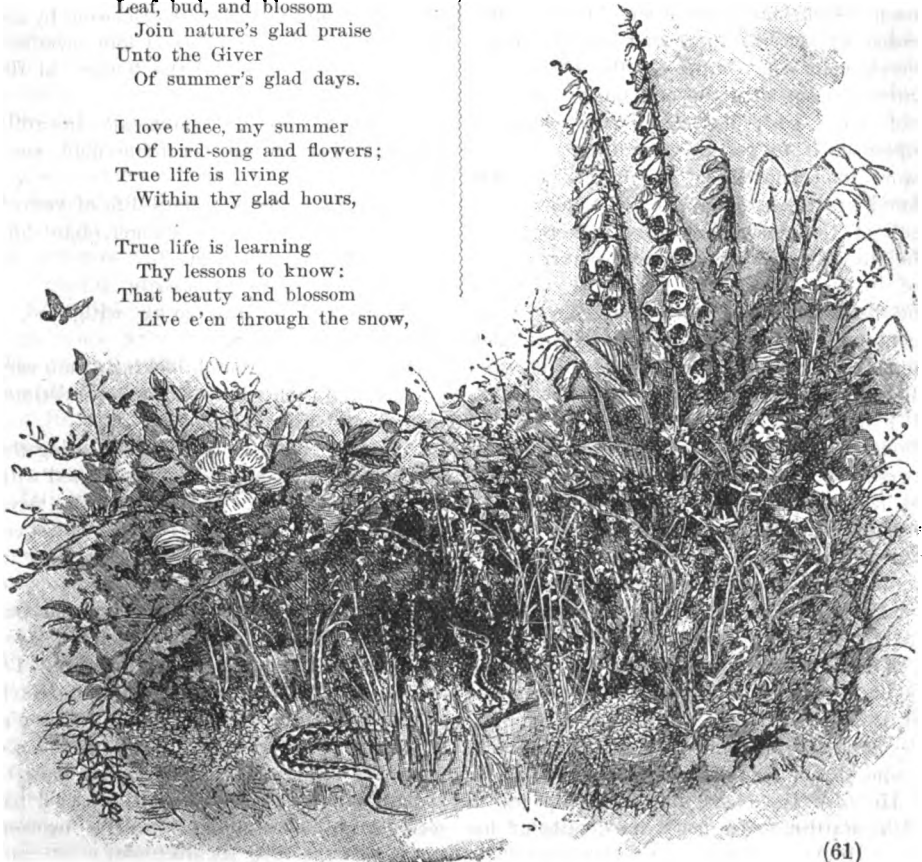
True life is learning  
Thy lessons to know:  
That beauty and blossom  
Live e'en through the snow,

Through frost and through shadow,  
Through life's deepest shade—  
We may e'en pluck the blossoms .  
That time cannot fade.

Bloom brightly, my summer  
Of sunshine and song!  
Thy bloom and thy blossom  
Shall dwell with us long;

E'en through the grim winter,  
Through frost and through blight,  
Thy sunlight and gladness  
Shall linger in sight:

And thy roses, still blooming,  
In mem'ry shall dwell—  
With the summer-time's gladness  
The world loves so well.



## THE PHAETON OF LAMPASAS.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES," ETC., ETC.



He was tall, angular, and lantern-jawed. He was a bilious man—withal an unhappy-looking man—as if his daily life were rendered disheartening by a painful and monotonous campaign against his daily liver. He was a fluent blasphemer, and, as we rode along, he beguiled the reticence of his usual manner by flashes of profanity, addressed to his horses, of so brilliant and startling a character as to fill the casual listener with awe. He wore a suit of clothes that had evidently once been black, but had been bleached and faded by the sun into that peculiar moss-green color that impresses the observer in rural districts with the odd fancy that some old forest-rock has capriciously taken it upon itself to go masquerading. He also wore long boots, that invariably accumulated upon sole and upper so much of the soil of the State that they increased and heightened this archaic resemblance. And of his use of tobacco, it may be said that he distilled the weed incessantly, in pensive contemplation of the axle. Such was "Belton Joe," driver of the daily stage between Belton and Lampasas.

I had been sitting beside him on the front seat, lost in awful admiration of this persistent baptism and the general accuracy of his expectation. There was perhaps nothing significant in this wayside pleasantry, but it impressed me peculiarly: as if it were the characteristic outbreak of some gently humorous nature that uniformly hid itself beneath a pensive and forlorn exterior.

I said to him: "My friend, you seem to be out of spirits—not feeling well, perhaps—or, it may be, suffering from a trifling indigestion; let me offer you a cigar. It's a brand that I think I can recommend."

He took the cigar, but his reply was a little startling. In fact, the details of his

conversation, while they were picturesque, were so generally unfit for publication that I feel I shall experience difficulty, during this narrative, in affording the reader an adequate idea of his character. I venture to say, however, that, in a few terse sentences, he called heaven, earth, and the under-world to witness that my anxiety in regard to his health was entirely unsolicited. He addressed me as "Stranger."

I said to him: "My name is Howe—Faye Howe. I object to being called 'Stranger.'"

"Oh, ye do!" he rejoined. "Well, Howe, my early bloomer, I'll remember it. Got a match?" taking a large quid of "natural leaf" from his mouth, and disclosing by the act a dental spectacle of great loneliness and eccentricity, as he shied the tobacco at the ear of the off horse.

I handed him my match-safe, inwardly rejoicing that he was becoming more communicative.

"I suppose this is a hard life of yours," I said; "attended with danger, hardship, and all that sort of thing."

"You bet!" he said, shortly.

"Liable to be run away with, too, I suppose," I ventured.

He turned half round, looking at me very gravely, and then winked three several times with great deliberation.

"See thet critter?" he said, indicating the horse whose ears he had lately favored with his marksmanship. "Well, 'tain't three months ago yit that thet blasted old skee-sicks allowed to git away with me, right in Lampasas, just as the 'Sentinel' was goin' to press, and half the town had turned out to see a bride and groom I fetched over from Belton for their honey-moonin'. I'd jest landed 'em at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, when one of them devilish brats o' Johnson's, celebratin' for Krissmiss, an' seein' the ole mare was skittish, let off a cracker back o' her hind hoof. Lord love ye! ef ye'd ha' seen the coach—runnin' on the two off

wheels all the way to the blacksmith's shop, a-crampin' and a-circlin'—and me half pulled over the dash-board an' hangin' to my hosses. I froze to 'em, stranger—I mean, Howe—I growed fast to them hosses! Dad burn yer ole hide!" he soliloquized, as the off mare snorted and puffed, apparently encouraged by the recital of her exploits, "dad burn ye! ye remembers it, I desay. When I got to the outskirts of the town, the hull village o' Lampasas was a-followin' me, reckonin' to kerry me hum in installments. But they didn't know Belton Joe—no, sir! I lost a spoke or two at the mill, the tire o' the hind wheel kem off by Johnson's, an' I made the last lap runnin' on sticks; but I fetched 'em afore I got through. They took the pole, whiffle-trees, and the two forrard wheels with 'em finally, but they took me! I hanged to 'em! Why, stranger, I wouldn't ha' let go them hosses ef they'd pulled me apart. Ez it was, my left shoulder went on a strike, an' I sprained my back some; but sho! I stopped the dad-gasted idgits. I run 'em inter the river, an' like to drowned the hull bizness—myself inter the bargain. The editor of the 'Sentinel'—he's chuck full o' his college nonsense—an' he sed, in his paper, there hedn't been no sich ride ez that sence Faytun allowed to larn the old man how to drive. Dern me! ef he don't call me 'Faytun' every time he sots eyes onto me now. Wot sorter gruel is he ladlin' out to me, anyway?"

I laughed and recounted that rash youth's experience with the "Chariot of the Sun." He was intensely interested in the narrative and followed me closely.

"Hold on! hold on!" he shouted, as I progressed; "why don't the dad-burned idgit put on the brake when he's goin' down-grade? Ain't he got none?"

When I had finished at length with the lamented decease of the unfortunate charioteer, he drew a long breath and drove on stolidly for some moments in silence.

It was a gloomy spot. On either side, the dwarfed growth of live-oak and mesquite covered sparsely the prairie-bottom. Great pools of water lay at intervals, here and there overflowing the road in sloughs of viscous mire. The embers of some teamster's bivouac now and then were strewn along the road, and the monotonous stock-bell of straying cattle smote the air occasionally. Large

flocks of duck and wild fowl rose from the roadside as we drove along.

"Wal," Joe said at length, "I'm sorry for thet young feller. He hed sand—oodles of it; but he didn't know how to drive—eh?"

Without waiting for me to reply, he went on: "Yes, yes—don't I know all about it? Ain't I seen lots o' them ammytoor drivers? An' the wust of it is, thar ain't no larnin' 'em anythin'. They don't seem to understand thet drivin' is a bizness, jest the same as anythin' else; an', while they're a-holdin' the lines, they're a-whistlin' and a-dreamin'—half the time, they ain't in the coach at all: they're back in town, moonin' over some gal or 'nother, an' bimeby thar's an earthquake, and the hosses gits to runnin', an' them fellers gin'rally chucks 'em the ribbons and gits out the hind end o' the coach. An' then the coach is convarted into reasonable good fire-wood; the passengers goes into the hospital and sues for damages, and the kempeny swears and wonders why it is the route don't pay expenses. This feller didn't, though. He was the right sort. Durn me! ef I ain't sorry I wasn't alongside o' him on thet thar box, jest to gin him a few p'int's and sorter see him through—eh?"

I assented in some amusement at his earnestness.

"How was politics along back?" he suddenly asked.

"Back in Belton, you mean?" I inquired.

"Thet's it."

"Pretty lively. They were getting ready for Sheriff-election and county judge. I can't understand what anyone can find worth running for in the office of Sheriff."

"Sho!" said Joe, looking at me under his brows; "think of the excitement! Ye never know what yer goin' to git. It's jes' like—jes' like"—pausing for an appropriate simile—"like undertakin' to drive a team o' Missouri mules hitched to a light buggy. It may be as peaceful and hevingly ez an April day, and then agin a blue 'nother' in the middle o' summer mightn't be a sarcumstance. Then, think o' the old scores ye kin pay up. Thar's four or five fellers on this yer road who hev stood me up on this box here, with a six-shooter to my head, time in agin, while they cut up the mail-bags with their bowie-knives and went through the passengers."

A groan from the solitary couple who occupied the interior of the coach.



"Ye needn't take on in thar!" said Joe, putting his head in the window; "they've quit this road sence the Rangers took to reg-  
latin' this deestrick."

"All the same," he resumed, turning to me, "thar's about half a dozen o' them road-agints I'd like to git the drop on, with a right smart possey; ef I wouldn't make 'em palp, my name ain't Belton Joe—thet's all!"

"Who air they runnin'?" he suddenly asked.

"Natchez, for county judge; for Sheriff—I didn't learn. What kind of a man is Natchez—any use?"

Joe threw away the stump of his cigar, shifted his reins into his right hand, spat twice emphatically upon the whiffle-tree, and said: "Use? Any use? Look a—here, stranger—I mean, Howe—whar on airth hev you been?"

I replied that I was simply traveling through Texas, and asked for information merely.

"I should reckon so!" Joe rejoined. "Wal, you better take a day off, and larn suthin'. The narviest, grittiest, smartest, and best-lookin' chap in the hull State. Lord love ye! man, whar ye bin? Use? Wal, now, thar ain't no smarter lawyer nor better feller in the hull Lone Star—bet yer life!"

I lamented my ignorance.

"He's got a darter," Joe continued. "Hev you ever met Penelope—Penelope Natchez? No? Wai, wal, you better lengthen thet day off o' your'n, and not remain any longer in degradin' ignorance. Thar is a gal!" said Joe, looking around in breathless admiration; "a gal ez I don't mind sayin' thet I banks on consid'able—the prettiest and trimmest little filly ye ever see. I ain't the only one thet thinks so, nuther. And ther ain't nothin' she can't do: ride hossback, rope a runnin' steer, shoot a pistol, drive—Lord! she could ha' given thet young Faytun p'int. Thar ain't no end to her cuteness. I was down to a ball at Brady City, along back—a temperance ball, I believe they called it; but, from what I see of the wind-up of thet ball, the feller thet named it must have been in a sarcastic frame of mind. Howsomever, that was after the ladies hed gone hum, and ain't nuthin' to do with it. But Penelope's dancin'! Durn me! ef I didn't set thar like a bump on a log, I was thet

kerried away by her style and her pretty paces. It's lucky," concluded Joe, with a half-sigh, "I reckon it's lucky for my peace o' mind thet I'm barred out of the matrimonial race, on account of age and growin' infirmities; fur, ef it was a free-fur-all, I'm afraid I'd want to enter with the younger colts for the sweepstakes, and, bein' handicapped jes' now with a game shoulder and a sprained back, I'd naturally git left."

After the above eulogy, my regret that it had never as yet been my privilege to encounter this frontier paragon was absolutely poignant. I said as much to Joe, and was again commiserated.

"But you don't know who they're runnin' for Sheriff?"

"No."

"How are things in Lampasas?" I inquired, later.

"Bad," said Joe, with sulphurous qualification of the adjective; "ruined by progress. They expect to have a railroad there soon; busts any Texas town—cleans out the stage-bizness. Gets the folks stuck up and full o' airs; it's begun already."

"How so?"

"Humph!" said Joe. "Thar's Zeb Younger—see the workin' of it onto him. Zeb made his pile brandin' cattle, ropin' steers, and burrin' sheep. Took advantage of the rise in land, 'count of the G. C. & S. F. road, an' sold his ranch fur buildin'-lots. Wot's the result?"

"Well, what?" said I.

"Userer be satisfied with rawhide and red flannen and long boots. Now wears b'iled shirts, sellyloid collars, an' low-quartered shoes. Went down to Austin a spell ago, an' come back with a hard-boiled hat!" replied Joe, in deep disgust.

"A Derby?" I suggested.

"Yes, I reckon," returned Joe, with a sneer. "His women-folks hev got the same idee. Now, I ain't got nothin' to say 'bout women-folks. Thet's their natur, jes' the same as war-paint for an Injun, or high-heeled boots and strap-bands for a cow-boy; but I've knowed Zeb now, off and on, a dozen years—eat, cooked, and slept with him—drinked, smoked, and swapped lies. I reckoned he hed more sense."

Joe sighed and took a bite off a plug of "natural leaf" for consolation.

"Invited me up to dinner, last trip," he

continued. "Humph! Hed them cane-bottomed cheers at the dinner-table—useter be nail-kags, in old times. Mames Younger met me on the front gallery, an' shook hands with me with kid gloves on—long ones, layin' in streaks along her arms, like they didn't fit nohow more'n ef ye stuck yer hand in a boot; calls 'em—wot's this?—oh! muskeeters! Zeb kem out with thet hard-boiled hat on sideways, druv on his head ez ef he'd been born in it, smokin' a segyar. Ugh!"

I overlooked the allusion to the cigar.

"Come in to dinner, Mister Flint," sez Mames; 'hope ye'll excoose our plain fare.' 'I don't reckon,' sez I, kinder sociable-like an' keerless, 'ez I ever found fault with the grub at this ranch.' I larfed an' winked at Zeb. He drawed hisself up like a ramrod and sez: 'Mrs. Younger will be down presently; she's attending to the culenary arrangements at present.' 'The doose ye say!' sez I, tryin' to appear at home. Ye see, it useter be the 'ole woman,' and 'when ye goin' to feed?' 'Mary,' sez Zeb, 'you must overlook Mister Flint's'—wot's this?—'iddyosneecrazies'; yes, thet was the word—'ye must overlook Mister Flint's iddy-os-nee-crazies; he's so much on the road.'

"Thet riled me. 'I reckon no one need give me any p'int's how to act afore gals,' I sez; 'I knows 'em and admires 'em.' Zeb shut up; thet fetched him.

"We went in to dinner. Wot do you reckon they hed for dinner?" said Joe, turning half round.

I suggested "buffalo," knowing the scarcity of the viand.

"Napkins!" said Joe, with a grimace; "act'ly, napkins—starched stiff, an' sot round at every place. I knowed wot he meant then 'bout 'culenary arrangements.' I didn't say nothin'; but, when I sot down, I jes' put thet yer white bib one side—I never like to give women-folks any more washin' than necessary, an' I knowed I'd sp'ile it. I whips out my red bandanner han'kerchief, and spread her out in my lap. I'd been kerryin' it fur some time, an' I wasn't afraid of it. Little Younger—'bout ten years old—he anickers right out, an' I sez: 'Oh! I knows wot yer larfin' at, young feller; it's 'cause I don't use my napkin. Ye needn't be so fresh; I knows wot they are—I've seen 'em afore; but I never was the kind of a man

to give women-folks any extry trouble. It's bad enough to hev to wash plates. I've been thar!"

"Then I smiles over at Mrs. Younger, sorter consid'rate, you know. Wot do ye reckon she done? She draws herself up an' sez: 'Mister Joseph Flint, I'll hev ye to understan',' sez she, 'thet we're able to hire our washin' done,' sez she, 'an' we don't care to hev no one here who don't conform,' sez she.

"Pick yer napkin up, Johnny," sez she; 'pick it up, my son—never mind his impudence.' Ye see, he fired his onto the floor when I give him thet."

Joe looked at me attentively, to see whether I grasped his facts.

"Thar warn't nothin' I enjoyed at thet dinner," he continued, "'cept the shampagne; an' thet wasn't named right, nuther, judgin' by the pain in my head the next day. I hed to stick it into the hoss-trough, till I could get my hat on, to start back on the down coach. But Lord love ye! it was all of a piece: Lace curtains on my bed; crazy quilts—they made me crazy. I drug the bed-clothes off, an' slept on the floor. Tooth-brushes—extry ones for visitors, on the wash-stand; towels, starched stiff—all alike! They hed a cuss-the-door, or suthin', for me; at the head of the bed—'fraid o' their carpet. I opened the winder, and used thet. I cussed thet way! I don't go thar again in a hurry."

"Why, my friend," said I, "this is a campaign against all modern improvements. What you are finding fault with, I miss exceedingly. They seem to think I'm a curiosity because I want to read after I go to bed, and request a light in my room. Back in Belton, the nigger brought me up something that I thought was a torpedo and slow-match. I poured the contents of the water-pitcher over it, and turned in at once."

"Yes," said Joe, "I heern all about thet. The editor hed an editorial on it. It was all over town the next day. They call thet lamp the 'Silent Mary'—it's somewhar between a bull's-eye lantern and a carbine. It's like thet off mare: to look at her keerless, you might say she was a cross between a nightmare and a clothes-hoss; but, ef ye git in range of them hind feet o' hers when she's subject to depression of sperrits, ye might be indooosed to change yer mind."

"Joe," I said, extending my hand, "shake! You're wasting your time down here. You ought to live North, where people would appreciate you. You'd be worth considerable to some of those writers, as a character-sketch. Now I think of it, I doubt if Dickens himself would have passed you over."

"I wanter know!" he said, incredulously. "Wal, I hev'n't any use for none of yer writers. Thar's no trustin' 'em. Ye tell 'em suthin' in confidence, an', the fast thing ye know, it comes out in the papers or a book, and then it's a ches'nut. They're allus goin' round, takin' p'int's an' spottin' fellers, the editor tells me."

"Are you pretty good at keepin' your mouth shut?" he asked, suddenly, glancing at me sharply from under his shaggy brows. "Ef I thought ye wouldn't give me away, I'd tell you suthin'. Or are you one of the kind thet's allus unloadin' all ye know to the next feller ye meet?"

Thus challenged in regard to my powers of secrecy, I drew a modest parallel between myself and a combination safe.

"Hold up your hands!" said Joe, dubiously.

I started at the ominous phrase; he unconsciously adopted the road-agents' formula.

"You solemnly swear!" said Joe.

I did.

"All right." Then, sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper: "I was born in New York—I'm a Northerner!"

"What?" said I, in amazement.

"Sure!"

"Hold on, my friend!" said I, incredulously. "How about these Southern phrases, pronunciations, etc.?"

"Never mind," said Joe; "I'm a curious cuss, an' wot I hear round me sticks somehow. How do ye reckon I knowed you was a Northerner?"

"I don't know," I replied, frankly.

"Wal, ye talk better, an' ye look slicker an' more like a sport, than the rest of us."

"Joe," said I, "this is treason; you're a traitor—"

"Thar, that'll do! about traitor," he said, with sudden warmth. "Thet's plumb plenty o' thet. It's a fightin'-word, stranger!" shifting his reins so as to leave his right arm free.

I apologized hurriedly, abjectly. It was weak in me; but Joe's brawny fist clenched, and—I apologized.

"Very well—drop thet; anythin' but thet."

"So you've lived North?" I said. "Shake again!" I was anxious to bridge over the late affront.

"Yes," said Joe, smiling, "lived there—lessee: nigh onto twenty years; but thet's twenty years ago, too."

He stopped, looked me searchingly in the face, then took out his plug of tobacco, bit off a piece, and ruminated as we rode along.

"Them hills and vales!" he said, abruptly, throwing his head back and closing his eyes dreamily. "I kin see 'em jest as ef 'twas yestiddy. Them mountings and meadows! Thet Hudson River, a-sparklin' like a silver mirror in the sun. Sho! they think, down here, they've got scenery. I hev to laugh sometimes, ridin' along an' thinkin' to myself; but I sez nothin'. Why, they don't know what landscapes is; all up and down, rollin' like the sea, or flatter'n a flapjack! Northerners git wild and enthusiastic about our hangin' moss an' live-oaks, grass all the year, horned toads, and so forth; they're well enough, but wot are they to the red and yaller, the flamin' leaves and glowin' color of nature's forges?"

"Well, well," I said, "I didn't suppose there was so much poetry in your composition, Joe."

"Thet ain't mine," said Joe, hastily, as if he had forgotten himself and owed me an apology; "I read it somewhar, an', like other things, it sticks. But I hope you realize it."

"Realize it?" I said. "Why, of course I realize it. I live at Hastings, right on the Hudson, and I agree with Irving—'one's life cannot but be influenced for the better by the noble river that flows so calmly and serenely by one's very door.'"

"Yes," said Joe, "Wash was some pumpkins, and he writ right smart, and all he hed to say took hold. Now, jes' look at what he said about the oak and the vine—comparin' it to a woman! I never was married, but Lord! ain't thet the size of it? I've seen fellers all broke up in bizness, and startin' out fur Brimstoneville, with their trunks checked through, an' some gal hez kem along, kivered up their faults and losses, and clung to 'em so—dern me! ef they didn't lose the train."

I accepted Joe's mixed figure, and acknowledged the justice of his observations.

"How long hev you been in the State?" he inquired, abruptly, glancing at me.

"About a year, off and on."

"Whar ye bound now?"

"For Abilene."

"Goin' North?"

"Sooner or later—yes."

"Look a-here, stranger—I mean, Howe: I rather like your style. I'm sorry ye're goin' to quit the kentry."

I thanked him.

"It isn't very likely I should see much of you, Joe, if I staid here all my life."

"Can't tell," said Joe; "might meet ye occasionally, ye know. I don't reckon to follow this dog's life allus; can't tell. Be you goin' to stop in Lampasas over-night?"

"Yes."

"Are you too high-toned to kem over to my shanty and take supper with me? Ye see, I kinder cotton to you, an' I'd like to talk over things an' show ye suthin'. We've got about a mile further to go."

I accepted his hospitality at once.

Joe said very little, after this. He drew his reins tight and whipped up his horses; night was coming on. I had not given the team credit for half the speed they now displayed; but I noticed that Joe chewed viciously and expectorated violently for the rest of the route, and the off mare became singularly gamesome as these symptoms developed.

He was a hard driver, and, when we drew up at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, the horses were steaming so they looked like an animated fog.

"All out!" said Joe.

The bewildered couple in the interior tumbled on the platform, somewhat discomposed by their jolting journey.

"G'lang! ye ole cavortin' steer!" ejaculated Joe, apostrophizing the off mare, as he drove away. He turned into a cross-road, whipped up smartly, and suddenly brought the shaky coach, with a clatter and a bang, to an abrupt stand-still before a small house and stable. Harness and hame-straps were hanging from various pegs; a large hound sprang fawning upon him as he opened the door.

"Down, Pomp!" he cried. "Now, Mr. Howe, jes' lend a hand here, ef ye will, and we'll git some corn into them hosses. Chuck the harness down anywhere. Bob'll tend to

all thet, ef he ain't too drunk over the result of the elections. He's gone down to the railroad-shanty, about a mile below here, to get the returns; they've got a line 'twixt here and Belton now. Bob—thet's my brother—hez got a friend runnin' this canvass, I believe; thet's wot he tells me. Wal, thet'll do. Jest hold them doors while I put the post in. Thar! Now we'll go in to supper."

We went in to supper, and it was an excellent one. I record the fact, since events of that nature are not monotonous in the Lone Star State. It was cooked by Amelia, a Creole cook, who also waited on us, and, after supper, mixed two cock-tails that I remember to this day.

Oh, Amelia, ebony dispenser of nectar to an exhausted spirit! I stay my pen to revere thy memory, as I recall the fiendish beverages that were elsewhere proffered me in that unregenerate State.

"Come in here," said Joe, rising reluctantly from the table when we had drained our glasses. "Here's where I hang out."

We entered a small ground-floor room. The walls were hung with old clothing, "slickers," and whips. There was a gayly-colored lithograph representing the arrival of a stage-coach, at a 2.40 gait, before a palatial hotel in the Southern country. The artist's imagination had evidently exceeded his facts.

"Now," said Joe, stooping down in front of an old blue chest, "what I say and show to ye goes no furder, remember! This ain't no nonsense, mind; and I reckon it'd bust me higher'n a kite, ef the boys caught on."

He opened the chest. He took therefrom an officer's sword, a pair of shoulder-straps and a sword-belt, a soldier's cap, and the coat and trousers of an old and faded uniform.

"Thet's all I've got left," he said. "I hed an overcoat; but I wore it out during some cold northers up in Kansas, afore I kem to Texas."

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, in amazement, "that you have served as an officer in the Union army?"

"Sartin!" said Joe; "but the boys don't know it, and, wot's more, I don't want 'em to. I reckon it'd bust me. Here," he continued, reaching into the trunk and taking therefrom a discolored parchment, "thar's my commission. It was this way: We were down in Arkensaw, jest outside Little Rock,

lyin' in our rifle-pits. We hed a rampart o' cotton bales near a strip o' woods, and, on the edge o' this woods, there was an old deserted house. The enemy kem out o' thet woods, bright and early one morning, and there was a pretty lively skirmish for more than an hour, and some mighty hot firin' on both sides. At last, a party of 'em got in the old house, and the rest retired into the woods. The fellers in thet old house made it a leetle uncomfortable for us; bein' so posted, ye see, thet they could sorter rake us sideways. But the point of it was this: They allowed to set fire to thet rampart, and then attack us from all sides at once, and jest naturally cut us to pieces. They tried all they knew how to set fire to thet thar rampart—throwin' bombs and sech; but they couldn't quite come it. No one dared run out and fire it, for it was sartin death. There were good shots among us, and, ef anyone hed made a break for them bales, he'd got the entire attention of every musket in the regiment. The day wore on, and it was drawin' toward night. At last, one feller, a young officer—a tall handsome feller he was, too—kem a-tearin' out from behind thet house, mounted on a black hoss, and flourishin' a blazin' torch. He clapped his spurs into thet hoss, and went thunderin' down our lines, flyin' like the wind, and leanin' over in his stirrups, and tryin' to light the bales as he went. My God! to see the courage of thet young feller, and the bullets goin' sping! sping! from every gun we had! I reckon thet man knowed he hed to die, an' jes' delib'rately took his life in his hand. But I tell you, pardner, it was the grandest sight I ever saw—the bravery of thet chap, facin' sartin death and single-handed! It seemed a pity to kill him. I seen more'n one man ketch his breath afore he pulled on him. Wal, it was all over in a few seconds. All at once, hoss and man went down together; he struck the ground right in front of me. Ye'll hardly believe it; but, riddled with bullets ez thet man was, he raised himself on one hand, and, with his last gasp, jabbed thet flarin' torch right into thet cotton, and fell thar and died with it still in his hand. The bale caught fire and blazed up at once.

"I don't know how I ever kem to do it," said Joe, glancing at me with a wild gleam in his eyes; "but, before I knowed what I was really doin', I hed jumped over thet rampart,

yanked off my coat, and beat and stamped thet fire out. I was back agin before you could count ten, but the bullets whizzed lively! Talk about Washington and Wellington sayin' 'there's music in it'! There is! But ye can count me out from any sech music. See here: I kep' thet coat I wore thet day, somehow. Ye ken see they cut it up some. There's one hole thet might hev fetched me. It seemed like a miracle arterward, but I got off sound.

"I don't know, arter all," said Joe, with the instinct of true heroism and drawing a long breath, "I don't know ez it was so dre'dful much to do, arter all. War's war, an' a man must take his chances; an', ez I say, it was done afore I thought it over. But the boys made a big time; and the colonel reported it, and I was made captain. Thar's the letter thet promoted me.

"Thet's all," concluded Joe, putting in the articles carefully one by one, and locking up the chest. "Not much, p'raps; but I hev to be mighty skeery o' sich relics, down here. An' somehow, pardner, when I git to thinkin' over old army-days—ye see, I've hed to wrastle and take it jest ez it kem, sence I was a boy—with no wife to sorter smooth things when it's all up-grade and rough goin'—no little kids to meet me at the gate, to romp with me and love me—things thet warm a man's heart an' make him hold hard and take a fresh grip, when he's willin' to chuck up the reins—I hain't none o' them—an' somehow, pardner, I set a heap o' store by them old traps and all they calls up. But I reckon I wouldn't be any too likely to git ahead down here, ef the boys ever knew I fought agin 'em. They allow I'm Southern-born. I never told 'em to the contrary."

We went out on the front gallery. There was a man coming in the gate, with unsteady steps, but visibly overjoyed at something he had to communicate.

"Hooroar! hooroar! Joe, old boy, git out the dimmyjohn, and call out Amelia. You've got to set 'em up!"

"Why, what's the news?" inquired Joe, nervously.

"News?" said the other. "News? Why, you're Sheriff of Belton—thet's the news!"

"Sheriff? Belton?" said I, in amazement. "Why, who was running?"

"I reckon," said Joe, smiling, "I reckon it's me. Amelia, bring out the glasses!"

# IMPRISONED RAINBOWS.

BY MISS LOUISA JAMISON.

## I.—DIAMONDS.



HE unrivaled brilliancy of the diamond has always excited universal admiration, and among ornaments it has ever occupied the highest rank. No other substance, natural or artificial, can rival its lustre, rich with prismatic colors. The beauty of other gems is almost lost to the distant beholder; the diamond alone diffuses its starry radiance to the furthest parts of an assemblage, and has acquired, by common consent in all ages, a prodigious value that still remains almost undiminished.

Notwithstanding the immense value of diamonds of large size, small stones are sufficiently abundant to be within the reach of most persons in moderate circumstances, and are therefore in very general request. Large diamonds have always been extremely rare; and a few, celebrated for their magnitudo and beauty, are in the possession of sovereigns.

The largest diamond on record is mentioned by Savenier, the traveler, as having been in the possession of the Great Mogul. It weighed two hundred and ninetysix carats, and was found near Golconda in 1550. Its size is about half that of a hen's egg.

The Greek and Latin name of this gem is "adamas," invincible, in allusion to its extreme hardness, whence is derived the English adjective "adamantine." It differs from all other gems in not being composed of earth, but of carbon; and it is remarkable that Sir Isaac Newton conjectured that it was a combustible body, long before it was discovered by experiment to be so, from observing its great power to refract light. The colors of diamonds are various. The finest are colorless in themselves, and have only what they derive from refracting the rays of light. These are said to be of the purest water. Some have a tinge of pink, red, blue, or green, which are next in estimation. Yellow diamonds are common, though much esteemed; brown are less

valuable, and still less so are those which are cloudy or have flaws. Diamonds are always found in loose alluvial soil, and not imbedded in solid rocks like the other gems. India and Brazil are the two chief countries which produce them; in the former, Golconda, Visapour, Bengal, and Borneo are the principal diamond-districts.

What are called diamond-mines are places where the loose sand and other stony materials are washed in water, to separate the precious stones. It is a curious fact in the history of Brazilian diamonds, that, when they were first discovered in that country, they were kept as pretty pebbles, and used for counters by card-players, long before their true nature and value were ascertained by the Dutch Consul, who accidentally saw them.

Rough diamonds—that is, diamonds in their natural state, before they are cut—are crystallized, and, when perfect, exhibit regular forms, of which the simplest is the octohedron. In their rough unpolished state, diamonds cannot be readily distinguished from common pebbles, by persons unpracticed in examining them. In general, also, their angles have been much rubbed off, so that they appear nearly round, resembling, in a considerable degree, gum arabic. Those, however, who are in the habit of seeing them often recognize them readily among other pebbles, and this mostly by a peculiar grating sound which they give when rubbed against a pebble. Occasionally, though rarely, the natural faces have great brilliancy.

The diamond is the hardest of all known substances, and, it is supposed by some, is not capable of being broken by the blow of a hammer; but, though the substance is extremely hard, it is not difficult to fracture—a slight blow will cause it sometimes to split, and the sharp side of a cut diamond is often chipped off by careless management.

We sometimes hear of Cornish and Bagshot diamonds, etc. These are merely transparent



quartz crystals which have been rolled and water-worn, and are found among sand and gravel on the surface; they are sometimes cut and polished, and, though brilliant and sparkling, have little of the splendid tints of the diamond, and are not nearly so hard, being only a little harder than glass.

The art of cutting diamonds is very curious. This gem may be split by a steel tool, if a blow be applied; but, to effect this, it is necessary to have a perfect knowledge of its crystallized structure, because it will only split in the direction of the laminae formed by the crystallization, and the workman cannot form facets at pleasure by splitting. To produce the faces which are required for exhibiting the gem in all its beauty, the process called "cutting" is resorted to, and was first discovered in Europe in 1476, by Louis de Berghen, of Holland, though it was probably known in China and Hindostan in very remote periods. For this purpose, the diamond to be cut is fixed on the end of a stick or handle, in a small ball of cement, that part which is to be reduced being left to project. Another diamond is also fixed in a similar manner, and the two stones are rubbed against each other with considerable force until they are ground away as much as is necessary to produce a facet. Other facets are formed in the same manner by shifting the position of the diamonds in the cement.

When the faces are completed, they next receive an exquisite polish. Nothing is capable of polishing the diamond except its own powder, which has been collected for this purpose in a small box during the process just described. The stones are now embedded in soft solder contained in a small copper cup, the face to be polished being left to protrude. A flat circular plate of cast iron is then charged with diamond-powder, and the stone is held against this plate while it is made to revolve until the polish is complete. Those diamonds that are unfit for working on account of their imperfections are sold under the technical name of "bort." These are broken by repeated blows in a steel mortar, until they are reduced to powder for various purposes.

The diamond is a substance of great utility in the arts, independently of its value as an ornament. Fine drills made of the small splinters are used by watch-makers for drilling holes in rubies and other hard stones

employed in the best kind of clock-work, by gold and silver wire drawers, and others who require very fine holes drilled in such substances. These drills are also used to pierce chinaware in which rivets are to be inserted, and for piercing holes in artificial teeth or any vitreous substance, however hard. The fine powder is used for grinding down other hard stones, none of which can be cut or engraved without the aid of this material; arms, crests, cameos, and intaglios are engraved upon carnelian, onyx, or agate, by means of this powder.

Diamonds are cut and polished in particular shapes, which have received the names of brilliant, rose, and table-cut. The brilliant is highest in estimation, as it is the form which shows to the greatest advantage the peculiar lustre of the gem. It may be considered as composed of two truncated pyramids placed base to base, the upper one being more truncated than the lower one. The rose-diamond is the form given to those stones the spread of which is too great, in proportion to their depth, to admit of their being cut into brilliants without great loss. It is formed by cutting the whole surface of the stone into equilateral triangles.

The settings of these gems are of great importance, and depend partly upon their qualities. The finest brilliants are always set open—that is, without a back. Shallow ones that have a great surface are generally set close or with a back of some black substance, and then frequently much ingenuity is exercised, an inferior stone being sometimes made, by concealing defects, to appear like a perfect brilliant. What are called "foils" are thin leaves of metal placed under precious stones, in order to increase their brilliancy or to give different colors.

Diamonds are bought and sold by weight, for which a peculiar standard, called a carat, is universally adopted. The carat is equal to one ounce troy, and is also divided into four parts called grains.

In having diamonds re-set, great care should be taken so that the stones may be identified when they are returned. These gems are always in fashion, but the mode of setting them varies at different times. They are a species of property little liable to fluctuation, as their value continues nearly uniform; but, for diamonds of great magnitude, the purchasers are limited in number.

## THE STORY OF DAGMA.

BY MISS ALICE BOWMAN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 569.

### XVIII.



EARLY the next morning, De Maurier and Chancellor stood in the studio-door, the latter taking counsel with a locksmith.

"I want a lock that no one but myself can lock or

unlock," said Chancellor.

Just here, Dagma's door opened, and she came from her chamber, holding the hat she always wore during her talks in the summer-house.

De Maurier sprang forward with eager greetings.

"Good-morning," said Chancellor, pausing an instant in the midst of his consultation and looking gravely toward her.

Dagma responded faintly.

"Have you heard?" cried De Maurier.

"We fear something may happen to that other beautiful Dagma, who lives in the studio, and so there is to be a new lock attached to the door."

"Indeed!" said Dagma, as she drew on her gloves and commenced going downstairs.

"I have brought the locks, but you didn't say you wanted locks for the window," she heard the workman say.

"Have you none that will answer?" The voice was her cousin's.

Dagma lingered to hear the response:

"Not just the kind you want; but—well, I can have them by to-morrow, if you can wait."

"I would rather not wait; however, if it can't be helped— At any rate, you will put on this lock now?"

"Yes, sir, at once; and by to-morrow, sir, as early as you please, I shall have the other."

"Only to-night!" whispered Dagma; "only to-night! Oh, dear Virgin, help—help me!"

At the foot of the stairs, she was stopped by her aunt.

"I shall need the children this morning, Dagma; but we have early dinner and go to the lake, and I shall be much obliged to you if you will give me your assistance there."

"Do you mean," asked the young girl, her heart sinking, "do you mean that you wish me to go with you?"

"Certainly. I beg you will not make any apologies, as I need your services. The care of the children always gives me headache; the strain on my nerves is too great."

"And Patsy and Marie—" ventured Dagma.

"Patsy has gone home to see a cousin from the country, and Marie has a cousin or an aunt ill. There's always something the matter with that family. Henri and Pierre belong to a society that turns out, and, in fact, the whole household is disorganized," said Mrs. Goudain, as she walked slowly away without awaiting Dagma's reply.

The young girl sighed and hesitated. She did not care to go back upstairs and meet her cousin and his friend. She could hear them talking yet. While she hesitated, they commenced walking down together, and she, rapidly descending the two lower flights, took refuge within the summer-house.

"You do fly fast, mademoiselle; but I have attrapped you," said De Maurier, entering, a basket of flowers in one hand, his hat in the other. "Ma foi! because they are not for the picture, you allow your flowers to die?"

"I did not see them," said Dagma, coming forward reluctantly. "I think I will place them at the feet of the Virgin," she added, looking toward the gray statue.

"Bon! and I will assist. Ah, we must have water. Good! I will myself take the basin and fill it."

Dagma stood looking down on the flowers, while he dipped the stone vessel into the fountain and brought it dripping before her.

"Now, shall we arrange them here at this spot—or shall I replace the bowl?"

"Just replace it, please. I will not trouble you to remain; I can arrange them."

"Ah, and I know you can arrange them, and it is not any trouble at all for me. Mademoiselle, will you not learn," said the young Creole, throwing himself on one knee beside her as she knelt with her basket, "will you not learn ever that it is a pleasure, a consolation, when I may remain with you? That there is not anything in all the world so beautiful to me as yourself?"

"Pray keep your compliments for some more appropriate spot," interrupted Dagma, hurriedly laying the roses in water.

"Appropriate? Appropriate?" cried De Maurier, picking up a bud and pausing with it yet in his hand, while he looked at the girl's low bent face. "If they were but compliments, you might say so, yes; but— *Tenez!*" he cried, breaking into French, "every word that I say to you about yourself is true—every word that I say of your loveliness is true; and why may not the Virgin and the angels hear what I say? Love is just the light of heaven, and it is—"

"If you continue talking in this way," exclaimed Dagma, rising hastily, with a bunch of flowers in her hand, and looking, not on him, but on the half-filled basin, "I shall leave. This is a holy spot to me, and, whenever I come here, it is with a prayer in my heart—"

"And I also come with a prayer in my heart," interrupted De Maurier, sadly: "a prayer that the dear Virgin may soften you—may teach you to feel that faith in me which it seems I cannot teach."

"I wish you would get up," said Dagma, in a low tone of annoyance. "My cousin is coming."

She stooped as she spoke, and laid the flowers she held among those in the basin.

De Maurier, reaching forward, touched her hand with the rosebud, picked up his hat, and walked forward to meet his friend.

"Were you praying for that bud?" asked Chancellor, dryly, as the two walked into the street.

"She did not give it, if that is what you desire to know," answered De Maurier, placing the bud in his button-hole.

"I haven't the least desire to know anything," observed Chancellor; "but," he went on slowly, "I do object to seeing a declara-

tion of love made in that public manner. Absolutely, De Maurier, you are so infatuated with that girl—absolutely, she is teaching you to care as little for appearances as she cares for them herself."

De Maurier reddened.

"It was over the flowers I knelt. We were making an arrangement."

"Exactly; and you took that opportunity to press your suit. I saw Dagma get up suddenly, and I saw you lift up a face full of adoration and—"

"You will be kind enough to hush, and not talk after this manner," exclaimed De Maurier, angrily. "If you desire that I tell each word spoken, I will; but I cannot allow that you ridicule."

"I have not the least desire to ridicule. I am only warning. You are charmed, and the influence of the charmer is such that she will make you act and speak like herself, without any regard for appearances. Pray remember that you draw attention to her as well as to yourself. As for what passes between you—henceforth, De Maurier, I particularly request that you will tell me nothing. I have assured you that the girl baffles me; I don't understand her. And, at any rate," added Chancellor, brusquely, while he looked straight down street, "the office of adviser in a love-affair is not one that I seek."

"That is what you have said before, my friend," observed De Maurier, scanning Chancellor's face; "but then, *ma foi!* it was because you did not find an admiration for that lovely Dagma. And now"—he paused, then added positively—"now, it is because you do find for her an extreme admiration."

Chancellor looked at him with astonished eyes.

"Ah, and you may look, and you may deny; mais, it is true, my friend. You have not had a desire for that admiration, but it is there."

"I deny nothing that you say; I acknowledge nothing that you say," replied Chancellor, severely. "I request only, De Maurier, what I requested before: that you will not make me the confidant of this affair. If I see you behave as you behaved, making yourself an object for remark absolutely, I shall certainly speak, for Dagma's sake, as well as for your own. She is going out with us this evening, and—"

"She? Dagma?" interrupted De Maurier. "To the lake?"

"She—Dagma—and to the lake," repeated Chancellor, gravely. "She is going because my mother wishes her to superintend the children. We shall stay for the music. It is absolutely necessary that I should speak to her alone a few moments; and, frankly, you can render me a great service."

"Bien! and what is the service?" asked De Maurier, slowly.

"I want you to take the children away for a short time—say, perhaps a half-hour; take them to the labyrinth or somewhere, and let me remain in peace with Dagma."

"What is it that you desire of her? Why may you not see her at home? Ma foi! Chancellor, you have but the need to say: 'I desire you in the library, or in the studio, and—'"

"I do not wish my mother to know that I am talking with Dagma. The matter refers to the snag on the picture, which I wish kept quiet," added Chancellor, impatiently.

"Ah, so! Tenez! my friend," said De Maurier. "I will do this affair for you, if you will do the same affair for me. I will keep the children a half-hour—bon!—and then I will bring them, and you will keep them a half-hour, and then you will bring them."

Chancellor frowned.

"Ah, so—it does not please you, this bargain—eh?"

"I must see Dagma on particular business," said Chancellor. "I must see her alone."

"Ah, and I too—I have a desire also to see this sweet Dagma on a very particular business, and I must see her alone. Come, my friend," added De Maurier, as both stopped before the door of the lawyer's office, "make consent or refusal. Do for me, and I will do for you."

"A ridiculous arrangement," exclaimed Chancellor, still frowning; "but I agree, provided you give me the first half-hour."

"As you do not wish to ask the heart of that divine Dagma, and as I know well that she would not agree to give that great treasure to you, so—the first half-hour you shall have."

"And you will keep the ladies away, as well as the children?" asked Chancellor, gravely.

"And you will also keep the ladies away, as well as the children?" repeated De Maurier, nodding his head.

"I wish you would be serious," said Chancellor, angrily. "I tell you I want to see Dagma on important business."

"And is not mine of far more importance than yours?" asked De Maurier, grave enough now. "Bon! we will each help the other. I will do my best, Chancellor, for you, and you the best possible for me. So, go your way, my friend."

"All the same," thought De Maurier, as he walked off, "all the same, my friend, I shall tell Dagma to-night that I love her, and then— She will not say 'yes'—that I do not expect; but she shall know—and then I will have her at my plantation, and I will teach her to love me in my cane-fields. I do not consider that I am jealous, no; but I am suspecting that, Chancellor, my friend, you also begin to feel the charm of that sweet Dagma."

## XIX.

THE country lying immediately around New Orleans is low and swampy. There are few pleasure-drives. Years ago, the shell-road running to Milneburg, on Lake Pontchartrain, was built, and, a little later, the old Pontchartrain Railroad, going straight through swamp-land, ran in a bee-line to the same place.

Of late years, two other lake-resorts have been opened—Spanish Fort and West End. The former is the spot where the Spaniards, who then owned Louisiana, built a fort for protecting the city from pirates; and the ruins of the walls and an old cannon may yet be seen, the walls green with moss, and the cannon sometimes blooming in roses.

West End, not far distant, is gained by another road. Here a large hotel has been built, and a summer theatre; the houses of boating-clubs rise on the banks of the lake, and a broad platform, extending over the water, gives space for the accommodation of hundreds who enjoy the open-air concerts, and can also, at several hundred small tables, enjoy open-air feasts.

Beyond these, extending along the banks of the lake, are breakwaters, and, at regular distances, summer-houses built over the water, where people tired of city heat may catch refreshing breezes from the lake.

A long extent of prettily-ornamented grounds stretches beside the breakwaters—grottoes and caves, ponds and arbors, labyrinths, trees, and flowers.

Early in the season, many people resort thither to pass their evenings, and the Goudain carriage was among those most frequently seen at this resort. Winter and spring having been exceptionally warm, the season had commenced earlier than usual. The musical attractions were remarkably fine, and Mrs. Goudain seldom missed these.

Henri, her coachman, being absent, she had determined to make her way thither by the more democratic railway, and, escorted by the two gentlemen, the three ladies, and the two children, reached West End a little before sunset.

"And it is the first time you have been here, mademoiselle?" asked De Maurier, joining Dagma, who walked from the cars with a child either side.

"The first time," said Dagma, quietly.

"And how does it please you? Ah, mais—I forget: you have seen nothing as yet."

"I do not like crowds," observed Dagma, as she walked with the stream poured from the cars.

"And there is not any necessity that you keep with the crowd. There are many quiet resorts."

"I must go where Aunt Goudain wishes," said Dagma, looking at the stately figure of her aunt, as it moved slowly before—Roselle De Maurier's slender form on one side, and Chancellor towering grandly above both.

"But, me—I think I may arrange that," said De Maurier. "She cannot expect that she will keep the children on two chairs for two hours—no. Mrs. Goudain," he asked, stepping forward and joining his hostess, "Louise and Cecil—you do not expect them to sit beside you now—all the time, I mean?"

"I can scarcely trust Dagma," said Mrs. Goudain, slowly. "She has never been here before, and—"

"Ah, mais, if that is all, I will myself accompany the children, and see that mademoiselle does not allow harm to arrive."

"No, no, Eugene, I need you," exclaimed his sister. "Mr. Goudain has his mother to care for; and two ladies—"

"Are not more than I can care for," interrupted Chancellor. "Besides, I see several of your friends. The probabilities are that

I shall not be long troubled with two ladies. You see I am right," he added, as a gentleman came forward, blandly smiling.

De Maurier rejoined Dagma.

"It is all arranged. You are each one in my charge, and, if you but hit your foot on a stone, I shall be in despair. You see, we have stones," he said, nodding toward a pile from which ferns grew: "an importation, like to yourself. Do you feel an admiration for alligators?" he asked, stopping at a pond where two great specimens lay stretched on a mud bank.

The children lingered.

Dagma stood gazing lakeward.

"Come now, Louise—Cecil, come. We will make our way to that labyrinth, and I shall put you into it, and the first one who can make a way forth—to that one, I will give a beautiful box of bonbons."

"With a picture on the box, like the one Miss Roselle has?"

"With a picture on the box, my little Louise, and like the one Miss Roselle has, precisely. Now enter, both of you. Bon!" he said, laughing, "we shall seat ourselves and watch."

"But I must go with them," objected Dagma.

"But you must not go with them," objected De Maurier, as she stood doubtful before the green gateway. "It would not be at all what you must do."

"Do you mean," asked Dagma, her eyes following the two little heads just rising above the evergreen walls of the labyrinth, "do you mean that it is what I ought not to do? That I should so commit an indiscretion, as my Cousin Chancellor would say?" she asked, a faint touch of scorn in the tone.

"If you were to be lost in that labyrinth, mademoiselle, and if I were to rescue and bring you forth, I should claim—how do you say?—a toll."

"A kiss? And is that the rule? Is that the custom?" asked Dagma, surprised.

"Ah, I know it is my rule—it is my custom—my habitude," laughed De Maurier.

"And yet," said Dagma, thoughtfully, "you were all so shocked because—"

"Because Signor Antoine kissed you? Ma foi! not I, mademoiselle. Come, and we will sit here and regard the children and the sunset. You will be tired if you persist and stand."

"That is true," rejoined Dagma. "I had forgotten."

"Forgotten what?"

"Ah, nothing; it is not necessary to tell."

"But you are full, quite to the brim, full of mystery. Sit here, mademoiselle. Now I shall speak French: I am myself when I talk French. This bench seems placed here just for us."

"It seems placed here just as a good position for watching the sunset," said Dagma, paritically, and quite ignoring the tender cadence of her companion's voice.

"Ah, we shall have a lovely sunset."

"Yes, and the wind is rising. I wish I were that bird," said Dagma, lifting her arms and letting them fall suddenly.

"And would you fly away from me?" asked De Maurier, in a tone of reproach.

"Liberty is so sweet," said Dagma. "And just see—look how freely he dashes upward and downward, and skims the water, and darts into the foam, and then just touches the shadow. There now, in that red light he is like a bird of fire, and now he is white."

"You look quite ready to follow the bird," observed De Maurier, noting her eagerly expressive face. "Would you let me come with you?"

"If you wanted."

"Ah! of that, why need you question? I would—"

"I mean," interposed Dagma, hurriedly, "I want to be free myself, and I want everyone else to be free."

"And are you not free?"

"I? Free? Oh, no. My body is not free, because I cannot go out alone. I would not be here now, if I could help myself. I would not be even in this country, if I could help myself. My life is not free."

"You are not kind, mademoiselle; your words hurt. Why do you wish yourself away from here? Is it your love for your old home? Wait till I show you my home."

"Ah," interrupted Dagma, "you do not understand. Some day," she went on, her eyes yet wistfully following the graceful bird, "some day, I shall tell you a story, perhaps—you will know then; for I came here from my home just that I might tell this story to the whole world."

"Tell it me now," pleaded De Maurier. "A story to be told the whole world? I do not understand. Tell it me now."

"No, it is not possible," said Dagma, compressing her lips. "Hark! How beautiful! Let us listen."

The wind brought the distant notes of a cornet; they arose and died on the air in exquisite harmony.

"Oh!" said Dagma, whispering, "it is the voice of the evening."

De Maurier's fine eyes looked assent.

Now and then, a faint ripple of laughter or an exclamation from the children could be heard; otherwise, there was only that soft speaking melody, the swish of tall grasses and canes blown by the wind, and the beating of the waves on the breakwaters. Far as the horizon, there stretched the gray lake, all tossed with white waves crested with foam, and in cloud-waves of gold the red sun was sinking. The remnants of an old wharf or railroad stretched like a long finger into the waters—only a double line of wooden posts, smoothed and worn by the weather of many years. About these, the water dashed foaming. Several birds darted in and out among them. A sail glided through the red light and then through the gray.

De Maurier felt as if all the world were gone, and he and Dagma only lived, and both wrapped in the sweet music-strain, blended as one—one life, one rich pæan of glory and love and joy—that perfect life, which comes only where man and woman, two rich chords, blend in the grand melody of life.

And Dagma? Of what did she think? He could not tell. He could see just a deep sadness on the young face shaded by the black hat, and the eyes were gazing with a far-away look over the tossed waters.

There was something sacred in the music-wrought silence. De Maurier did not dare speak, lest his voice should break the charm and toss him back, and Dagma, into everyday life.

When the music ceased, even the applause came like a great breath, mellowed by distance.

Just as it died, a loud cry sounded from the labyrinth.

"The children!" exclaimed Dagma, starting up in alarm.

"Don't be troubled; I will find them," cried De Maurier, springing forward and rushing into the labyrinth. "I see them!"



he called to Dagma, who stood by the entrance, anxious to follow, yet not daring.

"Here they are!" he shouted. "Nothing the matter. Cecil had a tumble. We are coming as fast as we can."

Dagma, yet watching, saw them pass backward and forward and in and out, and at last they appeared by her side.

"Mademoiselle, Louise pushed me," sobbed Cecil.

"I am very sorry, mademoiselle," sobbed the little girl; "but Cecil wanted to take the way I was going, and I wanted a box like Miss Roselle's. What does a boy want with boxes?"

"Now see," cried De Maurier: "just be tranquil, both, and listen: I will give to each one a box—bon! and we will first go along the lake and show mademoiselle all this pretty promenade, and then—well, we will take a ride on the flying horses."

"Mademoiselle too?" asked Louise.

"Ah, mais, non. We will find a beautiful seat for mademoiselle, and then we leave her quite tranquil to enjoy the music, and then we will return to her."

So they walked on—Cecil soothed, Louise content. The gold-fish in the pond were admired, the artificial cave explored, and a summer-house entered, where the spray came up and dashed all over them, so that Dagma wiped the drops from the children's faces and her own.

"And now, just a few moments we will be away," said De Maurier. "Sit you here, mademoiselle," he added, choosing a bench placed before a bed of tall grasses and canes and lilies, "and, when you hear the cane sing there in the wind, think just it is the wind in my cane-fields at home. Do not go away—remain. Now, mes enfants, let us depart."

"Chancellor, my good friend, if I had not made you that promise," thought De Maurier, as he walked off with the children, "if I had not made you that promise, I would just now put these little ones down into that cave, or let them play in that pond or throw the shells into the lake, and I would myself talk with Dagma."

It was very lovely and quiet, where he had left her sitting. She looked around. There was no one very near, and she took off her hat and let the wind blow over her brown head. Presently the music came again, drifting into the noise of the waters and the beaten

grasses. She sat quite still, the wind so high that little atoms of spray sprinkled her head from the dashed waters.

Here Chancellor found her. He walked slowly after he had seen her, his artist-eye accepting her as the key-note just fitting sound and scene. He did not know how to place her. She was not a reverie, though calm: she was not a dream: she was just what she had always been for him—just Dagma, that vexing tantalizing Dagma, who sat now like the visible spirit of the strange scene. For clouds had gathered heavily over the waters and about the closing red of the day, while eastward stars were beginning to gleam, and under all an unnatural wind blew like the softened but strong breath of a storm, waving the tall grasses about Dagma's black figure, as if they longed and trembled to clasp her and hold her, dashing the waters up—far up, so that the spray fell over her, as if the waves too longed to clasp her, and battled with the grasses above.

"De Maurier told me I would find you here," said Chancellor, seating himself on the bench.

She started, turned her head, and looked at him quickly, surprised.

"I thought you were with your mother."

"I was, but she and Miss De Maurier have a number of gentlemen about them, and, as we are going home after the next piece of music, I undertook to find you."

"I am quite ready," exclaimed Dagma, rising.

"Sit down. I said we were not going till after the next piece. I wish particularly to hear the end of this sonata. We are almost too far off, and the wind gives another sonata. They are very beautiful together," he added, taking off his hat as Dagma reseated herself.

She had drawn away as far as possible into the corner of the bench. The music and the wind and the cane and the water kept up their sweet wild concert.

"Dagma," said Chancellor, suddenly looking upon her, "is not that melody beautiful? Is it not beyond all words? Is it not like a spirit speaking?"

"Yes, of course," she answered, curtly.

"Then you love harmony?"

"Of course," she replied again.

"Better than discord, in all things?" he went on.

She lifted her eyes now and looked at him through the gray light.

"Better than discord?" he persisted.

"Yes," she answered, reluctantly and so low that it came like a whisper through the sweet noises.

"Then, Dagma, with all this harmony around and pleading, I ask why may there not be harmony between us?"

"Why?" repeated Dagma. "Why? Do not here ask me why. Do not force me to throw into this all the discord of my life in your home—your hardness, your first words of welcome, your misconstructions ever since, your false interpretations, your disdain, your utter indifference—I—I cannot go on—I will not," and she was suddenly silent.

A wild rich strain broke like a sob among the wave-sounds. It might have been a cry from a human heart.

"Perhaps," responded Chancellor, drawing a little nearer, for it was not easy to speak low, "perhaps I might answer with the same accusations; perhaps I might say that you came among us as one hostile, refusing to know our friends, refusing to be one of us. But I will let all that rest, Dagma; I will say only to-night that I am no longer filled with either disdain or indifference, and I earnestly desire that harmony may fill our lives—harmony and peace," he added, looking gravely upon her.

She did not reply. Her face was turned from him and in the twilight; he could not read the troubled expression. Only the music seemed pleading, as she sat quite still.

"Yes," said Dagma, presently, "yes, peace is lovely; but war—war sometimes is grand: that war which relieves the oppressed, which lifts up the downtrodden."

"And if," said Chancellor, bending forward, "if I promise that you shall not be oppressed, that you shall not be downtrodden, that I will cherish you as my sister, my friend—see, Dagma, here is my hand," and he stretched his right hand toward her with a gesture almost entreating.

Dagma glanced down. Just then, the electric light flashed over the scene. In its dreamy brilliancy, Chancellor caught a full view of the girl's face. Fear, terror even, filled the eyes lifted wildly, then veiled under quickly-falling lids.

"I will not take your hand," she cried;

"I will not. You do not know me; perhaps you may never know me. I am in your home because I must be there, but I will leave as soon as I can leave. Pray take your hand away."

"I wish I could win your confidence," said Chancellor, slowly withdrawing his hand. "I wish you would teach me to read you and to know you. I wish I could comprehend what took you, last night, to my studio. What do you want there? Tell me—let me help you. You are a strange mystery; you baffle and thwart me. Why will you not tell me?"

"Be quiet," said Dagma, looking forward. "The future we cannot see. Just as that light falls a little way dimly over the darkness of that water, just so the present perhaps shines forth a little, lighting the darkness of to-morrow. But it is an uncertain light—we cannot tell."

"Do you mean," said Chancellor, following her dreamy eyes, "do you mean that some day the future may be bright for you and for me, so that you will not reject the harmony for which I ask?"

"I do not know; it is all a mystery."

She turned and looked at him with troubled eyes.

"I do not think there will ever be peace between us. I think, some day"—her voice grew hoarse—"you may even hate me."

"Hush!" cried Chancellor, strangely touched by her solemn manner. "That I will never—never. Tell me what you mean. Why should I hate you? Tell me."

"Not now," she answered, looking away.

"Not now; but some day, perhaps, I will tell you a story."

"Now, now," he urged.

"I cannot," she replied, firmly, then added pleadingly: "I am so tired. Be quiet, please. There—listen to the music, and leave me in peace."

She half turned away as she spoke, rested her elbow on the arm of the bench, her cheek on her hand, and so sat listening.

Chancellor did not again disturb her. The music wrapped them in its harmony, and the stormy velvet wind sang with it, and the discord in their hearts fell asleep, so that peace for the moment hung over both.

Chancellor, watching Dagma, saw a drop gleam on her cheek. Was it the spray, or was it a tear? Very tender and sad the

face in that weird light, tintings of green waving about the pretty head, with electric flashes like lightning entangled in the long leaves, and that drop like a diamond on the smooth cheek. While he wondered, she lifted her hand and brushed it furtively over both cheeks, and then Chancellor knew that the drop was a tear.

"My friend," said De Maurier, a moment later, "your mother desires that you will come. She leaves at once."

"The children!" cried Dagma, springing up.

"Are safe quite, mademoiselle. Eh, Chancellor, my friend, the storm cheats me, yes."

"Cheats you?" said Dagma.

"Defrauds me of one more pleasant half-hour with you, mademoiselle."

But Dagma did not hear. She was regarding the heavens with anxious eyes; she was whispering: "It must be done. At all risks, dear father, it shall be done."

And, when De Maurier tried to talk with her in the cars, she asked again to be left alone: said she was tired, and, turning her head, looked through the window into the blackness of the wind-stirred swamp-depths through which they passed.

## XX.

THE wind whistled down the long narrow street, tossed the shrubbery and trees in the courtyard below, blew the spray over stony Neptune in his fountain, played little broken melodies through the slats of the window-blinds, crept through the key-holes, clambered up the lower stairs and down again, whistled over the house-eaves, and moaned about the sharp corners of the dormer-windows.

Eleven o'clock had struck, and the Goudain household had sunk into repose. After her return from the lake, Dagma had carefully opened the door of the chapel as she passed to her room, and now she crept softly within, the dark-lantern again hanging from her left hand, and her right holding the father's old dagger. She closed the door noiselessly.

There was just enough light coming from the windows beyond to guide her way. She walked almost as a somnambulist, pausing only to bow her head near the tail crucifix and whisper: "Thou knowest."

When she had reached the window next the wall of the studio, she set down her lan-

tern, lifted her arms, and softly drew back the small bolt. The wind poured a current through the opened lattice, so strong that she gasped and with both hands held the loosened half of the window, felt for the brass hook, whose position she well knew, then felt for the catch, and securely fastened the half of the lattice.

She waited a minute, listening. There were only the sounds of the wind creeping under the high ceiling, breathing, it seemed, in little sighs around the angels over the altar, and breaking in soft moans about the crucifix at her side.

She looked forth on a roof showing dimly in the light of distant street-lamps. All the windows about were closed. She stooped, picked up her lantern, then, with a light spring, stepped on the low window-sill, and so to the roof.

She could not stand here—the wind was too strong. She ran the ribbon about her waist through the ring of the lantern, tied it securely close to her side, and then commenced creeping to the window beyond.

The wind whistled as she crept. She did not look above to the darkened heavens, she did not look either side; but, with lips compressed and eyes fixed on the projecting window of the studio, she worked steadily forward. The few yards of roofing, whose crossing on a calm day would have been nothing to one as active as Dagma, presented, in that dim light and under that powerful wind, dangers manifold.

But Dagma did not flinch. Fingers strongly clasping the edges of the slates, she pressed onward, reached the window, knelt when she reached it, lifted her hands, and, with the dagger, widened the crack 'twixt the latticed doors. Then, with the end of her dagger, she lifted the hook, the lattice flew back, and the wind poured through the studio.

As quickly as possible, she entered, and, closing the window, sank down a moment for rest. Her heart was beating violently. She pushed back her hair, detached her lantern, and commenced work.

"He must be asleep. He cannot possibly hear me now, and the wind makes such a noise; it will cover the sound of my movements," thought Dagma, as she again draped the window, opened the lantern, piled the ottomans, and lifted the easel beside them.

The replaced picture was easily moved, the wire new and untwisted. She bent over and let it slowly fall to the floor and rest against the side of the piled ottomans. Then she climbed down for the lantern, set it on the top of the easel, climbed back, and turned her face to the wall. The red glare of the light fell full on the dark panel.

"Three inches—three inches," she whispered, "above the second molding, and two from the third on the right side. And to be pressed with a sharp blade. Here—just here!"

She slipped her left hand along, ran a finger softly among the cracks, and then, with her right, followed, pressing the dagger against the dark wood and within the slender line of a deep molding. Suddenly the panel slid, and an opening appeared. Dagma gasped, and, pressing both hands over her heart, knelt, looking within.

"I am very childish," she thought, presently. "It is only a little cupboard, like the one in my bed-room at home. I must be quick."

She stretched out her hand, groping. Her fingers were so cold, they were almost numb; but the opening was not very deep—evidently only a receptacle for papers; and, as her hand moved amid the depths, she could feel dust beneath, and at last, far back in one corner, a package wrapped in silk. She clutched this eagerly, and, holding it in the glare of the lantern, saw the mingled pattern of a red and black silk kerchief.

"Mingo's handkerchief," she whispered, unrolling and disclosing two letters—one addressed to her father, and one to her uncle. "It is all just as Mingo said," she murmured, re-wrapping and thrusting both into her pocket. "Oh, sweet Virgin! oh, dear Saviour! I thank you!"

Deftly enough she moved afterward, closing the slide, but not replacing the picture.

"I am afraid I cannot close that window," she thought.

Then a bright idea struck her. With her dagger, she cut one of the ribbons which hung from her waist, and tied it to the ring holding the hook, then, securing her lantern and opening the window softly, she stepped on the window-sill. The wind had lulled, and a few drops of rain fell as she gained the roof. She reached her hand back, caught the fluttering ribbon, drew the casement to,

then, winding the ribbon about a projecting point of fancy wood-work, tied it securely.

"He will know to-morrow I have been here," she thought, "but it does not matter. I suppose I am going home now, and it's a sad way to commence my journey."

She sighed as she crept along over the slates, clutching her little fingers securely about the protruding edges, and she sighed again as she reached the opened window of the chapel and slipped quietly within. She shut the window, fastened it securely, and turned to walk forward.

"Thank God! I have been praying for your safety, Dagma," said her cousin, coming from the front of the altar and looming high in the dim light. "I hope you will never suffer as I have suffered this night," he said, laying his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"How did you know?" asked the girl, in a low voice.

He did not remove his hand, but, with a power which Dagma knew rather than felt, drew her forward before the altar and pointed toward his mother kneeling and apparently lost in prayer.

"I heard her coming here—the poor mother," he whispered, "and I followed to bring her down, and I found the window open, and I guessed at once. Do you know what I have suffered?" and Dagma could feel his eyes looking down on her with question deeper than words. "I feared to call you—I feared to go to the studio. She wanted me to light the candles—the tapers. I feared you might see and stay out in the storm, and I would not. Ah, that reminds me. Wait—do not go. I must light them now."

He forced Dagma down on a seat as he spoke, took a box from his pocket, opened it, struck a match, and lit two candles on either side of the altar.

Just as he finished, Mrs. Goudain came forward.

"Well, Dagma," she said, in smooth tones, "this last freak is beyond all others. Must I forbid you the roofs as well as the streets?"

"Aunt Goudain, I shall not be here much longer to trouble you. I"—Dagma hesitated and looked toward Chancellor—"I pray you, forgive all the care I have caused, and—"

"We will talk of this to-morrow, at a more fitting time and in a more fitting place."

"Aunt Goudain," said Dagma, rising and speaking with a solemnity which startled both listeners, "a more fitting place cannot be found. Our blessed Saviour loves truth. Mingo died in our home, and he told me where to find these."

She drew forth the papers as she spoke, and showed them to her aunt.

Mrs. Goudain's cold face seemed changed into stone. She stretched forth her hand, as if to take them; but it fell heavily to her side, and she sank on a seat.

"What are they? What do you mean?" asked Chancellor, stepping forward.

Dagma drew back her hand.

"What! You cannot trust me?" he cried.

"Oh, yes," she answered, sadly; "oh, yes," and she looked up with tender pitying eyes.

"Then give me those papers."

"Not now. Wait—I told you I would tell you a story, and I said you might hate—"

"I know," interrupted Chancellor, the threatening cleft deepening between his brows. "Go on."

"Mingo, who took charge of your pictures—he came to our house, and my father died when he came, that very day, and before he had seen Mingo. Mingo also was ill. He had been delayed months, and indeed nearly two years—was one whole year in a hospital—had lost his mind. He had walked almost all the way to our house, and, only three days after my father, he too died. But—but—"

"Go on," said Chancellor, hoarsely.

"He told me," continued Dagma, her eyes downcast and a strange tremor in her low voice, "that my father was not guilty—that your father, in dying, had written a letter clearing all the guilt. And then—" The young girl paused and looked toward her aunt.

Chancellor's eyes followed her glance.

Dagma's eyes fell again.

"Mingo saw what you were doing, Aunt Goudain, the day after Uncle Edward's death. He saw you tear open the big yellow envelope, he saw you lighting the lamp, he saw you burn the envelope, he guessed what would follow. You had locked the door of your room, but Mingo was already there; he had followed—"

"It was he!" gasped Mrs. Goudain.

"Yes, it was he who slipped from behind your screen, snatched the papers just as you

turned your back, boldly unlocked the door, and went off with them. He did not dare keep them about him. He had no friends. In hanging a picture one day, he had accidentally, with his instrument, touched a spring and opened a secret cupboard. He remembered, and he placed the papers within the cupboard. He told me how to find it. He made me take a vow that I would tell no one. He was dying. I could not refuse, and—now you know why I consented to come here, why I wanted to come here, why I have held myself a stranger—because I came as an enemy, as—"

"Who was guilty?" asked Chancellor, interrupting.

Dagma caught her breath with a half-sob as she answered slowly: "Mingo did not say. He could talk only a few words at a time. He seemed afraid to give me the name. I think his mind was not quite clear. He died before he could tell."

"You suspect," said Chancellor, hoarsely, then added abruptly: "Give me those papers. I can read them now."

"There are two," said Dagma. "The one from your father to my father, I must read myself. This one you may have; the other I will give to you to-morrow, Chancellor."

She clasped her hand tightly over the folded paper and looked up into his face. It was so white and drawn that a great pain filled her heart.

"Give me the paper to-night," he said, hoarsely. "Come, we will read it together. See, there are lights—plenty of lights."

He took his box out and lit candelabra of six burners, which stood over a small altar near. His hands trembled so that the match-flame shook over the long wicks. As he moved, his eye fell on his mother. She sat quiet and straight, her face in its stoniness turned full toward him.

"Go, mother; go downstairs. I will follow directly."

She got up obediently, then stood and said distinctly, her voice ringing clear through the silence:

"It was for your sake, my son. The old scandal had died away; people had forgotten. It was for your sake. What good to light again the dead fires of the past? And I have prayed—I have suffered—"

"Go, mother," he answered, "only go. I know you love me. I will follow soon."

She moved slowly, turned at the door and looked back, then walked on.

Dagma had already opened the paper. He stood by and read over her shoulder. The writing was irregular and evidently written by one whose hand often faltered.

"Brother, it is all clear now; but a mortal sickness has come to me, as the cloud lifts. You were silent—oh, generous brother! oh, noble martyr!—silent, thinking that I—I, your brother, who loved you—loved you even while the cloud of guilt seemed over your heart—thinking that I was the coward, the thief, the criminal—thinking that I lived, letting my crime darken your life. The evidence against you was strong—the evidence against me, you knowing yourself innocent, equally strong; and yet, knowing each other as we knew each other, loving each other as we loved each other, I find it strange that we could have believed one another capable of this crime.

"Only yesterday, a priest summoned me to the death-bed of George Marshal, my wife's brother. He was the criminal."

Here both started. Dagma looked up into Chancellor's face. Their eyes met. The paper trembled in her grasp. He put forth his hand to steady it, and, bending, read on:

"His written confession I hold. It was he who forged our father's name, it was he who disguised himself in a cloak like yours, wore a false beard like yours, a ring like yours, presented himself hurriedly in the gloom of that cloudy day, just at closing-hour, when the crowd pressed, stretched forth his ringed hand, and, passing in the forged check, saying simply 'Gold,' received the money in gold, and departed.

"Three months later, when all was quiet,

he left New Orleans. Letters to his sister came at rare intervals; finally they ceased.

"Shall I curse him for our divided lives? I dare not. He has gone to his Judge, where I too shall soon stand. Brother, before I go, pardon—I cry you, pardon!

"Atonement? What atonement? Wealth? Would that all my wealth could purchase one hour of your presence! Alas, too late! But our children live. You have a daughter—this I have learned; and I have a son, a man who is honor itself. Trust your daughter to him. Let me feel that the pride and honor of my life lives for you—for yours. Let me feel that our love will bloom as another love, in the lives of our children. I leave this and the restitution of your property in the hands of my faithful wife. My sight fails. Brother, farewell!"

"Thank God!" cried Chancellor.

"Thank God!" murmured Dagma.

"Dagma," said Chancellor, looking down on her, his eyes moist with unshed tears, his face all tender, as when the soft glow of dawn plays on a rough rock, "this night has been one of mortal agony. You have told me a story; but, some day—some day, you will tell me—will you not?—another story—the old, old story, centuries old, Dagma? I think our fathers will bend from heaven and listen when you tell it to my heaven. Some day, Dagma, will you?"

The rain was beating outside softly. The hour, the spot, seemed to have sanctified each word. Without hesitation, Dagma lifted her tender beautiful face. There was no need for speech, and Chancellor, looking into the pure eyes, translated at last, read the STORY OF DAGMA: "I love you."

[THE END.]

## FLOWERS TO A POET.

BY MINNA IRVING.

WHILE silver planets shone above,  
And softly fell the dew,  
These blossoms in a garden old  
Unfolded—all for you!  
I bind them with a band the hue  
Of Venus' finger-tips,  
And send them to you, all bestrewn  
With kisses from my lips.

The tulip's cup with reddest wine  
Of friendship overflows;  
And every pearly lily-cup  
A secret will disclose.  
Oh, happy flowers! with tender thoughts  
I bid you thus depart,  
To bloom upon a poet's breast  
And cheer a poet's heart.



## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### BABY'S FIRST OUTFIT.

BY RAY JOYCE.

THE beauty of the outfit should consist in the delicacy and fineness of the materials and the dainty handwork on it.

The need of plenty of napkins is generally known. One should have no less than fifty, at first. It is well to get three pieces of eighteen-inch, making nine napkins to a piece, and three or four pieces of twenty-inch, about eight to a piece. Take old soft pieces of cotton cloth, and make inside napkins of small squares of four thicknesses sewed together. Many persons prefer the linen, while others like cotton; but the latter is much more absorbent, and less chilling to the little one. Hem all by hand. I make, instead of buy, the shirts my babies wear for the first three months. Get fine silk-and-wool flannel. It is cheaper and much softer than other kinds, and is not irritating to baby's tender flesh. Fell all seams; bind neck and arm sizes with fine soft linen, cut bias; make them double-breasted, so they may be lapped to suit baby's size and growth. Sew a little narrow lace on neck and sleeves, and you will be delighted with these dainty little affairs. Or you may use fine woven jersey-shirts. Be sure to get the imported ones, as they do not shrink. They come at about one dollar each, for the first size. I put them on after baby has outgrown the first ones, and so get size number two at \$1.25 apiece. Four shirts will be enough, as baby will soon outgrow them.

The use of bands is not to bind, but to protect and warm, the bowels. Use the finest of flannel; hem by hand on the right side; make long enough to lap double over the bowels. Many do not believe in keeping on these bands. The knitted ones stretch out of shape badly and are more irritating than those of fine wool or silk and wool. After baby is three or four months old, the knitted ones may be used. I keep them on until after the second summer, as they certainly help to prevent summer-complaint. When baby is too large to draw the knitted bands up over the hips, I open them at the back

and tie them with ribbon or tapes. Have four bands.

For the pinnars, use good flannel at from sixty to seventyfive cents a yard. Make them wrapper-style, waist and skirt in one. Have the fullness of the skirt gathered in at the back, just below the waist. Let them button straight down the front. Briar-stitch the hems with linen floss or embroidery-silk. Bind the necks with fine linen. Finish wrists with dainty little briar-stitched hem, and a lace edging added to the day pinnars. Three night and three day pinnars will be enough.

The flannel skirts should be made one and three-quarters yards around, narrowing slightly toward the top, to prevent so much fullness at the waist. Here you can use your taste as to ornamentation, according to the time or money you have to spend. The common skirts may be finished with a deep hem, briar-stitched in silk, to which may be added a dainty knitted edge of fine Saxony lace, one and one-half or two inches wide. An embroidered scallop, or scallop and dots, or any simple little pattern worked solidly or in heavy outline, can be easily done and may be kept for "catch-up" work. Of course, you may have the embroidery as elaborate as you wish; but be careful to have it fine and delicate, rather than a coarse showy pattern. I make sleeveless white cotton waists, on which to button the skirts—at least four. Making the waists separate often saves trouble when the skirt only needs changing. It is well to have three or four flannel skirts for ordinary wear, and one or two for extra occasions. When the flannel skirts are fine, white skirts are unnecessary with long clothes, and not only make an extra burden for baby to carry, but also make him and his garments more bungling to handle.

You will need at least ten dresses or slips and dresses. More than twelve is unnecessary where each week's laundry-work is promptly done in the house. Make eight of these plain and dainty, of India linen, having deep hems on some, varied with tucks above

on others. The hems may be from four to six inches deep. The tucks may be from one-eighth to one inch wide; the fine tucks are pretty, set in clusters of from three to five. The space between the clusters may be briar-stitched with the crochet-cotton which comes for that purpose, using number fifty or sixty. Where you make the deep hems alone, a row of briar-stitching just above, or in place of the machine-stitching, makes a very dainty finish. Fine narrow Hamburg or lace should be used as a finish to neck and sleeves. The little yokes may be either simply tucked, or made in clusters of tucks alternating with fine insertion, or they may be made of the all-over embroidery. Use the narrow tape or binding that comes already feather-stitched, at twentyfive cents per bunch of a dozen yards, to finish off the top of Hamburg ruffling at neck and wrists, also for the bottom of yoke.

The other dresses may be made of fine nainsook, although a good quality of India linen looks quite as well and is much cheaper. It launders beautifully, wears nicely, and has a fine dainty look. These dresses may be made with fine embroidered flouncing, four to six inches deep, on the skirt, headed by fine tucks or insertion. The very wide flouncing, reaching from the yoke down, is usually in rather coarse patterns for baby's dresses, unless you get the very expensive quality. The yokes are pretty, made of the embroidery like that on the bottom of the skirt. Another way is to finish the bottom of the skirt with a deep hem, then add a fine open insertion two to three inches wide, having a cluster of five or seven quarter or half inch tucks on each side. The yoke to this may be made of the solid insertion stitched neatly together, and a pretty narrow Hamburg ruffle finishes it all around, going over the shoulders. Where you have time, eyes, and patience, hem-stitched hem and tucks make a beautiful dress. One lovely dress has a narrow embroidered ruffle, three inches wide; headed by five three-eighths inch tucks with space between, to allow a row of briar-stitching between each tuck and heading the ruffle. The yoke has the embroidery turned up and down, the scallops meeting over a centre-piece, with three tucks and briar-stitching between; a narrow edge finishes it all around, going over the shoulder. The sleeves have tucks,

briar-stitching, and narrow ruffle. Sleeves may be varied, but do not have puffs, which are hard to launder. The little full sleeves, gathered into a band of insertion finished with the Hamburg ruffle, are very pretty. Always set the embroidery-flounces for the skirts on the edge. Of course, all the briar-stitching mentioned is optional, and may be left out altogether, if you have not time to give to it. The Mother Hubbard style is preferable for all of baby's dresses; it keeps in place better and is easily laundered.

The little night-dresses also answer for day-slips during the first few weeks. They may be made in Mother Hubbard or sacque style. Lonsdale cambric is generally used for these. They may have fancy yokes or a few tucks or band of insertion, as one prefers. A narrow Hamburg ruffle should finish the neck and sleeves; and a hem four inches deep, the bottom. They may be buttoned in front or in the back, all the way down or only part-way. Be sure to have everything made large, too large for baby at first—he will grow so fast. Turn the sleeves in a couple of inches at the top, so they may be lengthened without having to make new ones in a few weeks.

Do not cling to the idea that everything baby may or might need should be provided at the one time. It will be better to wait for many little extras until baby is a few weeks old, for of course his little life is more or less uncertain. One or two shoulder-blankets, a couple of jersey knitted sacques, soft little dozers or coverlids, three or four pairs of socks, should be provided, and, when more are needed, they may be easily obtained, large enough for baby's increased size. Of course, you can have more if you can afford it.

Make one shoulder-blanket, three-quarters of a yard square; briar-stitch an inch-wide hem with embroidery-silk, and sew a pretty crocheted edging two inches wide, of very fine Saxony or Shetland wool, on the edge. This will be a very useful blanket for baby's shoulders, until he is at least three years old. The other blanket may be embroidered simply or elaborately. For the little dozers or coverlids, take fine white cheese-cloth, double, with layers of cotton batting or sheet wadding between. Tie them with white or blue zephyr in tufts, and crochet an edge all around. When fresh, they make pretty carriage-afghans.

## EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an evening-toilette for a young lady, of white gauze or net, trimmed around the skirt with eight or nine rows of narrow

wide waistband is fitted and made of folds of white satin to correspond with the trimming of the skirt. Full puffed elbow-sleeves.



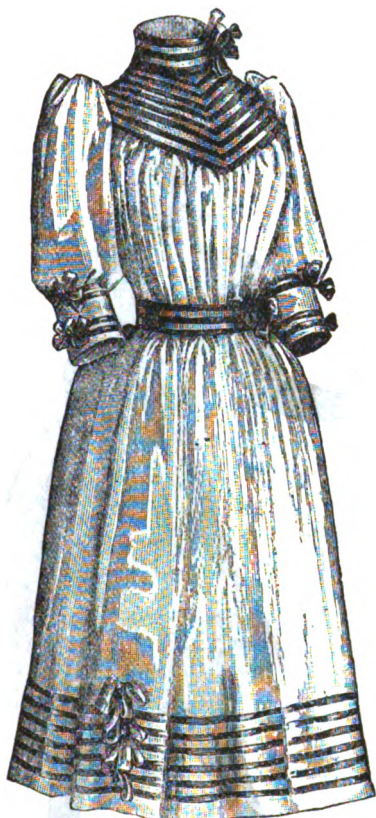
No. 1.



No. 2.

satin ribbon. The skirt is gathered all round at the waist, and the bodice is draped with crossed folds, finished off at the left side with a white satin bow and long ends. The

This model can be carried out with bordered grenadines, the bordered edge taking the place of the rows of ribbon on the skirt. Eight yards of fortytwo or fortysix inches



No. 3.

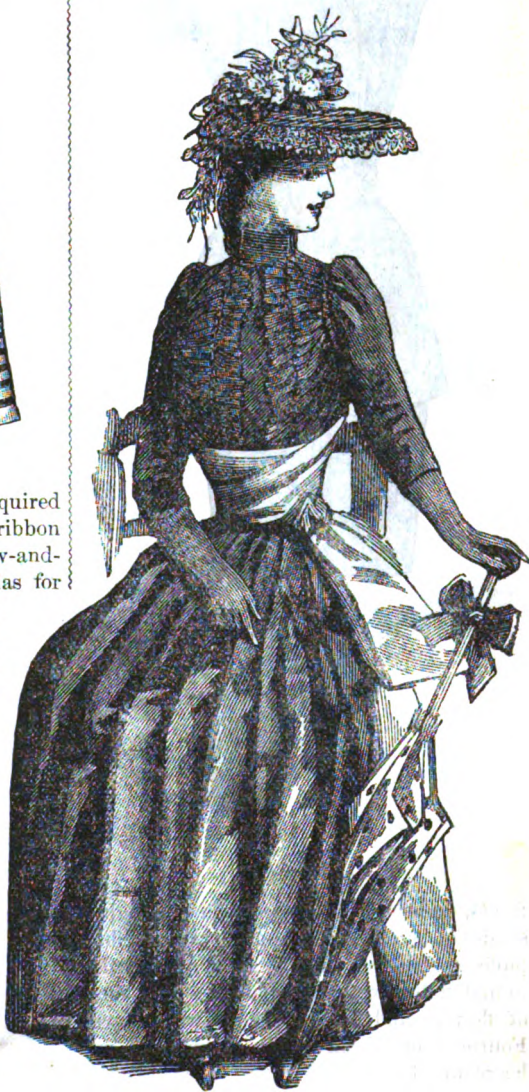
wide gauze, net, or grenadine will be required for this costume, four pieces of narrow ribbon for skirt, three yards of wide for bow-and-ends, half a yard of satin on the bias for the waistband. Of course, this gown will be made over a silk petticoat, waist-lining to correspond. An old evening-dress may be utilized for the underskirt, etc.

No. 2—Is a smart gown for the seaside or mountains. It is made of batiste—white ground, flowered with pink. Challis or India silk would be more durable. The round straight skirt is bordered with red serge silk or ribbon. The blouse-waist is full and drawn to the waist by a scarf in red serge silk, the end finished off with silk balls. The handkerchief collar is also bordered with the red serge, likewise the cuffs for the full elbow-sleeves. Parasol in red serge. Leghorn hat, trimmed to match. Twelve

VOL. XCVIII—5.

yards of thirtysix-inch material and five yards of silk serge will be required for this costume.

No. 3—Is a toilette trimmed with narrow bands of ribbon or velvet, for a girl of thirteen to fifteen years; suitable for the dancing-class. It may be made of white muslin or nun's-veiling; the yoke, skirt-waistband, and other adornings trimmed with narrow black or colored velvet ribbon. White and yellow will be quite the rage this season, for young girls as well as young ladies.



No. 4.



No. 4—Is a visiting-costume, of self-colored nun's-veiling, gloriosa, or any of the pretty soft woolen or silk fabrics. The skirt is side-plaited across the front and sides; the back in two wide box-plaits, very full in the centre of the back. The round waist has a double ruffle gathered on in fine knife-plaitings arranged around the armhole and up the



No. 5.

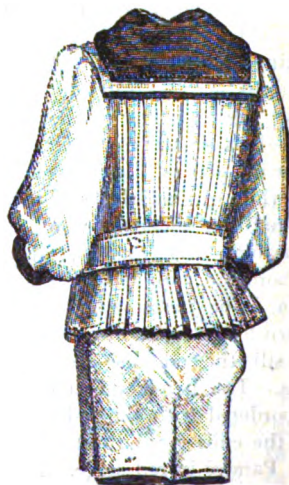
fronts, under a wide-plaited sash of a lighter shade of surah or gros-grain silk. Short puffed-up sleeves. Large straw or lace hat to match the costume, trimmed with a spray of flowers and trailing stems with leaves. Fourteen or fifteen yards of material will be required.

No. 5—Is a new model, both in design



No. 6.

and trimming, for a bathing-costume. Pants



No. 7.

and blouse with skirt are of marine-blue flannel or serge, feather-stitched with white



No. 8.

linen floss or crewels. The collar is of white cloth or serge, feather-stitched with blue. Cap to match.

No. 6—Is a pretty dress of polka-dotted India silk or challis, for a girl of ten to twelve years. The skirt has a hem and three inch-wide tucks above it. Full waist and puffed sleeves. A sash of either the material or of plain ribbon or surah is tied around the waist. Fancy straw hat, trimmed with loops of ribbon and bunches of flowers corresponding with the color of the dress.

No. 7.—Sailor blouse for little boy, made of white flannel or linen, with dark-blue sailor collar and cuffs bordered with a stitched-on band of white.

No. 8.—Cricketing or tennis jacket, of striped flannel, for young lad.

No. 9—Is a child's frock, of cream-colored serge, ornamented with bands of red and blue cross-stitch embroidery on skirt, sailor collar, cuffs, and waistband. A large



No. 9.

gilt buckle confines the waistband. Tam O'Shanter hat, with heron-feathers en suite.

### EMBROIDERED EDGE.

The embroidered edge which we give in silk, linen floss, or crewel. It is suitable for the front of the book may be done in either petticoats or baby's-wear.

### LION DESIGN FOR CURTAINS.

There will be found on the Supplement on curtains or table-covers; this is a very a design of a lion, to be done in outline effective ornament and quickly worked.



# GIRL'S SCHOOL-FROCK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a simple school or garden frock for a little girl of six years. Our pattern consists of four pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT OF FROCK.
2. HALF OF BACK OF FROCK.
3. SLEEVE.
4. HALF OF YOKE.

The letters and notches show how the

pieces are joined. The sleeve is gathered into a band.

This garment can be made in a variety of materials, washing-fabrics or summer woolens and serges. The trimmings should be in character with the material, either colored galloons or embroidered braids, or the yoke and cuffs may be smocked. Colored linens are useful

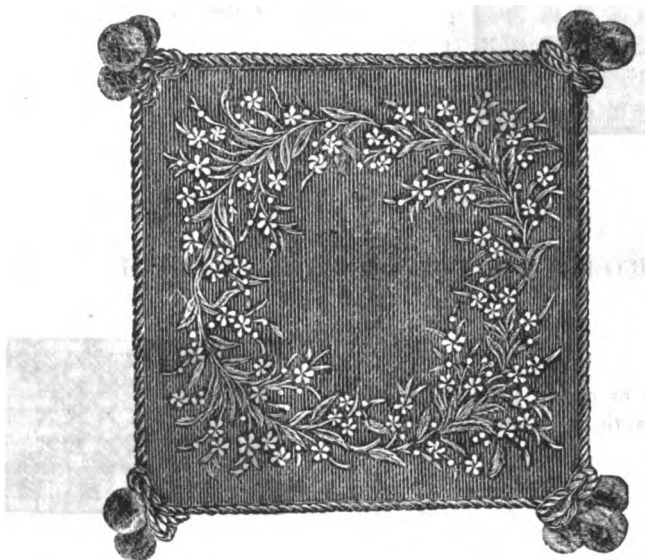
for this style of frock, dark-blue or Turkey-

red, when bands of embroidery to match are used for trimming. Any of the pretty plain or plaid gingham will be suitable for this model. The sash may be of twilled silk for a woolen dress, or of the material. For wash-dresses, always of the material.

## DESIGNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

### LAMP-MAT.



Now that lamps are so universally used, pretty mats are desirable. The one of which we give a pattern is of copper-colored felt or cloth. The flowers can be made of five small pieces of forget-me-not colored cloth, and fixed to the foundation by a yellow French knot; while stems, leaves, and tendrils are embroidered with olive split filoselle. Or the flowers may be embroidered also in filoselle.

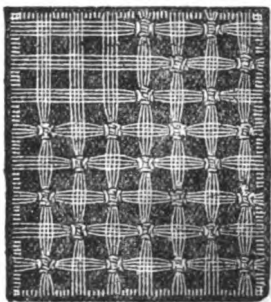
## DESIGN FOR A BALSAM-CUSHION.

We give a most suitable design, on the Supplement, for one of the fashionable balsam-cushions. Drawing-rooms are now filled with the perfume of pine-pillows. The filling is put in green; it has thus a richer and more lasting fragrance. Make a bag of stout cotton cloth, fill with the balsam, and then cover with cheese-cloth before putting on the outside cover. This covering may be of silk, pongee, foulard, or linen, as preferred; but pongee is perhaps the prettiest. The pine cones and branches and "needles" are worked in the natural browns and greens, using wash-silks.

## SWALLOWS IN CROSS-STITCH.

In the front of the book, we give a design of swallows, to be done in cross-stitch on towels, table-cloths, or napkins. Red embroidery-cotton will wash the best.

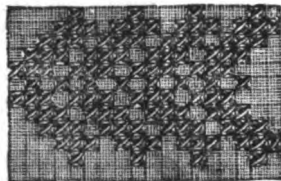
## SIMPLE PATTERN FOR DRAWN-LINEN WORK.



Draw the threads in quarter-inch squares, and work over with fine linen thread, as seen in the design.

## BORDER IN CROSS-STITCH.

Work on canvas or coarse linen, in red and blue French working-cottons, for ends of bath-towels, etc.



## DUSTER-BAG.

The little bag in the front of the number is a very neat contrivance for holding that article necessary to every room—the duster. It is made of a strip of chintz one yard long and nine inches wide, lined with a contrasting color.

The pocket is formed by turning up six

or seven inches, the remainder of the length being laid in three plaits, run through a brass or nickel ring, and fastened to the left side of the pocket. The other corner is turned down as seen in the illustration, and the edge finished with a pretty fancy stitch.

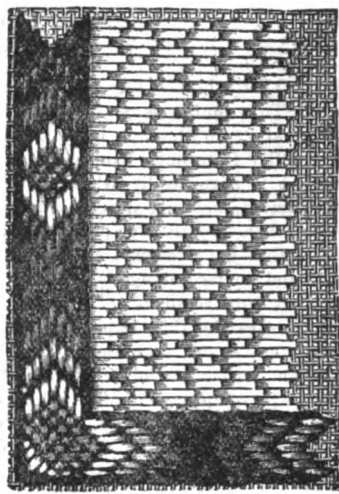
## HANGING PINCUSHION.

The hanging pincushion which we give in the front of the book can be worked on any colored satin or silk which may be

fancied; the cobweb pattern is done in gold and brown silks, and is particularly effective on a blue background.

## BOOK-COVER, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

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The embroidery is worked on both sides of the cover alike, with filoselle on canvas. The border is done in blue, olive, and rose silk, in combination with black and yellow, as seen in the detailed pattern. In the posy, the corn-flowers are carried out with split filoselle in their natural blue, the star-blossom in rose, leaves and stalks in greens, the butterfly in black, blue, and light-brown, and the bow in blue silk in various shades. The cover should be sent to a book-binder, who would join and mount the two panels by a strip of velvet. The inside is lined with satin, which is arranged with side-pockets to hold the book in place. Many ladies, however, prefer these covers made up soft or with only a card-board stiffening, which they can easily make up themselves.

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## WATER-LILY DESIGN.

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The colored design in the front of the number is to be done in outline and darned work, the small straight lines to be darned; this is easiest done on huckaback toweling. It can be embroidered in any color that may be liked, but looks best if done with gold-colored silks or filoselle. This is an exceedingly effective design.

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## DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY FOR PIANO SCARF OR STOOL.

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On the Supplement, we give a most appropriate design for the end of a scarf for an upright piano or for a piano-stool. It may be done in outline or in satin stitch, on any material that will harmonize in color with the room.

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## BIRD DESIGN, TO BE PAINTED OR EMBROIDERED.

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On the Supplement will be found a beautiful original design of birds, to be done in painting or embroidery. It is suitable for the top of a pincushion, handkerchief-sachet, neck-tie case, or may be painted for a plate or plaque.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**COURAGE.**—This quality is a vital element of Christian chivalry. Without it, indeed, neither truth nor fidelity to promise can be hoped for.

The coward is sure to lie when the truth means punishment, and sure to retreat from his engagements when they involve peril. We need valiant souls that have learned to endure and scorn pain, and to face danger fearlessly and promptly when duty requires.

Some parents evade this important part of training by glosses and deception. A mother who has taken her boy to the dentist's, to have a tooth out, will often say, if he is shrinking: "Sit still, my boy; it won't hurt you." Now, she knows it will hurt him; but if she can only persuade him, by this device, to sit still and let the dentist get hold of the tooth, then his discovery of the pain will not hinder its extraction.

This is a double mistake. It destroys her boy's confidence in her, for he detects her in an untruth. And, though it induces the boy, this time, to sit still, it does so under the delusion that there is to be no pain, whereas he should be taught to face the pain and scorn it. This makes the difference between cowards and heroes.

A regiment of poltroons could march up to a battery as cheerfully as a regiment of heroes, if they thought there were no enemies at the guns. The difference is, that heroes know the danger and face it valiantly.

**THE INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.**—An interior should grow by degrees, like the layers of a pearl, though not quite so slowly, instead of attaining its maturity like the bean-stalk in the fairy tale, in the course of a few hours. Many persons with moderate means go into their houses with only some necessary articles of furniture, so that they may study the needs and capabilities of the rooms at their leisure, and thus avoid unwise purchases.

It takes some little time to become fully acquainted with a house and understand just what will look best in each particular room and spot, also to accomplish a general harmony of color and arrangement for the whole.

**"THE BEST."**—The Marion (N. Y.) Enterprise says of "Peterson": "It possesses elements of interest for both old and young. Its stories, fashion-plates, and engravings are the best. No home-circle is complete without it."

**OUR NEW VOLUME.**—Liberal as has been the praise bestowed on the volume which has just closed, we are confident this new one will merit even higher encomiums. We have an ample list of attractions in store for the next six months, in the way of illustrations, and our reading-matter will be found even more varied and interesting than usual. We have still four serials on hand, and stories by M. G. McClelland, Edgar Fawcett, and various other prominent writers.

We do not forget that the public press has dubbed us the "model family magazine," and in the future we shall stick to the motto "Excelsior!" as we have done in the past.

Our subscribers will remember to remind their friends that the new volume will be sent for one dollar. Clubs for the year can also be made up now—the club-rates and premiums will be found on the second cover-page.

**NATURAL SCIENCE.**—By a careful and judicious teacher, natural science can be so arranged with amusement and pleasant mental exercise, that a child will scarcely know where the one ends and the other begins. Children's attention should be diligently exercised in carefulness of observation, niceness of comparison, acuteness of deduction, and their descriptive powers brought into activity by being taught to examine carefully and describe a flower, a shell, an insect, or recount a story they have read. This mode of training will cultivate the memory as well.

**THREADING A NEEDLE.**—When trying to thread a sewing-machine at twilight or in any imperfect light, as sometimes one is obliged to do, if you will place a bit of white cloth or paper back of the needle-eye, it can be found and filled very much easier.

**FOR THE COMPLEXION** and for light cutaneous affections, Crème Simon, superior to vaseline and cucumbers; whiten and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York. Perfumers, druggists, and fancy-goods stores.

**AMUSED WITH TRIFLES.**—Those who place their affections at first on trifles for amusement will find these trifles become at last their more serious concern.

**IN MAKING FLANNELS,** they should be soaked first in cold water and then in hot water, before they are made up, in order to shrink them.

**TURPENTINE.**—After a housekeeper fully realizes the worth of turpentine in the household, she is never willing to be without a supply of it. It gives quick relief to burns; it is an excellent application for corns; it is good for rheumatism and sore throat. It is also a sure preventive against moths; dropping a little in the chests and closets will keep the garments contained in them secure from injury during the summer. Putting a few drops of turpentine in the corners of store-rooms and on the shelves of closets will prove a safeguard against ants and insects generally. It is sure destruction to bed-bugs, and, if thoroughly applied to all the joints of a bedstead, will effectually drive away these pests without injuring either furniture or bed-clothes. A spoonful added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint.

**TO ORNAMENT LINEN.**—The ornamentation of the upper edges of linen sheets with drawn-work forms a pleasant little piece of work, and, as there is no corner that needs turning, the labor is not so great or so elaborate as it would be if the insertion had to be carried down the sides also. Pillow-shams, towels, pocket-handkerchiefs, table-cloths, and napkins may all be improved by a slight insertion of drawn-work. We say "slight," because it does not by any means follow that the more elaborate the decoration, the more effective.

#### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Swedish System of Educational Gymnastics.* By Baron Nils Possé. Boston: Lee and Shepard. —This volume fills a pressing demand for a practical hand-book of Swedish gymnastics. It meets the requirements of the professional teacher and the general public also. The work is an original and lucid exposition of the entire system of educational gymnastics, clearly brought out by nearly two hundred and fifty illustrations. The author has thoughtfully included in an appendix an elaborate statement of the physiological effects of exercise and muscular activity in bodily movements, deeming it highly important that the teacher of gymnastics should always have at hand such a table of reference. The system contains free standing exercises and exercises with apparatus, yet it differs from other systems inasmuch as special apparatus is not absolutely necessary. This makes it truly practical and puts it within the reach of all, independent of wealth or of other conveniences.

*Sound - English.* By Augustin Knoflach. New York: G. E. Stichert. —This little essay is a very ingenious plea for phonetic spelling. If one is not ready to accept all the proposed changes, when one recalls the silent letters fastened like excrescences on so many words, the capriciousness

of pronunciation in those ending in "ough," not to mention various other peculiarities which render the spelling and speaking of English maddening to foreigners and perplexing even to the native-born, one is forced to admit that Professor Knoflach has just ground for his strictures. There is food for thought, too, in his suggestion that, if the English-speaking races will "amend the spelling of their vernacular, they will have a 'world-language,' a simpler than which cannot be desired, and one that is already spoken by over a hundred millions of the most civilized people on earth."

*Lake Champlain and its Shores.* By W. H. H. Murray. Boston: De Wolfe, Fiske & Co. —This is a very agreeable as well as useful book. Its author is an acknowledged authority in regard to yachting, shooting, and fishing, and his descriptions of the picturesque region make a series of word-pictures that bring its beauties before the eye almost as vividly as an artist's pencil could do. The work will be especially welcome to schools for its historical record, as the neighborhood of Lake Champlain was the scene of many important struggles and exploits in pre-Revolutionary times. Numerous facts and incidents which have hitherto remained unrecorded, or have been published in a manner so disconnected as to render them practically useless, are here presented in a clear concise form which gives them due weight and value.

*The Corsican Brothers.* By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. —This is perhaps the most interesting in the long series of the elder Dumas's remarkable novels. A noted critic once said of this book that it was "the most weird and thrilling inspiration that ever came to a fertile brain." The scene alternates between Corsica and Paris, and the absorbing interest of the tale grows with each chapter. The play which was founded on this book made one of the greatest theatrical successes of the century, and is still as great a favorite as when first produced. The publishers have included the novel in their twenty-five-cent edition, and there can be no doubt that it will prove among the most popular of the series.

*Sytlín; or, Position.* By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. —The numerous admirers of this popular author will give this book a warm welcome. It is in many respects the best story Ouida has produced for several years. The pictures of English and Continental life are drawn with great skill and fidelity, and the leading characters stand out clear and distinct. Ouida always excels in description, and she is a genuine poet in her love of nature. Although this work is not, as a whole, equal to "Wanda" or "In Marremma," it is exceedingly interesting and must take high rank among the season's novels.

*The Feet of Love.* By Anne Reece Aldrich. New York: Worthington Co. —This is a capital



study of American social life: witty, satirical, with an undertone of pathos which is genuine and touching. The story is written with much force and originality, and the plot is well carried out. The volume is prettily bound and contains a portrait of the author, besides several good photogravures.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### RECIPES BY SUBSCRIBERS.

**Macaroni and Cheese.**—Break half a pound of macaroni in pieces of from two to three inches long. Put in hot water, and let it boil about twenty minutes. Then drain from the water, and put a layer of macaroni in a deep baking-dish; then a sprinkling of cracker-crumbs, some cheese finely shaved, salt, pepper, and bits of butter; then a layer of the macaroni again, until the dish is full. Have the top layer one of cracker-crumbs, cheese, etc. Pour in enough milk to moisten well, and bake slowly for three-quarters of an hour.

**Tapioca Pudding.**—Soak one half-cupful of tapioca for three or four hours in just enough water to cover it, then stir the tapioca in a pint of boiling milk. Beat the yolks of three eggs with two-thirds of a cupful of sugar and a bit of salt, then add this to the milk and tapioca. Take from the fire, and beat in gradually—a spoonful at a time—the whites of the eggs beaten very light, and set to cool; or the whites may be spread on top, and the pudding set in the oven till of a light delicate brown.

**Fish Salad.**—Take the remains of cold fish and pull it into flakes; season with salt and pepper to taste. Chop some onions and parsley very fine, and mix with the fish. Some people add chopped cucumber-pickle as well, which is very good. Then make a mayonnaise or French dressing, and pour over it.

**Stewed Potatoes with Tomatoes.**—Quarter and partly cook the potatoes, then add half as many tomatoes as you have potatoes. Add a little cream or sweet milk just before serving.

**White Cake.**—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, the beaten whites of six eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.

### PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Always use loaf-sugar; it is the driest, cleanest, and consequently the cheapest in the end. Other grades of sugar reduce the quality, lose considerably in weight, and deaden the color of the fruit. Always boil brightly-colored fruits rapidly for a few moments before adding the sugar; this heightens the color. Do not let them boil too long, however, or they will become too thick to

dissolve the sugar, and the scum will not rise. To secure bright, free, and sparkling jam, a very clear sharp fire is needed, and the pan must be watched and stirred continuously all the while it is over the heat. The greater the heat and the clearer the fire, the quicker and better the jam will be cooked, and the more brilliant the color will be. The carefulness of the skimming is of vital importance.

**To Preserve Strawberries Whole.**—To each pound of the finest lump-sugar, put half a pint of water, or, if preferred, the juice of fresh red currants. Let this boil, skimming carefully all the time, until it begins to get thick and has the appearance of returning to sugar. Now very carefully put in, to each pound of sugar, one pound of fine fresh-picked strawberries, and let them boil gently for about a quarter of an hour, or until the fruit appears to be done. Pour the preserve into a basin, taking care not to break the fruit, and allow it to stand until the next day, when carefully drain all the juice from the strawberries. Put the juice into the preserving-kettle, and let it boil until it will jelly, skimming it as before; then put in the strawberries, and boil them very gently from five to ten minutes, taking care to keep them unbroken. Put the preserve into small glasses or pots; let them stand uncovered for a week. If at the end of that time it does not appear to be satisfactorily made, the last process must be repeated.

**Red Currant Jelly.**—The fruit should be ripe, fine, and fresh-gathered. Put a handful of currants into a piece of tammy, and squeeze out all the juice; throw away the stalks, and repeat the process until you have enough juice. Having measured this, put it into the preserving-kettle and let it boil, taking off scum as it rises, for twenty minutes, then add three-quarters of a pound of lump-sugar to each pint of juice, as measured before boiling. Stir well until the sugar is dissolved, and let the jelly boil slowly for three-quarters of an hour, or until it will set, skim lightly, and put into little pots whilst it is still very hot; cover when cold. By boiling the juice before adding the sugar, the water is evaporated, and a jelly of better flavor is obtained than when juice and sugar are boiled together in the first place.

**Raspberry Vinegar.**—Take two quarts of freshly-gathered raspberries, put them into one quart of vinegar, let it stand twentyfour hours; then drain off, and do not squeeze the fruit. Put to the vinegar two more quarts of raspberries. Let it again stand for twentyfour hours, strain, and, having again repeated the process, measure the raspberry vinegar into a jar, and to each pint add one pound of loaf-sugar. Set the jar in a saucepanful of boiling water, stir the vinegar and sugar over the fire until the latter is dissolved, and, having allowed it to get cold, put into small bottles, and cork closely. The vine-

gar is in perfection from six to twelve months after making.

*Cherry Jam.*—Red cherries are the best for jam; they should not be too ripe. If you like to preserve them whole, make a syrup—putting, for every pound of fruit you intend preserving, one pound of loaf-sugar into a quarter-pint of cold water, which should boil for half an hour. Have your fruit picked from the stalks and weighed, put it gently into the syrup, and let it boil for an hour, stirring gently and carefully to avoid breaking the fruit; skim occasionally. Put a little on a plate, and, when it stiffens, the jam is done; put it into jars, and let it get quite cold before you cover it.

### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS, OF GAUZE, sprinkled with daisies, worn over cream-colored silk. The plain skirt is edged with a band of olive-green ribbon. The bodice is slightly open at the neck, crosses over to the right side, and is slightly full on the shoulders. The sleeves are loose and full; and the neck-trimming, waistband, and cuffs are of olive-green ribbon.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF IVORY-WHITE SURAH. The bottom of the plain skirt is edged with a yellow moiré ribbon, above which are placed upright pieces of passementerie. The bodice is jacket-shaped and is trimmed with moiré ribbon and passementerie; the full front is of moiré, with a jabot of yellow lisse. Sleeves full at the top, with cuffs like the trimming of the jacket.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WILLOW-GREEN STRIPED GRENADINE. The skirt and bodice are perfectly plain, with a wide sash of green ribbon which ties at the side on the back. The yoke and sleeves are of open-work embroidery.

FIG. IV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF PLAIN BLUE AND BLUE-AND-WHITE STRIPED SATEEN. The skirt of the plain blue material has a woven band of blue-and-white, or a band of the blue-and-white striped may be sewed upon it. The jacket-bodice is made of the blue-and-white stripe, with wide revers faced with plain blue, and a full shirt-front, also of plain blue, confined by a white ribbon; very full jabot of lace, and lace ruffles on the sleeves. Hat of white straw, trimmed with wild roses and faced with thin blue silk; white ribbon bow at one side.

FIG. V.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE. The plain skirt has panels on each side, the lower parts of which are braided in white. The bodice is round, and the sleeves quite wide, with deep braided cuffs. The cape is made very high and full on the shoulders, and is braided back and front. Collar of jonquil-colored silk. Straw toque, covered with white muslin and decorated with two yellow wings.

FIG. VI.—BONNET, OF BLACK TULLE, trimmed

with écreu lace. The lace strings are caught together in front by a black satin bow.

FIG. VII.—GOWN, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING, for a garden-party. The skirt is finished at the bottom by several small tucks. The loose bodice and sleeves have cuffs, collar, and jacket of black lace. Sash of white moiré ribbon. Large shady hat, of spotted net.

FIG. VIII.—MORNING-DRESS, OF BLUE FOULARD. The skirt is round, not full except at the back, and trimmed with three pinked ruffles. The sleeves correspond with the skirt, and the cape is composed of a series of pinked ruffles. The waistband is edged with a very narrow turned-up pinked ruffle.

FIG. IX.—BODICE-TRIMMING, to wear over a plain or old-style bodice. The draped braces which extend down the back are in shrimp-pink surah, edged with a feather-trimming in a contrasting color. The ribbon belt is knotted in a loose bow, to fall in front. The large ruffle collar is of finely-plaited muslin, edged with a narrow lace.

FIG. X.—HAT, OF COARSE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with a wreath of roses, without foliage, and black satin ribbon.

FIG. XI.—LAWN-TENNIS DRESS, OF NAVY-BLUE SERGE, with a white cloth front and vest, striped with blue braid, or striped blue-and-white flannel may be used for the purpose. The blouse-jacket is close-fitting at the back, has loose fronts which open over the waistcoat. The skirt, bodice, and sleeves are all trimmed with narrow white braid. White straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. XII.—WATERING-PLACE GOWN, OF GREEN BATISTE, studded with rosebuds. The skirt is put on with gathers at the waist, and is edged with a ruching of black lace. Similar ruches ornament the sides. The bodice and sleeves are trimmed with black lace, and a narrow green moiré sash is tied in front. Hat of black crinoline, trimmed with lace and pink rosebuds.

FIG. XIII.—SEA-SIDE DRESS, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The skirt is of cream-colored serge, edged with a deep band of dark-blue and cream-colored serge. The jacket is of plain dark-blue serge, with waistcoat, collar, and trimmings of the striped serge. White sailor-hat, with blue ribbon.

FIG. XIV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE FOULARD. The skirt is straight, ornamented with a broad vandyke lace. The full bodice is confined at the waist by a wide Japanese sash of soft blue silk, two loops and ends falling from the rosette at the side. Collar and cuffs of vandyke lace. The transparent hat is of black tulle drawn over wire, trimmed with loops of white ribbon, corn-flowers (or blue-pinks), and an aigrette.

FIG. XV.—MORNING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE AND PINK STRIPED TENNIS-FLANNEL. The

skirt is edged with a narrow ruffle of the flannel, cut lengthwise. The bodice is made with a yoke in front, but is Princess-shape at the back, and is shaped to the figure by blue ribbon straps which come from just below the armhole and are tied in front. Blue ribbon bow at the neck. The yoke and the puffs of the sleeves are finished by quillings of blue ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—WEDDING-GOWN, OF WHITE NET OVER WHITE SILK. The skirt is full, but perfectly plain. The bodice is full, back and front, and confined at the waist by a white satin band. The collar and the bows at the wrist are of white satin ribbon. Very long tulle veil. Orange-blossoms at the waist and in the hair.

FIG. XVII.—WEDDING-DRESS, OF WHITE CORDED SILK. The front of the skirt is laid in plaits, and each plait is edged by a band of orange-blossoms. The bodice is made with plaits coming from the shoulders to a point in front, and on the left side is a band of orange-blossoms. The long train is quite plain. Figured lace veil, with orange-blossoms in the hair.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is little that is new to chronicle with regard to fashions at this season of the year, and in our numerous engravings we give all the latest modifications of the styles established in the spring.

Numerous old-fashioned goods in old-fashioned styles are being revived: lawns—or “painted muslins,” as they were called half a century ago—have again appeared, as delicate and pretty as paintings. Challis came out two or three years ago, as we all know, but mostly in poor quality and inartistic designs and colors, not like the beautiful old challis. Soft clinging materials like those we have mentioned, crêpes, foulards, and India silks are great favorites.

The way of making gowns remains much the same in style; but such eccentricities are allowed in the manner of trimming that no two look quite alike, yet all give the impression of clinging skirts and much-ornamented bodices.

Skirts are often made quite straight, with bands of velvet or ribbon, or tucks, for the only ornament; or they may be more of the tailor style, if made of woollen materials.

Bodices may be either belted or sharp-pointed, or with basque of a more round shape, like the old cuirass waist. It may be either quite high in the neck, or rather low. It may be of a jacket-shape worn over a vest, or buttoned up and trimmed on one side only. There is no limit to the fancy that may be employed for a bodice.

Sleeves are still worn very high, and need to be cut full at the top. They fit best when they are mounted on a plain lining which fits the arm comfortably; then the outside is made longer and wider than the lining at the top, and gathered into the armhole with it. These

sleeves are generally rather close-fitting from the elbow to the wrist. For the autumn, it is predicted that they will button up the back of the arm quite to the elbow.

Blouses and jerseys are much worn; they are generally cool and useful to take the place of worn-out bodices with old skirts. The blouses are made of silk; but, except for children, they do not usually fall over the skirt. There is a drawing-string at the waist, and the short skirt is slipped under the dress-skirt.

Jerseys are sometimes made in jacket-shapes, and sometimes they have silk or velvet sleeves.

Bonnets seem to be growing smaller and smaller, for young women and girls; the larger ones are generally worn by persons approaching middle-age, though to some of the latter the small capote or toque shape is most becoming. These little bonnets look like pretty head-dresses, often; they are composed of a tuft of black lace with a few blossoms nestling in it, or of a saucer-like bit of straw with a wreath around the edge; some are slightly pointed in front, some are round.

Strings to bonnets are usually becoming to all faces, and are almost obligatory for all except young people; tulle softens the ravages of time greatly, and black velvet strings are a great addition to bonnets, though ribbon ones look well, especially when much ribbon trimming is used.

Hats are generally made with large flat brims and low crowns, pinched in here and there, back and front, just as may be most suitable for the face of the wearer. All kinds of pretty flowers are used in trimming them.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID. The skirt and bodice are box-plaited. The large collar and cuffs are embroidered with red embroidery-silk. Hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with pompons.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED. The knickerbockers are finished with a band at the knees. The open jacket has revers ornamented with buttons, opens over a striped loose waistcoat of blue and gray, and has a wide low collar. Gray straw hat, with blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE, composed of two ruffles trimmed on the edge with gimp or embroidery. The jacket is edged to correspond with the skirt, and opens over a loose shirt of foulard silk, trimmed with buttons and a narrow edge.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S COLLAR, made of blue and white striped linen, with a corresponding bow.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S CAPE, OF THIN SUMMER-CLOTH, plaited to a yoke which is pointed back and front.

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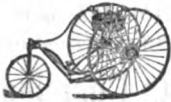
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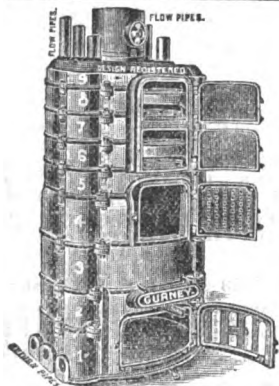
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## Sound-English versus Volapük.

pe atenshon and lisn.  
tu mek yur panz glisn  
and mitalik wer klenz,  
sapolio iz imens.

it haz manifold yusez,  
bot hwet bits dhi dyus iz  
dhi veri lo praisez  
dhe charj fer dhi slaisez.

hwet iz sapolio? it iz e solid, handsome kek ev skauring sop hwich haz no ikwal fer el klining perposez eksept dhi lendri. tu yuz it iz tu valyu it. hwet wil sapolio du? hwai, it wil klin pent, mek vilkleths brait and giv dhi florz, toblz, and shelvz e nyu apirans. it wil tek dhi gris ef dhi dishez and ef dhi pets and panz. yu kan skaur dhi naivz widh it and mek dhi tinz shain braitli. dhi wash-besn, dhi bath-tab, ivn dhi grizi kitchen singk wil bi az klin az e nyu pin, if yu yuz sapolio.

*The above is written according to the rules of "Sound-English, a Language for the World," invented by Prof. A. Knoflach. Sold by all booksellers; sent for 25 cents in postage stamps by G. E. Stecher, 328 Broadway, New York.*

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1890.

Ned. By M. V. Merton (Illustrated), . . .	127	The Queen's Gift—A Poem. By Mary Leonard, . . . . .	168
Under an Unlucky Star. By H A. Holden, . . . . .	133	The Knight of the Crimson Scarf. By Mattie Dyer Britts, . . . . .	169
An Unselfish Desire—A Poem, . . . .	137	To the False Lover—A Poem. By I. E. Diekenga, . . . . .	172
Jacky and the Princess. By Alice Maud Ewell, . . . . .	138	Talks by a Trained Nurse. By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil: Cholera, . . . . .	173
Dream-Land—A Poem. By Belle Bremer, . . . . .	147	Breathing-Exercises, . . . . .	174
Imprisoned Rainbows. By Miss Louisa Jamison (Corundum), . . . . .	148	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . .	175
Between Themselves. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	150	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	184
Unrest—A Poem. By M. J. Tourjee, . . .	157	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	185
Nature's Dress—A Poem. By Carrie M. Bassick, . . . . .	157	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	186
The Story of an Old Letter. By Olivia Lovell Wilson, . . . . .	158	Horticultural, . . . . .	186
The Mandolin—A Poem. By Gertie Vivian Guernsey, . . . . .	161	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	187
In the Earl's Keeping. By Georgia Grant, . . .	162	Fashions for August (Illustrated), . . .	188
		Our Paris Letter. By Lucy H. Hooper, . .	189
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . .	190

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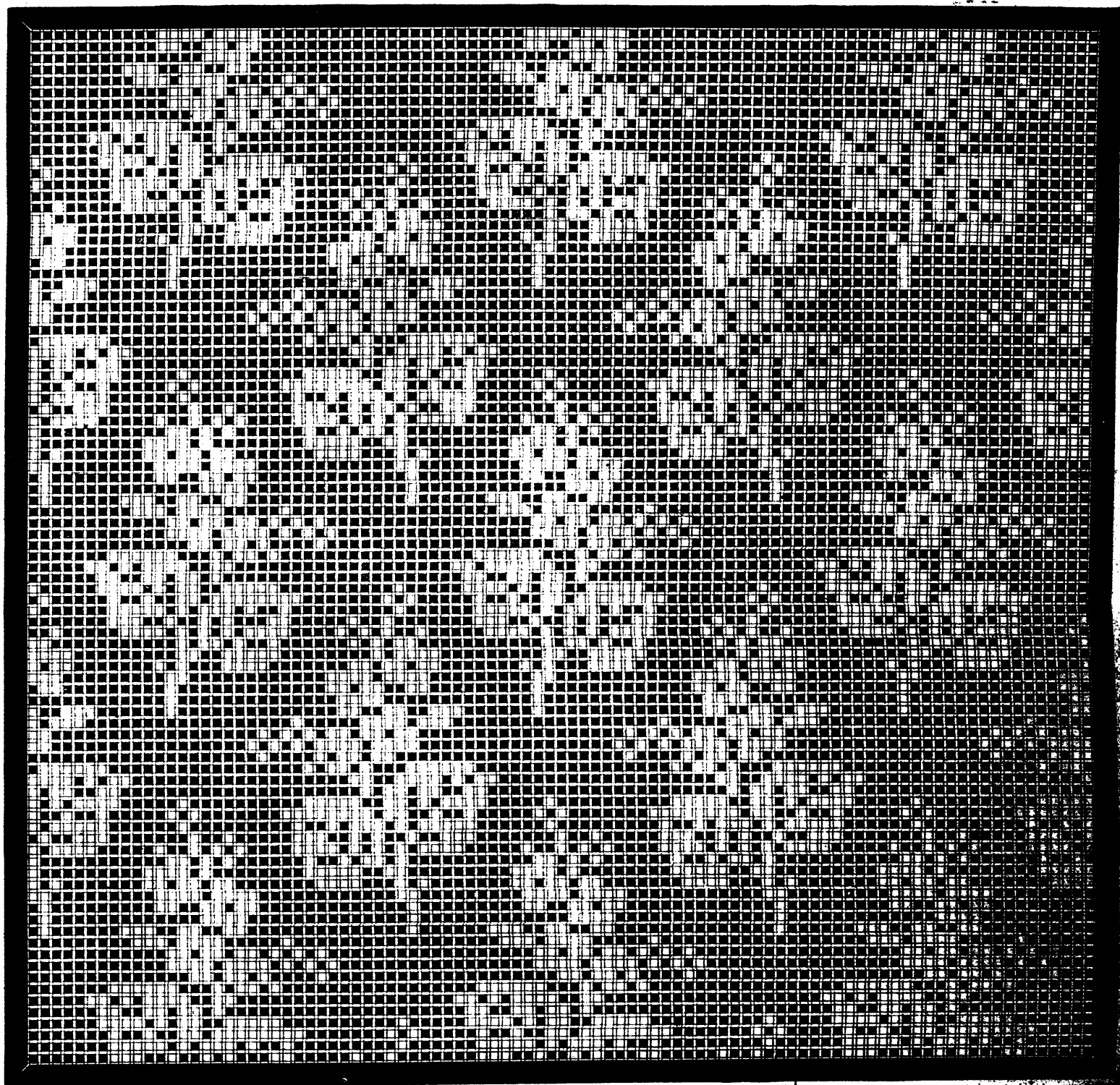




ONE THING AT A TIME.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE - AUGUST, 1890.



DESIGN IN CROCHET OR ON JAVA CANVAS.







ONE OF GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES.







CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



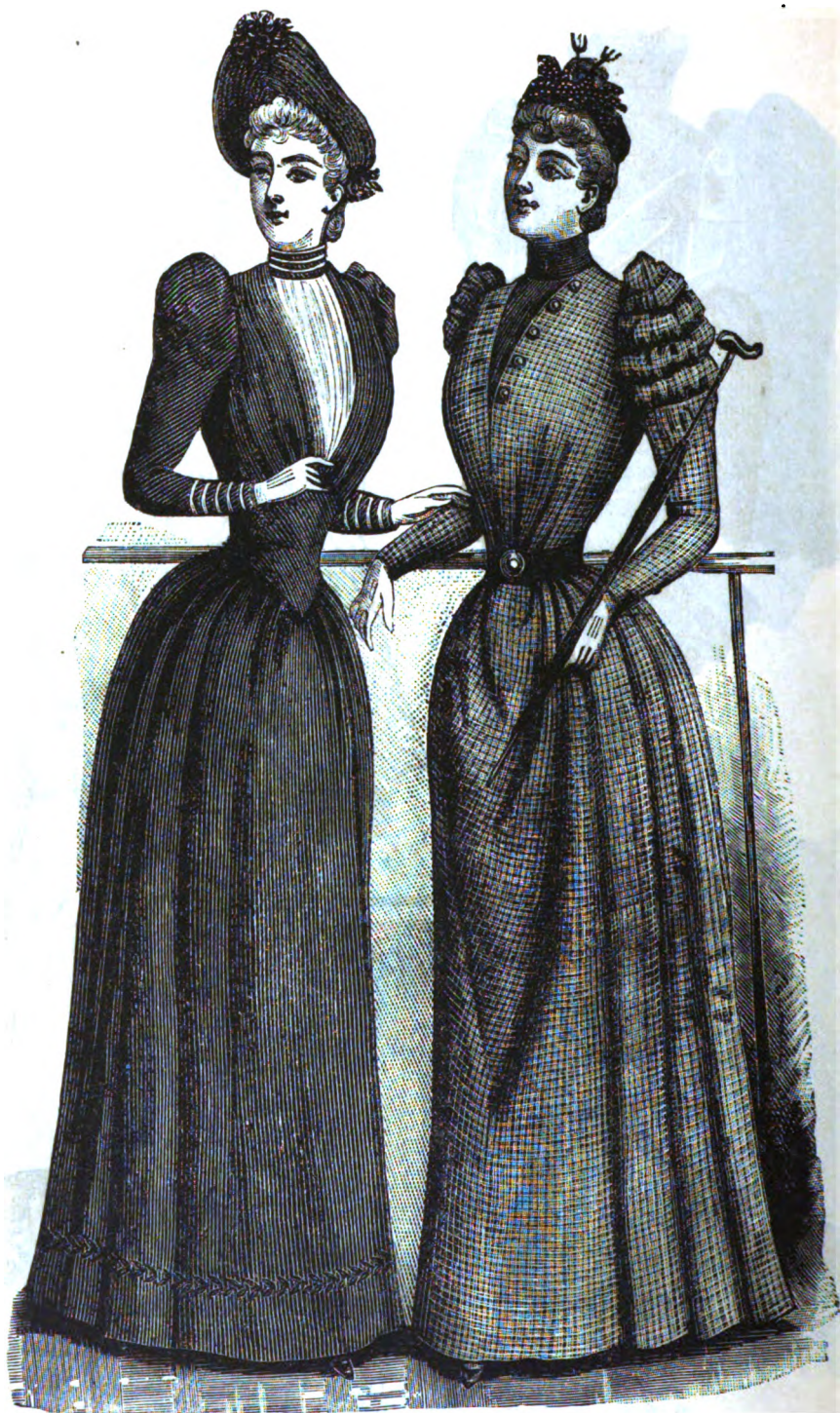


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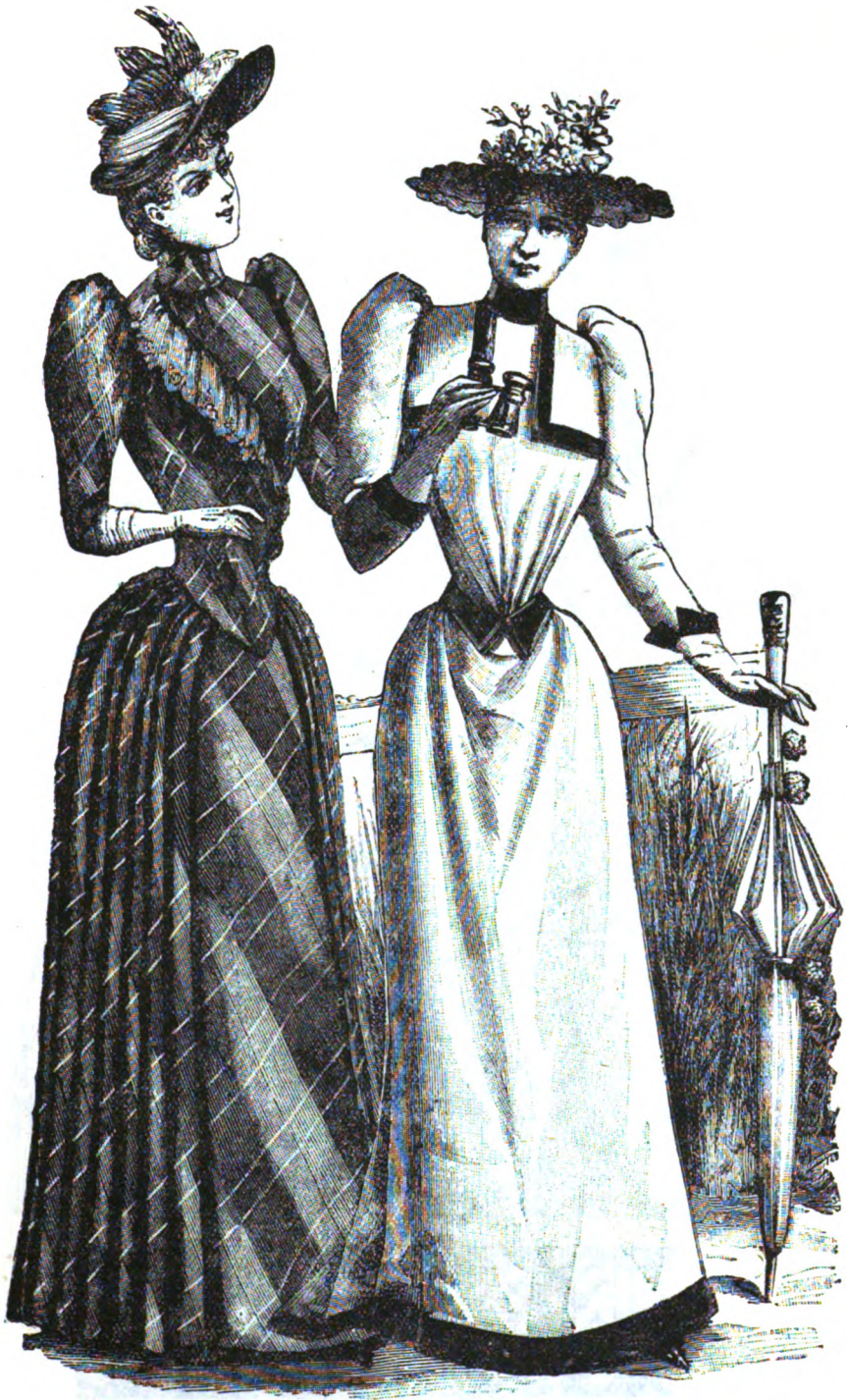
BLACK LACE CORSAGE. MOURNING-BONNET. HOUSE-DRESS. SLEEVE.



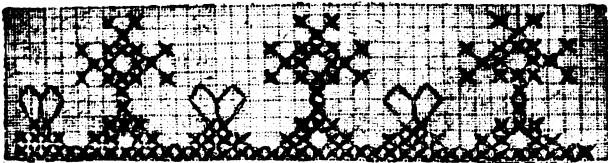


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DESIGNS FOR D'OYLEYS.

# ONLY TO SEE THEE, DARLING.

## Song.

As Published by Sep. Winner & Son. Philadelphia Pa.

F. CAMPANA.

*Andante.* 8:

Voice.

1. On - ly to see thee dar - ling,  
2. Gone is that sun - lit fu - ture,

Piano.

On - ly to hear thy voice,..... E - ven its faint - est  
Vis - ion of joy too bright,..... Now ev - 'ry gleam bath

whis - per, Would bid my heart re - joice; Vain - ly I crave the  
fad - ed, Van - ish'd in dark - est night; Too late, a - las! I

sun - shine Thy love would e'en im - part;.....  
know thee, Ah! let my poor heart tell.....

ONLY TO SEE THEE, DARLING.

I may but hear its im - press      Deep in my in - most heart,  
Breathe out its bit - ter an - guish      In that sad word fare - well!

The first system of the musical score for 'Only to See Thee, Darling.' It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'I may but hear its im - press      Deep in my in - most heart, Breathe out its bit - ter an - guish      In that sad word fare - well!'. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with a fermata over a chord in the right hand.

On - ly to see thee dar - ling,      on - ly to hear thy voice.....

*f*

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'On - ly to see thee dar - ling,      on - ly to hear thy voice.....'. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bass line consists of single notes.

E - ven its faint - est whis - per      Would bid my heart re - joice.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'E - ven its faint - est whis - per      Would bid my heart re - joice.'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

*f*      *rall.*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line has a whole rest, indicating the singer is silent. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. The right hand part is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a *rall.* (rallentando) marking towards the end of the system.





SEASIDE TOILETTES.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVIII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1890.

No. 2.

N E D.

BY M. V. MERTON.



First, I opened my eyes wide in astonishment, and, rising, stood and stared at Ned, as he lay comfortably stretched out on the grass. Then I began to laugh, and laughed until the tears came.

"You find it amusing, do you?" quoth Ned, coolly. "Well, it is funny, and I became hilarious myself when the idea first struck me. I ran against it—the idea that I loved you, you know—last night, and it nearly knocked me over. Such an unexpected blow was enough to fell an ox, much less a delicate individual like myself. But no more laughing, Vivian; this is a serious talk, and laughter is inappropriate to the occasion."

Whereat I laughed more than ever, and exclaimed:

"Oh, you ridiculous fellow!"

"Yes, you are right; you show your usual sound judgment, in pronouncing my conduct ridiculous. It is really madness, to bestow my affections on a person so unable to appreciate their value. But, Vi, I have discovered that no human being is exactly sane on all subjects, and I am just now developing the conviction that, strong as my mind is, it has its weak points."

"Oh, yes, certainly," I said, laughing still. "I thank you very much for so honoring me, Mr. Wharton."

"Not at all, my dear girl," he answered, calmly, raising himself on his elbow. "Of course, I am aware that I could do a great deal better than to marry you. But I am

tender-hearted, you see; and, being certain that, if I do not take you, you are likely to be—left— Oh, you needn't glare at me—you know very well, Vivian, that your nose is awfully freckled, and it's not every fellow who is willing to burden his life with a freckled-nosed wife! Not to mention the color of your hair, which, if not the true and unadulterated red—"

"There! I am tired of your impertinent nonsense," I interrupted. "You can stop out here under the trees, and smoke, as long as you wish; I am going into the house."

He started up and caught my hand, saying solemnly:

"Remember, Vivian, no more flirting with Frank Gregg. I will not permit it. As you are my betrothed now, I have, and will assert, my rights. You must bid him leave you forever; such is my command. Now you may go into the house, while I will remain here and console myself for the sacrifice I have this morning made, by smoking a cigar."

He raised my hand to his lips and would have kissed it; but, snatching it away, while a blush covered my face, I exclaimed:

"Really, Ned, you are carrying your nonsense too far," and, turning, I walked with great dignity to the house.

It was a warm bright June day, so I seated myself in the veranda. From my position, I could see Ned stretched at full length near the great oak that was the pride of our lawn. He was lazily smoking, and gazing in a contemplative way upward. "Looking for a bird's nest in the tree, perhaps," I thought; yet, smile as I might, the foolish fellow's declaration, ridiculous as it was, would haunt my mind.

Ned Wharton and I had known each other since our babyhood. His parents lived just across the street, and our house was a second home to him. We had been friends all our lives, and had quarreled and made up almost every week. Now he was twentythree, and I not yet twenty; and to-day, for the first time, he had declared he loved me—but in such a fashion! And yet I fancied there was something more than his usual careless fun in his words. Of course, I didn't love Ned—certainly not—in that way, and I wished he had not talked in such a silly manner.

Just then, Ned rose and came toward me.

"See," he said: "here come Mrs. and Miss Gregg—they probably intend to reproach you for trifling with their son and brother. I don't wish to witness the distressing scene, so I'll depart."

He took a few steps forward, and stopped. "Oh, I have set the twentyfifth of October for our wedding-day; don't forget."

So saying, he passed through the hall and left the house by the back door.

I did not see Ned again that day, but early the next morning he came in to give me some wonderful tidings. His sister Kate, who for the past three years had been studying music in Boston, was expected home, and would bring a friend with her.

"Kate writes that this Miss Lilian Marks—lovely name, isn't it?—is a most fascinating creature, and warns me of the danger I run of becoming desperately smitten with her. So, Miss Vivian, you'd better beware how

you lacerate my feelings, or I may fly to Miss Marks for consolation."

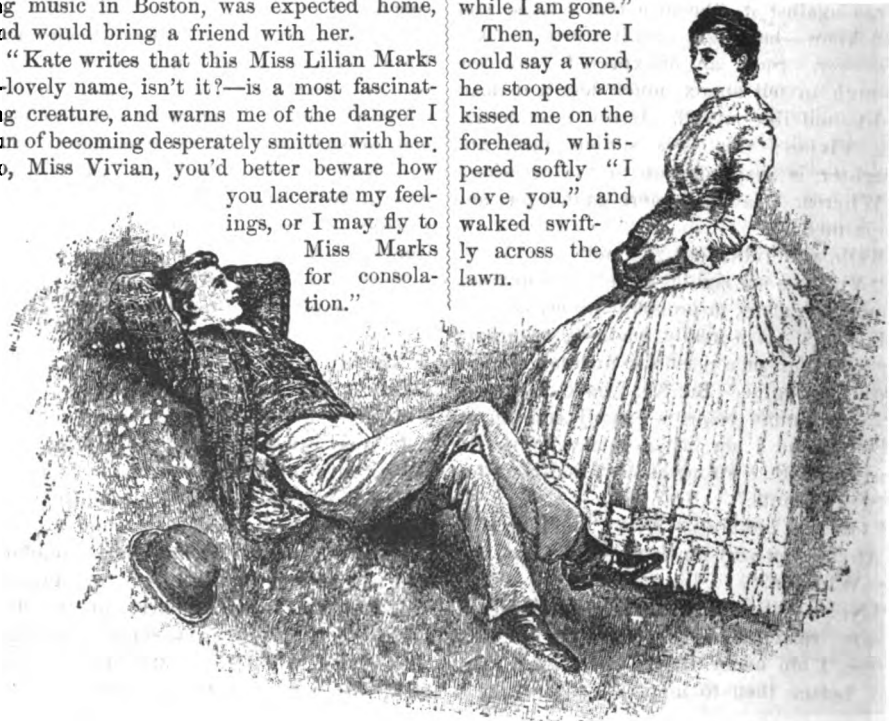
"When will Kate get here?" I asked, disregarding his closing remark.

"The sixth of July is the fatal day set for the arrival of my destiny, as personified by the bewildering Miss Lilian. This is the 29th of June; one week, and the momentous hour will be at hand. But, having told my pleasing news, now, dear Vivian, I must tell you something which will make you weep. A man—he certainly must be mad; how else can I account for his want of business judgment?—wishes me to go to Laurence County, to advise him about the purchase of a large tract of land. Flattered by his extraordinary appreciation of my qualifications as guide, philosopher, and friend, in a weak moment I consented to accompany him, and we start one hour from now, to be gone at least a week. What! are you shedding no tears? Noble girl! I am proud of your courage and spirit in refusing weakly to yield to your natural feelings. You encourage me by your example; I—"

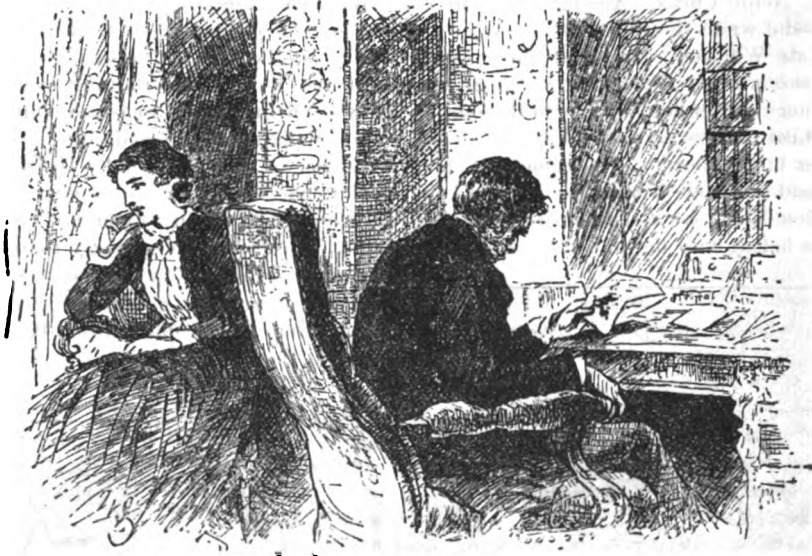
"Don't be absurd, Ned," I interrupted. "Are you really going away?"

"Yes, really; and it is time I was off now, so I must say good-bye. Remember our engagement, and don't flirt with Gregg while I am gone."

Then, before I could say a word, he stooped and kissed me on the forehead, whispered softly "I love you," and walked swiftly across the lawn.







How my face burned! He really meant it, then; he loved me, and in a moment I knew by the glad lightness of my heart that I loved him—dearly, dearly.

I was not particularly pleased to know that Kate Wharton would soon return home. I had never liked her. She was a haughty-affected girl, who greatly overrated her own importance, as the only daughter of the wealthiest man in Grovetown. Two natures could not be more dissimilar than hers and Ned's. She and I were about the same age, and had, after a manner, been friends—that is, she had kindly patronized me as the child of a widow in very moderate circumstances, and I had received her condescension with as good grace as possible. But I had not grieved when she left for Boston to complete her musical education, and I heard with more regret than gladness of her expected return. And the stranger whom she was to bring—I wondered if Ned would like her, and if she were as charming as Kate had painted her.

Three days after Ned left, my mother received a telegram informing her that her only brother was dangerously ill and begged her to come to him. He lived in a distant city; the journey would be a long and tiresome one, but not for a moment did my mother hesitate about undertaking it. Of course, I was to accompany her.

"We can leave by this evening's train.

Dear John! I hope we will not get there too late," said the mother, and went to work packing such things as we would need.

I knew very little about this uncle of mine, except that he was an old bachelor, supposed to be wealthy, and bitter against all womankind, because of a love-disappointment in his youthful days. I remembered his having visited us once when I was a child, and recollected that I liked and at the same time feared him.

When we reached Alston, we found Uncle John much better and hopeful of recovery.

"I thought I was going to die, Mary," he said to my mother, "and I hated the idea of death without one of my kindred near me. But, now that I hope to recover, I am still glad you and Vivian are here. I have decided to give up business, leave Alston, and, if you will have me, I will spend the rest of my days with you."

So it was arranged. We were to stay in Alston until Uncle John got well enough to wind up his affairs and set everything in order. His recovery was slow. We had been with him three weeks, and it would be at least two weeks more before we could leave. The time passed rather drearily to me, for I was impatient to reach home.

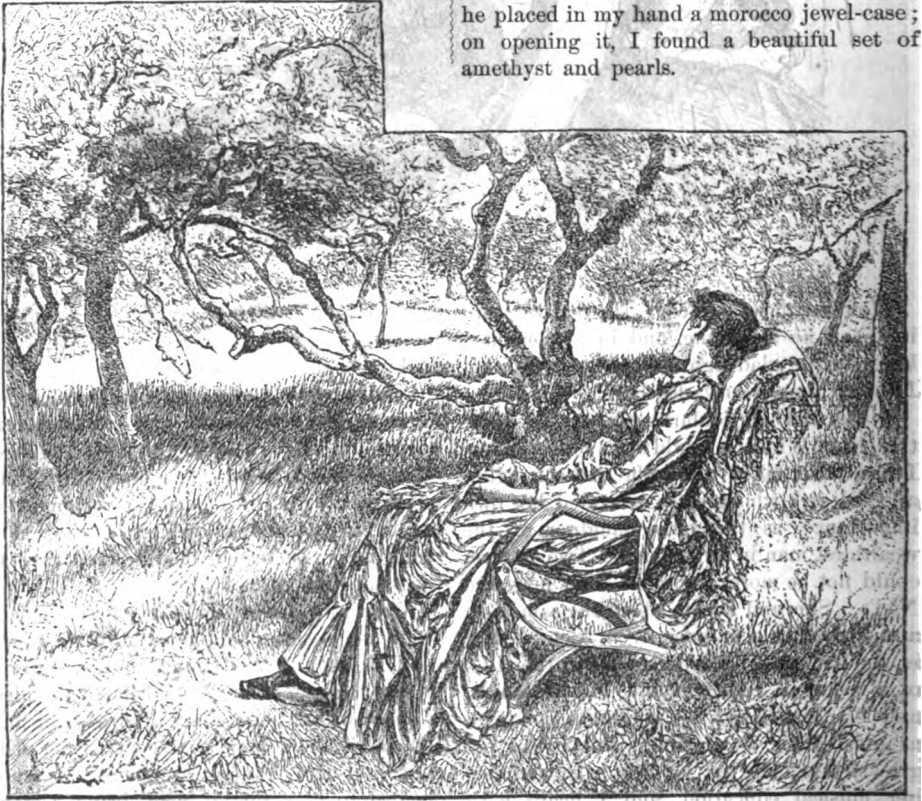
I was disappointed, too; I had expected a letter from Ned, and none came.

I heard nothing from Grovetown until one day I received a gossiping letter from my

friend Nellie Curtis. Among other bits of news, she wrote this:

"Kate Wharton came back three weeks ago; she is more affected than ever, as you can imagine after her long stay in Boston. A Miss Lilian Marks, a very wealthy and stylish girl—a blonde beauty, too—came with her. It is said that Kate has set her heart on having Miss Marks for a sister-in-law, and that Ned is falling into her trap very readily and

We met agreeable people at Sanborn, and spent a pleasant month. Uncle John's health was completely re-established, and we found him an entertaining companion. He was an intelligent, well-read, quiet man, and I rejoiced that he had decided to become a member of our household. He was very kind to me, and generous to what I called extravagance, insisting upon my buying a variety of costumes more costly than I had ever worn or dreamed of wearing. One day, he placed in my hand a morocco jewel-case; on opening it, I found a beautiful set of amethyst and pearls.



with the best grace in the world. He seems quite devoted to the fair stranger. Somehow I always thought that Ned cared more for you than for anyone else, Vivian; but, as it is reported here that you are engaged to Mr. Gregg, I suppose Ned's devotion to Miss Marks will not affect your spirits."

So that dream was past. I knew now why Ned had not written. I was no longer in any hurry to return, so, when we were finally ready to start, and Uncle John proposed that we should first go to a quiet watering-place for a brief sojourn, I was relieved and pleased with the idea.

"A birthday' gift from your old uncle," he said.

My mother came into the room at the moment, bringing a package of letters for our relative. She joined in thanks for his costly gift, but reproved him for his lavishness. He listened to her, then quietly said:

"Mary, I have devoted the best part of my life to making money, and I have made a great deal. Now I propose to spend it. You and your child are the only near relatives I have, and all I possess is yours as much as it is mine. So let's hear no more on that subject."

He turned his back on us unceremoniously, and seated himself at his table to read his correspondence. My mother made me a little sign which I interpreted to mean that I was not to risk annoying him by any protestations; then she kissed my uncle's forehead and went softly away. Knowing that he might want me to answer some of his letters, lucre which we all so despise yet love, was not displeasing to my rather worldly mind.

We had been in Sanborn two weeks when I again heard from Nellie Curtis.

"Miss Lilian Marks is still here," she wrote, "and is likely to remain, as it is plain to be seen that she agrees with Kate in thinking she would be a good match for



I sat still, gazing dreamily out of the window, wishing—wishing that Nellie Curtis had not written me the gossip of Grovetown.

My mother and I had never known the want of money for necessities, but had always been compelled to practice economy and abstain from luxuries. I must confess that the prospect Uncle John's words unfolded, of an abundance of that filthy

Ned. It is now currently reported that they are engaged. I met Ned yesterday and told him of the rumor. He answered in his usual cool humorous way, then turned the conversation by asking when I had heard from you, when would you return, and so on."

"He is like all other men," I thought. "No, no—there is no one like him; but I was a fool to think anything of—of—"



Then I cried heartily, and wished that I need never go back to Grovetown and see Ned, my old friend, again.

But soon the time came for us to leave Sanborn. My mother, tired of gayety, was anxious to return home and settle down to the quiet life which best suited her taste and health.

The day before we were to start, I received a letter which cheered my spirits wonderfully. It was from Ned, and a very characteristic epistle.

"Dear old girl," he wrote, "how long do you propose to remain away from yours truly? Haste thee home, or abide the consequences.

"The good people of Grovetown, in league with my sister Kate, are determined to wed me to Miss Marks, notwithstanding the fact that both the lady and I object to the sacrifice. She's a brick—excuse slang—and we are good friends. She is engaged to a fellow in Boston, and shows her bad taste by thinking him much more desirable than myself for a life-companion.

"Gregg is pining away, and refuses to be comforted. You have much to answer for in thus destroying that youth's peace of mind. Oh, by the by, have you forgotten our engagement? The 25th of October will be here in about two months, and positively there can be no postponement. Give love to our mother, and hasten home to

"Yours forever, NED."

I smiled happily as I read this epistle, and my heart beat gladly as I thought of going home to Ned—the same old Ned I had known all my life.

I strayed out of the house into a quaint old orchard, and sat down in a garden-chair to read my letter again and give free rein to my fancies and hopes.

Ned loved me—he loved me! I could give him now only my love in return, but I should bring a fortune so ample that even his haughty sister Kate would receive with enthusiasm the news that she was to have me for a sister-in-law.

Oh, it was a beautiful day, a beautiful world, and I the happiest girl under the sun!

Four days later, we reached Greytown, wearied by our journey, but oh! so glad to see the dear old place again.

The train was behind time, and we did

not arrive until late in the evening. Immediately after supper, my mother and uncle retired to their rooms for the repose they so sorely needed. I felt restless with the excitement of being once more at home, and had no wish to sleep.

I went out into the veranda, to look at the stars and to think how near I was to—

Ah, there came someone up the gravel walk—a tall form I knew well. In a moment, he was by my side, had taken me in his arms, and kissed me once—twice—many times.

"Really, Ned!" I gasped, but could get no further.

"No more humbug, Vivian, if you please," he said, coolly. "We are engaged, you know. Of course you love me, or you would not be engaged to me; and of course I am rather fond of you, or I would not be engaged to you. So it follows that we are glad to see each other after our long separation. Really, it has seemed a tremendous while."

We went indoors and sat down in the dear little parlor, side by side.

And then for an hour we talked, as lovers talk, of our future life together. It was not until Ned rose to leave that I remembered to ask him about Miss Marks.

"She left for Boston yesterday. I am sorry you did not meet her, Vi. She is a good little girl, and sensible too—only she is somewhat idiotic about that Boston fellow she is to marry. Kate is awfully cut up because I didn't try to win Miss Marks's affection away from the Boston chap."

"I am afraid Kate will be greatly displeased with your choice, Ned," I said, laughing inwardly, meekly as I spoke.

"Let her," Ned said, stoutly. "I will not marry to please Kate, nor will you either, I hope."

Then I told him of the change in my prospects, and we rejoiced together. Of course, when Kate learned that Uncle John was very wealthy and had declared me his heiress, she behaved as I expected she would, and declared that I was the girl she would have chosen out of the whole world for a sister-in-law.

Ned and I have been married nearly a year now. We own a cozy cottage—a wedding-present from Uncle John—near my old home, where the dear mother and good uncle live happily together.

## UNDER AN UNLUCKY STAR.

BY H. A. HOLDEN.



NE bright spring day, two men arrived at the mining-camp known as Mill's Flat, in abbreviation of the name "Millionaire's Flat," which it had been christened by its founder.

The new-comers proceeded hastily to erect a building in a style heretofore unknown to the denizens of Mill's Flat, and, when finished, it was speedily stocked with the kind of goods which were in demand among the miners. A sign was hung out, rudely painted by one of the members of the firm, on which was inscribed this legend: "Miners' Depot, Shaw & Dallas." These preparations being completed, the senior member of the firm returned to the camp of Valley Brook, where it was understood they had a similar establishment, leaving Dallas in charge of the business.

This gentleman was apparently of quiet scholarly tastes. The room back of the store, which he used as a sleeping and living apartment, was piled and littered with books and papers to such a degree as to excite the curiosity and astonishment of his illiterate neighbors; and behind this was a small room, from which issued mysterious sounds during the hours when business was dull and Dallas gave himself up to his real occupation. Packages of unknown contents were occasionally delivered by the stage-driver; curiosity rose to a white heat, and one old miner, who had seen rather more of the wicked ways of the world than the rest, said he had heard of such a thing as counterfeiting. This suggestion, notwithstanding its discreet wording, called forth a storm of indignation and less cautious hints relating to tar and feathers in connection with the unwary spokesman. There was a certain air about Dallas which forbade any approach to familiarity; but finally he was interviewed upon the subject of his mysterious occupation, and without any reluctance stated that he was inventing a quartz-crusher,

and cheerfully gave all solicited information as to its ultimate designs.

After this, in lieu of the customary inquiry as to his personal well-being, the question of the progress of the machine was substituted, and no one seemed to tire or lose interest at the stereotyped answer of "All right," varied occasionally by "First-rate."

Sometimes Shaw came, bringing castings and other materials necessary to the completion of the machine, thereby creating an additional flutter of curiosity. This gentleman found no favor in the eyes of the residents of Mill's Flat: he had a gloomy forbidding manner.

"Pears like he's got something on his mind," remarked one old miner to another, as Shaw climbed into the waiting stage bound for Valley Brook.

"I dunno," replied the person addressed; "but he's a sneak, or I ain't any jedge o' men."

It was a bright spring evening; a crowd of miners were standing about in the store, which was also the post-office, eagerly waiting for the distribution of the mail: although but few were generally favored, as most of them had cut loose from all home-ties for the nonce; yet the latter apparently ignored this fact every mail-day, and awaited the final allotment of letters as anxiously as the few who kept up communication with their friends in the far-off States.

The crowd closed up around the counter as Dallas, who had recently been appointed postmaster, poured out the contents of the mail-bag and carefully laid aside a dainty missive addressed to himself.

This letter he perused at his leisure in the privacy of his own room, rather to the disgust of the occupants of the store; for their habits were to share generous bits of information with each other, which begot deep interest in their respective families. Jones, from Missouri, informed his friends that his wife thought his oldest boy's "ager" was really broken up for good; and Pratt, from Maine, gave an interesting

account of the wedding of his cousin, as detailed by a particular friend, supposed to be Pratt's sweetheart. Altogether, mail-days were a bright spot to most of the aliens. Many conjectures were made as to the contents of Dallas's unusual-looking epistle, and, when he rejoined the group, his absorbed manner was observed and commented upon in under-tones.

"Can't be his girl has given him the mitten," said one.

"No girl would be such a fool," was the somewhat impatient rejoinder.

Finally the general opinion seemed to be, as expressed by Jim Norris, who considered himself the most particular friend to Dallas, that "it wan't no bad news, for he didn't seem to be exactly downhearted, but \*jest studyin'." Curiosity was not likely to be satisfied, as Dallas was unusually taciturn, and the crowd slowly dispersed. Once more in the sanctity of his own private apartment, Dallas took the letter from his pocket and read it again carefully. It was from an old school-mate—a Miss Selina Stone, formerly of his New England home, but now in a mining-camp some fifty miles away. She had come with bridal trousseau complete to marry her lover, but she found upon her arrival that he had contracted habits of dissipation and been guilty of an offense which, had it not been for the interference of friends, would, in the rude and primitive administration of justice prevailing in mining-camps, have suspended him upon the nearest convenient tree. Under these circumstances, Miss Stone declined to fulfill the engagement, and, in her extremity, being without protection and with a slender purse, she appealed to her old friend, as she called him, though in point of fact he had never been but an acquaintance.

Dallas was sorely perplexed. The lady was coming—was really on her way, and he had no idea what disposition to make of her. The tavern was not to be thought of for a moment, and, after a wakeful night, Dallas concluded to make an effort to enlist the sympathies of the good-hearted wife of Dutch Jake, who proceeded to vacate a corner of the loft over their only room; and Dallas, with the good woman's assistance, gave the corner the necessary privacy by suspending blankets which they could ill spare, and, by divesting his own room of its

few comforts, transformed, as he thought, the loft-corner into a very cozy little apartment. He was hardly prepared for his guest's quite audible sniff of contempt as he ushered her into her room; and when, turning to the son of her hostess, who had assisted to carry up her belongings, she handed him a pitcher with wild flowers that had cost Dallas a toilsome tramp, with a peremptory order to throw out the "weeds" and bring a pitcher with fresh water, Dallas felt a cold thrill of disappointment.

The standard of beauty was not high at Mill's Flat, inasmuch as female loveliness was meagrely represented by the half-breed wife of Indian Joe and the rotund spouse of Dutch Jake; consequently Miss Stone's severe visage, with its Roman nose of the most pronounced type and her unmistakably red hair, which by no glossing over of terms could be called auburn, passed not only uncriticized, but as the highest style of beauty.

It must be admitted that Miss Stone's bearing was remarkably free and unembarrassed, considering the peculiar position in which she was placed. Ostensibly, she was waiting for a remittance to enable her to return home; meanwhile she philosophically accepted the situation and sought amusement by decking herself in her proposed wedding finery and promenading the streets and paths of Mill's Flat. That she was not indifferent to admiration was a fact patent to the most careless observer, and she was more than content to shine as the cynosure of the simple-hearted miners, in lieu of more desirable admirers. Many a toiling exile fancied he saw in her some resemblance to the "girl he left behind" or some favorite sister or true-hearted wife patiently waiting for the home-coming, and sometimes the eager gaze of admiration was changed to a sad far-away look, and furtive tears moistened the eyes of the group that sat on the porch of the Miners' Depot after supper and watched Miss Stone sauntering down to the spring at the foot of the hill.

In this walk, Dallas was generally her escort, Dutch Jake's oldest flaxen-haired boy being quite competent to attend to the moderate demands of customers at that hour. Occasionally Dallas and Miss Stone rode on horseback to Burwinkle's, a flourishing place a dozen miles or so farther down

the valley. Miss Stone, in her improvised riding-costume, made a handsome appearance, as her figure was fine and she sat her horse gracefully.

Matters continued in this state for some weeks, until Dallas was suddenly roused to a comprehension of the views of the community by a friendly miner, who had, after making his purchases, conveyed the important information that a minister was expected down at Burwinkle's the following Sunday, and then sheepishly added: "Thought you and Miss Stone might like to know it, fur 'tain't offen one gits up this way, and marryin' by a Square never did seem exactly the thing, to me."

Fortunately for Dallas, the man finished the last word as he passed out of the shop; in fact, his remark, out of regard for his friend's feelings, was made during his passage from the counter to the door. Dallas went back into his living-room, and, shutting the door, sat down for a few moments, almost too dazed to think; he felt as if someone had given him a blow. And yet—why not? He was leading an isolated life, as far as intellectual companionship was concerned: marrying had never entered his head since—And the memory of a sweet, cold, silent face brought back the sharp bitter pain that kindly time had removed, and he felt for a moment the old agony. A light footstep, heard plainly through the ill-fitting door, dispelled the sad memory, and he went out to join Miss Stone in a twilight ramble. He was unusually taciturn, and Miss Stone gayly rallied him upon his abstraction and brought all her powers of fascination to bear upon him until the clouds passed away and he felt cheered and happy again.

The weighty subject of changing his condition was uppermost in his mind for many days. How pleasant it would be to have a real home again as in his childhood's days, or to materialize that ideal home of his maturer years. There could never be that same fervor of first love—that never comes but once; but he felt he could truly offer his hand and heart, and he well knew there could be no lingering love in Miss Stone's proud nature for her perfidious lover. Of course, he could not marry at present; after the quartz-crusher should be an assured success, he could venture to build and make a desirable home for a wife. At present, there must be some temporary

provision for Miss Stone. It would not be just to let her remain in Mill's Flat, if people were coupling their names. He would write to Shaw, and request him to provide a boarding-place for her in Valley Brook until her remittance came from her home or until he could offer her a home.

Just then, the stage dashed up to the door; the driver threw off the mail-bag, and Dallas proceeded to sort the mail. There was a letter from Shaw, announcing his intention of coming up to look after the progress of the quartz-crusher. Here was the very opportunity Dallas was wishing for, and, now it had come, he felt reluctant to avail himself of it, and yet it was best. The machine was almost completed, and so much of his time had been given to his guest that it had been almost at a stand-still for some time. However, he and Miss Stone must have an understanding. Accordingly, Dallas lost no further time in making known the state of his feelings. Miss Stone was quite prepared for this declaration, having, with her womanly intuition, anticipated it. She was only too glad to favor Dallas's suit, for she had no idea of returning home, under her embarrassing circumstances, to be an object of gossip and ridicule, as she would undoubtedly be, in the uncomfortably small village in which she lived.

Having completed his arrangement for Miss Stone's temporary welfare, Dallas returned to his neglected labor with increased energy. There was something now to work for—a home and a wife and all the sweet possibilities that spring up around a domestic altar. "A light heart makes quick work," and soon Dallas was ready to test his machine. Under a towering solitary pine which grew back of the Miners' Depot, he erected a frame and set up his machinery, and later an expectant crowd gathered around to see it tested. How beautifully and easily every part worked and accomplished the desired result!

"Glory enough for one day!" shouted Jim Norris, as he shook Dallas's hand with a powerful grip and called for three cheers, which were given with a will by the admiring crowd. Dallas knew there would be months of weary waiting before his patent could be obtained and his long labor bring its compensation, but he had arranged his plans for pleasantly beguiling the time.

He had already chosen the site of his home, and there was much he could do in his leisure hours in the way of beautifying the grounds and making the necessary preparations for building.

An acquaintance in San Francisco, who was a lawyer, was employed to procure the patent. Dallas was surprised at the speedy reception of a bulky envelope from his attorney.

"Them's the dockyments," audibly whispered Jim Norris, as Dallas opened the package and read an enclosed letter.

But what could it mean? Dallas grew deathly white and feebly tottered to his room. At last, Jim, venturing upon his claim of friendship, took the liberty of intruding. Dallas was lying upon the bed, with an open letter in his hand.

"Read it," whispered Dallas, faintly, "and tell the boys."

It was short and to the point:

"DEAR SIR: I return your specifications, and regret to inform you that I obtained a patent a few weeks ago for a machine almost identical in construction with yours. The inventor was one S. M. Shaw, of Valley Brook. I understand that he has sold his interests in the latter place and sailed last week for New York, in order to perfect arrangements for manufacturing the machines. I also hear that he is on his bridal trip as well, having married recently a Miss Stone, who I am told is an old acquaintance of yours. I hope there is no foul play about the machine—your letter makes me suspicious. Let me hear from you soon.

"Yours, etc., J. T. BATES."

Jim carried the letter into the store and read it to the indignant crowd, whose rage knew no bounds, but finally was partially appeased by jointly inditing a threatening epistle to the offending parties, vaguely directed to New York, warning the "diabolical villain" and his "hooked-nosed woman" never to appear in those "diggings" again, under pain of lynching for the man and a coat of tar and feathers for the woman. The appellation of "diabolical villain" was suggested by Jim and heartily adopted by the crowd, who accepted it as a most expressive substitute for the term in common use indicating the superlative of rascality.

Dallas made his appearance, the next

morning, wan and weak from his night of agony. He tried to be brave and go about as usual, but the flesh was weak. Somehow, as his friend Jim remarked to the sympathizing miners, Dallas had "lost his grip." He grew weaker and weaker, day by day; the seeds of some malady, which was waiting for a blow to mind or body that would lessen the vitality, sprang up, and the day soon came when Dallas could no longer attend to the store, which was given over to Dutch Jake's son, and Jim Norris became his self-constituted nurse.

"It's no use," said Dallas, in response to the cheerful words of encouragement from his warm-hearted friends; "it's no use fighting fate. You've heard of unlucky stars—I must have been born under one."

He seemed to be slipping quietly but surely away. There were days when he was strong enough at intervals to read his favorite books, and a well-worn Bible was his constant companion, on the fly-leaf of which was written "Edward Dallas, from his mother," and an addition in his own handwriting: "Who died June 16th, 18—"

"Here's something," he said to Jim, one day, "that I want you to remember. It's all right now—I've got the promise." And he gave his Bible to Jim, to read a passage he had marked.

One evening, Dallas fell into a sweet undisturbed slumber, and, when morning came and Mill's Flat started into busy activity, one had passed through the land of dreams to the eternal rest.

There was genuine mourning in the camp; the miners went about with heavy hearts, and Dallas's virtues and wrongs were the all-absorbing topics of conversation. It was unanimously resolved to give the "diseased," as they now reverently called their dead friend, a "first-class funeral," even going so far as to dispatch messengers in a fruitless search for a wandering evangelist who was supposed to be somewhere within a radius of thirty miles.

Jim Norris, in his capacity as chief mourner, went down to Burwinkle's to purchase a proper suit to be worn upon the sad occasion. He was persuaded by the dapper little Hebrew clothier into investing in a startling costume of black and green plaid. He was satisfied that the black was a suitable color, but hesitated at the green

until the clothier suggested that green meant forsaken; and Jim, feeling his loneliness, hesitated no longer, but took a melancholy pleasure in the delusion that he was doing singular honor to the memory of his "dis-eased" friend.

It was decided to inter the remains under the pine-tree where Dallas had made a trial of his machinery. After the grave had been filled and properly marked, Jim signed to the assembly to remain.

"Feller-citizens," he began, then paused, resting upon this sure foundation before venturing to plunge into the deep sea of untried oratory. "Feller-citizens," he reiterated, confident he was right in this expression, having heard it used by a Fourth of July orator down at Burwinkle's not a year before, "this 'ere"—"chap" trembled on Jim's lips, but, recovering himself, he substituted "gentleman" and continued: "This 'ere gentleman never hed fair play. You all know how luck—ever sence we've knode him, anyhow—has always been agin him, and, as fur as we kin see, it's been harder'n common of late; you all know that."

An emphatic murmur of assent went around, and, at the memory of Dallas's recent wrongs, more than one hand sought its favorite weapon—forgetful, for the moment, of the solemn occasion.

"There's one thing I want ter say, and it's this," continued Jim: "Our friend here died believing it was all goin' to be made right somehow, and he'd really be the gainer in the end; and I've got the words fur it that he's put a marker on." Jim drew from his coat-pocket Dallas's dilapidated Bible, and, clearing his throat and making a mighty effort to steady his voice, he read: "'And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker-worm, and the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm.' I ain't no preacher, nor you ain't either," needlessly explained Jim, "so I can't make a sermon

out o' that text; but we kin all see that them varmint means them 'ere New York scamps." Here Jim, feeling his wrath rising, wisely abandoned further reference to the objects of their general hatred and continued: "What our friend wanted us ter remember was, it was all right; and it must be so, fur he looks so peaceful and happy-like." Here Jim, feeling an uncomfortable sensation in his throat and a paucity of words to express his emotions, abruptly closed his remarks.

The accustomed crowd gathered as usual, in the evening, on the porch of the Miners' Depot. It was a sad assembly; there was no song or jest going the rounds, and more than one miner remarked that it "'peared like even his pipe was goin' back on him—nothin' seemed nateral." Finally Jim rose, with the remark that it "looked mean to be all sittin' there together so heartsome-like, and him a-lyin' out there all by himself," and one after another they filed around the corner of the store and followed Jim to the newly-made grave, and, when one lifted a casting from the unlucky machine and sat down upon it, the rest followed his example, until it was taken apart as far as possible and transformed into seats. Pipes were lighted, and at intervals subdued remarks broke the silence.

A breeze sprang up and began to wail a dirge in the pine-top; the moon rose, calm and solemn, and flooded the scene with a tender light. The hour grew late, and, tapping the ashes from their smoked-out pipes, the heavy-hearted group dispersed.

In the course of time, Mill's Flat was almost deserted. In miners' parlance, "the diggings were played out." But, years afterward, a fresh adventurous band came, bringing improved machinery and tearing away the dilapidated Miners' Depot. In following a lead—such is the irony of fate—they unearthed a fabulous store of wealth beneath the spot where lived and died the ill-starred inventor of Mill's Flat.

## AN UNSELFISH DESIRE.

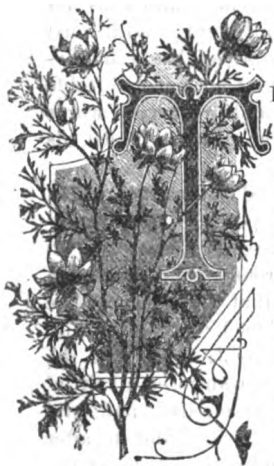
No! I ask not for a life high lifted  
O'er the changeful passions of mankind,  
Undistracted, self-contained, and gifted  
With a force to feebler issues blind.

Rather filling soul to overflowing  
With the tide of this world's grief and wrong;  
Let me suffer, though it be in knowing  
Suffering thus I am not wholly strong.



# JACKY AND THE PRINCESS. A LOVE-STORY.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.



## CHAPTER I.

THE Princess sat, securely poised—upright, graceful, and alert—not on a chair of state, as one might at first suppose, but in the crotch or forked trunk of an old gnarled apple-tree; and Jacky, her devoted friend and slave, who had been climbing and reaching after apples for her to eat, stood now

on a low-hanging branch of the same tree and watched her adoringly.

They form the central figures of a scene which must be at least outlined, to bring them into full and clear relief. Their tree was one of an old, half-decayed, straggling orchard belonging to a house hard by; a house much older apparently than even these ancient neighbors; a large, low, red brick house, square in shape, with shingled roof black and rotting, half hidden under locust-trees also black and rotting and crumbling like the house itself resignedly to decay.

A public road ran along, not far from the front of this building; not a high-road certainly, for much wearing and washing away in the course of a century's use had left it but a great deep gully, and the house, though really on a level ground, now stood high above it. Between the house and road were some fence-posts scattered here and there in a line, and the remains of a stone gateway. So the place was once enclosed—exclusive, perhaps, or even aristocratic—but now open to the common, with scarce a vestige of out-buildings near it, nor garden, nor tilled ground; all its glory, if it had ever boasted any, fully departed. On this warm Indian-summer evening of which I write, the sunshine did away with all

repulsiveness in the scene: bringing out what there was of bright color left from autumn's glories here and there, forcing a smile in answer to its own even from the old house's cracked shaky windows, gilding even the dead leaves on its trees above and the dead weed-stalks around.

There is something very venerable, very like aged humanity of the stronger type, about an old apple-tree. More than any other thing of growth, more than even the huge hoary oak, does it so impress us. How gray, how rugged, yet sturdy too, with knotty arm-like branches upreached, resisting, appealing, laying hold of life to the last. And nothing could have been more strongly contrasted with my very youthful pair—Jacky and the Princess—than the tree wherein they were perched.

The Princess had another name by which she was generally known ever since her christening, eleven years before; but we will call her the Princess, as best expressing her standing in Jacky's heart and eyes, her relative position to him. For, in Jacky's estimation, she was a princess indeed, of true royal birth and beauty and much deeper personal interest than any other he had ever read or heard of; and so let her be to us too, for a while at least.

Well, the Princess comes first to be described, by right of royalty and sex. She was tall for eleven years old, well-made, slender, shapely, and strong. Her face was like that of a handsome boy, so straight and clearly cut were its features, and so sunburned, though her skin was soft and blooming rosily in the cheeks. The wind had kissed her lips this evening into glowing scarlet, which she vainly tried to cool now and then with the tip of her swift little tongue, making them only redder and hotter all the time. Her eyes were gray, clear, and bright, though lacking softness—a defect that time and the deepening and mellowing sympathies of life might remedy, as we shall perhaps see. Her bare flaxen

head of hair was rumpled into crinkles and curls all over; her bare hands were stained and scratched; her frock somewhat faded, and torn too in her run across a brier-field coming hither: but there was about this princess of ours a right royal air, nevertheless—a certain “high quality” look, as her black nurse had often said, that was unmistakable.

And as for Jacky, who had—so far as he knew—no pretensions to princely rank whatever, who was not even suggestively aristocratic, who was but as a star to the Princess’s moon—for him, a few words will suffice.

He was short and small for thirteen, bareheaded, barefooted, most shabbily clad; with features undecided, freckled skin, and reddish-brown straight hair. Not handsome certainly, nor even very good-looking, but with soft clear hazel eyes wonderfully gentle and kind and steadfast. Not the sort of boy to tease cats or babies or play tricks on his elders, you might be sure after one look into those eyes. And indeed they were pathetic in their lack of natural young healthy mischief; too gentle, too steadfast, too precociously worshipful as he stood quite still, steadying himself by a branch above him and gazing at the Princess. She, having finished her apple, the last late autumn straggler on the tree, took a survey of the premises around in silence, then shuddered visibly.

“Oh, what a lonesome place! Don’t you ever get tired of living here, Jacky? And all by yo’self, too—that is, I mean with nobody but ole people?” said she, presently, pronouncing with some incorrectness for one of such rank, we must own, but still like most of her acquaintance.

“No-o,” said Jacky, rather faintly, in tones much sweeter and softer than her own; “I ain’t much lonesome. I’m not one bit in summer-time, an’ when it’s nice an’ warm like this; but, in them long winter nights befo’ bed-time, when I don’t get sleepy—well, it is a little lonesome then, but I don’t ca’ much anyhow. I sit by the fire in great-gran’mas room an’ read. I like that, an’ I’ve got a book with pictures in it.” This last with a little flash of pride, as if a book with pictures were something worth having indeed.

“Only one book with pictures?” cried the Princess, opening her gray eyes wide. “But

you’ve a heap of books, haven’t you? I saw ’em all in that big box one day, you know.”

“Yes, ever so many; but they haven’t any pictures, an’ most of ’em I can’t read at all, ’cause they’re in—in Latin, father says, an’ he used to learn it when he was big as me, but he’s forgot it all now.”

“I’ve got a heap of books with pictures in ’em,” said the Princess, with frankly generous air. “If you want ’em, I’ll lend you some of my books. You come up to the house an’ get all you like—hear, Jacky?”

Jacky’s eyes were eloquent of thanks; he nodded, and then went on softly, as if wanting to make the best of his lot:

“An’ sometimes, when father’s sober an’ nice, he talks to me an’ tells me ’bout when he was a boy, ever so long ago. I like that best of any.”

“Is he sober often, Jacky?” asked she, in a tone of calmest matter-of-course inquiry.

“Well, I do’ know,” said Jacky, rather evasively; “sometimes he isn’t, an’ sometimes he is, an’ that’s most always when he ain’t got any money.”

“Pa has been sober now for ’most a week,” said the Princess, a little proudly, as one who thought this self-denial highly creditable to the Prince, her father. After a while, she added: “Oh, how I wish that he—that people would never do—would never be like that. You know how I mean, Jacky. It makes me sick—it scares me. ’Deed, it’s the only thing I’m much afraid of.”

“I hate it!” cried Jacky, with sudden passion. He turned burning red with pain and shame, and hot tears came into his eyes; the Princess, seeing them, kindly looked away and scrambled down from her perch to the ground.

“Good-bye, Jacky,” she said, briskly; “I’ll lend you them books, if you want ’em. No, I won’t go in, ’cause I must run home fast as I can. Good-bye!”

So away she went, fairly flying across the fields, right through the brambles which snatched at her frock and pricked her little ankles, to where her home—the palace, the “big house” of all that neighborhood—stood on its elevation matching in height her family’s splendor and dignity.

## CHAPTER II.

JACKY stood for some time, wistfully watching her out of sight, then, sensible

of the evening chill coming on, and feeling a numbness in his bare feet, he went into the house to warm them. Inside as well as out, this house seemed to be grieving over some decayed remnant of old-time comfort and splendor. The rooms were chilly, dark, and some of them quite empty, with plastering cracked and falling on bare worm-eaten floors; big and dusty and musty—all but one, to which Jacky straightway proceeded.

There was no lack of furnishing here; for Jacky's father, the master of the house, John Treunis, senior—"ne'er-do-weel" and sot—had somehow always shrunk from despoiling this room, as he had done all the others, to furnish him money for drink. Long yellow curtains, figured with red roses here and there, perhaps of handsome stuff originally, but faded and tattered now, hung straight down over the three windows, transmitting through their texture a flare of sunset, yellow as gold and pierced faintly with crimson rays. There was a tall, dark, carved press in one corner; a chest big enough for an entire wardrobe; a table with polished top and slender graceful legs; on the walls, some quaint engravings from Hogarth's "*Marriage à la Mode*"—all very ancient and respectable-looking, as if self-conscious of an honorable past. But the most imposing thing in the room was a great high-posted bed, with a tester-frame above, supporting curtains now tied neatly back; on which bed, propped up with many pillows, an old lady half lay, half sat. Her head was covered by a cap of curious pattern; a snowy kerchief was crossed over her shoulders, from which the bed-clothes were folded smoothly down; her eyes were very bright and smiling, yet with a queer unseeing look in their gaze; and her hands—mere withered claws from age and emaciation, yet suggestive of beauty past and gone—went constantly through many fantastic motions in front of her. Now she played gayly on some keyed instrument of music, then she drew a needle back and forth through imaginary texture; sometimes she wrote a letter, talking and laughing all the while to people who were not in the room—nor in existence, for that matter.

Her eyes lighted on Jacky the moment he entered, brightly yet with a strange far-off look, as if she saw him as one sees a haze,

looking clean through it to something dimly visible beyond.

"Ah, my Harry," she cried, "is that you? Come here, my sweet, and let me see how much you've grown. Come here, my Harry!"

"Tain't Harry, missis. Harry's dead dis many a year. Po' creeter, how she do talk, sho!" said an old negro woman, with gray woolly hair sticking from under a turban above her wrinkled face. She was toothless, yet strong and active, bustling around the open fire, busily stirring mush in a saucepan for Jacky's supper.

"An' don't I know my own brother?" said the old lady, quite angrily. "I know it's Harry, or Constantine. Constant—"

"He's drowned, he is," interrupted the negress, and went on: "Po' soul! she kyan't 'member nothin' 'tall. Missis, dat's yo' little gran'son; dat's Jacky."

"Betty," said the old lady, with much dignity, "how dare you say it's Jacky? Don't I know my own child—my little Horace? I don't want to have you whipped, Betty; but you must mend yo' manners—for you always were a saucy hussy."

She then seemed to forget Jacky, and began moving her right hand in the air, talking to herself the while: "But I must write my letter befo' sundown, and send it by six o'clock. Oh, bless us! how the folks did stare when we walked in—me an' my dear, an' me all ready in my white satin frock. There's no accounting for a young girl's fancy—no, no! An' I dared 'em all to say a word against him, for his blood was as blue as the best. Why, the bold-faced jade, she turned so white behind her paint that you could 'most knock her down with a feather. Gracious me! I thought the wind would blow the house down, that I did; but I went down the hill to meet him, an' the rain was all over me, an' the tail of my frock all mud. Heigho! how black the general looked when I cut him with my whip right in his ugly face. But what did I care for him? Now, don't forget to send my letter by six o'clock, for all my future hangs upon it—all my— Oh, I forgot. Betty, come here and tell me what it was."

But Betty had gone out, and she only saw Jacky standing by the fire, gazing at her with curious eyes. The sentences she had uttered, queer and disjointed as they sounded, were doubtless connected with some events

in her past history; but Jacky thought them very strange and awful. Indeed, he was dreadfully afraid of this old, old lady, his father's grandmother, who was always talking to invisible creatures, and who called him by so many dead people's names. So he hung his head when she beckoned to him now, and would not go one step nearer.

"There's no better blood in Virginia," she said, very distinctly and with a nod; "the Treunis blood is good as your own, sir—or anybody's. Come, my Horace, my dear, you must remember that. Don't disgrace us, my dear. Be honest an' brave an' true, an' never disgrace yo' good old name."

Aunt Betty, the black woman, came in just here, with a bustle and clatter. The old lady's queer rambling talk strayed off to other subjects; but her words last spoken to Jacky sank deep into his mind. He had often heard the like before, without much heeding; but somehow, after to-night, he never forgot them. And, as their influence upon him in after years was great, I have given them thus at length in this history.

The next morning, before Jacky was fairly awake, Aunt Betty came to his bedside on tiptoe, and told him in a whisper of something that had happened in the night. And, as he listened, awe-stricken, to her words, there was perfect silence and peace in the big room below. On the bed was something very straightly laid and smooth, that did not waken even to the sunrise streaming through the old yellow curtains, a flood of light. The bright restless eyes were shut forever, the babbling tongue stilled; the hands no more fantastically fluttering here and there, but crossed as if in prayer on her breast. For Jacky's new interest in familiar oft-repeated words had barely laid hold on them in time; the old, old great-grandmother, who had lived almost a hundred years—so long that one might think God had forgotten to call her home—she had died in the night.

### CHAPTER III.

So it was several days after the Princess invited him, when Jacky went to fetch home the offered books. He went rather shyly and timidly to the big house on the hill a mile away, to the Palace of his Princess—who, meeting him herself at the door, with great good-will and friendliness, took him in,

and, showing him to a big book-case, bade him choose what he liked best. But Jacky was too bashful and too distracted by numbers to decide, and so she picked out for him some of her own favorites: "The Pickwick Papers," "The Book of Martyrs," most fearfully and wonderfully illustrated, "Ivanhoe," and "The Great Plague in London," which last she said was the nicest and funniest of all. With this curious medley of literature, Jacky was going away, after a while, when he met the Princess's papa, Major Oldmoldistone, who said "Hey! Jacky," and nodded to him in most friendly and condescending fashion. But Jacky was rather abashed at the notice of so grand a gentleman, and made haste to get beyond his sight as soon as possible.

There could be no doubt as to the greatness of the Oldmoldistone family. Some idea of their claims thereto may be conveyed to the reader, when I say that most of the men had been, for generations, majors, colonels, and even generals, and that captains were of hardly any importance among them. They had been very rich once on a time, even before Lord Fairfax bestowed upon his friend and cousin, Augustus Oldmoldistone, the great estate in his namesake county of Fairfax, Virginia. They had not done any work of hands, and very little of head, for fully two hundred years, and could trace their descent even beyond that time; a something that they were proud of. But, in a state of self-satisfied idleness, mental and moral vigor do not often flourish, and they had certainly declined here; and, with this decline, the great estates had also dwindled into comparative littleness. The civil war, which, a few years before my story begins, had given the Princess's father a chance to win his military title, had also left him under the unpleasant necessity of borrowing money wherever he could, in order to live, as he would often say, "like a gentleman."

Ever since the Princess's mother died, when the Princess was a baby, he had fully meant to do one of two things—either marry again, or send his daughter and only child to a boarding-school. But neither had ever been done; and, with intervals of governess-rule, generally short, the Princess ran wild and did pretty much as she pleased.

Her father's instructions were mostly on one subject—the greatness of the Oldmoldistone family and her own undoubted hereditary right and title to the same.

Now, it cannot be said that the major practiced that social dignity and exclusiveness to which he constantly asserted his right. Indeed, his rules of action here were quite too puzzling for any explanation of ours. As for Jacky Treunis, the major considered him as safe a friend for the Princess as the little negroes whom she, when very small, had made companions of, for lack of other playmates.

For, if the Treunis family had ever moved on that upper level where the Oldmoldistones still kept foothold, that time had passed long ago, and their claims to blue blood and descent were now become a mere laughter-provoking tradition. Not that Jacky's father made any such claim, however; he, having got beyond the line of good appearance, where vice ceases to be a gentleman-like weakness and becomes sullen, ugly, poverty-stricken, and utterly detestable, had sunk into his position without struggle or appeal.

Some of the friends of his early boyhood, Major Oldmoldistone among them, were still at times his boon companions; but, outside of this intercourse, they ignored him altogether or treated him to those figurative kicks that it seems so convenient to give a man who is down. And every one of these, which the elder Treunis received with apathy, bruised our poor Jacky right in the middle of his heart.

Yes, for, strange as it may seem, Jacky loved him even more than many a highly respectable parent is loved, with a sort of tender fierceness; and Jacky was, almost from babyhood, precociously and morbidly sensitive in this matter. He managed to extract, from his father's unhappy lot, heaven knows how much anguish, by some process of mental distillation, as myrrh is extracted and concentrated from its original shrub to the very essence of bitterness.

From that evening whereof I have told in the first chapter of this story, the days, weeks, months, and years slipped by, slowly but surely—which was, after all, not remarkable; and Jacky and the Princess continued to grow in stature—not so remarkable, either—and also to grow very fond of each other. Sometimes the Princess would come by the

field-path, to have a chat with her devoted subject; visits which Jacky returned with interest, when, between the jobs of irregular ill-paid work whereby he tried to support himself and his miserable father, who spent in drink every cent he could get, he went to fetch and return the books she lent him.

The gallant major had never read those books; the Princess found most of them very dull and tiresome; but Jacky, though he did not prefer them to her society, read them to himself, and they set him to pondering on many things. By the time he had become a tall, shy, grave boy of eighteen, they had helped him to a pretty clear knowledge of his own position, and also to the meaning of those words his old great-grandmother had spoken, the night before she died. Learning from them, he soon outstripped the Princess in intellect, and had thoughts of things in heaven and earth far beyond her fathoming; but he didn't know it—not he! for she was still to him not only the prettiest and sweetest, but the cleverest, creature on earth. For you see he loved her, poor Jacky! better than anyone else in the whole world.

They saw a good deal of each other and were great friends, and no outside looker-on would probably have thought that great difference between their stations, which was so clear to the major's mind, very plainly marked in appearance. For Jacky was not only gentlemanlike-looking, but even refined; and his clothes, though often shabby, offered no great contrast to the Princess's habitual carelessness in the matter of dress. Considering the major's estimate of Jacky and Jacky's position, this intercourse seems to us a monstrous inconsistency; and that it did not strike that gentleman in the same light is something of a puzzle. Perhaps he thought Jacky quite beneath the point of dangerous contact; perhaps he thought his daughter too well instructed as to her own rank and high expectations to fall into error. And then the boy was sometimes useful to the major; for Jacky had acquired, by bitter experience, skill in a sort of nursing, of which the major stood often in need. He more than once waited on his Princess's father, prostrate with deadly sickness of head and heart and stomach, or even assisted that great personage to bed when helpless or unmanageable.

When Jacky was nineteen, his own father, who had sunk lower all this while in health and habits, fell ill and died; and Jacky, instead of quietly rejoicing to be rid of so disgraceful a parent, was sorry—yes, actually distressed—and for a while refused to be comforted. But presently the need of finding a shelter, and securing some regular work whereby to make his living, pressed upon him. The old house, where he had lived all his life, was claimed at once for one of the many debts which formed his sole inheritance. For a time, things looked very dark and blank to Jacky; but help came most unexpectedly. An old man of the neighborhood, who had known and liked the elder Treunis in his youth, extended a friendly hand to the boy; and Jacky caught eagerly at a plan laid out for his future, of which the very first step was that he must go away.

Old Mr. Hydeman's offer to pay his protégé's expenses to California, where he must fight his way amid crowds of other fortune-seekers, without money, influence, introduction, or any advantage whatever, may not seem to us very brilliant; but it was a great good chance to Jacky. To go away to the free, generous, hopeful West, where his father's sins were unknown and could not be visited upon him, where all fair possibilities might be his in a future unfettered by any disgraceful past! The thought made his heart leap wildly for a while; but presently, in the revulsion of feeling that always follows joy soon or late, came another thought, sad and chilly: he must say good-bye to the Princess.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE Princess was in her garden, one evening, busily digging and clipping away among some rose-bushes that she had found half buried in weeds and grass.

This garden was her favorite haunt. It was large and irregular in plan—a departure from the stiffness prevalent when it was first laid out, fifty years before—with flower-beds of various polygonal shapes, and with shrubbery in clumps. There was a terrace sloping southward, and tall sheltering lilac-hedges toward the north and east—so cold winds were kept out and sunshine was stayed within, even in wintry weather; but on this September evening, when the air was like sweet-scented wine, and the sun-rays fairly

golden in splendor, no spot could be pleasanter for a stroll or lounge than this.

The Princess was but little changed since the day of that chat with Jacky long ago in the apple-tree, except in womanly size and development. There was still the lack of essential femininity about her, the "boyishness" that was yet not coarse or masculine in any ordinary sense of that word. A downy mustache on her pretty upper lip would not have seemed out of place, nor the parting of her hair, which was short and curly, on one side; nor were her eyes half soft and girlish enough. But she was nevertheless a goodly, gracious-looking, fair-shapen creature; perfectly healthy, with none of the struggles, doubts, and fears, which so often troubled poor Jacky, disturbing her maiden bosom.

As for her character, that congeries of varying qualities, it is not to be defined in a few short sentences. I will only say that there was much natural kindness of heart, but that her father's teaching had not failed to implant a little of his own vanity and pride.

The stubborn grass-roots resisted her efforts at dislodgment till, with cheeks flushed and lips panting, she paused and threw up her head for breath; and there, not ten steps away, she saw Jacky regarding her with sad wistful eyes.

Perhaps Jacky too needs some fresh description after these years of growth since we first met him. He was yet undecided—in that transitional state when the assertion of bone and muscle is still working its change from boy to man. You would only remember clearly its expression after first seeing his face, not the features—except a pair of gentle, sweet, steadfast eyes, looking with some of that shy reserve that in the rich we generally attribute to pride, and in the poor to sullenness.

The Princess sprang to her feet and went forward, smiling graciously. She had not seen him for a week, and had wondered much at this long absence.

"Oh, that's you, is it?" she said. "And I am tired to death. Just see this wretched bush. I tried to do it good, but look—I've cut the root and broken the top. Do you think it will live now?"

But Jacky had no eyes for the poor rose-bush; they were fast set on her face.



"I've come to bid you good-bye," he said, very slowly; "I am going away."

She had heard rather doubtingly of a possible departure, before this; but his decision now was startling.

"Going away?" she cried. "Where—when are you going, Jacky?"

Which questioning drew out all that Jacky himself knew of his plans and destination. She heard him with changing countenance which finally settled into discontent.

"Oh, yes, I suppose it will be a fine thing for you, sir," said she at last, petulantly; "but you'll never come back, and then"—with the tone of one who states a serious objection—"when I want you, you won't be here."

"Will you miss me a little then?" asks Jacky, with tremulous lips. "Will you be sorry when I'm not here any more?"

"Of course I will. You know I always liked you, Jacky—and I don't see how I can spare you. I'd much rather you wouldn't go."

She reached out her hand to him, half smiling, half frowning; her eyes very kind and eager, her soft lips apart, her face rosy, moist with exercise, brightly in earnest, appealing to him. No wonder poor Jacky's secret rushed out impulsively from lips that had hardly even shaped it in whispers to himself before. He seized the frank warm hand in both his own, and knelt straightway on the grass at her feet.

Now, a person of cooler head, of greater age and experience, would perhaps have known that this style of address in love-making is dreadfully old-fashioned, stale, melo-dramatic; horribly suggestive of French novels or those eighteenth-century romances where the incredibly high-minded young man kneels solemnly and says to the most provoking and well-behaved young woman: "Admired and respected Miss So-and-so, may I flatter myself that I am blessed with your regard?" But alas! Jacky did not know all this, and his attitude was only the body's natural way of expressing those feelings of adoration for which his tongue could yet actually find no more original and eloquent words than these: "I love you—I love you!"

The Princess stood, dumb with amazement, for a minute; then she gave her prisoned hand a pull.

"Gracious me! I don't know what you are talking about, Jacky," she said; "I'm sure it's very foolish, and I never wanted you to—"

"Oh, it's no use, I know; but I can't help it. Who could help it? It wasn't your fault—that you are so beautiful and sweet that nobody can help loving you," almost sobbed poor Jacky, kissing the hem of her dress in an idiotic sort of way. And he poured out his heart in a torrent of words, coming back still to the old refrain: "I love you!"

"And I love you too—that is, I like you a heap, Jacky," broke in the Princess at last, a little scared; "but I wish you wouldn't talk to me so. Please get up, and don't say any more about loving me. Somebody might see you, and I—I don't like it. And dear me! don't you know"—and here the Princess suddenly remembered that she was a Princess and her father's daughter—"don't you know, sir, that it's very disrespectful and very presuming for you to be talking so to me, sir?"

"No," said Jacky, standing up straightway and speaking more proudly than she had done herself, though with lip a-quiver. "No; for I've been your friend long enough to learn that, in spite of all the outside difference between us, my love's as good as any you could give me back for it, if you would. Our souls are equal—yes, and I've as good a right to tell you I love you as anybody else."

"How can you be so absurd?" said she, rather weakly and with compunction, yet feeling that she must make some loyal stand by her father's teaching. "You have no right, and you ought to know better. My equal, indeed! I am Major Oldmoldistone's daughter, and we have always married among the very first. Why, my great-grandfather or somebody was an earl's brother or something, papa says. There's no better blood in Virginia or anywhere than—"

"And I also am of good blood," put in Jacky, very earnestly, "for my grandma told me so, and Aunt Betty. And old Mr. Hyde-man says that Treunis was a good name in the old colonial times, and even long after that. Who knows but some of my ancestors were nobly born, too?"

"Dear me!" said the Princess, "is it really true? But I'm afraid that was so long ago

that nobody remembers it now. If this were only a hundred years ago! But we just can't, Jacky. Papa would be so angry—I know he would. He expects me to marry a gentleman."

"Yes," said Jacky, with bitterness beyond his years, "I know—a gentleman! Somebody who can manage to live in idleness; somebody who stands high enough to make all sorts of wicked doings—too bad to name before you—pass for little faults. As if God didn't judge all alike, and see all sins alike ugly and black and hateful. I can't bear to think of such a man coming near you. And who knows what may happen? Why can't you wait and let me try to win you? I'm going so far away, where nobody will know that my poor father—well, what they all know here. I will work hard and learn all I can, and who knows but when I come back after a while the major will let me have you? Oh, just promise me to wait!"

"I can't promise, Jacky; don't ask me. There—let my hand alone. But I'll promise never to forget you."

"And much good that will do me!" said Jacky, hotly. "Come, say 'yes,' for I believe you do like me a little. You seemed to like me when we were together all those times. You let me come, and it was all your fault."

"And how did I know you were going to be so foolish, you ridiculous Jacky? And how do I know if you'll ever come back? Why, it might be years and years; and, when I'd waited till I was a hundred, and looked just so—you wouldn't have me then!"

"Wouldn't I!" cries Jacky, half laughing, yet with volumes of protesting eloquence in his tone. "Wouldn't I!" And he put both arms around her, in delighted amaze meanwhile at his own boldness.

"Oh, don't—you dreadful thing!" panted the Princess, between tears and laughter. "You forget yourself, sir, and you hurt me! You shan't kiss me—you shan't—but this once. There—there—there! Not another one. No, I won't promise; I won't, you goose. But I'll not forget you, Jacky. I do like you best of all; and, if nobody else asks me to have 'em, and if you should come back— Oh, don't! If anybody should see you— Goodness gracious! there's papa!"

What perverse chance sent the major into the garden this evening, who can tell? He did not often go; but there he was now, just

turning a corner in front of them. For a moment or two, he paused and looked at them rather blankly; then, noting that Jacky looked excited, flushed, and guilty, and the Princess shrank back, red and guilty too, the major's fat yellow face grew wrathful and he came down the walk in a hurry.

"What are you up to now, you fly-away piece?" said he, very sharply, to the Princess. "And what the devil are you doing here, sir?" to Jacky, who might have answered that, as the major had seen him there as in various other places, with his daughter, many a time before, this question savored of inconsistency.

"It was no harm, papa. He came to tell me good-bye, and maybe we'll never see him any more," put in the Princess, with scared haste.

"No harm? Pshaw! do you think I'm blind? Didn't I see you just now love-making—hugging and kissing with that—Treunis fellow? Now, didn't I? Confound it!"

She looked at Jacky.

"It wasn't her fault," said Jacky, in husky tones, and then stood silent with miserably hanging head. The major was an accusing embodiment to him, just then, of many inner and outer perverse influences beyond his poor control in life. He had forgotten it all five minutes before, in his fresh young passion; now it came back with a shock, newly realized and terrible, and struck him dumb.

"And that was no harm, even what you saw," said the Princess again. "He only said he loved me—there!"

This with a little flutter of defiance and triumph; for it was her first conquest, after all, and then her father's tone drove her instinctively to Jacky's defense.

"You confounded little fool! I've a mind to box your ears," said the major, and, turning his back on her, he stood frowning at Jacky in silence for a moment. His usually jolly self-satisfied eyes seemed to contract and glisten cruelly, and, when he spoke, his ordinary drawl was broken by little shakes, of emphasis.

"Confound yo' infernal impudence!" he said, very slowly. "If you haven't the sense to know your place, sir, I can tell you pretty soon. You won't be apt to forget it,

I reckon, or to come courting my daughter again. What did you think you'd get for yo' pains, sir? You dawg!"

"Oh, papa, don't! Don't talk to him so. You hurt me—you make me sick. Oh, don't, don't!" cried the Princess, running up to the irate major, with hand appealingly upraised. He pushed her away roughly, and she burst into tears.

But Jacky said not a word. It was certainly time for him to speak—to assert his manhood, say something dignified, cutting, self-defensive; but he did not. A poor, mean-spirited, cowardly fellow! perhaps somebody will say or think. I would swear that he was neither mean-spirited nor cowardly, and yet he did not speak. He reached out and steadied himself against a little fruit-tree near by, and the top of the little tree shivered and shook. His glance was fixed on the ground before him, his face was pale and dully set.

The cup of pain and humiliation which he had been drinking ever since he could remember had never tasted so exceedingly bitter. He knew intuitively what the major was going to say next—felt it with a sort of sick trembling at his very heart; and for a moment he fancied that the earth and the sky, now red and sanguinary with sunset, must be also a-quiver with sympathetic anguish.

His silence but increased the major's anger and contempt.

"A poor devil like you to talk about loving my daughter," he said, presently. "Yes, my daughter, sir—Miss Oldmoldistone. Please don't you forget it again. Why, you haven't got a cent to bless yourself with—nor anything, not even that tumble-down old hole where you've lived all yo' life. And you've cut cawn in my cawn-field like any nigger, and glad of the chance—and now to come with your impudence to my daughter!"

Every word was a stab most cruelly sent to its mark by misused truth; and still the readiness of speech failed Jacky, that might have seized on that truth flung at him thus scornfully and used it in his own honorable defense. He was still silent, and so were the other two for a while.

The Princess stood gazing at Jacky, her whole being shaken, upheaved, her girlish vanity thrust aside as by a mental earth-

quake. A feeling new and strange awoke in her heart, her face changed into womanliness, her eyes deepened and darkened strangely as she stood, trembling yet dignified, transformed, awe-stricken, noting with wonder how dark circles came around Jacky's eyes and how his face looked quite gray and old.

The major went on with facetious deliberation: "Give 'em an inch, they'll take an ell; and some will take a thousand miles. Look here, you—you Treunis, what put this into your head? Did you think, because I noticed you a little and lent you books from my library, sir, and praised yo' smartness once in a while—did you think, because yo' betters let you into their houses—but not as an equal, mind—that you could come courtin' my daughter? It's such infernal nonsense, it makes me laugh. Jack Treunis's son, by Gawge! a poor devil that couldn't get credit for a drink of whiskey, and wasn't worth powder and shot enough to blow his brains out."

Then Jacky raised his head.

"Hush!" he said, in a curious strained voice, and very quickly. He looked fierce, ugly, vindictive, and so dangerously strong that the major, who was perhaps really a little ashamed of his brutality, actually began in a sort of apologetic tone:

"Well, I'm sorry I said that, and I'll take it back. But the sooner you're told the plain truth, the better. I've not said anything but what's for your own good. Come into the house, Nelly. I don't want any more of this—confound it!"

The Princess would not stir, however. There was a minute's pause, and then Jacky turned to go. He dragged his heavy eyes up to a level with her face, and, moistening his dry lips, essayed to speak—perhaps the word "Good-bye"; but the whisper was not audible. Then he walked swiftly away, only conscious of one desire—to get out of their sight, to shake the dust of this place and time from his whole being. He went down the walk, through a side gate, out of the garden.

The major sauntered off toward the house. The Princess walked quickly down an opposite path, and, turning behind a sheltering lilac-hedge, ran with all her speed, scrambled through a clump of raspberry-bushes, climbed pantingly over the fence, skirted an outside

thicket of trees, and rushed out upon Jacky as he went.

Crimson, gasping, breathless, she threw one arm around his neck and held him fast.

"Oh, forgive me—forgive us!" she panted. "Oh, Jacky—it hurt me so—every word he said. I was so sorry!"

Poor Jacky! Her innocent reckless embrace gave him but another pang—showing, as he thought it did, the gulf that lay between her kindness and his love. His heart sank even lower than before and beat not less dully, though her own smote strong and warm against him as she stood, so close yet so infinitely distant; and the hand which she impulsively seized was shaky and cold.

But could that heart of Jacky's ever grow too bitter or resentfully hard to resist

her sweetening and softening influence? A rush of tears came into his eyes.

"Forgive you?" he said, huskily. "It wasn't you that hurt me."

"I hate him!" cried the Princess. "I hate him!"

"Don't say that," said Jacky, quite sharply; "he's your father. You must love him and do as he says, I suppose; but I—well, never mind. I must go away—there's no use saying any more. Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!"

He laid her hand against his cheek for one moment, held it there with a great choking sob, then fairly ran away.

The Princess was perhaps disappointed. Was this all? she asked herself, and stood some time after he was gone, looking at her hand. It was quite wet with tears.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## DREAM-LAND.

BY BELLE BREMER.

THROUGH wide-open gates we enter—

There is nothing to bar the way;

And nimble fancies are waiting

To lead us the flower-decked way

And bring us our hearts' desire;

Whatever we wish for is ours,

When once we have crossed the border

And entered the magic bowers.

A vast and measureless region

Stretching from zone to zone,

And beyond the alluring gateway

There never is boundary-stone.

'Tis free to all—to the peasant

As well as the king on his throne;

The poor man can fearlessly enter

And pre-empt a claim for his own.

It is here our best and dearest

Come always, with airy tread,

And lovingly walk beside us,

The living we love and the dead;

They come at our lightest beckon

With the speed of the swiftest thought—

Death has no power to hold them,

And distance to them is naught.

Here dwelleth the waiting fancies,

Our own a wonderful band,

Fleet-footed and never weary,

In a beautiful palace grand,

With pinnacles reaching to heaven,

And pillars and portals wide,

Its still halls golden and misted,

With the color of sunset dyed.

Close by is another palace,

So like a cathedral dim,

We list for the bell's slow tolling

And the chanting of priestly hymn;

Here all our treasures are gathered

Inside of the sacred wall—

We call it our house of treasure,

And sometimes memory's hall.

Each song that has ever thrilled us

Is here in this wondrous shrine,

And steals through memory's arches

With melody half divine.

Each withered bud we have cherished

And tended with loving care,

We find it a perfect blossom

In loveliest dream-land fair.

The gates to this land of magic

Forever wide open stand,

Hope's iris-hued bow of promise

Over all, like an arch, is spanned.

A land with never a shadow

To darken its roseate beams—

Region of dear enchantment.

Beautiful land of dreams!

# IMPRISONED RAINBOWS.

BY MISS LOUISA JAMISON.

## II.—CORUNDUM.

CORUNDUM is the name of an extremely hard mineral substance, found chiefly in India, and used there extensively for cutting and polishing the hardest stones. It occurs in grains, imbedded in small masses in granite, and is of various shades of white, brown, green, red, etc.

The common corundum is usually impure; but, when this mineral is in its purest state, it constitutes some of our most precious stones, as the sapphire and the ruby, and includes the gems denominated by jewelers the Oriental amethyst and the Oriental topaz. The basis of all these is the earth alumina, and the purest state of the species corundum consists of little else. We shall describe its proper varieties and also the gems as designated by the various names given them by jewelers.

Sapphire is the purest or most perfect state of corundum, and is the hardest of all earthy minerals, being inferior in this respect only to the diamond; hardness is, therefore, one of its distinctive qualities. What is considered as the most perfect, the Oriental sapphire, is usually of a clear bright-blue color, with a high degree of translucency; but it is also pale-blue, and sometimes violet-blue or cloudy. Sapphires are also occasionally colorless. When they are violet-blue, they are usually called by jewelers Oriental amethyst, and, when yellow, they are termed Oriental topaz. The latter terms are improper, since amethysts and topazes are quite different stones. Some sapphires show a pale reddish or bluish reflection, and these are termed Girasol sapphires; others, cut en cabochon, exhibit the appearance of a silvery star of six rays in a direction perpendicular to the axis of the natural crystal, and this variety is termed asteriated.

The primary form of the crystals of sapphire is that of a slightly acute rhomboid, which is the same as that of common corundum; but the crystals usually occur under the secondary form of a six-sided

prism variously terminated, and also in rolled masses. The crystals are readily cleavable in one direction, parallel to any of the planes of the primary rhomboid, showing the cleaved surface as very brilliant; but it is very difficult to produce cleavages parallel with the other planes of the rhomboid.

The finest sapphires come from Pegu and Ceylon, where they are found only in the beds of rivers, often in rounded fragments, generally small, and seldom exceeding the size of a hazel-nut. Blue sapphires are not uncommon, and those of ten or twenty carats are easily procured, being worth from five to fifteen dollars per carat, according to their beauty. Sapphires are sometimes substituted for diamonds by exposing them to a strong heat, which destroys their color, but improves their hardness and transparency; and this kind of fraud would be difficult to detect by anyone who was not a good judge of these stones.

The ruby is a gem which, when of the kind called Oriental—which is said to be mineralogically of the same species as the sapphire—is of great beauty and value. The true or Oriental ruby, when perfect, is the most valuable of the gems, next to the diamond; the color is a fine deep cochineal-red, having a richness of hue unrivaled; occasionally it is a rose-red or has a tinge of violet. The monarchs of Pegu, Siam, and Ava possess rubies of the greatest beauty, as the sovereigns of India had the finest diamonds.

A perfect stone of six grains is rare, and it falls little short of the value of a diamond; indeed, if some small rubies are very fine, they are of greater value than a diamond of the same weight. The natural crystal is in the form of a six-sided prism; it cleaves more readily than the sapphire, and it is not so hard. It consists, according to Chenevix, of alumina, silica, and oxide of iron.

But there is another stone, also sometimes called ruby, which belongs to a different

species and is inferior in value and hardness. This is the spinelle or balais ruby, which, when red or violet, has been called ruby; thus we have the Oriental and the spinelle ruby. The crystallization of the spinelle is different from that of the sapphire and also of the Oriental ruby. It does not consist mainly of alumina, like the Oriental ruby, but contains also eight per cent. of magnesia and six per cent. of chromic acid. It may be distinguished from the Oriental by its inferior hardness and specific gravity. Its color is usually some shade of red, as scarlet, cochineal, rose, violet, cherry, or yellowish-red. When of good color, it is scarcely less valuable than the Oriental ruby. Among lapidaries, the scarlet-red is sometimes called ruby spinelle; the pale or rose-red, the balais ruby. The red topaz has been called, by the lapidaries, the Brazilian ruby; and a variety of red quartz, Bohemian ruby.

The emerald, in value, ranks next to the ruby. It is of a pure intense green color, when the stone is of the most perfect kind, called Oriental, hence the name emerald-green. The color, however, varies a little; sometimes it is paler and the green less lively, or it is a pale-blue or yellowish. The form of its natural crystals is a six-sided prism, and it cleaves readily parallel to the axis of the prism. It is somewhat harder than quartz, but not so hard as beryl, though more difficult to cleave. Its composition, according to Vanquelin, is silica, alumina, glucine, and lime, glucine being the coloring-matter. The finest emeralds are said to come from Peru, where they have been discovered several inches in length. They are also found in Ceylon and Egypt. These stones are usually cut by the lapidary into facets, and are frequently set surrounded by brilliants. The green tourmaline has been called the Brazilian emerald.

The beryl is considered by some mineralogists to belong to the same species as the emerald; but it differs from it in hardness and composition, as well as in color. The primary form of its crystals is a six-sided prism, terminated by a six-sided pyramid, truncated; and this is its usual form. The sides are striated longitudinally, whereas those of quartz, which its form resembles, are striated transversely, and it is harder than quartz. The crystals may be cut

parallel to the planes of the prism, and more easily than those of the emerald. Its composition, according to Vanquelin, is silica, alumina, glucine, lime, and oxide of iron. The color of the beryl is various shades of pale-yellow, blue, or green. The common beryl is scarcely employed in jewelry, on account of its numerous flaws and cracks. The aquamarine is a variety of beryl, of a light-bluish sea-green color of various shades. It is also called aquamarine because of its being the hue of the sea. In hardness, it is inferior to the topaz. Formerly, it was of considerable value; but at present its worth is very much reduced, except in the case of very fine ones. The best come from Ceylon. Large stones, weighing from one to three or four ounces, are not uncommon.

The topaz is a particular species of mineral occurring in crystals of the form of a rhombic prism, variously terminated. This prism is usually striated longitudinally. It cleaves easily at right angles to the axis of the prism. It somewhat resembles quartz, but is distinguished by the form of its crystals, by its superior hardness and specific gravity. Both it and quartz scratch glass, but topaz scratches quartz. It is sometimes colorless and translucent, but usually has various pale shades of yellow, green, blue, lilac, or red. It is found in the ancient primary rocks, and, in Saxony, in a particular rock called topaz rock; these topazes are pale-yellow.

The Brazilian topaz is deep-yellow, and becomes red or pink in a heated crucible, and then the price is augmented. It is sometimes found in rolled masses. Some from Brazil are beautifully pellucid and are called Minas Nova; these have been abundantly employed in jewelry, and they produce a fine refraction of light in pins and other ornaments. When topazes are naturally red, they have been called Brazilian rubies. There are also blue topazes, which by lapidaries have been called Oriental aquamarine.

Counterfeit pink topazes are sometimes made by interposing some color between two thin plates of clear topaz, and then setting the whole; this fraud may be sometimes detected by holding the edge of the stone against the light, when the want of color will be perceived. Similar impositions are practiced with other stones.



## BETWEEN THEMSELVES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



RS. BORDEN sat in a low chair, peering into the smoldering fire as intently as if trying to read her future in the embers, along which every now and then ran tiny jets of flame that looked like cabalistic signs.

At last, she heard a key turn in the street-door, which opened and shut softly, as did that of the vestibule; then came the sound of cautious footsteps ascending the stairs. Her husband had returned. The careful tread stopped at his dressing-room, which was next hers.

A half-hour elapsed. There was a sound in the adjoining chamber, of a chair pushed back; then a slow measured tread became audible. At first, it only struck Mrs. Borden as odd that her husband should indulge in the promenade so late; but probably he supposed she had gone into her bed-room, so that he ran no risk of disturbing her. This reflection reminded her that she ought to retire, and she rose with the intention of doing so. Then her eye was attracted by an unfinished letter lying on her table. It ought to be posted early in the morning, so she seated herself to write the conclusion—an affair of some moments, as it was a business-epistle and required thought.

While her mind and hand were busy, she vaguely heard that measured tread pass up and down, up and down. As she rose from the table, she glanced at the clock; her husband had been walking to and fro for nearly an hour.

Something must be the matter; he was suffering either physically or mentally: rare circumstances, she would have given as her verdict, if she had been in the habit of expressing opinions in regard to him—which she was not.

Mrs. Borden made a step toward the door between the two rooms, then she stopped. If he should think her intruding? While

she hesitated, the steps ceased; she decided to go to bed. The march began again, breaking so suddenly across the silence that even a very unimpressionable person would have been startled. Mrs. Borden crossed the room and knocked at the communicating door; then, without waiting for permission, opened it and stopped on the threshold.

Her husband was quite near her—he had probably turned to approach the door; he looked at her inquiringly.

"I beg your pardon," she said, quickly; "I heard you walk till I got anxious."

"I disturbed you," he rejoined; "I am very sorry."

"No, no," she said; "I was only afraid that you were ill."

"I am not ill," he replied; "I thank you, though, for coming to inquire."

"I wanted to ask if there were anything I could do," she explained.

"You are very kind," he said.

It seemed to her that his voice and attitude held a dismissal, which at an ordinary moment would have sent her away without a word or look; but there was an expression in his face which she had never before seen there and which she was not sufficiently skilled in reading his countenance to decipher. She felt that she must speak again, even at the risk of annoying him.

"I hope you have no business-worry," she said.

"None," came the monosyllabic response.

Again she was turning away; but she saw that firm mouth quiver slightly, caught the restless gleam in the clear gray eyes, and stopped once more—she could not go like this.

"Then don't be offended—"

"I shall not be," he rejoined, as she paused. "What do you want to ask?"

"Are you in trouble or—or mental pain?" she continued, hesitatingly. "If I could be of any help—"

"Would you like to help me?" he demanded, quickly.

"Yes," she answered, simply.

A sudden resolve spoke in Mr. Borden's face.

"Why should I hesitate?" he said. "I came near knocking at that door a little while since. I was trying to make up my mind to consult you."

"And I felt that I must come in," she replied, resolutely putting aside her habitual reserve. "Tell me what is the matter—show me how I can be of any assistance; I assure you I shall be very glad."

"Thank you," he said. "Sit down by the fire."

She took the chair he pushed toward the hearth, looking at him all the while. She could see that he was greatly excited, struggling hard to maintain his composure—he who always held himself under such wonderful control that it was useless to try to read in his face or voice what he really thought or felt.

"Tell me what it is," she urged.

"Yes, I mean to," he said. "But how shall I tell you?"

A brand fell on the hearth with a little crash; he took the tongs and put it back. The time he occupied seemed very long to his wife, busy as her mind was with mental questions and wonder.

"The plainest words are always best," she observed, at length.

"And it is not as if you would care—would feel hurt as another woman might if her husband made such an avowal?" Again he stopped; again their eyes met—hers full of inquiry, his of trouble. Mr. Borden saw that even yet she had no suspicion of his meaning; a bitter smile crossed his lips, but she did not see it. "You—you said you would try to help me."

"And I will; only show me how!"

"Surely no man ever asked his wife for assistance that could seem stranger—insulting, maybe; but then you will not be hurt," he hurried on. "Here it is—I must tell it out bluntly: I am in love—infatuated—mad!"

He stopped abruptly and leaned against the mantel, with his face hidden by his hand. The clock ticked, the embers snapped—there was no other sound in the room. Helen Borden sat so motionless that even the lace on her bosom did not stir. Her husband watched her; she looked straight into the fire.

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked, after a little. "What do you mean? What do you want?"

"I want someone to help me in my strait," he answered.

"And I am the person you select? I?" she said, wonderingly. "Do you think there is another man in the world who would do so under similar circumstances?"

"Perhaps not; it seems natural, though, that I should come to you," he rejoined.

"You are my wife."

"And so the fit person to hear such an avowal as you have just made? What do you think most wives would reply?" she questioned, with a composure which betrayed no sign of effort.

"Declare themselves insulted beyond endurance," he responded, promptly.

"Does it occur to you that I may share the feelings which you admit would be natural?" she asked, with unshaken calmness.

"No; you don't love me, so you are not hurt. You are brave, capable of great sacrifice—and then, too, you are an eminently just person."

She waited an instant, then said:

"You do not tell me who this woman is—but no: that is not necessary; it could make no difference."

"It could make no difference," he echoed, drearily. "Sometime it may be that, if you care to know, I can tell you."

Again the suffering in his face and voice roused her sympathy, and she said earnestly:

"I am very sorry for you; at least, you can be sure of that."

"I made a hard struggle before speaking," he rejoined. "But you are not angry—not aggrieved—only sorry for my pain?"

She rose; the interview was becoming too great a strain even for her, practiced as she was in endurance.

"We won't talk any more to-night," she said; "I will try to find the best way to be of service to you, since you want my help."

"I thank you for hearing me as you have," he returned.

"Good-night," was all she said.

He repeated the salutation and bowed her out of the apartment with grave courtesy. The door closed behind her; she crossed the dressing-room and entered her bed-chamber.

A sudden fierce anger seized her; that she had received as dire an insult as a man could

offer the woman who bore his name, was the light in which her husband's astounding confession now struck her. She would go back and tell him that, on the morrow, she must leave his roof forever; but a new reflection restrained her: Could she bear the blow to her pride, of admitting the world into her confidence—of letting herself, her affairs, her feelings, become food for gossip? No; she would rather die a thousand deaths!

A step such as she had momentarily contemplated would have been a surprise indeed to all who knew them, for Mr. and Mrs. Borden were universally regarded as a model couple. No human being, save their two selves, knew the secret of the closed door at which Helen had knocked an hour previous—which neither her husband's hand nor hers had opened since the day he brought her to the house as its mistress.

Their marriage had taken place nearly two years previous—suddenly and under circumstances somewhat peculiar and romantic. Since her twentieth birthday, Helen Clayton had resided with her maternal grandfather. Mr. Murray had quarreled with his daughter when she married; he never forgave her until she became a widow. A twelvemonth later, Mrs. Clayton died; but Helen remained with her grandfather, for, though a tyrant, she had grown fond of him, and he had learned to prize her affection and companionship. There was probably only one person in the world whom he really loved, and that was Griffith Borden, his former ward and the nephew of a second wife whom he had lost after a brief season of wedlock. Helen passed two years in the house before she met Borden, who had been detained in San Domingo by the care of some valuable plantations in which he and Mr. Murray held large interests. Helen, however, had learned to admire him through her grandfather's descriptions and his own voluminous letters, which revealed a nature of rare gifts and wide culture. After his return to New York, she saw a great deal of him, as no son could have shown more devotion than he evinced for his old guardian.

Mr. Murray's health, long undermined, suddenly failed so rapidly that it was plain the end could not be very far off. Business-troubles also assailed the old man, and, through the dishonesty of a trusted partner,

he lost the investments which he had intended as a provision for his granddaughter. His second wife had bequeathed him a fortune, which was completely at his own disposition; but this money, he had always felt, ought to descend to Griffith Borden.

At last, a way out of his dilemma presented itself to his mind. Several months had elapsed since Borden's arrival; Helen began to perceive that he had become to her an object of special interest, and her pride was in arms at the possibility of having allowed her heart to go out unsought. But, before she had been forced to make any humiliating confession to her own soul, her grandfather said to her with characteristic abruptness:

"Helen, I want to see you and Griffith married. You haven't thought about loving him, but I know he will make you happy, and there are pecuniary reasons, property-interests, which will render such a marriage very advantageous to you both."

Two days later, Helen received a frankly manly letter from Borden, asking her to consent to an engagement.

"You have known me so short a time," he wrote, "that for me to indulge in any poetical outburst of passionate love would, if I read your character aright, seem almost an impertinence. I can promise that the care of your happiness will be not only a sacred duty, but a pleasure: so much you will permit me to say. I think you like me as a friend—I hope in time to win a warmer regard."

He gave Helen a week to consider his proposal; but, before the expiration of that period, Mr. Murray was taken so alarmingly ill that it became necessary to summon Borden. The old man insisted that the wedding must take place at once; he would listen to neither arguments nor entreaties, beseeching his granddaughter not to render his last hours wretched by any hesitation.

Borden behaved with such gentleness and delicacy that, if Helen had not already learned to care for him, his conduct would have won her heart; and to refuse her grandfather's pleading seemed a sin for which she could never forgive herself.

A day passed; the arrangements were hurriedly made—the morning of Helen Clayton's marriage dawned. Only an hour

before the time appointed for the ceremony, Helen unavoidably overheard fragments of conversation between Borden and a favorite cousin of his, which convinced her that, so far from having any affection to offer, he regarded the marriage as a necessity forced alike on him and his future wife. To gratify his ambition, he needed the fortune; to deprive Helen of its benefits would be selfish and cruel, and it was plain that he considered hers a nature so cold and self-centred that she would be satisfied with wealth and position and only ask from her husband respect and esteem, and these he could freely offer.

It seemed to Helen that she should go mad, but she was utterly helpless. The doctors had declared that, though Mr. Murray might live for months, any sudden shock would undoubtedly prove fatal: she could not be his murderer.

Two hours later—two hours in which it seemed to the wretched girl that she lived through years of agony—she was married.

The ceremony took place at noon, and, before the clock struck one, Mr. Murray was dead. He had insisted on getting out of bed and dressing; he had seemed so strong that the physician had apprehended no danger, but joy had proved as fatal as disappointment could have done.

Before night, Helen was very ill, and for a fortnight she hovered between life and death. The broken confessions uttered in her delirium convinced her bridegroom that only by a terrible struggle had she consented to their marriage, and his whole soul was stirred with sympathy and regret. When reason came back, Helen feared lest she might have betrayed her secret; but she received convincing proof that such was not the case. As soon as she could sit up—and the doctors declared that she must have change of scene without delay—Borden placed in her hand a letter which told her he knew now that only the fear of depriving him of an inheritance which he had been brought up to expect, backed by her grandfather's entreaties and a dread of embittering the old man's last days, had induced her to consent to this hurried marriage.

"Had I dreamed of the truth," Borden wrote, "I would not have permitted the sacrifice, even for the sake of my more than father; all I can do now is to prove to you

that I appreciate it by leaving you as complete freedom as is possible without taking the world into our confidence."

It was a comfort to the proud woman that he believed her heart as untouched as his own, and in a brief answer she thanked him for his generosity and accepted the compact he offered.

So their strange life had begun and gone quietly on. Borden devoted himself to study, and business-interests called him frequently away from home. Helen managed her house and assumed so many social duties that her time was fully occupied.

In the silence of the night, Mrs. Borden reviewed the past and went through every varying shade of feeling in regarding it from a personal point of view. At last, she began to think solely of her husband—him on whom now the yoke of their marriage must press with such terrible severity. Her sympathy began to go out toward him, and she could understand that, in his own eyes, his appeal to her, so far from appearing an insult, might have seemed the only honorable course to pursue. How to help him? Some wild thought of disappearing forever from his path crossed her mind; but common sense told her that she could only cause gossip and harm by such romantic folly.

Helen did not see her husband until late the next day. She was returning from a drive, and, as the carriage stopped at the house, she saw Mr. Borden mounting the steps. He rang, then turned back and gave her his arm with some pleasant remark.

"I will go into the library," she said, while the servant who had admitted them was closing the vestibule-doors; "I want to speak with you, if you have leisure."

"Certainly," he replied, and they walked down the long corridor in silence; and in silence Helen seated herself, while her husband stood, evidently waiting for her to begin.

This beginning she found very difficult; not one of the various speeches which she had arranged could she recall, and, when she did speak, the words were such as she had neither intended nor desired to utter.

"I wish you could get a divorce," she said, abruptly. "I suppose, though, there is no way."

"I would not," he replied, but gave no reason for his emphatic assertion.

"You asked me to help you," Helen began again, "and I wanted to tell you that I am ready to try."

"I thank you," he said, with a little quiver in his voice.

The light struck his face, and she could see that he looked pale and worn, like a man who had been fighting a hard and prolonged battle. Again her pity overpowered every personal feeling, and the task which he had begged her to undertake lost its repulsive aspect.

"I don't know what you expect or want me to do," she went on; "but, if you will show me—"

"You can help me in many ways," he interrupted, his eyes growing eager through their troubled mist. "I shall have to ask for more of your society—to be allowed to spend the hours with you that I have passed away from home. Don't misunderstand: I have devoted the time to work; invented business, occupation. I was at the end of my own resources before I appealed to you."

This was the language of a man who wanted to do right. He was proving himself brave under temptation, strong in the midst of weakness. The last gleam of resentment died out of Helen's mind; for, if he seemed pitiless toward her, he was more relentless toward himself.

"What are you thinking?" he asked, so suddenly that she started. "Do tell me your exact thought."

"Of what you were saying," she answered: "That you made me respect you in a crisis where most men would merit contempt; last of all, that you were so stern to yourself that a real friend would feel inclined to show you great leniency."

"You, for instance."

"I, most certainly."

"Yes, your promise showed that you are indeed my friend," he replied.

"Then we have settled everything so far as we can," Helen said.

She spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, as if ending an ordinary interview. Indeed, the composure of both would have looked very odd to a third person; but they were so much accustomed to controlling themselves that the effort, even at a crisis like this, was not very difficult.

"Who is coming to dinner?" he inquired, for by a tacit consent they seldom dined alone.

"Only Mrs. Emerson; I asked her to come, as she wants to go with us to the Dollingfords' reception."

"I shall not be able to accompany you," Mr. Borden said, quickly; "I have an engagement. I am sorry, but it cannot be put off."

"Very well," was his wife's response; "Mrs. Emerson and I must escort each other. Till dinner, then!"

She went out with a smile on her lips, but it faded as soon as she passed the threshold. She felt weary, disheartened, almost fearful that she had accepted a task beyond her strength.

"A brave woman; hardly another would have behaved as she is doing," was Griffith Borden's thought, as he stood alone in the shadow. "How will it end—how will it end?"

He sat down by his writing-table, leaned his head on his hands, and remained absorbed in thought until the ringing of the door-bell warned him that his wife's guest had arrived and that he was not dressed for dinner.

Helen Borden had thought the previous experience of her married life the strangest ever woman knew; but the aspect it assumed from this day was still more strange. Instead of avoiding her except when there was company, as had been his habit, her husband sought her society daily; often came home to luncheon; asked her to drive; begged sometimes for a tête-à-tête dinner; requested her to sit in his library, to give him music, or play chess. He was as ceremonious in presenting himself before her as if he had come on a visit; took as much pains to render himself agreeable as if she had been a woman whose affection he was trying to win.

"He is a thorough gentleman," Helen often thought, bitterly; "he will leave nothing undone on his side. Well, I shall keep the compact with equal fidelity."

Mr. Borden often appeared restless and troubled; this was the hardest to bear, because it forced her to think about the woman who had the power to make him suffer, though he was too strong to yield. Helen had promised to urge him to stay in whenever she could, no matter if he offered business as a plea. It was a hard thing for a proud creature like her to do, but she kept her word.

"Please stay with me—I really want you!" became an entreaty familiar to her lips. She would wonder afterward how she ever brought herself to utter it, and think she never could again; but, when the need arose, she did not give her pride time to make her hesitate.

Six weeks passed—three months—summer was at hand. They went to their villa at Newport and entertained a constant succession of guests. In the early autumn, Mr. Borden asked his wife to go with him to Quebec, where he had business. They made an enjoyable trip through Canada, and, to Helen's intense satisfaction, her husband's restlessness gradually disappeared. On their return, they visited several Southwestern cities, and winter was approaching when they again established themselves in their own home.

The months went on. The better Helen learned to know Griffith Borden, the more she found in his character to admire, and the deeper was the hold which her love took of the inmost fibres of her being. She suffered cruelly, but concealed it with wonderful fortitude. A terrible jealousy at times consumed her; she would wonder if that unknown woman who stood between her and her husband's heart were an acquaintance of her own. Perhaps she met that rival often—received signs of friendship from her; but no—that was impossible! Her cautious but vigilant watch of Mr. Borden in the society of other women would have discovered some sign of betrayal, in spite of his self-command.

Then, as the weeks passed, Helen perceived that her husband's restlessness returned. Often, when he had been reading aloud, or she had sung to him, or they were talking pleasantly, she would notice his face grow troubled, his manner absent. He would falter some lame excuse and go hastily out of the room, and she would not see him again that evening.

"I am doing no good," she said to herself at last, "and the humiliation is greater than I can bear! Was ever woman before set such a task? But I have kept my word faithfully—I have—and, after all, I have not succeeded!"

Her pride made war on her sick heart, but her heart conquered. She pitted herself against this unknown rival, who, completely

as he might keep aloof from her, still retained such power over his soul that he could not forget, could not even rise above the suffering caused by her supremacy. Against this potent foe, Helen strove unceasingly—in dress, manner—there was no pains too great to take, no detail too trivial to be unimportant. When people admired her—and she was very popular—she looked only to see that Mr. Borden observed and was pleased. At every sign of his approval, her heart fluttered with delight; she had gained another victory over her rival! She cultivated her various accomplishments sedulously; she worked hard at her music and painting. She gained the reputation of being the finest amateur singer in town; one of her pictures was sent to an exhibition and received great praise. But her only pleasure in these triumphs was the thought that each success was a triumph over her rival and a hope that her husband might give her more than admiration and sympathy—she knew that he gave her these—he more than proud of her and admire her; for he not only showed both sentiments plainly, but put them into eloquent words. She wanted more, however—more! She longed to be loved; to expel that unknown woman from her husband's heart, and claim it for her own; to make him forget that the past had ever existed, or, if some memory must remain, only enough to make him marvel how he could ever have thought before that he knew what love was.

Then there would come terrible revulsions of feeling; Helen would gird against her own longing, call herself hard names, despise her weakness for going so far beyond her bargain. She had promised to help him—he had not asked for anything more; but she had added love—wild, passionate—and he passed it by unheeded, was even unaware of its existence. Still, she found a certain consolation in his blindness; she told herself that she should go utterly mad if he were to discover her secret.

Then a new torture was suddenly added: he began to avoid her, to invent excuses in the servants' hearing for going out or for shutting himself in his room; and Helen would listen unflinchingly and help him to make his conduct appear to rest on good grounds. Even in the old days, her greatest fear had been that outsiders might observe



something was amiss between them; and now she would have suffered infinite torture rather than allow any human being to suspect that the union between them was not flawless.

The library or drawing-room was their meeting-ground; never since that eventful night had her hand or his knocked at the communicating door between their chambers. When Helen did not appear below-stairs, Borden took it as a sign that she wished to be alone; when he shut himself up, she went to her own room in order that the servants might think they were sitting together.

Often she could hear him moving about in his dressing-room, and would sit listening for an hour at a time; but she never carried her promise to aid so far as to intrude on him in that apartment.

One evening, she was seated thus when there came a tap at the communicating door—so sudden, so unexpected, that her heart gave one bound and then stood still. Several moments passed before she could find voice to bid him enter. The instant that Helen looked in her husband's face, she knew that the crisis which of late she had been dreading had arrived. He could bear his burden no longer; he could struggle no further; he had come to tell her so.

"I want to speak with you," he said.

Helen's head seemed bursting; she wanted to get the explanation over; she was afraid her strength might fail—that she might betray herself, and so have his pity or remorse added to her pain. This must not be; she would help him to come quickly to the confession which he must needs utter and she hear.

"I was expecting you," she said.

"I don't understand," he rejoined, interrogatively.

"Only that for some time I have seen you were restless—suffering. I thought you would soon speak."

"You have seen it? I hoped I had more self-control," he sighed.

"I am your friend; in such case, a woman sees clearly," she replied. She could hear that her voice sounded calm, and she knew that her face betrayed no emotion. She felt cold—freezing; she could speak, though, and she would.

"You have seen—" he questioned.

"That you can no longer bear the

restraint—the struggle," she said. "You find that my companionship is a pain instead of a consolation; it is very natural."

"And have you grown tired of your part?" he asked.

"Not tired," she said; "but, as I have become more strongly convinced that I fail to prove the friend and comforter you hoped I might, I have felt that it was useless to go on as we have been doing."

"I was afraid you found the task harder and harder," he returned, sadly. "I don't wonder. You have been very, very good to me—"

"Oh, stop!" she broke in; then, warned by the agitation in her voice, she paused.

"Surely you will let me say so much!" he pleaded.

"I have done no good," she answered, wearily; "no good!"

"Yes, yes!" he persisted.

"No—since you suffer; and you do suffer!" He bowed his head.

"Since—since that infatuation—I repeat your own word—keeps its hold over you," she hurried on. "No," as he tried to speak, "do not attempt to soften the truth—there is no necessity! It is your frankness and your courage which have won my admiration. Be franker still: own that your feeling has not changed, in spite of your struggle."

"I cannot deny it," he said. "What I came to you to say is this: I know you suffer also; this life is too hard—you are an angel of generosity; but I want to spare you! I—I thought perhaps you would like to go abroad with Mrs. Emerson. My business will serve as satisfactory reason for my not accompanying you. Once in Europe, your absence could easily be prolonged without exciting remark, and—I could visit you occasionally."

"You want that—do you? You wish me to go?" she asked.

"I wish to spare you worry—weariness."

"And to be rid of me," she said, with a bitterness he had never heard in her voice. "I do not blame you; still, you will admit that the confession is mortifying. I am beaten—worsted! At least, you will own I tried to conquer! Yes, I will go—go at once! I will leave you to the woman you love! I admit that you have behaved better than most men would have done. Well, I shall not stand in your way."

"Helen! Helen!" he groaned.

"Oh, no more words are necessary," she said, coldly. "One request I make—one thing I insist on: Before I go, I want to see that woman!"

"You want—"

"To see the woman you love," she said, between her teeth.

"Why?" he asked.

"I hardly know! Yes, I do: because—because—"

She could not articulate another syllable. She turned to leave the room; before she reached the door, he was beside her, holding her hands firmly in his.

"You care! you care!" he cried, passionately, drawing her toward a great mirror. "Look! there is the woman I love! Oh, Helen, I hardly dared to hope! Is it true—have you learned to care? That is what I have striven for! I never loved any woman but you."

"You told your cousin that the marriage was a pain—a—"

"Because, when it was too late to set you free, I thought you had consented only to gratify your grandfather. But oh, I love you! And you care—since when? Tell me that!"

"Since I first knew you," she answered, through a rain of happy tears.

## UNREST.

BY M. J. TOURJEE.

How the sound of ocean's billows,  
Beating on the rocky shore,  
Brings remembrances of childhood,  
Of my island home once more.  
How the ripple of the waters,  
As they're kissed by sun's bright rays,  
Ever calls to memory visions,  
Happy scenes of other days.

How the perfume of the roses  
Bending 'neath the summer showers,  
And the scent of snowy lilies,  
Take me back to girlhood's hours.  
Strains of music often haunt me,  
Telling of the days of yore  
And of dear remembered faces  
This side heaven I'll see no more.

But in heaven's bright home of gladness,  
Over by the crystal sea,  
Free from blight of sin, from sorrow,  
All our loved ones we shall see.  
Oft our hearts are sad and heavy,  
Filled with sorrow and regret;  
Shall we not at last find healing?  
Yes, in heaven there's comfort yet.

Mourn we here life's roses faded?  
Eden's beauty is complete.  
Weep we here o'er joys departed?  
Heaven's bliss will be more sweet.  
We shall know no want up yonder,  
If we here in Christ abide;  
Haunting memories will not pain us,  
For we shall "be satisfied."

## NATURE'S DRESS.

BY CARRIE M. BASSICK.

I HAVE seen Dame Nature in spring-time,  
In her dress of emerald green;  
For flowers, she wore the snow-drops—  
For jewels, the dew-drops' sheen.

I have seen her in the summer,  
In a dress of varied hue:  
Changing purple, pink, and amber,  
And the palest tints of blue.

I have seen her in the autumn,  
Dressed in red and russet brown;

In her hand she held a sickle,  
On her head a golden crown.

I have seen her in the winter,  
Dressed in robe of pearly white,  
With a misty scarf of vapor  
And a brooch of diamonds bright.

I have seen her in all seasons;  
She is ever dear to me—  
Ever bringing some new pleasure,  
Ever joyous, ever free.

## THE STORY OF AN OLD LETTER.

BY OLIVIA LOVELL WILSON.

### PART I. THE LETTER.

It was a quaint old desk, with its numberless little drawers promising mystery, and the brass knobs that caught the firelight and winked and twinkled back at the cheery blaze. A jolly inspiring old piece of furniture, it had never grown dim in its polished oak, with all the years that had passed over it since Rosemary Alden's grandmother sat before it, writing her epistles.

But quite in contrast to its jovial smile at the wood-fire was Rose Alden's countenance to-day, as she sat, her chin upon her plump little hand, discontent making a furrow in her smooth brow.

Her pen lay across a finished letter, and she knew her words had been cold and hard as the steel pen she had used.

She was not pleased with herself or the world, and least of all with the person to whom this letter was to bring gloom and despair.

She had tried to forgive him, she thought, and yet such careless neglect before marriage, when he should not have divided "a minute into a thousand parts, and break the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love"! What did it bode for her future?

So she had said a few bitter words, and, before he could explain or protest, conventionality had stepped between and they were forced to remain in mute discomfort through a long dinner given for their express honor as the happy betrothed.

He had written, the next day, too anxious to wait until they met; and pretty Rose, before her grandmother's desk, had just penned her cruel answer.

Sitting there in gloomy meditation, the maiden was so like a portrait on the wall that many people believed it to be Rose, clad in the costume of long ago. But, if one looked closely, it was not hard to discern a milder spirit in the eyes of the portrait, and a deeper glint of red in the rich golden hair.

(158)

This was another Rose Alden, who years ago had tasted life's first sweet pleasures, and, just as she was about to wed, had fallen asleep and been laid to rest beneath the snows.

The Rose Alden of to-day lifted, to her namesake's picture, eyes that were filled with tears. This Aunt Rose had been her grandmother's favorite sister, and when, years after, the little granddaughter came home to gladden her heart, she named her Rose.

Then, strangely enough, a grandson of that wooer of the first Rose had appeared to woo and win her little nineteenth-century counterpart, and grandmother's satisfaction had been deep and intense.

But all this was over now! Rose began to fold her letter, when suddenly her eyes fell on the calendar. It was February 14th—St. Valentine's Day! the day he had laughingly said he would send her some proof of his love. And even that was forgotten! She closed her small teeth sharply, felt her grievance more than she could bear, and then a great tear fell on the folded letter lying beside its envelope, primly addressed to Walter N. Deane. Another tear followed the first, and then down went the bright head, and she sobbed aloud.

Presently she looked up proudly, dashed her tears aside, and took from a little secret drawer a small bundle of faded letters, tied with a pale-blue ribbon. Often had she thought she should look at them after love had been revealed to her, but a sweet delicacy had withheld her before; she had been too happy to think of it. Now she wondered how that other Walter Deane had written to the other Rose.

Slowly she turned over the quaintly-sealed letters, the seals broken by impatient hands that long since had folded over peaceful bosoms.

She found Walter Deane's letters and several from Rose to him. All were there together, worded briefly but full of love.

Then Rose found one that made her tears fall fast; she read it twice, and her heart grew soft and more kindly toward her absent lover, yet she strove hard to retain her old spirit of defiance. Why should she attribute to this Walter Deane what his namesake never had possessed? Yet surely, if gentle Aunt Rose could say "I am wrong," might not she also be wrong and hasty in her judgment?

At this moment, Rose saw the postman coming up the street. In a second, her quick hands had dashed the sheet into the envelope. She caught up some other letters, one or two of which had been written by her grandmother, and gave them to that angel of our daily life, the penny-postman, and one more letter had gone to leave its mark upon a soul.

"It is done, and I am glad," said Rose, defiantly.

But she avoided the gentle eyes of the portrait and put the yellow love-letters carefully away, having picked one or two up from the floor, where her impetuous movement had hurled them. Then she closed the desk and left the room.

"What will happen now?" crackled the wood-fire, pleasantly; and the desk, despite its advanced age, winked from one of its brass knobs, as if to reply: "Wait and see!"

## PART II.

### WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LETTER.

SOMEONE has said I am to tell my own tale; so here I am, and I will begin at once by saying I am an old musty love-letter. I am not going to boast of my age, for I remember distinctly Mr. Byron once said something about age being good for wine, but very bad for women; and I fancy it would be much the same with old love-letters. Still, I am led to think without egotism that I have served my time twice, as one may say after reading my late adventure.

It was never intended that I should be mixed up with the hurly-burly busy times into which I was plunged; but I had grown very weary of the pale-blue ribbon that bound me with a small company of bosom companions, and had determined, by using one of my last sighs, to break the bond that held me, when a pretty white hand unloosed the ribbon, and, after holding me awhile to be read, laid me down among a number of

spick-span new white ragged-edged wrappers. All were addressed, and I was returning to my well-worn folds, with the name "Mr. Walter Deane" on my yellow side, for I had always held it my duty to keep in seemly folds the contents of my written sheets, when the owner of that pretty hand laid her head upon me tenderly. I saw her weep, and then I felt that one of the new letters had hidden me from her view. Suddenly we were all snatched up together, and I felt the cold air upon me and heard a gruff voice say:

"Oh, yes, they will all get into the fast mail!"

"Ah!" I sighed, "that means the stage and coach-and-four, instead of the saddle-bags-and-one."

I was very much pleased to hear we were going by the fast mail, for I was beginning to feel nervous about getting out into the world again in time to see something of it before I really got too old to enjoy myself—although, for that matter, there is a tea-pot of my acquaintance that is so old she is cracked, yet she tells me she is invited to all the fashionable afternoon-teas for miles. But then she belonged to Mr. James Madison's great-aunt, which may account for her popularity. Family blood will tell, you know, and that is one reason I've always felt glad I belonged to the Aldens.

But pardon this digression.

The owner of the gruff voice took us all to a big building where there were so many letters that I was sure it must be the only large place in the world where all letters come and are distributed. But I found in this I was mistaken, for I passed through others quite as large.

The parcel I was in was seized upon by a wild-eyed youth, who first read this address, then that, and flung the letters into piles in the most careless manner. I clung to my companion, a shiny envelope addressed like myself, for I feared this youth would not let me pass; for what would he know about the Walter Deane I held a message for, since he was so young? Besides, I was bewildered by many new sights and sounds, and most of all by the new envelope, which also bore my name in a clear hand.

We were soon tied up in a bundle with fifty other letters, and then thrown among

hundreds in a big bag. Think of it—one in a hundred! when in my day I had gone as one of a select number of twelve. I must confess I did not enjoy the mixed company I was in. Wrappers blue, green, and yellow—not yellow from honorable age, as I was, but a pert fresh yellow—and no seals to speak of; and one very smart pink wrapper had the impertinence to tell me that people stuck their letters together by using their tongues—as if I would believe such an absurd statement! I may have looked elderly, but I'm sure I am not a dunce to be taken in by such chaff.

We were finally plunged into a great leather bag that went together with a snap, and then the wild-eyed youth said:

"Here, Jim, you'll have to hustle this mail, or it will be behind time."

"Hustle"? thought I. Now, what does "hustle" mean? It must be a new stamp they have made. But I soon found out what it meant. The bag was taken out and hung on a long wooden arm, and soon I heard the most horrid shrieking, and, a long way off, saw a frightful-looking monster coming toward us, smoke pouring from his head and fire flashing from his one huge eye.

Nearer and nearer he came, and then every fibre in my being thrilled with fear, as all at once there was a fearful rush and snatch, and we were landed all in a heap, devoured by the horrid monster, which rattled on as unconcerned about the damage—as I thought—that he had done, as if it were a daily pastime.

"There!" gasped my near neighbor. "We did catch the fast mail."

"What is the fast mail?" I asked.

A very small square epistle near me rustled about a little and said contemptuously:

"Don't you know? Why, it is the fast train that carries the mail. The Flyer, don't-cher-know? Weren't you ever on a train before?"

"Never," I replied, too amazed to be angry with the flippant tone; "there was nothing of the kind in my day."

"And when was that?" said young Pert.

"Nigh on to a hundred years ago. We moved slower then. Sweet Rose Alden spent days in penning the love-message I carry, and the quill she used was sadly abused by her pearly teeth, as she nibbled its feathers and thought of her lover. Then

I was carefully folded and pressed by her dainty fingers, and a seal with a Cupid design pressed on my back. Then I was sent with a few others in a pair of saddle-bags thrown across the horse ridden by the carrier. We plodded along over mud roads and not a few corduroy ones too."

"And what's a corduroy road?" asked young Pert.

"Why, don't you know what sort of a road that is? Where did you come from, not to know that?" I asked, thinking it as well to snub him a little. But at this moment my close companion spoke to me seriously.

"My friend," said he, "are you also addressed to Walter Deane?"

"I am," I replied.

"Then I have decided to sacrifice myself for the sake of sweet Rose Alden," said he, solemnly.

"Will you kindly explain?" I asked, politely.

"Yes. I contain a message of unkindness for Walter Deane, from sweet Rose Alden. Almost before I was finished, she was sorry for having written me. I am not a cold-blooded creature. The spirit of repentance had already permeated me, even though I appear stern and forbidding. Tell me: do you not convey a tender message in your bosom?"

"I do; but alas! it was written by one who is long since dead. I am a hundred years old."

"Love—true love—never dies," quoth my new friend. "Your message will reach him as sweetly to-day as it touched its owner years ago. I do not mean to reach him. Let us change envelopes; then I shall cast myself in some odd corner and be sent to the Dead Letter Office, while you shall go to him, old as you are, and take him peace. Do you agree?"

"With all delight. But you surprise me. I find the romance of the past in this day of fast mails and hustlers. Are you in earnest?"

"Never more so. Learn, my friend, that progress can never change love, because its source is infinite and omnipotent. If you agree, I will say good-bye at once and detach myself from you. Then I shall soon become a dead letter."

At this moment, I felt a pain in my side,

then found myself surrounded by "hustlers." I was confused, sad, and felt my end had come, when I was suddenly handed out in the light of a broad sunbeam and heard a cheery voice say:

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Deane."

Then I was opened by a resolute hand, and I delivered my message:

"MY DEARE WALTER: It sorely grieves me to think how I misunderstood thee yester-e'en. I am sorry. I think I was very wrong, and ask that thou forgive me. Perhaps we both were hastie. I cannot tell, but this I doe know: I love thee, and cannot live without thy love.

Ever thy own ROSE."

The old desk winked with jovial hilarity from every corner of its polished surface, and the wood-fire crackled until it seemed

to chuckle with pleasure, when in the twilight it cast its flame over the yellow paper of the old love-letter, and together Walter and Rose read again the gentle message of reconciliation.

"And you never got my other note?" asked Rose, resting her pretty chin against his shoulder.

"No, my darling. This came after your few sharp words. I thought it your own sweet mode of showing me my own fault."

"No, no; I was to blame. But I wonder where the other letter went? I must have put the old one in the new envelope. How strangely it has all happened!"

But the sweet eyes of the portrait, the yellow love-letter on the hearth, the glowing fire, and the quaint old desk all thought they understood it. Perhaps they did; who knows?

## THE MANDOLIN.

BY GERTIE VIVIAN GUERNSEY.

HE had left the South but a month ago—  
He had left the rose for the land of snow;  
He had left his love in anger, too.

Easy it is, if one has the art,  
In the rebound to catch a heart.  
And a new love soothes the old love's smart.

Wild without was the tempest's din—  
Pleasant the lamp-lit room within,  
Where Evelyn played on the mandolin.

A fairer face you may seldom view;  
Gentle she was, and wealthy too.  
And she liked him well, if her eyes spoke true.

So he thought; but alas! for love's intent.  
When she played, what demon on mischief bent  
Made her choose that Spanish instrument?

And why did she sing that Spanish song,  
With an English accent unpleasantly strong  
And a tone that dared you to call it wrong?

He dropped his eyelids and saw in her place  
A form with the languorous Southern grace,  
A small head draped in a cloud of lace.

Sweet was the voice that soothed his rest,  
Sweet was the rose she wore on her breast,  
Sweeter the rose on the lips he pressed.

Graceful and easy as birds on the wing,  
Her fingers fluttered from string to string,  
And one of them wore his betrothal-ring.

The song she sang was Evelyn's song.  
A ballad of love that was wild and strong;  
But jealousy turned its course a-wrong.

The lover in anger crossed the main,  
And, when he repented and came again,  
The maiden had died in her desolate pain.

She sang it with feeling so deep and true,  
That the slow tears gathered and hung like dew  
On the long curled lashes of midnight hue.

And she lifted her black eyes, when it was done—  
Languorous glorious eyes that had won  
Their passionate fire from the southern sun.

She too would die if he left her so,  
She said; and he answered, laughing low:  
"Nay, better to wait, as the song will show.

The maiden was hasty and died in sin;  
St. Peter never would let her in!"  
And he kissed her over the mandolin.

He flushed with shame when at last he thought  
How slight a thing had the mischief wrought  
And made him set his love at naught.

And now some other, in Evelyn's ear,  
May whisper the words she waits to hear.  
Her accomplishment has cost her dear.

This only, and not her fault or sin,  
Lost the lover of Evelyn  
To the maid with the other mandolin.



## IN THE EARL'S KEEPING.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE EARL.

A STRANGE stillness filled the great library at Ashurst, unbroken even by the sound of the earl's pen, though he sat at his writing-table. He was leaning back in his big leather-covered chair, while a letter lay open before him.

A splendid-looking man was the Earl of Ashurst, not much over forty and without a gray hair in his head. An hour since, the sweet spring sunshine pouring in at the open windows would have showed a look of proud content on the handsome face; but in that short interval his habitual serenity had vanished. A shadow clouded his brow: was it the shadow of coming misfortune?

A knock at the door roused the earl from his meditations sufficiently to answer "Come in," and a servant entered.

"Doctor Mayhew would like to see your lordship," announced the solemn footman, with more than his usual solemnity.

It was not so very remarkable that the physician, who had just been paying a professional visit to Lady Ashurst, should request an interview; but perhaps the earl's nerves were out of order, for he shivered a little.

"Show him in at once," was his reply, and in a moment the stout middle-aged

medical man stood on the threshold. Lord Ashurst had known Dr. Mayhew since childhood, so he invited him in with great cordiality. The doctor accepted the invitation and took a chair, but not with his usual jovial smile. His rubicund face was extraordinarily grave, his greeting so brief as to be almost abrupt. At once, the earl guessed that something was wrong. During his last visit, made only two days before, the worthy man had been as jolly as possible. After a casual remark, Lord Ashurst began suddenly:

"I see you have something to say to me; pray don't hesitate—if it is anything unpleasant, the sooner it's said, the better."

The physician cleared his throat.

"It is more than unpleasant, my lord," he hesitated, then went on: "it is very painful—the most painful thing, almost, that has devolved on me in the course of my long professional career."

But the earl interrupted him. His apprehensions were awake now.

"Is it about my wife, doctor? If it is, tell me at once."

"It is about Lady Ashurst—about her health."

"Do you think her any worse than usual?" The inquiry came in quick sharp tones. "She does not seem so."

"No," assented the doctor; "but—well, I may as well be as brief as possible."

"Oh, if you only would!" was his lordship's mental comment, as he leaned anxiously toward the speaker.

"Well, though apparently no worse, I was a little troubled about her ladyship, and I have just made a thorough examination. I would have called in Spenser too, but I didn't want to alarm her; if you would feel better satisfied, you can get his opinion."

The earl made an impatient gesture for the doctor to proceed; he could not speak.

"Lady Ashurst has always had a slight tendency to heart-trouble, you know. Lately I have feared it was developing; my fears—have been confirmed."

The earl grew deadly pale; for an instant, he was silent. Then he asked:

"Do you think she is in immediate danger?"

"No, no," the physician hastened to reply. "I do not mean that, Lord Ashurst. It has been very difficult for me to tell you this—you know how all these years of attendance on her ladyship have attached me to her; but I felt I must. It would have been wrong to keep you in ignorance; and besides, with care she may live for years. I do not mean that she is likely to die soon—she may outlast us all; but any day a shock might kill her, and, now that I have told you, you are sure to keep her from the least trouble or excitement: not that she is likely to have any of the first, but we can never tell."

"No, we can never tell," echoed the earl.

His voice sounded odd; but no wonder, after such a sudden blow as that Doctor Mayhew had just dealt him.

"I know how you shield her from every anxiety," went on the physician; "but now you will be doubly careful."

Lord Ashurst bent his head.

"There is another thing, my lord: I think you had better tell Lady Mabel; she is young and thoughtless—"

"And a little willful, I'm afraid," sighed the earl.

He seemed, for so clear-headed a person, strangely dazed. But then he was still, after eighteen years of marriage, as devoted as a lover to his invalid wife. Dr. Mayhew waited, trying to find something to say; but he could not, and at last he could bear it no longer. He rose to go; then, with a close pressure of the nobleman's hand and a murmured "I'll be over to-morrow and talk further—be sure not to alarm her ladyship," he hurried away.

The hours went by in the silent library, and the sunlight began to fade; but the earl never moved from his place at the table, on which lay the same open letter. A single ray that had danced on the closely-written sheet before him suddenly vanished, and he woke to the consciousness that it was growing late.

"I must see Esther and Mabel," he told himself. "I must not alarm Esther."

Then, trying to shake off this lethargy into which he seemed to have fallen, he rose, locked all his papers in a secret

drawer, and went to join his wife and daughter.

Lady Ashurst was too much of an invalid to appear at breakfast, so Lady Mabel and her father were alone together the next morning. As they rose from the table, the earl, who had made an effort to seem his usual self, said very gently:

"My child, come into the library after I have seen your mother; I want to speak to you."

The unwonted gentleness of his tone caused Mabel to look at him questioningly; but he left the breakfast-room without giving her time to reply.

An hour later, the earl sat at his desk once more; but this time Lady Mabel was with him. Tenderly he told her the sad truth, slowly bringing it home to her consciousness. Then silence fell between them. The bright young face, crowned with braids in which the sunbeams lost themselves, was touched with its first shade. For a long time, she sat perfectly quiet; the changing flush of youth and health vanished from her rounded cheek. At last, however, a selfish thought awoke.

"Papa," said Lady Mabel, softly, looking up into her father's face with great limpid blue eyes, "does this mean that I must not mention Henry Beauchamp to mamma? May I not plead for our engagement?"

The earl looked pityingly down into the girlish questioning face beside him.

"My dear," he answered, "be patient. You know how your mother feels on that subject; and, after all, it is only natural she should wish it were Bertie instead of Henry: then the property would be kept all together; and Henry has nothing but his pay."

"But mamma's fortune gives me enough for both," eagerly interrupted Mabel.

"And someone else, some stranger, would be Lady Ashurst, while you were plain Mrs. Beauchamp; whereas, if you married Bertie—"

"But, papa," again interrupted Mabel, "Bertie doesn't want to marry me, nor never will, not even to keep the estates united."

"Well, then, my child, when Bertie chooses another wife, perhaps your mother will reconcile herself to the thought of the younger brother. Of course, I cannot deny

that I would like to see you marry my heir, and he seems fond enough of you, though perhaps not in that way; but I would not force your inclinations."

"I'm afraid, in any event, mamma would object to Henry as an ineligible match for me," sighed Mabel.

"I can only counsel you to be patient," answered the earl; "for, above all things, nothing must be allowed to trouble your mother."

The clear blue eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, papa," the young girl murmured, "you could not think I would do the slightest thing to vex mamma, could you? If I cannot marry Henry Beauchamp, I shall live an old maid all my days; but, of course, mamma is first—nothing else matters."

Lord Ashurst kissed his daughter tenderly.

"We will need to be very brave, my dear, both of us. We must help each other. Now go, and, as soon as you feel able, see your mother—she will be wondering where you are." And, with another embrace, the usually undemonstrative man sent his daughter away, sitting down once more to his papers.

## CHAPTER II.

### AT SCARSBY CLIFFS.

SCARSBY MANOR was one of several estates which belonged to Lady Ashurst in her own right; for she had been a great heiress, though no one ever ventured to assert that the earl had been influenced by this consideration. The property stood a few miles inland from Scarsby Cliffs, a little fishing-village on the Channel. Thither, almost ever since her marriage, Lady Ashurst had migrated a part of the year; for, after Mabel's birth, she found herself unable to bear the fatigue of a London season, and the doctor always prescribed quiet and proximity—not too close—to the sea. Both these requirements were met by Scarsby Manor. The spring in which Doctor Mayhew made his painful revelation, the family went there as usual. The earl, after making them comfortable, returned to Ashurst, and thence to London, on business. In the course of a fortnight, however, he rejoined his wife and daughter.

The following year, Lady Mabel would be eighteen, when her presentation at court would take place. In the meanwhile, she was perfectly content to remain in seclusion at Scarsby.

"It is near the Honorable Bertie Beauchamp, proprietor of Beauchamp Manor and heir to the Ashurst title and estates," thought the mother.

"It is near Captain Henry Beauchamp, of the Hussars," thought the daughter; "or at least it will be, when he hears I'm there."

Immediately after his return to Scarsby, the earl walked to the village and called on the young curate who had charge of its little chapel. Mr. Arnold officiated in two other places several miles distant, but he preferred to live by the sea; so he lodged with a surgeon's widow in Scarsby. Ten years previous, just after his ordination, he had worked a short time in the East End of London, completely breaking down his health. The physicians declared that only sea-air could save him, so he had reluctantly relinquished his cure and come to the little village, where he found his work among the rough fishing-population difficult enough to satisfy even his sensitive conscience.

"Let me give you a comfortable living," Lord Ashurst urged again and again, for the nobleman had known and admired the young clergyman all these years.

"I want work, not comfort," was the invariable reply.

To this man, whom he respected more than almost anyone else in the world, the earl went in his new trouble. Mr. Arnold welcomed him cordially.

A pale, thin, ascetic-looking man was this nineteenth-century hero, with thoughtful brow and earnest eyes; there was an intensity about him which sometimes amused the earl. To-day it comforted him.

"I am very glad to see you," said the clergyman. "How are Lady Ashurst and your daughter?"

"Lady Ashurst seems about as usual," answered the earl, "and Mabel is always the personification of health."

"I am glad, at least, that Lady Ashurst is no worse, also to hear such good news of Lady Mabel."

"Yes," was the reply, almost absently. Then, rousing himself, he went on: "I beg your pardon, Arnold, but I have something important—at least to myself—to say to you; can't you come out with me on the cliffs?"

For the first time, the curate noticed that the earl was not quite his usual urbane self.

"Certainly," he answered, with that willingness to listen to others' confidences in a spirit of sympathy wholly free from curiosity which had so endeared him to his parishioners. "We will walk toward Graveshead."

As they passed out, buxom Mrs. Joyce, the clergyman's landlady, appeared in the door-way. The small maid-of-all-work who had admitted the earl having informed her of his arrival, she could not resist the temptation of greeting him. With the graciousness which he always showed toward his social inferiors, the nobleman responded to the widow's courtesy, and then the two men went down the main street of Scarsby, turning off presently toward the sea. Long and earnestly Lord Ashurst talked to the thoughtful clergyman, who listened almost in silence.

"And now, Arnold," he said at length, "I need not say that I trust you will consider this confidence as sacred as if made under the seal of the confessional."

His companion smiled a little sadly. So many secrets had been locked within his breast during the past ten years!

"You may trust me," he answered. After a short silence, he spoke again: "You have not asked me to be your conscience, my lord; therefore I need not decide whether you are doing right. I think, however, I can promise to help you."

"Thank you," answered the other, earnestly, taking his friend's hand and pressing it gratefully.

"Mrs. Joyce," said the clergyman, several days after his interview with the earl, "I have recommended a young lady to the vestry as organist. She comes from London and is an entire stranger here; but she is of a highly respectable family, well known to the Earl of Ashurst."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Joyce, "how thankful I am. There's certainly a nobody in this 'ere place as could play the horgan since poor Mary Dean's gone."

"Nobody indeed," agreed Mr. Arnold. "But I have a special favor to ask of you, Mrs. Joyce," he continued, "in regard to this young lady—Anersley is her name, and she is an orphan with no near relatives—"

"Poor thing!" ejaculated his listener.

"Won't you let her have rooms here?"

There is no other place in the village where they would be willing to accommodate her, in which I care to have her stay. I will give up my apartments and take those above."

"Oh, never," cried Mrs. Joyce, indignation rising in her heart toward the stranger who would rob her beloved parson of his comfortable though severely plain quarters.

It did not take long, however, for the clergyman to bring the good lady round to his views—none of his parishioners could resist him—and it was arranged that, toward the end of the week, Miss Anersley's rooms should be ready for her.

Of course, the advent of a stranger from distant parts could not fail to be the subject of much curiosity in the little village; but the earl and "parson" vouched for her, so her position in public opinion was safely established.

"Her father was a college friend of the earl's," announced good Mrs. Joyce, with an air of importance, after several casual meetings with the earl, though she could not have sworn that he had told her this much, and the clergyman had said still less.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE NEW ORGANIST.

It was a soft gray afternoon toward the end of May. Mr. Arnold and his head vestryman, the lawyer of the place, drove over to Graveshead, the railway terminus, to meet Miss Anersley, who was expected by the four-thirty express.

As the two men waited on the platform, the train rolled into the station, and several passengers alighted. Among them was a young lady, the first glimpse of whom suggested to the minister a symphony in gray—hat, veil, and dress were the color of the sky, which seemed to enwrap them, for the clouds hung low. Then the veil was raised, and the most dazzlingly lovely face the clergyman had ever seen looked out from its silvery shadow.

For an instant, Mr. Arnold did not move; then, suddenly recovering himself, he stepped forward, lifted his hat, and spoke.

"Is this Miss Anersley?" he asked, and the sweetest voice that had ever sounded in his ears answered simply: "Yes."

"I am very glad to meet you," was the reply. "I am the Reverend Mr. Arnold."

And then he proceeded to introduce his vestryman.

It had been arranged that the clergyman should drive the young lady home, as the lawyer's residence was in a different direction; so, after an exchange of courtesies, Mr. Arnold helped his charge into the dog-cart and they started for Scarsby. What he said or how he said it, during the journey, the dazed clergyman never knew. He had scarcely regained complete possession of himself when he helped Miss Anersley out at the door of Mrs. Joyce's cottage and handed her over to the good woman's care. He could not have described the stranger's marvelous loveliness any more than he could have written a poem descriptive of the beauty of sunset. The only distinct impression which remained with him was that a faint melancholy shadowed the fair young face, while the echo of her wonderful voice lingered in his ear and would not be banished.

The following day, in the course of a conversation with the new organist on the subject of her duties, the clergyman was able to take clearer note of her appearance. Then he saw that her face was a delicate oval, her thick shining hair purest golden, while the large sad eyes looking earnestly into his were very dark—darkened still further by the shadow of long dark lashes. It was difficult to define the rare charm of her face, but it was apparent that no one could deny the fact of its existence. It lay as much in her personality as in anything, and a slight touch of thoughtfulness, almost sadness, heightened rather than dimmed it.

Mrs. Joyce's heart had been already won, for she confided to her clergyman at the earliest opportunity that the new-comer had "a voice like music and a face to match."

The next day being Sunday, the young lady appeared in her place at the organ. The minister walked to church with her. She wore the very plainest of dresses, in which, though not tall, she looked every inch a queen. She had an air peculiarly her own, her companion thought—neither bold nor shy. She seemed to wear her beauty as other people their garments, with perfect unconsciousness.

The afternoon service was over about five o'clock. The clergyman hurried out of his cassock and donned every-day garb in time

to overtake Miss Anersley as she passed through the chapel door into the little church-yard where the graves lay green. As the two stepped forward into the sunlight, a tall handsome fellow, with a delightfully debonair manner, sauntered up with:

"Hallo, Arnold, my boy," and here stopped—stopped boldly and undeniably to stare at the clergyman's companion; that was evident enough.

At the same moment, Lady Mabel, who had walked over to service, came out of church, where she had been talking graciously to some poor old woman. She started at sight of the young gentleman.

"Bertie Beauchamp!" she exclaimed, and then paused. "Well, really, Master Bertie, it seems you don't notice old friends! And no wonder," she added, mentally, as Miss Anersley turned her face in that direction; "what a lovely creature! Ah, yes, I suppose she is the new organist. Where did she come from? I should like to know."

By this time, Mabel perceived that Mr. Arnold had stopped and was waiting to speak to her. She and Mr. Beauchamp stepped forward almost simultaneously, and, exchanging a glance of cordial recognition, shook hands in turn with the clergyman, after which they were introduced to Miss Anersley. The four passed out of the church-yard together and walked down the main street of Scarsby toward Mrs. Joyce's cottage. When they reached the door, Miss Anersley bade the party good-bye and entered the house.

"Don't mind me, Bertie, if you want to see Mr. Arnold," said Lady Mabel. "I don't object to going the rest of the way alone."

"Oh, it doesn't matter; another time will do. Of course, I'll walk home with you; perhaps Arnold will go with us. I didn't know you were at the manor, or I'd have run over."

"We haven't been here very long. I intended to write. Do come with us, Mr. Arnold."

The invitation was accepted, and the three went on in the direction of Scarsby Manor. Mabel's companions knew each other well; they had become acquainted at Cambridge, and the friendship there begun had never quite died out, though the two were so different and lived in worlds so far apart. A stratum of earnestness in the younger

man's nature, deeply hidden under a light-hearted manner, drew him toward his more serious elder. Superficial observers would have wondered at the intimacy.

After a hasty inquiry as to his cousin's parents, Bertie exclaimed eagerly:

"By Jove! but she's stunning! Who is she, anyway, and what's she doing here?"

"Miss Anersley is the new organist at St. Christopher's," answered the clergyman, almost curtly.

"Where on earth did she spring from? She's new to this place."

"Miss Anersley came from London. She is an orphan, without fortune—your father knows something of her family," the minister added, turning to Lady Mabel.

"I must ask papa about her," cried that young lady, with enthusiasm. "She is the loveliest creature I have seen in a long time; don't you think so, Mr. Arnold?"

Thus appealed to, that gentleman assented rather coldly; but Bertie Beauchamp offered the following amendment:

"Seen or heard either, you mean, Mabel. Just to think of hearing her sing! I wish she were choir-mistress as well as organist: I'd become a regular attendant here, Arnold," and he laughed; but the clergyman did not echo the laugh.

"Tell me how all the family are, Bertie," cried Mabel. "Don't you suppose I am about tired of hearing another woman's praises by this time?" and the speech ended in a little peal of laughter quite free from jealousy.

"Will you excuse me if I do not go any further?" said the curate, suddenly. "I have a service at Graveshead this evening."

"I came expressly to see you, old fellow; but it doesn't matter—don't let me detain you. I'll run over again," Bertie replied, grasping his friend's hand cordially.

"I hope you will call at the manor soon—mamma will be expecting you," said Lady Mabel.

"I shall be delighted to do so as soon as I can find time," was the response, and in a moment Mr. Arnold was retracing his steps toward the village, while the two cousins went on their way.

"If I didn't know Arnold was too unimpressionable, I should think he was in love with Miss Anersley," laughed Bertie, as they walked on.

"How absurd!" and the listener echoed his laugh.

Soon, however, the pair were talking very earnestly. Bertie knew perfectly well the feeling which existed between Mabel and his younger brother, and sympathized warmly with the lovers' hopes. Into his brotherly ear, the young girl was soon pouring all her troubles, and he did his best to comfort her.

"I will let Henry know at once that you are here, my dear little girl," he cried; "in the meantime, cheer up. I am always welcome, and I'll bring him with me. No, I can't come in," for by this time they had reached the outside gate. "I have some important letters to write, so I must hurry back home. Give my love to your mother. I'll run over to-morrow, when she will be visible."

By this time, the servant had opened the hall door, and, with a cordial "Good-bye—remember me to your father" and a warm pressure of her hand, he was gone.

"He's a blessed boy—the dearest fellow in the world, except one," thought Lady Mabel, as she ascended the broad staircase and entered her room.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ON THE CLIFFS.

AFTER parting from her three companions, Miss Anersley did not remain long indoors. A few moments later, she started out to wander along the cliffs and watch the blue water which lay before her. The sinking sun glorified sea and sky with its dying splendors, and a serene stillness brooded over the scene, bringing an exquisite sense of rest to the girl's soul. The sunset radiance lit up her face with a new loveliness, but there was no one to see it—she was quite alone in the restful silence. And the faint overshadowing of sadness—it was not care—which the minister fancied he had perceived in her eyes, was plainly visible in the glorifying light of the closing day, its last transfiguring rays falling full on her fair brow.

She was walking away from the village, and rambled fearlessly on over the cliffs, secure in the long bright twilight which would linger for hours.

As for Bertie, after leaving his cousin, he too turned in the direction of the sea and sauntered along in his usual leisurely



fashion. As he walked toward the village, he noticed that the tide was rising and beating against the white chalk cliffs which gleamed distinctly in the clear twilight. High up on the rocks where he was, the waters could not reach; but below, on the beach, the waves dashed violently.

"The sea is rough—the tide seems unusually high," he thought, and then became absorbed again in his meditations, so deeply engrossed that he went on very slowly. He was thinking about the things Mabel had just told him.

"What a confoundedly curious world this is, anyway," he mused, "and how contrary things go. Why didn't Mabel and I fall in love with each other, now, like sensible people? Then all would have gone smoothly, and Henry could have married the West Indian heiress who admires him so much. Poor Lady Ashurst! Why should she," his reflections ran on, "who has everything to live for, develop heart-disease and plunge the earl—who is devoted to her, I'm sure—into despair? And why"—here he paused and thrust his stick into the ground—"now there's Miss Anersley: who is she, anyhow? Arnold either don't know or won't tell—though probably there's nothing to tell, after all. Why, she's fit to grace a court—Jove! she is—and yet she is evidently a poor nobody. Why isn't she 'the daughter of a hundred earls,' instead of 'a daughter of the gods,' with such a face and voice? But what was that?" and he gave a sudden start, stopped, and stood still.

The sound which had broken on the evening stillness and disturbed Beauchamp's meditations was a faint far-off cry, something

like a cry of distress. Could it be that? Bertie glanced out across the water, but no boats were visible save as white specks on the distant horizon. He stood motionless, listening, then hurried on, for he fancied that the sound had come from before him. Again he paused. No, he had not been mistaken: a human voice was calling again—the voice of someone in distress, surely; there could be no doubt about that. With long rapid strides he hastened forward, and there was silence again. Not a creature was visible, for Scarsby was still in the distance.

Suddenly he realized what it meant: someone was on the beach below the cliffs, and the tide had risen! Yes, he looked out again across the water—the tide was at its highest, the waves were dashing over the lowest cliffs. To the very edge Bertie hurried, and gazed long and earnestly along the shore. The last gleam of sunshine had faded; but the clear summer twilight revealed the long stretch of sea and shore to his straining eyes, and far, far down among the crumbling crags, outlined against their whiteness and the deep blue of the sky, was a woman's figure. She was clinging to the rock with all her might, though as Bertie drew near he fancied that her hold was beginning to relax.

A few strides more, and he had reached the place. Rapidly, nimbly, the young athlete swung himself down the chalky crags, and in a moment's time was leaning toward the woman and looking into the face of—the new organist!

"Miss Anersley!" was all he could say, and, with a wild tumult in his breast, he bent forward and grasped her arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE QUEEN'S GIFT.

BY MARY LEONARD.

WHEN she of Seba came to Solomon,  
She brought him offerings of balm and myrrh,  
Of gold and jewel-stone,  
Of teak and fir,  
And, most of all, a gift of almug wood,  
The fragrant tree that grows in solitude  
Of the vast Indian plains. The king  
Received her offering,  
And of the almug wrought the pillars twain  
Of the great Temple-gate. The queen's bequest—

The heathen's gift—was honored with the rest,  
And more than all.

So, in the fane  
Of God's eternal city, he who brings  
Most precious offerings,  
Whether the myrrh of pain  
Or the rich almug of sweet ministry,  
Heathen or doubter he,  
Shall find his tribute honored at the shrine  
In pillars that support and towers that shiue.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE CRIMSON SCARF.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"SARA, have you got your satchel?"

"Yes, aunty. Good-bye!"

"Good-b—and your umbrella?"

"Yes. Good-bye!"

"Good—you have forgotten your rubbers!"

Sara laughed and answered:

"No, aunty; I have them here. Don't you hear me say good-bye?"

"Yes. But your overshoes are in the hall."

"No, aunty; those are yours. Do say good-bye!"

"Why, I did. Got your lunch-box, Sara?"

"Oh, bother!" Sara actually said that to her Aunt Clara. Then she added once more:

"Good-bye, aunty! Drive on, please!"

The last to the hackman, who, vexed at the delay, slammed the door, jumped on his box, and whirled away like a very Jehu.

Sara leaned back on the cushions and laughed softly as she said:

"Did any other girl ever have such a dear fussy aunty, I wonder? But she is good, and she will miss me awfully while I'm at Nan's. Hope she hasn't made me lose the train."

A glance at the sheds, when they reached the station, showed her that the Illinois & North-western had not even backed in, and she had time enough.

Presently the passengers waiting in the ladies' room saw a slim brown-eyed girl, in a gray ulster and a jaunty hat with a scarlet wing on it, enter the great doors and walk with an elastic step up to the ticket-office. Several pairs of admiring eyes followed her. One pair belonged to a broad-shouldered fine fellow in a brown overcoat, who mentally observed:

"What a pretty girl! Wish I had a sister just like her. Some other fellow's sister might do, if she cared enough for me, though."

Even the ticket-agent thawed under Sara's youth and beauty, and condescended to answer quite civilly a question she asked.

When her train was called, she took up

her neat Russia satchel and hastened to secure a seat. She had a mortal aversion to sleepers. Gray's line, "Each in his narrow cell forever laid," came into her head every time she entered one, so she chose a chair-car whenever it was possible.

When she had settled herself in a comfortable place, she proceeded to arrange her belongings for the all-night ride before her. She took off her hat, tied a pretty pink fascinator—as if she needed it!—under her plump chin, stowed her satchel in the rack over her head, and spread a thick shawl over the back of her chair.

While she stood up, he of the broad shoulders came through the car. He glanced at her in passing, wondered where she was going, and concluded to stay in that car himself.

A moment, and they were off—the iron horse panting and shrieking his way over hill and valley, rattling and racing across miles and miles of meadow and prairie, stopping now and then to quench his fierce thirst, and every moment bringing his living freight nearer to the end of the journey.

Sara amused herself looking out of the window for a while. But the level snow-draped landscape was not particularly exhilarating, and so she turned her eyes toward her fellow-travelers.

She saw the tall brown-coated figure pass up and down the car once or twice, but his cap was drawn low and she could barely see the outline of a manly cheek and a light mustache.

She hardly noticed even thus much until he stopped to give an orange to a fat German baby in the arms of a fat mother. The child was restless, and the stranger addressed a few words in German to the mother, receiving a grateful smile and answer from the tired woman.

"He's Dutch, too," thought Sara. "He seems good-hearted. Has rather a nice figure, too. I should judge he is very good-looking."

As night came on, the wind blew chill,

and Sara drew a crimson silk scarf from her satchel and tied it around her throat. Then she laid her head back against the soft chair and fell into a doze.

The next thing she knew, there came a violent jerk, a sudden jar, then a swaying motion, and over they went, with a crash, the passengers flying out of their seats against the top and sides of the car. A perfect Babel of screams, groans, and oaths ensued—the confusion was indescribable! Sara did not scream, but she remembered with a thrill of terror that her seat was near the stove, and struggled to gain her feet.

Before she was able to do so, she felt herself lifted with a firm grasp and heard a kind voice say:

"Don't be alarmed, miss; nobody is killed. But we must get out of this before that stove gets in its work."

"It is my big Dutchman!" thought Sara. Aloud, she answered:

"Thank you! I was afraid of the stove, myself. But can we get out?"

"Yes. Through a window, if I can only find the axes."

"Hyar's the axes, mister!" sung out a rough kind-hearted old farmer. "You take one, an' I'll take t'other. We'll git the wimmin an' young ones out in a jiffy!"

Sara's friend snatched an axe—a few ringing blows demolished a window, and then the farmer said:

"Thar now! Help your gal out fust, mister. She's clear pluck, an' ain't screamin' like the rest."

Sara felt her face redden, but the stranger only laughed and lifted her through the window.

"Look out for broken glass!" he said, lightly. "We must climb for life; the car is on its side. Hold tight to my hand. There—now we are safe! Can you jump?" He landed her with a spring on the snow, and they could see that the engine and all the coaches except the last one had gone over an embankment, miles from a station, with night closing in.

"Bad!" said the stranger. "But I must not stop to look now." And back he plunged into the car, which was now beginning to smoke.

People came crawling and climbing out of the other cars, badly shaken up and scared, but not many hurt, and none fatally.

Conductor Clark kept his wits about him. He had the injured ones carried up the bank and made comfortable in the sleeper, the only car left on the track. Strong men chopped their way into the derailed ones, and put out the fires to save them. The chair-car was already burning brightly, and the startled travelers warmed their chilled limbs beside it.

Sara applied herself to comforting the German mother, and was talking kindly to her when her new friend again appeared, carrying her Russia satchel.

"I think this is your property," he said, giving it to her.

"Yes. Thank you very much! I never expected to see it again. But how did you know—" Here Sara came to a dead stop.

"Oh, I saw it over your seat," answered the stranger, with a light laugh. "Well, I fear we are in a bad box, for a cold night. Hello, conductor! what's our chance?"

"Slow," responded that busy person, pausing an instant. "The engine is a total smash, and could not be lifted anyhow until the machines come. I've sent a man to the nearest station, five miles ahead, to telegraph for a train."

"When can it get here?"

"Maybe by midnight, maybe not; can't tell."

The conductor passed on. Sara's new acquaintance turned to her.

"Well, we have our choice—to remain here, or walk on to the station. For my part, I think I'll try the walk. Can I do anything for your comfort before I go?"

"No, thank you. I am under deep obligations to you for the kindness already shown me, sir."

"Don't mention it." And he smiled pleasantly. "Here: I can make you a more comfortable seat, where the side of this car will protect you from the wind. There now! You too, madam, please!"

Sara and the German woman sat down on the board he placed for them. But there was still light enough to enable Sara to see something before unnoticed. She sprang hastily up, crying out:

"Oh, look! you have cut your wrist badly. See how it bleeds."

"That's nothing." And he held up the wounded wrist. "I suppose I did it smashing the car-window, but I really had not time to notice it."

"It must be bandaged," said Sara, decidedly. "I was going to tie it up with my handkerchief; but I seem to have lost the article, in the confusion. Here is something better." And Sara unwound the crimson scarf from her neck.

But he drew back, shaking his head. "No, no! I will not deprive you of it."

"I owe you much more than that," said Sara, calmly. "Let me, please!" And she began to bind the scarf about his injured arm with deft gentle touches.

He looked down at her, and said in tones deep with manly feeling:

"Then, since you will be so kind, will you trust an entire stranger with your name and address?"

"My name is Sara Livingstone. I am on my way to visit my sister, at Cedar Creek, Iowa."

"Thank you, Miss Livingstone. I shall not forget you. If I do not see you again, good-bye!"

He offered his well hand; and Sara, without hesitation, gave him hers. He shook it, bowed, and, with one more good-bye, walked off down the track, her red scarf gleaming on his wrist as long as she could see him.

He had not given her his name, and she disliked to ask for it.

"But I wish I knew it," she said, as she sat there in the cold, waiting for the new train. It was weary work, but it came at last. Sara looked for her knight on board, but he was not visible. The next evening, snugly tucked up in bed at Sister Nan's, she laughed over the adventure and wondered if she should ever see its hero again.

"I wouldn't know him if I should," she murmured, sleepily. "I only saw his mustache. But I don't believe he's Dutch, after all. I think—he was—very nice!"

After that, she did not think anything for the next fourteen hours.

She had been at Mrs. Fisher's about two weeks, when there arrived, by the mail, a box addressed to "Miss Sara Livingstone, Cedar Creek, Iowa."

It enclosed a crimson silk scarf, much like the one she had given away, only richer and far more costly.

"It is from my wounded knight!" cried Sara. "And just to think—I don't know his name or where he lives, so I can't thank him for the lovely thing."

"Perhaps there is a name in the box," suggested Sister Nan. But name there was not, anywhere about it.

"How romantic!" cried Nan. "But you'll be sure to meet him sometime, Sara."

"Yes, I may," said Sara, thoughtfully. "And he may be a beer-drinking Dutchman, and not a desirable acquaintance."

"Let us hope not. Even if he is, you owe him your life, dear."

"Yes. I won't forget it, Nan. Oh, how pretty!" And Sara smiled as she threw the silken scarf around her neck.

"Indeed it is! Your knight evidently has taste. You must wear it to—oh, by the way, I have not told you yet!"

"Told me what?"

"That we received cards, this morning, for Mrs. Judge Woodbury's reception, Thursday night."

"Did we? Are we going?"

"Oh, certainly. The Woodburys are our best people, you know. You met her last week, at the tea I gave."

"The handsome woman in lavender satin? Yes, I remember. I liked her very much, too."

"Everybody likes the Woodburys. This occasion is in honor of the judge's brother, Mr. Walker Woodbury, who has come to visit them. He is a young lawyer from Washington—wealthy, cultivated, speaks several languages, I'm told, and altogether the greatest catch of the season."

"Indeed! Well, Nan, I always had a weakness for Washington lawyers, so I will get out my prettiest costume in honor of Mr.—what is it?"

"Walker Woodbury."

"Oh, to be sure! But there—I may waste all my trouble. He may be engaged already, you know."

"Yes; but then, again, he mayn't!" rejoined Nan, mischievously.

"That is my only comfort," responded Sara. But, in ten minutes more, she had forgotten that there was such a person as Walker Woodbury in the world.

Thursday evening, Nan and Sara, with Nan's husband, Tom Fisher, were at the judge's, and met the visiting brother. His tall form, broad shoulders, and thick mustache seemed familiar to Sara; and his voice, too, reminded her oddly of someone she had known. It struck her, also, that he bestowed

on her a flash of the eye which he would not have given to a perfect stranger; but she was sure she had never met him before.

Sister Nan invited him to call, and sung his merits in high strains after they were at home. Sara was silent, but her dreams that night were haunted by a handsome manly face strangely like Walker Woodbury's.

Two days later, he called at the Fisher mansion. Nan was out, so Sara received him. The resemblance she had been unable to trace was so much stronger at this meeting that at last she said:

"Mr. Woodbury, I certainly do not recall where, but it seems to me that we have met before."

"We have met before, Miss Livingstone. I remember distinctly where it was."

He smiled as he answered, and his smile was even more familiar to the puzzled girl.

"I am ashamed to say that my memory is at fault, but I must confess it," she said, trying in vain to place him.

"Will you humor a fancy of mine for one moment?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Then please turn your head away, and do not look until I tell you to."

"What an odd request! But I consent." Laughingly Sara turned her head aside.

Presently Mr. Woodbury said: "Now, Miss Livingstone!"

Sara looked round, and saw that he had drawn his coat-sleeve slightly up and wrapped his wrist in a well-known crimson scarf.

"What! Was it you?" she asked, blushing as red as the pretty silk.

"I myself, Miss Sara," he gravely answered.

"Then I have to thank you for the lovely box I received last Tuesday."

"No, please don't. I only ventured to exchange property with you, because this scarf is too precious to be given up. May I keep it?"

He had taken it off and restored it to his pocket, as if her consent were already granted. That she gave it may be inferred from the fact that about three months later, returning from a sleigh-ride with Walker, one afternoon, she said to Sister Nan:

"Nan, I have found my Knight of the Scarf."

"Have you? I always said you would, you know. Is he nice? Where is he?"

"He couldn't be nicer, Nan, and he isn't far off. It is Walker Woodbury."

"It is? Oh, how lovely! Why didn't we ever think of that? Are you going to marry your knight, Sara?"

"I have promised him I will," said Sara.

## TO THE FALSE LOVER.

BY I. E. DIEKENGA.

### REMEMBER!

What is that to you?

If you are false, shall I be true?

If you were true, would I not know?

Think you, you can deceive me so?

I saw your swiftly changeful mien,

Your double dealing all was seen;

You cannot thus with ease beguile

My heart, or win it with a smile,

A few soft words, a languid air,

Or acted look of wild despair.

I do not care what you may do;

But truth is truth, and love is true,

And actions more than language prove

The love of truth—the truth of love.

You may not think your course so ill;

You may regard it wondrous skill

To say, to many, things that none

Should ever utter but to one.

Whatever name you know it by,  
I call a life like yours a lie.

### Remember!

Yes, too well for you!

Let memory still her path pursue

And paint in ever darkening hues

The life that I with scorn refuse.

Changed! Can a leopard change its spots?

Neither can you your heart's dark blots.

What once was false will not be true;

'Twill false remain the whole life through.

I will not give my heart away

To have it broken day by day;

I will not listen to you more—

I will not trust you as before;

But I will tell in language plain

The heart that trusts you trusts in vain.

## TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

### CHOLERA.

The frequent outbreaks of cholera show that it is only slumbering and may at any time, when the warm weather rouses it, gather strength to cross the Atlantic and invade our homes. There is not a woman in the country who does not feel a thrill of fear as she thinks of this possibility and asks herself: "What should I do if it came here?"

Nothing gives a person such calmness and confidence in the presence of an emergency as being fully prepared to meet it. A knowledge of the dangers to be guarded against and of the best means of protection from them helps to do away with the unreasoning alarm that is the sure forerunner of a panic.

The consciousness of possessing weapons with which to fight the foe robs it of half its terrors, and to know where to plant each blow that it may tell to the utmost gives a courage and coolness that never come from beating the air.

The experiments of Dr. Koch, the German scientist, and of Dr. Ferran, the Spanish surgeon who attempted to introduce inoculation for cholera, have proved that the disease is propagated by means of a specific germ and does not arise from a mysterious condition of the atmosphere or other unknown cause.

It is not contagious as small-pox is—that is to say, it cannot be communicated from one person to another by touch; so that the nurse of a cholera patient, if she takes proper care of the discharges, is not in more danger of contracting it than others who are less directly exposed to it.

In India, its original home, the sufferers from it are not isolated, being sometimes treated in the same hospital-ward with other patients, who do not take it from them.

A parallel case to this may be seen in our own country, where typhoid-fever patients are admitted to the medical wards in a general hospital, and, owing to the perfect

cleanliness and good sanitary conditions surrounding them, do not convey the disease to others.

Yet, when the typhoid germs fall into a hot-bed of filth that is favorable to their growth, they speedily develop and cause an alarming epidemic which may run through a whole community.

Public bodies and private individuals, State Boards of Health, City Health Commissioners, and eminent medical men have warned us of the absolute necessity of removing from our houses and grounds every species of impurity that might harbor cholera, when it does visit us.

Whether we heed it or not, this is a twice-told tale to most of us. The great importance of having pure water for drinking has been impressed upon us again and again.

In the country, where a well is used, if it is not far enough from barn-yard, cess-pool, or any source of contamination to be above suspicion, it should be filled up and another dug. The water may be clear, sparkling, and apparently pure, yet full of the deadliest poison.

In town, it is safer to boil the water and filter it before using. Most filters are merely strainers, sifting mechanical impurities from the water, but not purifying it in any true sense of the word. Boiling it will destroy every germ it may contain.

The germs of cholera may cross the ocean in infected clothing, but in this dried condition they are harmless. If, on their arrival, they find a congenial bed of dirt prepared for them, where they can ferment and become actively poisonous, they are soon ready for mischief.

It is asserted that, in order to develop the disease in the human body, they must be received into the stomach—that is, actually swallowed, and not simply breathed into the lungs.

When cholera is abroad, the earliest symptoms should excite attention and be



treated at once. The most trifling diarrhoea should not be neglected, as it indicates a state of the system which may lead to serious results if not attended to in time.

Perfect rest in bed, lying on the back, is one of the best remedies, and any physician can prescribe some simple medicine that will be effectual at this early stage. Boiled milk given cold is the only food permitted while the attack lasts. The patient is thirsty, but small pieces of ice should be given instead of water.

The excretions in cholera are highly poisonous, and as they are the means by which the disease is conveyed from one person to another, it is evident that, if the nurse does her duty, the contagion can be cut off at its source and absolutely prevented from spreading.

These evacuations contain the germs, which only wait an opportunity to find a suitable lodging-place to become the active agents in producing a fresh case. The vessels used to receive them should contain about half a pint of a mixture of bichloride of mercury and permanganate of potash, two drachms of each to a gallon of water. The vomited matter must be treated in the same way.

If clothes are accidentally stained with the discharge, they should be burned. When this is considered impossible, they must be

steeped in a solution of bichloride of mercury, one part to one thousand of water, and boiled for at least half an hour in a covered vessel.

Even after disinfection, the excretions should be mixed with sawdust and burned. In no case should they be thrown on the ground or into an open vault. A deep hole should be dug to receive them, and a quantity of chloride of lime and a thick layer of fresh earth thrown in each time it is used.

If the attack terminate fatally, the body should be wrapped in a sheet wrung out of the bichloride solution, and the burial should take place as soon as possible.

When the sick-room is empty, it should be thoroughly fumigated by burning about three pounds of sulphur in some metal vessel, as an old coal-scuttle or an iron pot, and, after remaining closed for twenty-four hours, well ventilated by leaving the windows open for at least the same length of time. The wall-paper should be scraped off, the walls and the floor washed with strong lye, the ceiling whitened with lime, and the wood-work freshly painted or shellacked before being used again.

The mattress must be taken to pieces and fumigated before being made up, and all the furniture washed with the bichloride solution.

## BREATHING-EXERCISES.

THE following exercises are suggested as being of great value in developing the lungs. Standing as erect as possible, with shoulders thrown back and chest forward, the arms hanging close to the body, the head up, with lips firmly closed, inhalation is to be taken as slowly as may be. At the same time, the extended arms are to be gradually raised, the back of the hands upward, until they closely approach each other above the head. The movement should be so regulated that the arms will be extended directly over the head at the moment the lungs are completely filled. This position should be maintained from five to thirty seconds before the reverse process is begun. As the arms are gradually lowered, the breath is exhaled slowly, so that the lungs shall be as nearly as possible freed

from breath at the time the arms again reach the first position at the side.

These deep respirations should be repeated five or six times, and the exercise gone through with several times a day. It is hardly necessary to remark that the clothing must in no way interfere with the exercise.

In some cases, this exercise is more advantageous when taken lying flat on the back instead of standing. In this position, the inspiratory muscles become rapidly strengthened by opposing the additional pressure exerted by the abdominal organs against the expanding lungs. And, on the other hand, expiration is more perfect and full on account of the pressure of these organs. This is an exercise now advocated by several leading vocal teachers.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a morning-dress, of cambric or challis with printed dots, either white or —caught up at the left side, and a rosette of ribbon to match. The bodice is distinct from the skirt, is full on the shoulder-seams in front, and crosses at the waist-line. The white vest is of dotted mull. High



No. 1.

colored, in harmony with the ground of the fabric. The skirt is very full at the back and hangs in straight lines—the sides straight, with the front slightly draped, as seen in the illustration, with polonaise effect



No. 2.

full sleeve. Straw hat, trimmed with loops of narrow ribbon and spray of roses with (175)

leaves and buds. Ten to twelve yards of yard-wide material will be required.

No. 2—Is a walking-dress, of summer-weight plaid woolens. The skirt is slightly looped on the left side, showing the plain underskirt; this is optional. The bodice is plain and has side-pieces of velvet coming from under the arm and shaped to a point in front at the waist, where a knot of velvet ribbon finishes the corsage. Loose sleeves,



No. 3.

lined with silk; close sleeves may be used, if preferred. Hat of black Leghorn, lined with or without velvet and trimmed with black ostrich-tips. Seven to eight yards of forty-two-inch material will be required.

No. 3—Is a pretty costume for a little girl of six to eight years. The dress is of striped satinette or wash-flannel, smartly trimmed with white cambric, spotted and vandyked with a color to match the material of the



No. 4.

dress. Folded belt with sash ends, fringed



No. 5.



No. 6.

with a netted heading to match. Fancy straw hat, trimmed with ostrich-tips.

No. 4—Is a stylish sea-side or mountain gown, of white serge. The edge of the skirt



No. 7.

and other trimmings are of velvet ribbon, military braid, or silk ribbon, either black or marine-blue. The corsage-bodice buttons with tiny gilt buttons. Seven to eight yards of serge and three pieces of inch-wide ribbon or braid will be required.

No. 5—Is a morning-blouse, of

white or colored China silk or flannel, with collar, cuffs, and waistband in English embroidery, either white or écreu. The blouse is of the simplest form and can be easily adjusted to any toilette.

No. 6—Is a jacket, of cloth, with adjustable cape. The cape is composed of three



No. 8.

gathered pieces, pinked out on the edges. The jacket may be made of white, dark-

blue, or black lady's-cloth. The edges are bound with silk braid and trimmed with gilt buttons.

No. 7.—Is an afternoon or dinner dress, of striped black and white China silk. The plain skirt, which is slightly draped in front, has a ruching of pinked-out white silk on the edge across the front and side breadths. The bodice is full. High sleeves. A sash of soft black surah drapes the



No. 9.

bodice in front, and ties at the back or side, as preferred. Cuffs to match. Fourteen yards of striped silk, five yards of white for ruching.

No. 8.—Girl's striped flannel or serge dress, with yoke, waistband, cuffs, and edge of skirt all in dark-blue serge. This model will also serve for a gingham in stripes or plaid, with plain for the yoke, etc.



No. 10.



No. 11.



No. 9—Is a gymnastic or bathing suit for a little girl, made of striped blue and white flannel or serge. The edge of the skirt and collar of the blouse are finished with a wide dark-blue worsted braid.

No. 10—Is an evening or dancing-class dress, of white cashmere, nun's-veiling, or surah, for a little girl of six years. The

yoke, which is pointed back and front, is of handsome embroidery. Sash of surah, with fringed ends.

No. 11—Is a sailor-costume for a boy of six to eight years. It is made of either blue and white pin-striped flannel or striped jeans. Sash and neck-tie of blue. Collar, white duck. Straw hat.

YOKE BLOUSE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement, a yoke blouse, as blouses are in great demand, and, for sea-side and country wear, are most convenient. They are cool, and, by the addition of trimmings, can be made very dressy. A great variety of materials are used—foulard, surah, mousseline de laine, striped linens, wash-flannels, etc., etc. Our pattern consists of six pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. HALF OF FRONT YOKE.
4. HALF OF BACK YOKE.
5. SLEEVE.
6. CUFF.

The notches and letters show how the pieces are joined. The yoke and deep cuffs, also the waistband, may be of embroidery, guipure, or braiding. A chemisette of linen, with collar, is worn with this blouse.

DESIGN FOR BRAIDING.

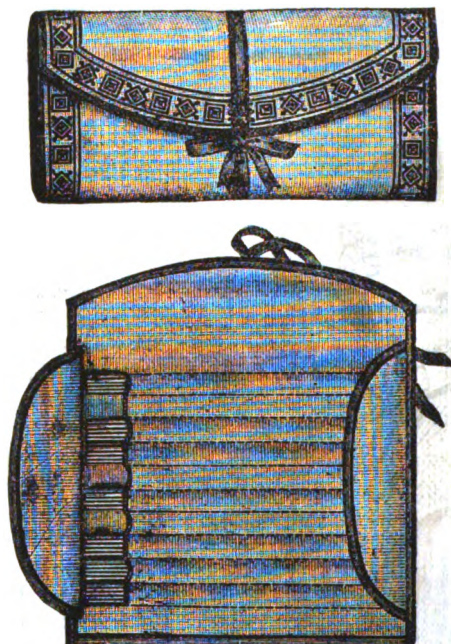
On the Supplement is a new design for dress, but it can be used with good effect braiding intended for the bottom of a girl's for many other purposes.

VOL. XCVIII—10.



## CASE FOR KNITTING-NEEDLES, OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We show here the arrangement for the inside, which is made of linen, while the outside is made of sail-cloth, both layers being bound with a red worsted braid. The embroidered border is worked with red and white cotton in stem and satin stitch or in cross-stitch. The case is tied with red ribbon or braid.

## DESIGNS FOR D'OYLEYS.

In the front of the book, we give two very pretty designs for d'oyleys. They may be worked in outline only, in white filoselle or working-cotton, or, if carried out in the proper colors, they will be very effective, and can be worked in Kensington or satin stitch. Anyone even slightly acquainted with designing can easily devise a similar arrangement of birds, flowers, foliage, bees, or butterflies, to complete a set of six or a dozen, each one, of course, having a different design.

## BUTTERFLY DESIGN FOR PEN-WIPER.

The design of a butterfly, on the Supplement, can be worked in silks or cottons of one color or of the varied colors of the butterfly. It can be utilized for many different purposes although simply intended for a pen-wiper.

## WALL-POCKET FOR NEWSPAPERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



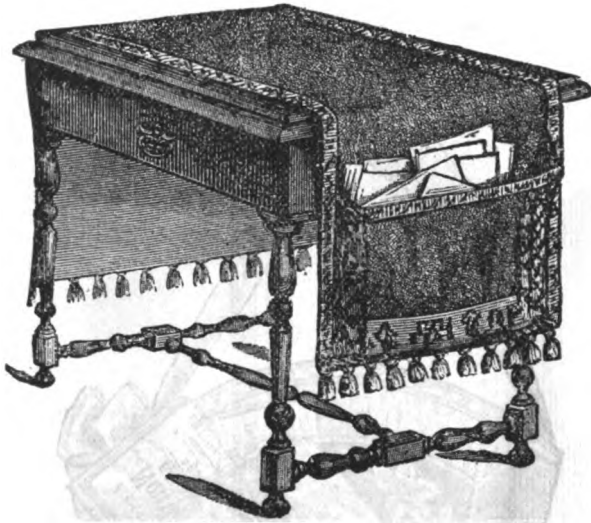
This pretty fan-shaped pocket consists of two triangular flaps in stiff card-board. Sateen or cashmere is stretched over the back, which is lined with plaited satin and edged with gold braid or a narrow band of embroidery. The front flap is shorter than the back and is decorated with either a figured material or diagonal bands of moiré ribbon and alternate ones in embroidery. The point is filled in with fullings of satin to match the lining. Bows and strings in moiré ribbon, by which the pocket is suspended from the wall or screen.

## CROSS-STITCH FOR A CHILD'S APRON OR FOR UNDERWEAR.

The cross-stitch design given in the front of the book can be utilized for many purposes; done in red marking-cotton, it looks well on aprons, skirts, etc.

## TABLE-SCARF, WITH POCKETS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



For a library or sewing-table, this arrangement will be most useful, besides being ornamental. Make the scarf of some pretty plain-colored plush, with pockets at both ends, as seen in the illustration. The pockets are bordered with a handsome galloon; a narrower one finishes the entire scarf. Tassels of silk or chenille complete the adornment of the ends. The pockets are lined with satin to match.

## PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.

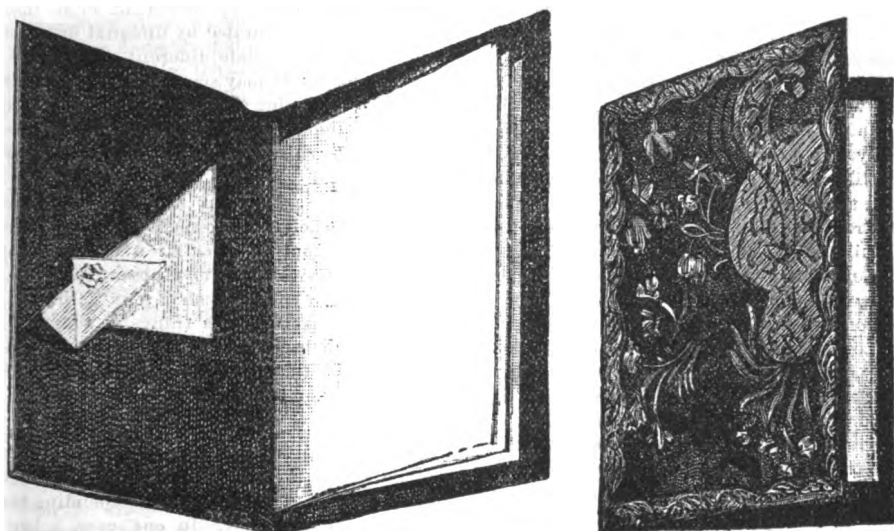
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The demand for new designs in photograph frames, cases, etc., grows daily. We give a new and simple one, the working-size of the decoration being in the front of the book. Our model is just from Paris, and is made with two panels; but as many more can be added as may be desired. The interior, to hold the photographs, of *écru* or any colored satin or silk that may be preferred. The outside is in old-rose satin, done in silk cord in four shades of *mignonette*-color; or it may be done with floss in chain-stitch, if preferred. A stiff card-board, to form the panel, of the desired shape or size, is covered with the silk. If the satchet-style be wished, the embroidery may be done on any material selected, interlined with a thin layer of perfumed wool or cotton, and then lined with a soft silk or satin.



## PORTFOLIO FOR LETTERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.

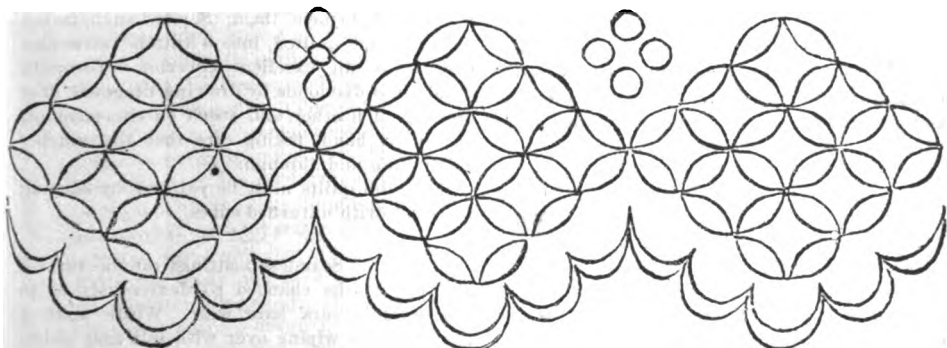
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give both the inside and outside of this most convenient portfolio for traveling. The foundation is stiff card-board, covered on the outside with a bit of handsome brocade in Oriental design. The inside is covered with satin in a pretty contrasting color. The pocket for paper and envelopes is on the left side. The blotting-pads are on the right. The edges are neatly bound with braid, stitched by sewing-machine.

## EMBROIDERY IN SILK, ON FLANNEL OR CASMMERE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This beautiful design is very suitable for and should be done in soft white silk, petticoat, shawl, or sacque for an infant, though embroidery-cotton may be used.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**LET THE GIRLS ROMP.**—Many mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them quiet and gentle and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves.

The mild dose of gymnastics taken in the nursery will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl, than the pale lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks things, or tears her dresses, or tires her mother's patience as the former does; but, after all, what do the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as they can. Give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and let them run and romp as much as they please. By all means, give us hearty, healthy, romping girls, rather than pale-faced little ladies, condemned from their very cradles to nervousness, headache, and similar ailments.

**TO HARMONIZE WITH WOOD-WORK.**—It should be borne in mind that certain colors assort with certain woods. The beauty of wood can be enhanced or decreased by the color of the material associated with it. If the wood is ebony, the color of the material should be crimson. Some persons associate dark-olive with ebony, the result being dismal. Crimson goes well with mahogany, and green is not amiss. A pretty brocade for this wood is a mixture of gold and crimson.

**THE Liverpool (Ohio) Gazette** says: "Every lady should be a subscriber to 'Peterson's Magazine,' which is conceded by all to be the best lady's-magazine published in the country. Its stories are always the best, all by well-known authors, while the fashion-department is not equaled by any other publication."

(184)

**FOR THE CHILDREN.**—The most satisfactory piece of furniture in a house where there are children is a home-made one—a set of shelves. These shelves should be somewhat more than a yard long, and separated by unequal distances in order to accommodate different-sized toys.

On the top shelf may stand the more fragile toys. The remaining shelves may be devoted to books and other childish treasures. To a simple brass rod with rings, pretty inexpensive curtains can be attached.

When these are drawn, the effect will be that of book-shelves, an ornament to the room where they stand. The children will have no excuse for leaving their toys about the house, and, when their friends come to play with them, it is easy to take out such things as they wish, and put them back again when they have finished playing, thus avoiding the general chaos so common after children's visits.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—Two persons may take similar rooms to fit up, and make entirely different affairs of them, although spending the same amount of money. In one case, a bare, stiff, and comfortless-looking apartment greets the eyes; in the other, soft harmonious coloring, artistic carelessness, and ease appear, with a look of elegance and leisure. It is the "know how" that makes the difference, which includes not only the selection of appropriate articles of furniture, but their arrangement in a room afterward. In houses occupied by persons of moderate means, the rooms should not appear too good for living in, but they should be comfortable, cozy, and yet artistic.

**REPAIRING BED-CLOTHING.**—When blankets grow thin and begin to give way, it is scarcely worth while to mend them. Several such, tacked together and quilted into a cotton or woollen case, make an excellent coverlet. To quilt, divide into diamonds by drawing diagonal lines crossing each other, and stitch on the machine, or run by hand, taking care that the stitches go through and through.

Marseilles quilts must be patched by darning the patch with unturned edges.

**MATTING.**—Seamless mattings can be turned, and the widths changed so dexterously as to last several years' hard wear. White matting is cleaned by wiping over with salt and water.

**HOW TO COOL A CELLAR.**—A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk-houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of accomplishment by a common mistake, and, instead, the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated.

When a cellar is aired on a warm day, the entering air, being in motion, appears cool; but, as it fills the cellar, the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp and soon becomes moldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful—it is as pure as the air of mid-day, and is really drier. The cool air enters the cellar during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning, and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts, of water, and in this way a cellar or milk-room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.

**MENDING BANDS.**—When waistbands are burst and button-holes torn out, put new bands of twilled cotton and work the button-holes with coarse thread, making the ends especially strong.

#### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Rajah's Heir.* Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—This is one of the most interesting novels that we have read for a long time. The author is evidently perfectly familiar with every phase of Indian scenery and life, and his acquaintance is of long date. The story is laid in the time of the celebrated mutiny, but it presents it under an entirely new aspect. Instead of a mere description of famous battles and terrible massacres, it paints the daily life of English and natives during that dreadful season and takes the reader into the midst of scenes with which no book on India has made him familiar. The plot of the story is interesting and the style good; altogether, it is a book entirely out of the ordinary experience of the most omnivorous novel-reader.

*Nora's Return. A Sequel to The Doll's House,* of Henry Ibsen. By Ednah D. Cheney. Boston:

*Lee and Shepard.*—This little book of Mrs. Cheney's has been called forth by a continuation of the same drama written by Walter Besant in MacMillan's Magazine. The latter suggests a sequel to the story of Nora which the former considers a false interpretation of the spirit of the original, and so Mrs. Cheney has given us an ending which seems to her to carry out the thought of Ibsen more truly. In "Nora's Return," the author has not kept the dramatic form, but has presented the story in the form of a journal.

*The Life of George H. Stuart.* Edited by Robert Ellis Thompson, D.D. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.—This autobiography will interest a wide circle of readers, and is a fitting memorial of an unusually active and useful career. As the editor says: "Mr. Stuart's life extends through a memorable half-century of our country's history, and touches more or less closely on all the great religious and philanthropic movements of that time." The book is well printed and bound, and, besides a portrait of the author, contains numerous excellent photographs of prominent men.

1791; *A Tale of San Domingo.* By E. W. Gilliam, M.D. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.—This is a story of the celebrated slave-insurrection at the end of the last century, which resulted in the blacks' obtaining the supremacy they have since possessed; and the historical portions, with the exception of a single minor detail, are authentic. In these days, when the African problem is assuming such importance, this tale will prove a timely contribution. It is a book with a purpose, but the leading motive has not been allowed to interfere with its interest as a story.

*Fruits and How to Use Them.* By Mrs. Hester M. Poole. New York: Fowler & Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.—We have countless cook-books, but, among them all, none which make a specialty of fruits and their uses. Mrs. Poole's book supplies this want. She tells how to put fruit on the table, and gives clear and ample directions for preserving, canning, and the making of puddings and pies. The most experienced housewife will find much that is new and useful in this neatly-got-up volume.

*Viola; or, Adventures in the Far West.* By Emerson Bennett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—As the title suggests, this is a tale of adventure, depicted with great spirit and faithfulness to life. There is an interesting love-story woven into the plot, and the book is one of the best the author has ever written. It is issued in the publishers' popular twenty-five-cent edition.

*Jarl's Daughter.* By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of Mrs. Burnett's charming love-stories, of which the publishers have issued a number in the same edition. Like its predecessors, it is bright, lively, and exceedingly entertaining, and will doubtless prove just as much of a favorite.



## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

MOTHERS, READ THIS—*Messrs. Reed & Carnrick, New York.* Dear Sirs: My little granddaughter was seriously ill when but a week old, and remained so feeble for a fortnight that she could not draw the mother's milk. Then began a trial of "substitutes." Milk and water induced colic; peptonized milk, constipation that became obstinate; more than one celebrated "artificial food" was used with similar and worse results. She was three months old, a fragile sufferer who required continual care, when Dr. Wood suggested "CARNRICK'S SOLUBLE FOOD." She has now been fed on this for five weeks. It agrees with her perfectly, and has regulated bowels as well as stomach. She is a plump, merry, and well baby, so unlike the pain-racked morsel of humanity of a month ago that I am constrained to subscribe myself

Gratefully yours, MARION HARLAND.

EUGEN D'ALBERT TO WILLIAM KNABE & Co.—During my sojourn here, I had frequent opportunities to make myself acquainted with the Knabe pianos, and from fullest conviction I declare them to be the *best instruments of America*. Should I return here for artistic purposes—which may be the case very soon—I shall most certainly use the pianos of this celebrated make.

EUGEN D'ALBERT.

New York, May 16th, 1890.

PROMPT ACTION.—A well-known writer has well said: "Doubtless harm is frequently done by rushing into action without due reflection; but an evil, of equal if not greater magnitude, often results from delaying an action which has already commended itself to the judgment. Persons who have not conquered this fault are wrecked in an emergency. How many lives have been lost, how much property has been destroyed, how many calamities have overtaken men, simply from the want of a habit of quick thinking and speedy action. In all business, this lack is most disastrous. Each day brings new problems to solve, new decisions to make, new duties to perform. Each of these demands careful thought, but prompt action as well. He who does not learn how to apportion such decisions to the hourly necessities cannot hope to succeed in his business, be it what it may. If he does not promptly decide and promptly act, time decides for him. The offer is withdrawn, the opportunity is gone, the chance has slipped away, and the dilatory man stands bereft of the power he might have wielded and the advantage he might have gained."

## HORTICULTURAL.

TO HAVE A FINE AUTUMN GARDEN.—The failure to produce good autumn effects arises

mainly from two causes: the non-employment of really useful autumn flowering plants, and want of care during the summer months. The fact that certain flowers, if properly attended to during their first flowering season, will give a second bloom in autumn scarcely inferior to the earlier one, is very generally overlooked. While the rose-tree is in its full summer splendor, its beauty gives pleasure to all, yet how seldom is it borne in mind that, if we want an autumn bloom, little if at all inferior to the one we are enjoying, the withered flowers must all be regularly removed, the green fly carefully washed off, and the tree duly supplied with water and with proper stimulants.

In like manner with bedding-out plants, if the withered leaves and flowers are not removed, the strength of the plant is wasted, and all hope of beauty in autumn is gone. If the patterns in the carpet-beds are not kept clearly defined by constant pinching back of the too strong growers, by autumn all trace of the original design will be gone, and there will be nothing visible except a confused mass of color. Perhaps there is no part of the garden which is more frequently charged with being untidy and shabby at this season than the herbaceous border, and in many cases the accusation is but too well merited; but it is entirely due to want of forethought and proper management. Exquisite contrasts and harmonies of color are possible at this season, and, if well arranged, the herbaceous border ought just now to be most beautiful. Let us see what may now be found in bloom there.

First we meet the blue salvia, its graceful spikes of bloom and deep intense color being seen to advantage against the dark foliage of the abutilon, while both are relieved by a background of the tall pale-yellow *Oenothera Lamarckiana*. A patch of the soft and beautiful slipperwort enables us to pass easily and without any harsh contrasts to the gayer and brighter part of the border, where we find in full beauty tritomas, tiger-lilies, *Lobelia cardinalis*, carnations, pentstemons, double sunflowers, prairie sunflowers, dwarf golden-rods, rudbeckias, and many other plants. Leaving behind this brilliant blaze of color, the eye rests gladly on what we may call the gem of autumn flowers—the white Japanese anemone, by means of which we approach our mauves and purples, almost every shade of which may be found among the new Michaelmas daisies. Peeping up in the front of the border, we find the many fine forms of autumn crocus and the quaint and charming little cyclamens. Passing on from the border, we find many stray arrangements, which look their best just now. Old blocks of wood or stumps of trees, covered with the purple Clematis Jackmanni, are now simply masses of deep-purple flowers. No plant looks better at this season

than the clematis so treated. It is a mistake ever to plant it, as is so frequently done, against a wall, for by so doing we generally see all stalk and no flowers, whereas, when it is allowed to ramble freely over stumps, we see little else but flowers. Single and double dahlias are now at their best. We find that the former are most effective when planted in small beds, one color only being used in each bed. The latter look best when the colors are mixed in a border.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### VEGETABLES.

**Stuffed Tomatoes.**—Dip some tomatoes in hot water, peel them, cut them in half, and remove the pips. Rub a baking-sheet with shallot, butter it well, and lay the tomatoes in it, filling each half with the following composition: Two parts breadcrumb, one part ham finely minced, and, according to taste, parsley and sweet herbs also finely minced, and pepper and salt. Put a small piece of butter on each half-tomato, and bake them a quarter of an hour. Have ready some round pieces of buttered toast; on each of these, put a half-tomato, and serve.

**Corn Fritters.**—Take rather old corn, cut it down the middle, and scrape all the corn and milk off the cob; make a batter of two eggs, six light tablespoonfuls of flour, and half a pint of milk. Mix it all well together, and drop one spoonful at a time in boiling lard, and fry it a light-brown; they will cook in five minutes. Six ears of corn to this quantity. If they are very large, it will take three eggs. Beat the eggs very light; add the milk, and then the flour.

**Baked Tomatoes.**—Cut half a dozen tomatoes in halves, remove the pips, and fill the inside with a mixture of breadcrumb, pepper, and salt in due proportions; place a small piece of butter on each half-tomato, and lay them then close together in a well-buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven about half an hour, and serve. They may be eaten hot or cold.

**Stewed Tomatoes.**—Scald some well-ripened tomatoes, pare them and cut off the ends, stew them in a little water quickly for from ten to fifteen minutes, then let them stew more slowly until ready; season with a little salt or pepper before serving, and send them up very hot.

**French way of serving Beet-root.**—Take the cold beet-root and put it in a saucepan to heat with a little cream; immediately before serving, put in a spoonful of vinegar and a little brown sugar. Serve hot.

### CAKES.

**Currant Loaf for Children.**—To make this well, a portion of the dough should be taken from

that which is set for bread as soon as it begins to rise. A quartern of dough will make a good-sized cake; with this, mix thoroughly a quarter-pound of butter, a quarter-pound of moist sugar, a quarter-pound of currants well dried and picked, a little grated lemon-rind and nutmeg, or, instead of the former, a little candied peel may be added. Mix these thoroughly together, place the bowl in front of the fire, dredge some flour over, and cover it with a thick cloth. It should rise well. Butter the tin in which it is to be baked, turn the dough into it, and put it at once into a moderately hot oven.

**Apple-Cake.**—Take one pound of lump-sugar, put it to a pint of water, let it boil till quite dissolved and ready to candy; then add two pounds of apples pared and sliced, and the peel of a lemon, if liked. Boil all together till quite stiff; then put it into a mold, and, when cold, it will turn out. Serve with custard round, and, if liked, a few almonds blanched, split, and stuck in the cake. These cakes will keep for several weeks.

**Sponge-Cakes.**—Take four eggs, their weight in caster-sugar, half their weight in flour. Break the eggs into the sugar, and beat with a Dover's whisk for a quarter of an hour, then add the flour, and stir gently in. Put a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, beat once more thoroughly, pour into a buttered mold, and bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

### PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

**Jam, with Fruit Whole.**—Make a syrup in the proportion of a pint of cold water to rather more than a pound of sugar. Let it boil on a good fire, skimming it well. When it is pretty thick and boils with big bubbles, but before it takes color, put in the fruit. These should be thoroughly ripe and whole; but, if of a large sort or with stones, it is best to halve or stone them. Throw them into the syrup, and let them boil only a short time, being careful not to allow them to burst. Take out the fruit first with a wire spoon, and with it half fill the pots; reduce the syrup a little more, and with it fill up the pots, pushing down the fruit to keep it covered with the syrup. If the fruit is very acid, allow one and a half pounds of sugar to one pound of fruit, and only a quarter of a pint of water to each pound of sugar.

**Elderberries.**—Strip the fruit from the stalks, stir it with a wooden spoon over a gentle fire until the berries burst. Strain off the juice, without pressing, through a jelly-bag or thin muslin; weigh it, and boil it rapidly for about twenty minutes, then to every pound of juice (a pint is a pound) add, off the fire, fourteen ounces of good sugar, roughly powdered, and boil quickly for a quarter of an hour, stirring it constantly and skimming it carefully. This is used in Germany as a liqueur, and is excellent for coughs and colds. A little water might be

added to the fruit when first putting to boil if necessary, as some elderberries are more juicy than others.

### FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

**FIG. I.—WATERING-PLACE DRESS, OF PLAIN BLACK SUMMER SILK,** fastened at the waist by a belt. Black lace cloak, with long hanging sleeves lined with green Florence silk. Hat of black straw, trimmed with ostrich-feathers and a large bow of blue satin ribbon.

**FIG. II.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING.** The skirt is quite plain. Bodice full and finished at the throat by a broad frill of lace. Full elbow-sleeves. White satin sash. Hat of white muslin, trimmed with roses.

**FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CARDINAL-RED SATEEN,** worn over a plain bodice and underskirt of red and white figured sateen. The red material is made to reach the bottom of the underskirt and is draped on the hips. The bodice is full and cut in points over the under-bodice. Large black straw hat, trimmed with feathers.

**FIG. IV.—FÊTE-DRESS OR EVENING-DRESS, OF LEMON-COLORED INDIA SILK.** The skirt is trimmed with white lace ruffles and insertion and is gathered to the bodice; in front, it fastens under the white sash of narrow ribbon, which is tied in long loops at the back. The bodice and sleeves are trimmed with rows of lace insertion. Yellow straw hat, ornamented with loops of blue ribbon and roses.

**FIG. V.—WATERING-PLACE DRESS, OF WILLOW-GREEN FOULARD,** figured in white. The plain full skirt is trimmed with a jabot of lace down the left side. The full bodice has a collar of lace, which, after passing around the neck, continues in a frill down to the left side, where it joins that on the skirt under a plain silk waistband. The full sleeves have lace cuffs. Straw hat, trimmed with willow-green ribbon and narcissi.

**FIG. VI.—DRESS WITH NEW-STYLE PANIERS.** The gown is of white serge, trimmed with elaborate white passementerie. The paniers, which are again coming slowly into fashion, are quite small and are worn with a belt of dark-blue velvet with loops. Full sleeves, plaited above the elbow. White straw hat, trimmed with dark-red roses.

**FIG. VII.—HEAD-DRESS, OF BLACK LACE AND PANIES,** for an elderly woman.

**FIG. VIII.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE,** for a thin dress. The fullness falls over the upper arm and is gathered into a broad silk or velvet cuff.

**FIG. IX.—BODICE, OF BLACK SURAH,** opening over a black velvet jacket, which may be embroidered either in black or colors, or braided in gold or silver. The back opens over a pointed piece of black velvet, and crosses just as the front does.

The wrinkled sleeves are cut very long to make them full, and have cuffs of black velvet; these sleeves are quite new.

**FIG. X.—CORSAGE, OF BLACK LACE.** The back and front are gathered into a pointed yoke of the lace and finished by a ruffle at the waist. In front, the bodice is ornamented with four bands of black satin ribbon, which are tied in full bows. The sleeves have full jockey-tops and are edged with lace.

**FIG. XI.—MOURNING-BONNET, OF CRÊPE.** The crêpe veil is arranged permanently to fall at the back. Crêpe strings and bow without ends.

**FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE AND WHITE SURAH.** The skirt is trimmed with five rows of blue watered ribbon, and a pointed belt is formed of the same. The bodice is made slightly open, back and front, full, and crossing from the right shoulder to the waist on the left side. High full sleeves.

**FIG. XIII.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, OF SATEEN.** It opens on the back of the arm, where it buttons nearly to the elbow.

**FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED.** The skirt is trimmed with a very simple braiding-pattern just above the hem. The pointed bodice opens over a full cream-colored surah vest. The heather-colored straw hat is trimmed with rosettes of velvet ribbon to correspond.

**FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID.** The skirt is laid in wide plaits at the sides, and the bodice is slightly full, opening with buttons and button-holes on either side, over a vest of black silk. Black waistband, with oxydized buckle. Sleeves made with several rows of puffings at the top. Small black straw toque, trimmed with jet.

**FIG. XVI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DULL-BLUE AND GREEN PLAID SURAH.** The skirt is cut bias; the front is plain, and the sides and back laid in small side-plaits. The full bodice is pointed, crosses from the right shoulder to the left side, and is trimmed with a lace ruffle. Full leg-of-mutton sleeves. Hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with wings and blue and green ribbon.

**FIG. XVII.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF WHITE NUN'S-VEILING.** The plain skirt is edged with a band of golden-brown velvet. The full bodice has a pointed waistband of the same; and the collar, the simulated jacket, and cuffs are also of the golden-brown velvet. White straw hat, trimmed with bunches of golden-brown wall-flowers.

**FIG. XVIII.—SEA-SIDE DRESS, OF ANGOLA CLOTH,** in two shades of brown. The skirt is cut in such a way that the lines may meet diagonally in the centre. The short basque bodice opens over a chamois-colored cloth vest, which, with the cuffs, belt, and jockey-sleeves, are embroidered in gold braid. The chamois-

colored vest opens over a plain brown silk plastron. Brown straw hat, trimmed with wings.

FIG. XIX.—SEA-SIDE DRESS, OF MOUSE-GRAY TWEED. The bottom is trimmed with rows of ribbon velvet. The light-gray cloth cape is machine-stitched with silk. Small gray straw bonnet, trimmed with velvet ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season, the fashions undergo but few changes; the thin cotton dresses are as simple as possible, as a rule.

*Blouse-waists and skirt-waists*, of striped percale, muslin with small figures, or linen lawns, are very popular to wear with any kind of skirt, and have a cool clean appearance. Sometimes these waists are made of India silk, foulard, or wash-silk.

*Other bodices* are more elaborate when made of the same material as the skirt, and nearly all have invisible fastenings; they can be made full or plain, and with or without darts at the waist; the lining fits the figure, fastens in the ordinary way with a row of hooks and loops down the front, with the dress-front cut in one piece over it, having hooks which fit into loops along the shoulder-seam at the left and along the side-seam under the left arm. The collar also fastens at the side. With regard to the belt, which conceals the lower edge of the corsage, there are two methods of arrangement. It is usually cut with a point in front, and rounded over the hips and at the back, and requires fitting with nicety or it will not set, and its upper edge should just reach the waistline. The skirts of all dresses are still made comparatively plain, and for young people nearly always without a foundation.

*Rows of braid* are put on the bottom of serges and dresses of that description, while ribbons are used for silks, veilings, and very thin gowns not to be washed.

*Ruffles of lace*, about an eighth of a yard wide, ornament the bottom of dainty lawns; sometimes only one is used, sometimes two or three.

*For summer-wear*, many of the bodices are cut low about the throat, and this fashion is becoming to young people or those who have pretty throats; older persons should follow this style with caution, although it is very comfortable for hot weather.

*Daintiness and freshness* are the most desirable things to be attained in hot weather, and a few cool gingham, lawns, or percales, which are comparatively inexpensive, with a change or two in the ribbon ornaments, will make the prettiest toilettes. A black net, lace, or gauze gown is a great addition to the wardrobe; to be worn over black will be found most useful, though a colored silk under-dress is more effective.

*Hats* are large, as a rule, especially so in front, and shallow at the back; but, to some faces, the small toques are much more becoming, and are therefore much worn.

*Some of the small hats* look as if they were only wreaths of flowers.

*Bonnets* are nearly all small, and they are also much covered with flowers; in fact, they are so like the toques that they seem to be the latter with the addition of strings only.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

### RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The odd exaggeration of styles, both in hats and bonnets, continues to become more and more accentuated; so a revulsion of the fashions in this respect may be looked for soon. Bonnets have gone on growing smaller and smaller, till they are now nothing more than a mere handful of flowers and straw, or of jet and lace, perched just upon the summit of their wearer's head. They are exquisitely pretty, it must be confessed—when composed, for instance, of roses in a new and brilliant crimson, set amid a frame-work in cut jet, or else in pale-lilac hyacinths, or in dandelions with two of the plummy heads of the seed-vessels of the plant set just in front. Yellow flowers are especially fashionable for autumn-wear, the large yellow daisy being the favorite, intermixed with black velvet ribbons and black lace.

If the bonnets wax evermore smaller and smaller, the front brims of the round hats are growing larger and larger, till some of them positively rival a small parasol in their preposterous dimensions. These immense brims are worn projecting in front and at the sides only, sloping away to a mere nothing at the back, and usually turned up at that point so as to disengage the back hair completely.

Black straws and crinoline braids and gathered gauze are all used for these hats. Pale-gray English straw and fancy braids in the natural colors of the straw are also worn, but black is the favorite and prevailing color. The crowns of these wide-brimmed hats are very low. The minute and dressy little toques are immensely in vogue. They are made of black English straw, trimmed with dark-colored velvets, combined with ornaments in cut jet or with bright-colored wings. The favorite flowers for trimming the large hats are large roses with long stems and a profusion of foliage, the velvety-petaled iris, and fine imitations of the costliest varieties of orchids. Torsades of velvet in a new and brilliant shade of light greenish-blue are much used, combined with white lace or with gold and silver passementerie. This lovely variety of turquoise, or rather robin's-egg blue, is the newest color of the season.

Dresses are steadily growing plainer and tighter in the skirt—at least, so far as street-costumes are concerned. The art of the dress-

maker is lavished on the corsage, which is made in an infinite variety of styles, either with folds crossing transversely and fastening under the arm, or with a deep-pointed ceinture, or as a jacket with a vest in contrasting material and color, etc., etc. The sleeves are still worn puffed very high on the shoulder, but the sleeve of a different material and color from the rest of the dress is no longer obligatory. The great dry-goods stores now show an immense variety of sleeves of all kinds, ready-made for insertion into any sort of corsage, so that the fashion has become too universal to last long. Velvet sleeves went out of vogue last spring, with the approach of the warm weather; but they will probably be revived when winter definitely sets in. Lace sleeves, either in black or white guipure or in worsted lace, lined with silk of the color of the dress, are very much worn and are very tasteful.

The Princess form of dress—cut all in one—is very popular, but is only becoming to a very well-shaped figure; it is also very difficult to fit. In fact, the severely simple style of dress is much harder to bring to perfection than the more ornate toilettes of the past. There is one advantage, however, in the present mode: The fashion of finishing the skirt of a walking-dress with a deep band in some color and material contrasting with those of the dress, the corsage being trimmed to correspond with the band, gives advantageous opportunities for altering dresses in handsome materials. A very tasteful costume in pale beige-brown cloth had the corsage finished with cuffs and collar and flat girdle in garnet velvet, a wide band of the velvet bordering the short skirt. A lighter dress in silver-gray alpaca had the lower half of the skirt, the sleeves from elbow to wrist, in plaid surah, the prevailing tints being sapphire-blue and a rich green. A scarf of the same material was laid in full flat folds around the waist, and the shirred corsage of alpaca was finished around the throat with a military collar of the plaid surah.

One of the prettiest demi-toilettes of the season is in black lace, made up over old-rose silk. The silk underskirt is laid in folds at the left side, and the black lace over-dress is caught up at that point, a ceinture in finger-wide old-rose ribbon, having long ends that fall over the opening, being caught together in deep loops half-way down the skirt. The corsage has a plaited vest, plaited collar and girdle, and wide cuffs in the old-rose silk. The black lace sleeves are made full and very much puffed, and are lined with old-rose silk. Graduated bretelles, formed of two rows of plaited black lace joined at the upper edge, adorn the corsage. The bonnet is in black lace, trimmed around the edge with a row of old-rose blossoms, and having loops of black lace standing up in front. Parasol of old-rose silk, with long

ebony handle, ornamented with a large bow in old-rose faille finger-wide ribbon.

The extreme simplicity of street and house dresses is redeemed in evening-toilettes by magnificence of material and of trimmings. Worth has just completed a very lovely evening-dress in white watered silk, with the short demi-train in white tulle tucked at intervals with groups of three narrow tucks. Up the skirt-front, to a little above the knee, went stalks of white lilies with leaves and half-opened buds, springing from a plaited narrow flounce in white tulle. Worth is also introducing, for demi-toilette, some rich but subdued-looking brocaded satins, the ground heliotrope or elec-tric-blue, and the design slender floral devices and arabesques in silver-white silk. For dinner-dresses, he is employing cream satin brocaded with scattered field-flowers in the palest possible tints.

The newest wrap of the season is a modification of the Louis XV coat. It is made of black or sapphire-blue or dark-green velvet, has the form of a long close-fitting coat at the back and sides, and opens in front over a full shirt-vest, and high puffed slashes in the back of the sleeves at the shoulder in white silk gauze. A jabot of lace in horizontal ruffles finishes the coat at the throat. The cuffs, front and sides, and the high collar are elaborately embroidered in silk and gold beads.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE SERGE. The front is laid in small side-plaitings, the sides in two panels or wide plaits, and the back in smaller plaits. The bodice is crossed in front, and opens over a dark-blue velvet vest trimmed with gold braid. Belt and cuffs of the dark-blue velvet. Loose jacket of the serge, with wide sailor-collar. White straw hat, trimmed with white surah.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE. The skirt is trimmed with three rows of moss-green velvet ribbon. The belt, collar, plastron, and bands on the sleeves are of moss-green velvet. The bodice is slightly gathered at the back and opens in front over the plastron, which does not quite meet the collar, but shows an under-vest of white surah or India silk. Dark-green straw hat, trimmed with wild roses.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DARK-RED SATEEN, figured in black. The skirt is trimmed with three sets of rows of very narrow black ribbon. The skirt is shirred to the bodice; it is worn with black ribbon belt and bows. The full bodice is also shirred and trimmed with black bows. Straw hat, trimmed with variegated morning-glories.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S SAILOR-HAT, OF DARK-BLUE STRAW, bound with dark-blue ribbon.

# A Great Secret

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**THE FORMATION OF TASTE.**—Doubtless a superficial thinker might be tempted to say that people's tastes are so different that it is impossible to lay down any fixed rules on this subject; but a more thorough investigation would show him that the standard of reason and taste is the same in all men. Everyone is agreed, for instance, that ice is cold, that sugar is sweet, and vinegar sour. All alike are ready to admire anything which is really beautiful; not one man in a thousand would say that a sunset is an ugly sight. Beauty gives pleasure to all, though in different degrees. Again, everyone is agreed that a fine day is preferable to a wet one; sweet things are naturally more palatable than sour—the truth of this latter assertion is proved by the expressions "sweet temper," "bitter words." Many other examples might be quoted, but, if what has been said is allowed to be a fact, then it must be admitted that the standard of taste is the same in all.

Taste is the power to perceive the beautiful. Experience is needed for this, and therefore the formation of taste is not only varied but gradual. No one would be content to adhere to his childish judgment, for in most cases it would be but an imperfect one. In the period of youth, all is novelty, and the estimate of everything is naturally exaggerated. A young man goes to the theatre for the first time: the actors are by no means talented, the scenic arrangements are anything but realistic; but it is of no consequence, the youth is enchanted—it is a new world to him, and he is therefore so carried away that he is absolutely incapable of forming a sound judgment; it is not that his taste is bad, but it is simply unformed.

But, besides experience, cultivation is required. To acquire a good style in composition, and therefore to appreciate thoroughly the best writers, it is by no means sufficient to have written a great deal; experience is not enough here: there must be a careful study of the best authors, and this study will be a great assistance to the acquirement of a sound literary taste. An artist, too, will make but little progress if he confine himself entirely to his own paintings. Sincerity is also a main element in good taste; it enables a man to form a correct judgment as far as his ability permits. It is better taste to admire something which is simple, than to profess admiration for that which is incomprehensible to the mind. A man who is not ashamed to admire a simple air, and to confess that classical music is beyond him, possesses a more correct judgment than he who affects to dislike the simple air because it is simple, and admires every note of Beethoven because it is Beethoven's. "No noble or right style," says Ruskin, "was ever founded but out of a sincere heart."

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1890.

A Giant Grass and its Uses. By Harriet Latham (Illustrated), . . . . .	221	Remember—A Poem. By Josephine M. S. Carter, . . . . .	264
Ransom's Aimless Journey. By James K. Reeve, . . . . .	226	My First Romance. By S. E. Glover, . . . . .	265
Symbolic—A Poem. By Guinevere, . . . . .	232	Who is My Love?—A Poem By William Zachary Gladwin, . . . . .	266
The Last Faint Trace of Summer—A Poem. By Arthur B. Smith, . . . . .	232	The Best Things—A Poem. By Lillian Grey, . . . . .	266
Jacky and the Princess. By Alice Maud Ewell, . . . . .	233	Things Worth Knowing, . . . . .	267
How to Preserve Autumn Leaves. By John A. Peters, . . . . .	242	Every-Day Dressers, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . . . .	269
Their Mutual Mistakes. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	245	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	278
Given Away—A Poem, . . . . .	252	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	279
A Spanish Lover. By Cecil Charles, . . . . .	253	Mothers' Department. By Abram Livezey, A.M., M.D., . . . . .	280
In the Earl's Keeping. By Georgia Grant, . . . . .	257	Picture-Hanging, . . . . .	280
At Las Rosas—A Poem. By Gertie Vivian Guernsey, . . . . .	264	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	282
		Fashions for September (Illustrated), . . . . .	283
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . . .	284



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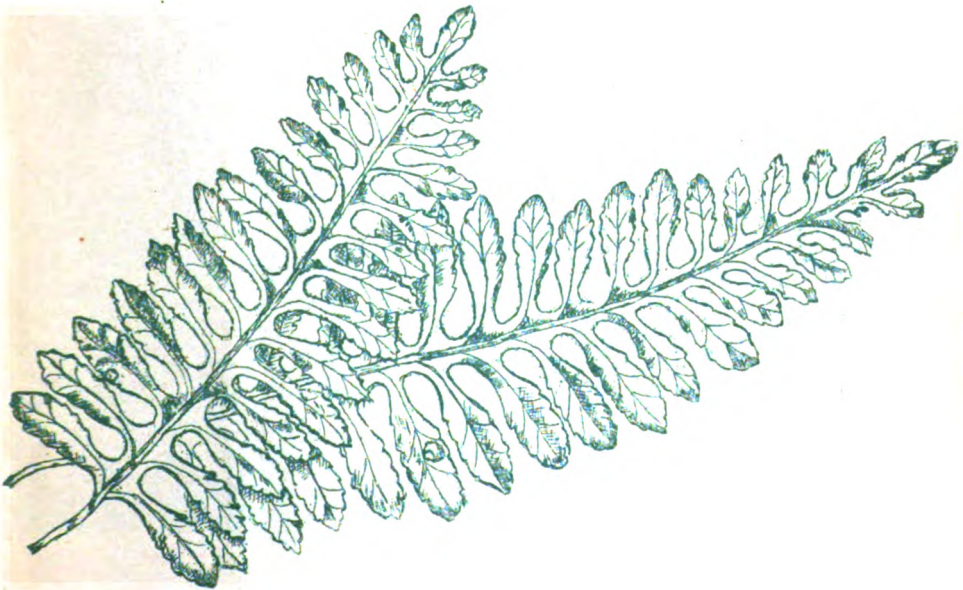




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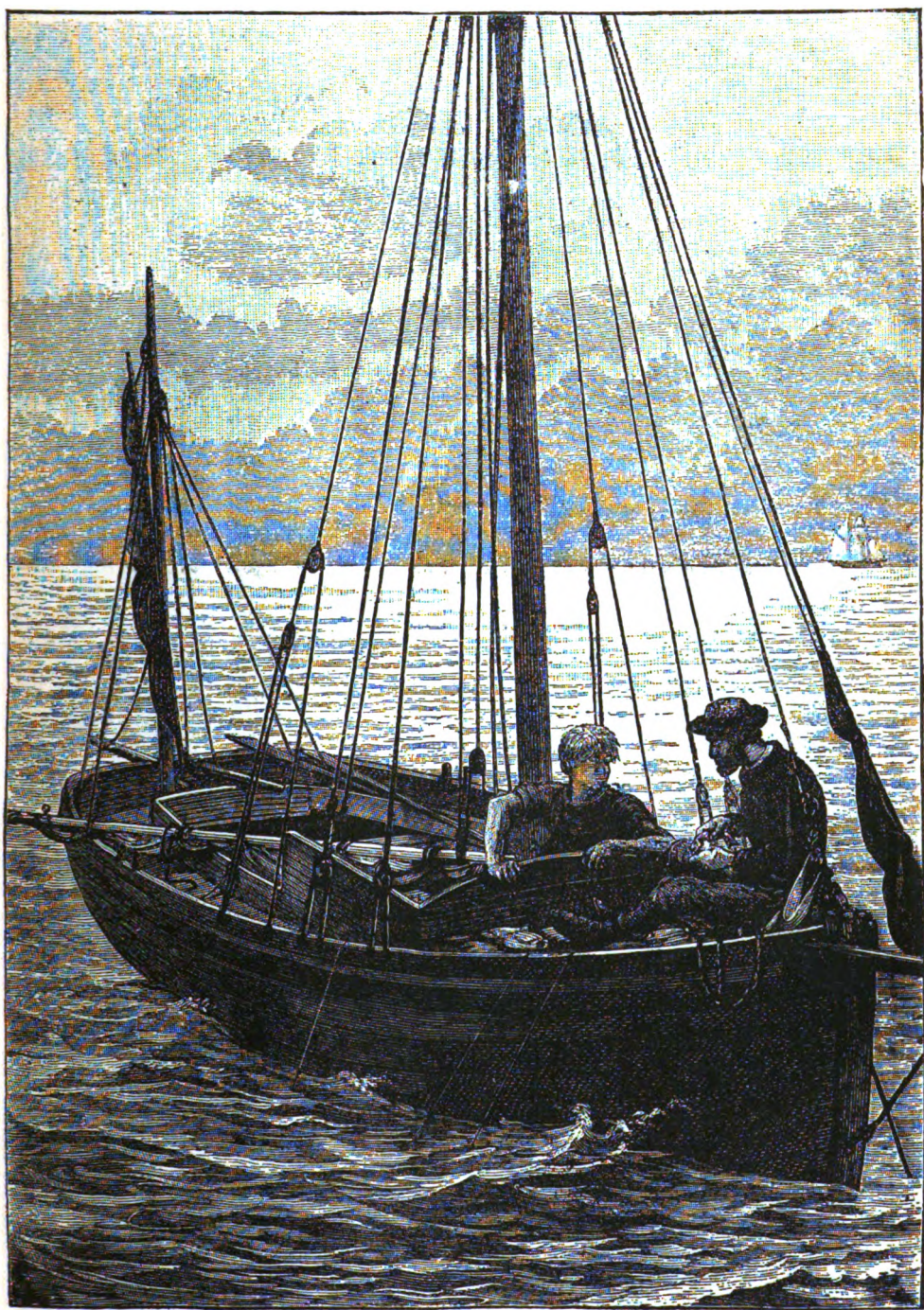




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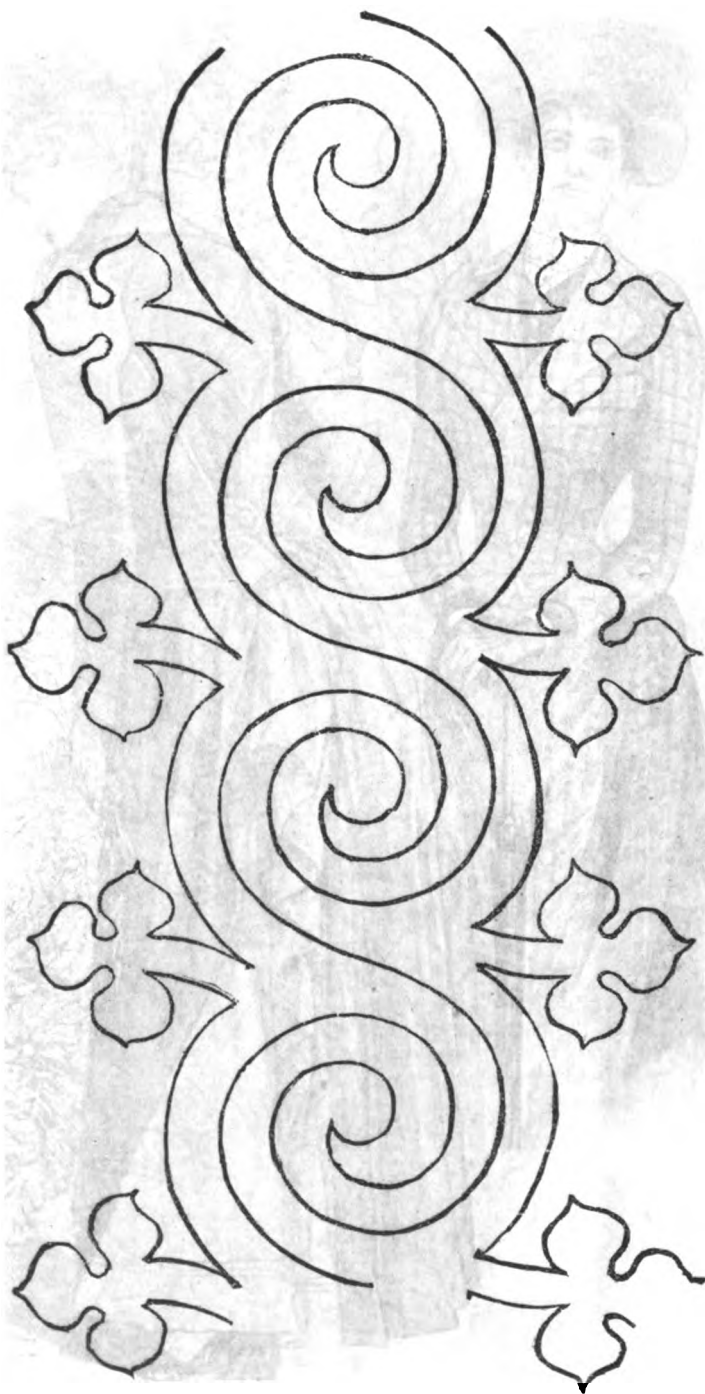


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*Andantino.*

*p*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*mf*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*cres.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*mf*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

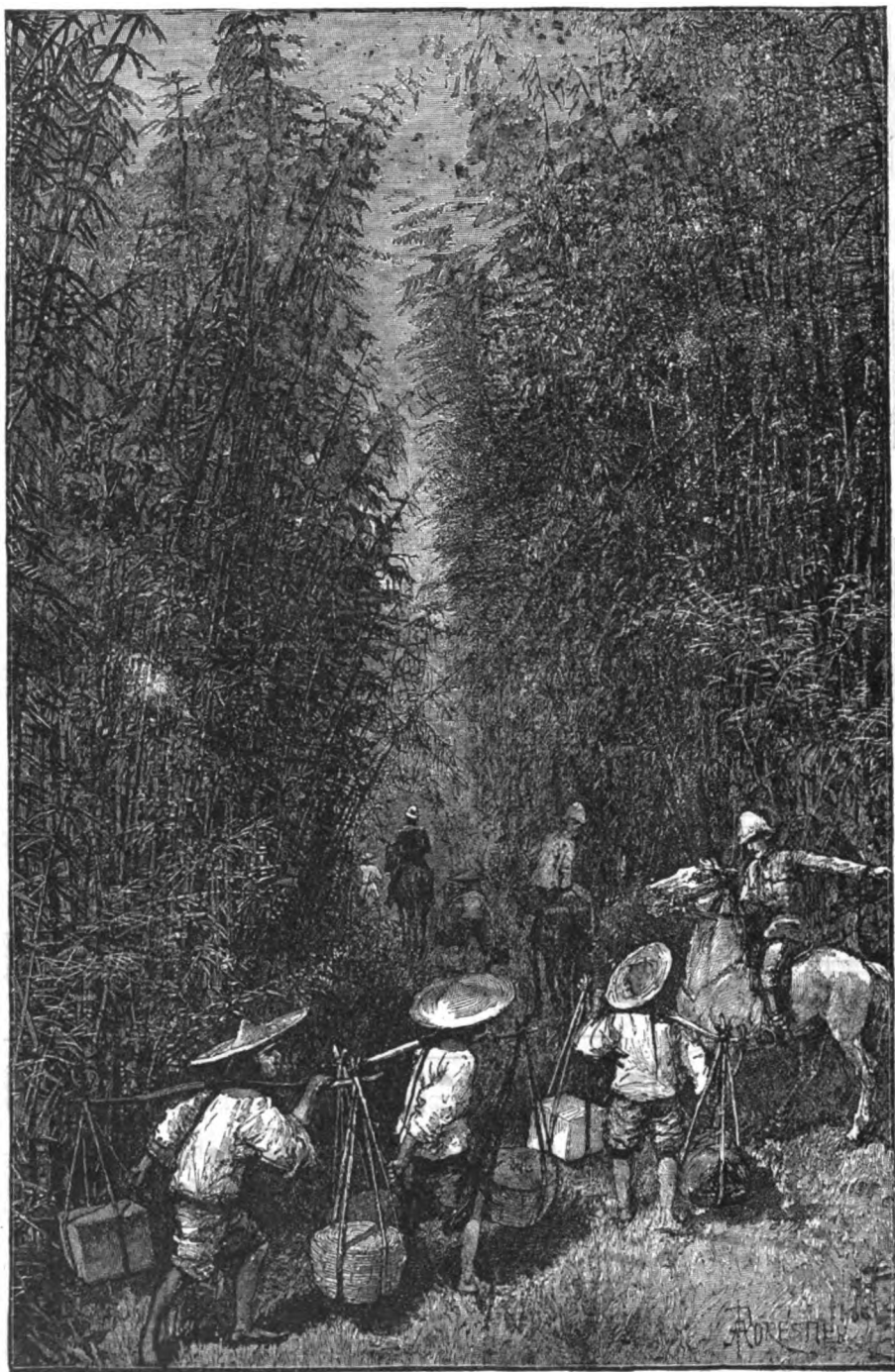
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

# LOVING MEMORIES.

This musical score is for a piece titled "Loving Memories." It is written for piano and features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The score is organized into six systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piece includes several performance markings: "Ped." (pedal) is indicated at the beginning of many measures, often accompanied by an asterisk (\*); "ritard." (ritardando) appears in the first system; and "cres." (crescendo) is marked in the fourth system. The melody is primarily composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the accompaniment uses chords and moving lines. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the sixth system.





**IN A BAMBOO FOREST.**

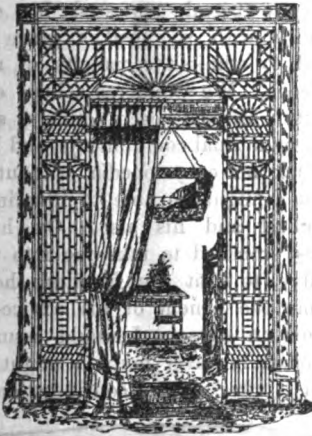
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1890.

No. 3.

## A GIANT GRASS AND ITS USES.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



**O**CCASIONALLY for a very little while one feels quite a glow of self-satisfaction when remembering the books one has read in the course of the year, or the various out-of-the-way subjects in regard to which one has gained a smattering of knowledge. Especially does one enjoy this agreeable sensation when one has just met some person sufficiently humble-minded to be impressed by a slight show of superficial knowledge.

At least, I know this is true in my own case, and I suppose that I am not different from other commonplace people—that is, the great mass of humanity. But I notice that, whenever I soar into a state of comfortable complacency in regard to the extent of my general information, there is certain to come up some simple matter whereof I am so densely ignorant that my short-lived exultation gives place to mortified confusion. The most humiliating thing of all is that I feel I ought to have possessed

a reasonable degree of acquaintance with the subject, and that it would have been as easy to get out of my Cimmerian darkness as to push aside a bamboo curtain.

Bamboo! The word brings me at once to my text; and, before I begin to display my knowledge, let me confess how slight my information was only a few months ago. This was the way in which I happened to be suddenly made aware of my ignorance:

I own a cottage on the sea-shore; as I do not desire to excite mad envy or murderous desires in the hearts of other scribblers, let me hasten to state that the cottage was bequeathed to me by a relative. I must add, it has always seemed wonderful that anybody should leave me anything—besides visiting-cards or unreceipted bills.

For two whole years I could not enter into the glory of possession, for my cottage was let on a lease; but that expired last spring, and I went to examine my heritage. It cost—oh, the eyes out of my head!—to set the place in order, and then house-furnishing became the problem. I wanted the little nest to look pretty, summer-like, quaint, and original; but I had a very moderate sum to spend, and, in spite of advertisements, decorations that are handsome and artistic cannot be had for a song—no, nor for the proceeds of many songs.

I grew absolutely despairing over the impossibility of bringing my fancies and my finances into accord, and thought with envy of the ease with which a daughter of Japan would have arranged her dwelling. But my acquaintances all belonged to the Western hemisphere and shared my prejudice in favor of chairs, sofas, and beds, none of us having learned to squat on our heels against

the wall or to sleep on the floor with necks fitted into wooden yokes.

I remembered with envying admiration the majestic emptiness of the great rooms



REVOLVING-TABLE, WITH SHELVES FOR BOOKS.

in Italian villas; but somehow, just because my cottage was very small, it seemed to require filling up. I know this is an Irish bull, but it exactly expresses what I mean.

At length, when I had quite lost heart and had begun to fear that I must sell or burn my house, else go mad from longing and impossible wishes, a friend fertile in resources, to whose sympathy I was making appeal, abruptly suggested: "Bamboo."

I was not only deeply impressed, but vexed that the idea had not occurred to my own mind. What I did was to smile doubtfully and elevate my eyebrows, for the suggestion came from a man, and I therefore felt it my duty to receive it with a certain degree of coolness—masculine vanity requires constant checks of that sort, to keep it within endurable bounds.

"I don't know why you look at me in that way," persisted Amicus. "Bamboo makes lovely furniture. I should suppose you must have seen specimens, though actually one would think you had never even heard the word."

"If you hadn't happened to own a fishing-rod," I retorted, "I doubt if you would have known whether bamboo was a flower, a tree, or a mineral; and now I'll wager that you can't tell how or where it grows, or anything about it."

The words were scarcely spoken before I realized what an opportunity I had given him to turn the tables, if he could think quickly enough. Actually, in my fear that he would ask some point-blank question, even the little I remembered about that special product of nature went completely out of my head. I could not even recollect any specimen of household furniture except a bamboo cane which hung in my grandfather's study when I was a child, and on which I always gazed with wondering awe because the family preserved a tradition that my own parent used to receive his thrashings with that lithèr snake-like implement.

But my friend confessed his culpable ignorance with so good a grace that I decided to admit the paucity of my own knowledge. We wondered a little over our stupidity, soothed each other's susceptibilities by mutual compliments, and I agreed to attack an encyclopedia without delay, so that I might be able to illuminate my own mind and his also. On his part, Amicus promised to take me into the city next day, to visit the furniture-shops and give me the benefit of his advice—which he knew in advance I would assuredly at first reject, however much I might incline toward it after mature consideration.



TURKISH COFFEE-TABLE.

The delightful man was even better than his word, for he had discovered where a lovely collection of water-colors could be seen, the work of an English artist who had

lately come to this country after prolonged wanderings in India, Japan, and China.

With a smile as triumphant as if he had been the creator of the work, Amicus pointed to a finished picture on the wall, which bore the inscription "In a Bamboo Forest of Formosa," adding viciously that Formosa was an island lying off the coast of the Flowery Empire.

But I was too much pleased to snub him as he deserved, or even spare time to hint that I possessed sufficient geographical knowledge to be aware of that fact. It was a lovely picture, in design and color. The artist had represented his own party journeying on horseback through the forest, accompanied by coolies carrying the luggage by means of cords attached to yokes which they wore across their shoulders, a mode of bearing burdens which the traveler pronounced superior to any other. It did not look an easy way, to my unaccustomed eyes; but, with a newly-developed spirit of meekness strong upon me, I forebore to ask our polite host whether he spoke from observation only.

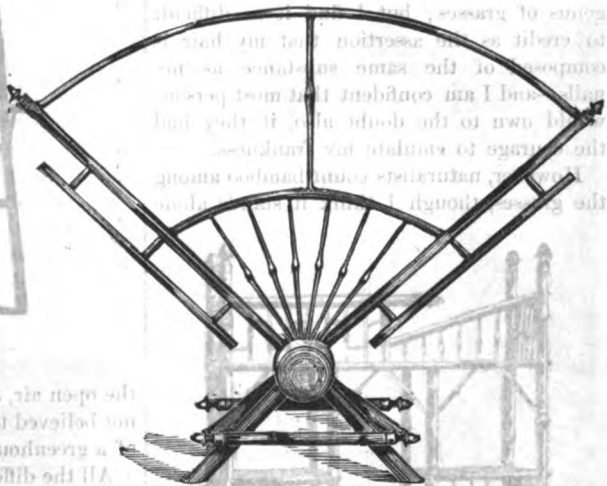
Nothing could look more graceful than the long feathery stems of the bamboos, relieved against the intense blue of the sky and stretching away in a gradually narrowing aisle, picturesque enough to be the avenue leading to some enchanted lake or palace.

As a set-off to my mistaken sympathy for the coolies, I proceeded to wax poetic and talk blank verse about the delight of wandering in the lovely glade at sunset. But, in my eagerness to talk well, I stumbled on a fresh blunder: To wander romantically about in the shadow of the feathery net-work was exactly what it was very dangerous to do, the artist explained, on account of the malarious mists which begin to rise before nightfall in the low-lying regions where the bamboo grows in its full luxuriance. After this, I listened with that modesty which we are told becomes a woman, while he went on to give us some graphic descriptions of Formosa the beautiful and its widely-diversified scenery. He showed us sketches of the

fertile plains which stretch beyond the bamboo-region and of the wonderful mountain-ranges which rise ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, with glittering peaks worn into every possible fantastic shape till they looked like towers, domes, minarets, and monster animals as well.

Then, having feasted our eyes and picked up many scraps of information, Amicus and I departed. He took me to see all sorts of lovely and artistic articles made out of bamboo, and I exclaimed in ecstasy at having all my doubts and hesitations set at rest. I had discovered precisely the kind of furniture to make my sea-side nest comfortable, quaint and pretty at a reasonable cost.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Grimani,



FAN-SCREEN.

the English artist, and that of the Syracuse Bamboo furniture manufacturing company, I am able to have reproduced here the picturesque forest-glade in Formosa and some tempting specimens of the wide variety of useful and beautiful objects.

Nothing was wanting that the fancy of woman could desire, to render her dwelling the delight and envy of all beholders and to herself a never-ceasing joy.

There were mantels of quaint design and elegant workmanship, and in odd contrast—since formed of the same material—filmy-looking curtains for windows or door-ways. Then came cabinets, tall clock-cases, sofas, divans, easy corner-chairs and hall-settees, easels, and the like.

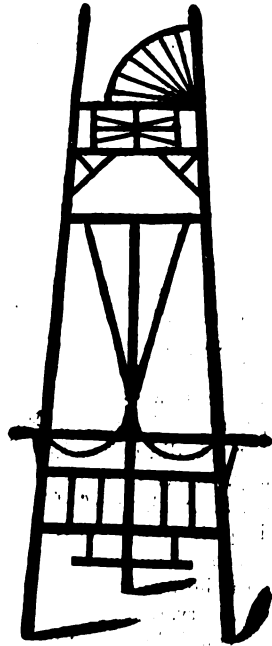
"A Turkish coffee-table"! The very name hurried me off in fancy to Constantinople. Then I fell in love with a delicious fan-screen, then a revolving-table with shelves for books, then a graceful hanging-cabinet, and afterward some desirable easels, which in these days one must have in order to display one's pet pictures or engravings.

But I must stop; for, if I go on, I shall only make my paper sound like pages cut from a catalogue, and what I set out to do was to tell you about my experience in house-furnishing and to display my newly-acquired knowledge in regard to the nature and habits of that mysterious, graceful, and exceedingly useful bamboo.

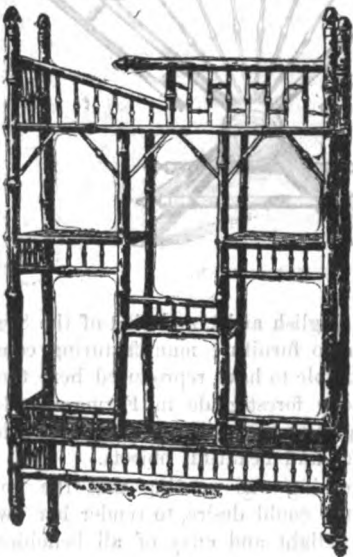
I suppose, since the botanists say so, I am bound to believe that bamboo belongs to the genus of grasses; but I find it as difficult to credit as the assertion that my hair is composed of the same substance as my nails—and I am confident that most persons would own to the doubt also, if they had the courage to emulate my frankness.

However, naturalists count bamboo among the grasses, though I think it stands alone

It is common in India, Japan, and the West Indies, and a few specimens are found among the Himalayas at an altitude of twelve hundred feet. A dwarf species of bamboo has been successfully cultivated in England in



EASEL.



HANGING-CABINET.

in its audacity of simulating trees and growing to a height of anywhere from twenty to a hundred feet.

There are numerous varieties of bamboo, and these are found in the tropical and sub-tropical regions of both hemispheres.

the open air, although until late years it was not believed that it could exist there outside of a greenhouse.

All the different varieties possess a jointed root-stock which throws up from ten to a hundred stems; these usually grow as erect as young palms. One peculiarity of the bamboo is that it produces no branches until it has reached its full height, then it begins to throw them out in such profusion as to form dense thickets. The stems are jointed like those of other grasses, and the outside is exceedingly hard, though they are hollow and elastic, except at the joints, where they are divided by strong partitions, the thickness of these woody parts varying a good deal in the different varieties.

The bamboo grows with a rapidity which almost equals that of Jonah's gourd or Jack's bean-stalk, and will increase three or four inches in the course of a single day. It has been known to get as thick as a man's wrist in six weeks, and in as many months

to shoot up to a height of thirty feet. Malabar boasts a species which is said to bear fruit at the end of fifteen years; but unfortunately that fructifying, like the swan's song, is only a forerunner of death.

Of late years, the demand for bamboo has become so great that, in order to meet it, cultivation has become necessary. This is done by depositing the shoots in pits at the close of autumn and covering them with some two feet of water. If poles of considerable size are wanted, the scions are cut over as fast as they spring up.

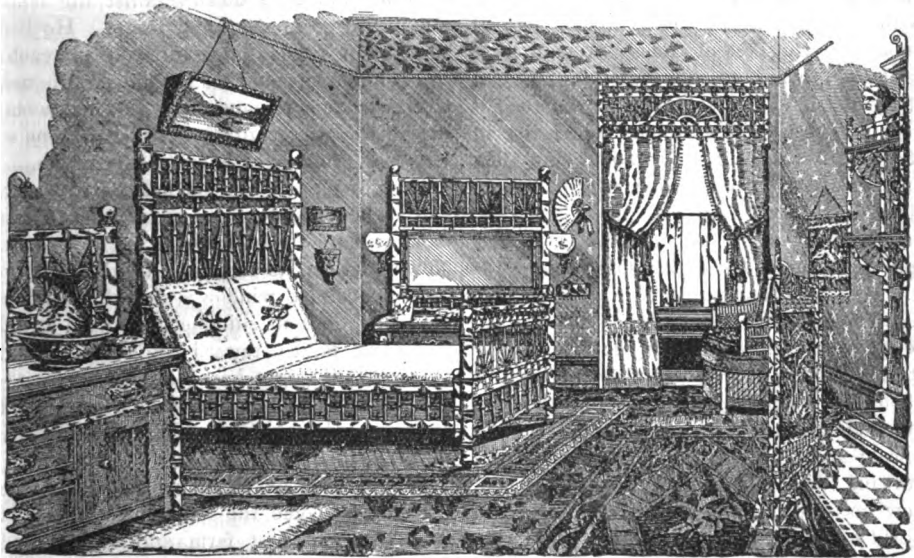
The white Japan and Calcutta are the sorts most imported into America. The Calcutta

putting together of the furniture has to be done almost wholly by hand.

This material is rapidly growing in popularity, and no wonder, since there is no limit to the handsome and artistic as well as useful articles into which it can be manufactured. For my own part, I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself on having made its acquaintance.

Before Amicus and I had finished our inspection of the warehouse, my mind was made up, and I proceeded to furnish my ocean eyrie from top to bottom with bamboo.

My satisfaction has grown with each week since I got my house in order. It is delight-



BED-ROOM SUITE.

bamboo is extensively employed for the dark pieces in mantels and cabinets.

Owing to the strength of its enamel, this variety is prized above any other for the manufacture of fishing-rods. It is said that a rod made of it will last twice as long as one of Japanese bamboo, tough as it is, and the joints of the latter species grow so close together that it is difficult to cut it to advantage. American anglers can pride themselves on the fact that to-day this country furnishes the finest rods to be found in the market. They are now universally admitted to be superior even to those of the best English makers.

I should add that the working of bamboo requires skilled labor, and indeed offers a specialty to craftsmen, as the fitting and

ful to have solid chairs and tables that are light enough to be pushed about easily, and, between the matting-covered floors and the dainty furniture, there is a sense of coolness and freshness which suggests a grotto or the cave of a sea-nymph or any other poetical retreat such as one longs for in the summer.

The illustration of a set for a bed-chamber ought to be enough to inspire any woman who looks at it with a determination to procure the like. She may take my word for it that she will possess the very beautiful of a summer sleeping-room, and, if she likes needle-work, she can amuse herself by embroidering cushions to cover the chairs and sofas when the autumn winds begin to suggest the need for color and warmth.



## RANSOM'S AIMLESS JOURNEY

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

It was evening, and a foot-traveler was plodding wearily along a lonely road. A lonely road, perhaps, to all; and yet more lonely to him, that day, than to anyone else.

The road rose and fell, now over some little hill, again down in some slight valley, but always on and on and on, never turning.

It would be some slight relief, the traveler thought, if only it would turn. This walking on and on into the dim distance yonder, with no goal at the end, would be bad enough at the best of times. A man likes to look forward, to see something he can strive for, if it is only a turn in the road.

It had not been quite so bad earlier in the day, for he could look about him then and see what men were doing who had some share in the world's work. Upon one side, on his right, where the land lay high and rolling, it was covered with soft green verdure. It was autumn, and he knew the farmers had been sowing wheat there. He could see it all in his mind: the steady stride, the handful of grain tossed up and about, in keeping with the step, the bag of seed swung from the shoulder of the sower; and now here were the green blades growing toward next year's harvest. Ah, how good it must be to have part in the world's work! He had had part in it once; but that was so long ago—no use thinking of that time now.

Upon the other side, his left, the fields lay lower down and were browner. These were the meadows from which sweet-smelling hay had been cropped. That was brave work—to swing the scythe, to rake the hay into long windrows. Sometimes the men would sing at their work; he had sung at it once.

But now the meadows were bare and brown, and cattle were browsing on them, gathering the aftermath. It was a good thing, he thought, that there was an aftermath to gather. But there was none for him.

He was growing very tired now, and hungry. Earlier in the day, he had stopped once and asked if he might do some work for food. The people had questioned him,

and he had answered them truthfully. This was a penance he had imposed on himself; and, when he saw their scowling faces, he got up very quietly and went out and on, and had not stopped since, except to drink and to bathe his face at a pool and to pick up some apples that had dropped from a tree that overhung the road. So now he would keep on until he could go no further, and then he would lie down against the fence and try to go to sleep and forget. He had thought of a goal he would like to reach: in his mind, he could see the old farm-house, with its wide porch and pretty flowers blooming in the door-yard; but the road was so long now, he would have to give it up.

He was on the brow of a little hill now, and he stopped to look about him, a last look at the world before it got too dark. Now and then, he could see a light start up in some cottage window; and through the gathering dusk its shimmering gleam would reach out faintly toward the road, so that to another it might have seemed an invitation to come within the circle of light and comfort and homeliness that, its presence said, must be about it.

Behind him, he could yet make out the way he had come, the long white thread of road that ran past farm and hamlet and village; and before, the way he was yet to go, the same long white thread of road—and that, too, would pass farm and hamlet and village. Behind him, and before too, along this road, were many happy homes, he had no doubt; and men in them who had their share in the world's work, and women who made the homes happy, and merry careless children.

The traveler's gaze wandered off toward the further distance, and then dropped toward the little valley at his feet. Through its centre, went, twisting and turning, the silver line of a little brook; beside it was a cluster of buildings, a thrifty farmstead. He could make out the cattle in the fields, the smoke curling up from the house-chimney. There was food enough, doubtless, and

a place where a tired man might rest. But no: he would not stop; and so he plodded wearily forward, down the long hill and along the straight white road.

By and by, he found himself close to the cluster of buildings. First, he came to a great comfortable-looking barn. From the open door came the smell of the fragrant hay and the warm sweet breath of the cattle. A man and woman came out, carrying buckets of white foaming milk. They went toward the house, passing him with strong quick steps. A girl met them and took the buckets from the woman; the man put his down, took up some empty ones, and turned back toward the barn.

The traveler's feet were growing very tired—they would hardly carry him further; he stopped and leaned against the fence.

"Good-evening, friend."

The farmer had come toward him and was speaking. The tin buckets' clinking together made not unpleasant music, but sweeter far was the music of that word "friend."

"Are you traveling far?"

The answer came slow and hesitating:

"To the end of the road."

"That is a long way off."

As he said this, the farmer drew nearer and looked at the stranger curiously. The answer had, to the farmer's mind, a gleam of humor in it, and he was not averse to a bit of humor at almost any time or place. The world was dry and commonplace enough at its best, and he remembered how he had started once to find the end of this same road, and how tired his feet had got, he being then but a lad. He could not but have a fellow-feeling for this traveler who was following along the same path that he had gone. A movement from the stranger interrupted the thought, and the farmer looked at him still closer. There were lines in the face that betokened something more than humor.

"Are you sick, friend?"

Again the word that was meat and drink to him.

"I am very tired and weak."

"Ah, we can soon cure that. Come into the barn here, till I finish milking. Then we will see what medicine we have at the house, for such troubles."

The man went with him and threw himself down upon the fresh hay. The farmer

took a lighted lantern from a peg, and, as he passed on into the stalls, flashed its light full upon his companion. Then he went on, and, as the twin streams of milk began to beat rapidly upon the bottom of the bucket, he said to himself:

"A clean decent-looking man—not a common tramp, and not drunk; he's welcome to a good supper and a bed here on the hay, if he wants it."

He finished milking and came out, again holding the lantern so that its light fell full upon the stranger's face.

"Chores are all done now," he said; "so come on, and we'll see what we have for supper."

"Wait one minute." The man rose slowly and painfully, and even more slowly and painfully the words were uttered: "Let's start fair. I have no money to pay you."

"I don't keep a hotel, stranger," answered the farmer, dryly.

"But—one thing more. I am a—discharged convict." The face was full in the glare of the lantern, but it never changed a muscle from the set stern expression that Farmer Bentford had at first taken to mean bodily pain.

Bentford breathed out a long low whistle.

"Whew! that's bad," he said, at length.

The stranger stood silent. He had nothing to say in self-defense, no case to plead.

"Well," the farmer resumed, with a perplexed air, "that's not a good recommendation, I'll admit." Then he continued, more brightly: "But come—you're not a convict now, anyhow, but a free man like myself; and, if you've been wrong in the past, it's you that's suffered for it, not me. So I've no cause for complaint against you. Come along, and we'll see about that supper."

As they neared the house, Bentford spoke to his companion again:

"Don't say anything about—you know—to the women. They're cur'us, someways."

It was an ordinary farmer's household into which this wayfarer had come. To this the long road had led at last—to comfort and rest for the body at least, and to a man who called him "friend" and for whom the word "convict" had no terror. But the women—would they care, when they knew? When they did know, and looked into his face, would they see that he had suffered and tried to atone? But he would do as Bent-

ford had said, and not tell them now; he would take what was offered him, food and rest, and, in the morning, when he was stronger, he would let them know.

When it was time to separate for the night, the guest had made so good an impression upon Farmer Bentford that the latter repented of the hesitancy he had displayed upon finding that the man had been a convict, and, to atone for it, had a bed made ready in the house, instead of in the barn, as at first intended.

During the evening, Bentford had skillfully guided the talk into such channels as would not prove embarrassing, and thus the aspect of the country and the prospects for fair or foul weather received more than due attention. The man had given his name as Ransom—George Ransom; and when the farmer's wife had said that she "didn't know of any Ransoms hereabouts," and had asked which way he was from, Ransom, in answer to a warning glance from Bentford, had replied: "From up Columbus way," and then had fallen into a taciturn silence that precluded further questioning.

When the morning dawned, it was such a one as should bring hope and courage to tired human hearts. A crisp autumn morning, with thin clear air, through which the smoke from chimneys here and there curled straight up into the pure ether; and above, a clear blue sky upon which no cloud could be seen.

Ransom rose early and made acquaintance with the bright tin basin and clean coarse towels at the pump. Then, seeing his host at work about the barn-yard, he joined him there. Sleek comfortable-looking cattle were browsing at a stack of fodder. Calves, colts, pigs, poultry, and all the concomitants of a well-stocked farm-yard were ready for the morning ration that the farmer was giving out with a generous hand. He nodded pleasantly to Ransom, and the latter passed on into the stables. The horses were crunching their grain and whinnying in a satisfied way. It was a long time since Ransom had had to do with horses; but he liked them once, and they liked him.

He went into the stalls, picked up the brush and curry-comb from the rack, and commenced work upon the nearest one. The horse bent his fine neck around and looked at him carefully, put his nose against Ran-

som's shoulder for an instant, and then, satisfied by the inspection, turned again to his grain. Bentford came in and stood quietly watching.

"You get along with that fellow well, Ransom. It's not everyone he'll let touch him on short acquaintance."

"I guess there's nothing bad about him. We are good friends already," and he put his hand caressingly upon the horse's neck. The horse turned and laid his nose against Ransom's shoulder as before, as though in answer.

"Mebbe it's easier for you to make friends than 'tis for some," said Bentford.

"Hain't had much chance to find out, lately," returned the other, dryly.

He was beginning to feel the influence of his environment, and to think that the world was a more cheerful place, perhaps, than it had seemed last night.

He kept on with his work until the farmer was through feeding. After breakfast, he returned at once to the stables, while Bentford lingered a moment to speak with his wife.

"Well, what do you think of him, Marthy? Seems a handy sort of fellow round the barn."

"I don't know, Joel," answered the woman, slowly. "Does he want to stay here?"

"He's lookin' for a job," the farmer replied, equivocatingly. "I need a hand for a while yet. It's crowded me a little to keep up with the work since Bill left, but I did think I'd get along now without another."

"Yes, I know you need a hand, Joel. There's a good bit of work to be done yet, before winter."

"This fellow seems handy 'bout the stock," said the farmer.

"What account does he give of himself? Is he used to farm-work?"

"Well, that's just it. I guess he can do the work, Marthy; but, you see—"

"See what, Joel?"

"Why, you see—now, don't be too hard on the man, Marthy—you see, he's an escaped convict."

"An escaped convict, Joel?"

"No—did I say that? I meant a discharged convict."

"That's almost as bad. From where, Joel?" The woman was pale and trembling, but she tried to speak with a steady voice.

"He's from Columbus, I guess. But what's

the matter, Marthy? You ain't scared, be you?"

"No, no, Joel; only it started me a little."

"Because, if you feel that way, we won't talk about it any more. I hain't said anything to him, and can just let him go on, you know."

"I don't feel that way, Joel; and, if everyone just let him go on, maybe he'd have to be a convict again."

"That's jest as true as can be, Marthy. If he don't have any chance to work and be honest, he's jest got to go wrong again."

"Well, do just what you think best, Joel. But," in a lower voice, "don't tell this to Hester, whether he stays or not."

"That's jest what I asked him not to tell you, and I 'most wish I hadn't told you myself; but a man can't keep things from his wife."

With that, Bentford went out to the stables again, where he found Ransom just finishing his self-appointed task. As he replaced the tools upon the rack, he asked if he could help with anything else, as part payment for his lodging.

"Nothing this morning, I guess, but what I can 'tend to."

"Then I might as well be moving on."

"Where to, Ransom?"

"Only where I told you last night—the end of the road," Ransom answered, with a mournful smile, and his eye once more followed the long white thread away into the distance.

"And where then, Ransom?"

"Another road, I suppose, after that."

"Come, now—you're too good a man for that sort of thing. Suppose you stay here with me awhile."

"What! you want me, a convict, to stay here with you?"

"Never mind that. That's all over now. I'll give you a good place, and pay you fair wages while you stay. You see, I need a hand." And Farmer Bentford waved his arm, with a just pride, toward the broad fields about them.

"But I haven't told you all. You don't know what I did."

"I can guess it was something pretty bad," said his companion, dryly. "A man don't get sent up twenty years for nothing."

"I killed a man."

"Whew!" said the farmer. And "I won't tell Marthy that!" was his instant thought.

Both men were silent for a minute, and then Ransom went on, in a slow unimpassioned way, as if he were speaking by rote:

"I was married. We had one child—a little girl. I found some letters one day. She had hid them from me. There had been someone before me—she had loved him, and had kept the knowledge from me. He wrote her again, after we were married, and tried to get her away from me. I hunted him as I would a wolf, and killed him as I would a dog." He stopped a little, as though waiting for his companion to speak, then went on as before:

"I never went home again. I wrote her, and sent a deed for the little farm—where I had thought we should be so happy. I was tried, convicted, and sentenced. I have served my time out, and now am here. That is all."

Joel Bentford was a good man, a deacon in the church, an upholder of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," and a believer in the justice of the laws. But he was a human being, and he knew his own avenging hand would move quickly and surely if—But there was no such hidden romance between him and Marthy. She was a widow, just laying off her weeds, when he had met and married her; and he had never been troubled by unwholesome fancies and jealousies about his predecessor. And he had taken Martha's little daughter into his house and home as his very own, and given to both of them the wholesome love and protection of an honest man's heart.

"It is a sad thing to have the taking of a man's life on one's conscience, Ransom. But twenty years is a long time for the punishment of a single deed; and, now that you have suffered the punishment that the law prescribed, it is not for me to add anything to it. My offer stands good, if you want to try it."

So Ransom began his new life. Bentford never in any way referred again to what had passed between them, nor did he again speak with his wife about the past history of the new hand. Ransom fell easily into the routine of life at the farm, and was soon treated with the easy familiarity that exists between the members of rural households.

The new hand soon proved himself a valuable acquisition. He liked to care for the stock and to keep the stables and yards

clean and neat. He was at work early and late, and what was lacking in practice and knowledge of farm methods was more than made good by his faithful attention to the details of his work. Bentford every day saw himself repaid for the kindly impulse that had moved him to offer a helping hand to this fellow-creature. Yet there was one slight cloud upon his satisfaction, in the fact that his wife never seemed quite at ease in Ransom's presence. He would notice her watching his face in a furtive uneasy way; she would start when their eyes chanced to meet, and sometimes she seemed to avoid him. Bentford was the more uneasy at this, as he feared Ransom might notice it and attribute it to her knowledge of his former history, as he, Bentford, did himself. And he had made up his mind that, having accepted Ransom as a man entering upon a new and better life, it was only right that any recollection of the past should be apparently blotted out.

For almost twenty years, he had known Martha as a brave, charitable, Christian woman, and he was sorry now to see this evidence of her distrust.

Although he had thought it best never to refer to the subject again, he at last broke through his determination.

"I am afraid, Marthy," he said, "that you can't quite make up your mind that a man may have been in state's prison and yet be honest after he comes out."

Mrs. Bentford hesitated a little before she answered:

"I 'most wish we hadn't kept him here, Joel."

"Why, wife, we couldn't have a better hand; and you know you agreed with me that we ought to give him a chance."

"Yes, I know. But I am afraid he will bring us trouble."

"I declare, Marthy, I believe you're getting nervous," said Bentford, half laughing. "Ransom has seen trouble enough, poor fellow, to last his life out. He don't want any more, for himself nor nobody else."

"Well, I wish he hadn't come here," Mrs. Bentford concluded, with unreasoning insistence.

Farmer Bentford was not made easier in mind by this conversation. He did not believe much in intuitions, and so his wife's fears did not shake his confidence in Ransom at all. But he did care very much for his

wife's peace of mind. He imagined that she had not been altogether happy with her first husband. She had always been reticent about the circumstances of that first marriage, entered into when she was only a girl, and Bentford had always respected that reticence, because he felt that there were sorrowful memories behind it. Yet for the mere whim of a woman, albeit that woman was his wife, he could not make up his mind to send Ransom on into the world, to begin his battle again alone. He had begun to feel toward him as though he were a younger brother who had erred and repented and had come to him for comfort and encouragement, and he must not withhold them.

Thus matters went on through the autumn and winter. Bentford noticed uneasily that his wife avoided Ransom more and more; and, as if to make amends for this, Hester, her daughter, seemed to try the more to make him feel at ease and to look to his comfort. And he thought that Ransom felt these changes, as now he would sit quite still through a whole evening, speaking only when first spoken to, and studying often the faces of these two women as if to discover their feelings toward him, or, as Bentford thought, to determine if they were still suspicious of him as a convict.

Mrs. Bentford's appeal to her husband having proved of no avail, as time passed she determined herself to persuade Ransom to leave the farm. She had never before, during the whole of her married life, tried to keep any knowledge of her actions from her husband, or to do anything against his will. So it was with a timid heart that she seized upon his absence from the farm to speak with Ransom.

"George," she said, using the familiar Christian name by which they were all accustomed to address him, "don't you think you could do better for yourself than to stay here any longer?"

"Do you mean that you don't want me to stay here any longer?"

"Yes—I suppose I might as well say the truth about it."

"Are you afraid of me because I have been in prison?"

"I am afraid of you—yes; but not because of that. You look like someone that—died a good many years ago."

"Are you sure he died?"

The woman answered in a slow mechanical way, as if repeating a lesson she had taught herself:

"They told me it was the same as if he had died. They said I could do just as if he were dead. I didn't mean to do anything wrong, and you must go away now, and never let Joel know."

"Yes, Martha—it is just the same as if I were dead, to you. I didn't mean to come back and trouble you. I didn't know you were here. I didn't know where you were. I meant to go back and look at the old place, and then to go on away. It's queer, ain't it, I should come here?"

"Yes, it is queer. But you'll go now, won't you?"

"But the girl, Martha—she's mine, you know."

"Oh! you wouldn't tell her what her father did, would you?"

"Nor why he did it, Martha?"

"You had no reason to. I was true and honest to you."

They stood silent awhile, looking steadfastly at each other. Then the man said:

"I'll go away, Martha."

"When?"

"To-night."

"And you won't tell Joel?"

"No."

When Bentford returned, he was greatly surprised to hear of Ransom's determination to leave. In answer to his questions, Ransom only said he "thought maybe his wife and baby would be looking for him," which Bentford interpreted as meaning that his reasons were his own, and that he should keep them to himself.

Ten years more went by at the Bentford farm. Hester grew into a staid and prim old maid. Mrs. Bentford, always quiet, grew more reserved, and, to her husband, seemed to take on again the manner of the early years of their marriage. Bentford himself changed little, except that he grew older, as we all will with the lapse of years.

Again it was an autumn evening; again a lonely figure came down the long road. But this time the traveler came on steadily, as one with a purpose before him. Straight to Farmer Bentford's door he came, as one familiar with the way; on past the great barn, in at the little gate, steadily on up the

path to the door. The door stood half open, and, with his hand on the knocker, the stranger paused at the sense of something unfamiliar in the silence about the place. He dropped the knocker gently, pushed the door open a little farther, and went within. People were moving about with slow quiet steps. Bentford stood there, older, bent, sad of face now. He looked at the stranger sharply, then nodded and reached out his hand.

"Back again, are you, at last?"

"Yes. I have something to say to you, and I have come a long way to say it."

"It will wait, won't it, Ransom? My wife is in there, dying," and Bentford nodded sadly toward a half-closed door.

"What? What is that, Bentford? Dying, do you say? She is dying?"

He spoke with a husky eagerness that made Bentford look at him still more closely.

"I must see her, Bentford," Ransom continued, quickly. "It is her I must tell now, not you."

"Why, man, what ails you? Are you crazy, Ransom?"

"No, no, not crazy. Let me see her, Bentford, just one minute—then you shall know all."

Something in his manner impressed Bentford so that he moved with Ransom toward the sick-room. Hester was sitting beside the bed; but, at a glance from Ransom, Bentford motioned her away. The invalid opened her eyes and gazed at the two men.

"Do you know him, Marthy?" asked Bentford, tenderly. "He says he has something he must say to you."

"Yes, I know him," she said. Then, looking at Ransom very steadily: "Tell him now; I have tried to, but I couldn't."

"No, no, Martha. I came to tell him, but I can't now. I only want you to forgive me now, for I know that I wronged you at the beginning."

"Yes, you did. But I wronged you afterward, and so we must forgive each other."

Bentford stood looking from one to the other, in amazement.

"Tell him," said the woman to Ransom, and so he did. He told the whole miserable story of love and jealousy and of his own crime, and then, when he had come to them, ten years before, he had known his wife at



once. But he thought she would not know him, and so had staid. But she did know him, and, believing that her duty then was wholly to Bentford, had sent him away.

Then he told how, in the years that followed, a great bitterness had grown up in his heart, against the man who had usurped his place; and, as he thought of him in his home, happy, contented, respected, he had determined to come back and spoil his fool's-paradise by telling him the truth.

He had come in at the door with that purpose; but, when he found her dying—

who had been the wife of both, but soon would be the wife of no man—his anger had given place to a great longing to be forgiven.

And, when he had said this, he went out very quietly, and again on and on along the long white thread, toward the end of the road, alone. But not more alone than was Joel Bentford; for, when the night had enfolded and hid beneath its sombre mantle the road and the farmstead alike, the spirit that for thirty years had borne the burden of a hidden wrong had gone on too, alone.

## SYMBOLIC.

BY GUINEVERE.

THEY drift down the hall together  
To the music's ebb and flow,  
Her bright head daintily drooping,  
Her fair girlish face aglow.  
And I, standing here in the shadow,  
While they whirl on in the light,  
Hear a dirge in *Les Violettes'* measures,  
And bury a hope to-night.

A hope I was mad to cherish!  
He was ever an honest friend;  
But ah! I was blind with passion—  
I could not foresee the end.  
But now, with a clearer vision,  
I reckon the bitter cost,  
And read in their radiant faces  
The happiness I have lost.

I know they are wholly blameless,  
And mine is a common fate;  
I have not the need for vengeance,  
I have not the right to hate.  
I can only return in silence  
To the old accustomed place,  
With the mantle of pride wrapped about me  
And society's mask o'er my face.

But, despite the wisdom of worldlings,  
A strange thought is with me to-night,  
As I stand here in the darkness,  
While they drift by in the light:  
Love's light will illumine her future  
With a radiance akin to supernal,  
While I, from the gloom of the night,  
Walk on through a shadow eternal.

## THE LAST FAINT TRACE OF SUMMER.

BY ARTHUR E. SMITH.

THE last faint trace of summer  
O'er the landscape now we see;  
The flowers upon the meadows,  
That once were fair to see,  
Like the purple mists of morning,  
They vanish silently.  
Like withered flowers my heart, love,  
Since you have gone from me.

No more the water-lilies  
Will fringe the silvery lake,  
For summer fair is leaving,  
And autumn's in her wake.

The little brooklet ever  
Sings a mournful melody.  
And my heart sings the self-same song, love,  
Since you have gone from me.

Sometime again the summer  
Will come to bless the land,  
And the flowers and birds will waken  
At her divine command;  
Like the summer will you come, love,  
To one who is waiting for thee?  
Or, like a joy that is gone, love,  
Will you never come back to me?

# JACKY AND THE PRINCESS. A LOVE-STORY.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 147.



## CHAPTER V.

HE time between sunset and dark, that evening, was spent by Jacky roaming aimlessly about in the waste open fields between Major Oldmoldistone's and the house which was his home for one more night. There was in his heart a great bitterness; the old inarticulate outcry against fate, the appeal—dumb and quivering with anguish—to nature, which seems at such crises so insensible, to a blank heaven and a stone-hard earth. God seemed very far off from him then; and with Jacky, who had always said his prayers and followed persistently his scant religious teaching, this added no little to his trouble. A chill had come over his faith and hope—and over his shivering body, too—ere he turned at last, wearily, mechanically, homeward.

He went straight into the room where the old, old lady told him long ago, that very night she died, that he must never disgrace his "good and honorable" name. He thought of it now, bitterly recalling it in connection with Major Oldmoldistone's late scornful words. The room was nearly bare of furniture now; the big bed, the clothes-press, the chest, were all gone, and only a table and some chairs remained. There was a bright fire in the fire-place, however, and before it the table set with a supper for one, warm, tempting, and bountiful. And hovering near by—with expectation in her eyes, and mingled pride, grief, and joy on her face—stood gray-haired, sturdy, black Aunt Betty. For years, she had been all that Jacky had known of mother, housekeeper, and home friend.

She was too near-sighted to see the trouble in his face, but called out, with the familiarity of her age and position, in greeting to Jacky:

"Is dat you, chile? Bless yo' heart, I said you'd come 'long home dis last evenin', fo' you go 'way. Here's yo' supper, honey—good 'nuff for any king hisself, an' le' me see you eat hearty. 'If it's de las', I'll make it de bes'; I say ter myse'f, an' 'tain't likely you'll come 'cross much cookin' as good, in dat 'way-out place you goin' to. I knows where you been, Mister Jacky—ole Betty knows. Folks say young love leaves mo' meat to sarve ole appetite; but don't you let it spite yo' eatin'. You's goin' ter seek yo' fort'n, rec'lect, an' earn dat pretty one who'll be waitin' 'ginst you come back a rich gen'leman wid yo' ca'ige an' par an' gole money showerin' round. So jest eat away. 'No fair fight on empty stomach,' as de ole sayin' say."

Poor Jacky! Every word was an unconscious insult to his dead hopes; but he made out to thank her with tolerable steadiness, and sat down at the table. He had been terribly wounded and shocked by that scene in the garden. He was very pale, heavy-eyed, pathetic-looking, in his sharp young half-realized grief, which wore that aspect of finality that no previous experience had taught him yet to look beyond. All the pleasant part of his old life seemed cut off short, or torn from him bleeding like a mutilated limb; the new life was now blank and uninviting, though it must be begun and faced to-morrow as if nothing had happened. It was not that his boyish love for the Princess had been crossed and denied—not this that hurt the worst. Indeed, that was almost lost to sense in the major's cruel words, the taunts as to his position, the brutal insultingly-spoken truth about his dead father. It was the major's words and looks and tones that fancy repeated so torturingly now.

He drank with feverish thirst the tea Aunt Betty poured for him; but alas! the biscuit and cake, the broiled chicken and damson jam, that she had scraped together and prepared with loving care, were as palatable as sawdust to him just then; though he made a show of eating for her sake. And Aunt Betty hovered near, chattering away meanwhile of his brilliant future and someday return, with allusions sly and quaint to the supposed understanding between himself and the Princess, who would be ready for him then, and to the wedding-supper, which—if it pleased God to spare her—she hoped to cook. Jacky listened some time to the foolish loving old soul, but it was too much at last for flesh and blood to stand. He pushed back his chair with something between a laugh and a sob.

"Oh, hush, for mercy's sake!" he said, pantingly. "There's no such good time ever coming for me, Aunt Betty. Nobody will be waiting for me like that. Nobody cares for me or wants me back—but you."

"What!" cried she, aghast at his words and tone—her pretty romance-fabric, dear to Aunt Betty's heart as to any white lady's in the land, most rudely shaken. "What! don't she keer nothin' 't all 'bout you, arter what I seen o' dat talkin' an' walkin' sence you was so high? Don't you b'lieve dat, chile. Gals is mighty cur'us an' skittish, an' jest you ax her agin."

"No use," groaned Jacky, his face in his hands. "She doesn't care much; and, if she did, the major would never think me any fit match for her."

Whereat Aunt Betty cried out, in great wrath: "No fit match? I'd like to know de reas'n why. Is it money dey's arter? It don't make gentlefolk, nohow; but you kin make 'nuff o' dat."

"It isn't all the money," said Jacky, fretfully; "though I don't expect ever to make any, or be anything but a poor devil—a nobody—all my days. It isn't the money; I'm not good enough, anyway."

"Not good 'nuff?" screamed Aunt Betty, in a rage. "Isn't you a Treunis, an' good as de best of 'em? Dey's crazy—sho! Some folks gits 'bove deyselves since de war, what's turned mos' everything hind part 'fore. Ain't we all's blood as high, an' we all's fam'ly as 'ristocratic, as any dey is in Virginny? It's all 'cause you's po'—ah,

yes, I knows 'em. But I've seed de time—an' I'm only seventyfive, come nex' Easter—I've seed mysef when mo' money was handled in dis ole house 'en de major kin borry an' beg an' cheat people out'n in two three year. An' my ole mammy uster tell me many a time 'bout her young days, when silver wasn't no mo' 'count 'n tin in de fam'ly—bein' so much layin' round. An' dat ole lady what died in dis room wo' her silks an' satins an' gole chains an' dimon' rings, day in an' out. You not good 'nuff! Fo' Gawd, chile, dat makes me mad! me knowin' for Gospel true, from my mammy an' grandmammy, how yo' fam'ly, 'way 'long in de back generations in ole England, where dey come from—we all's fam'ly rode in dey gole coaches an' six, an' was all lords an' dukes, when Olemol'-stones went wid po' white trash."

"Yes, but that was a long time ago, and nobody remembers it now," said Jacky, dismally, repeating almost the Princess's very words to himself; then, struck with the comicality of it all, of Aunt Betty's high pretensions contrasted with his present almost pauper condition—a mere daily laborer, as he must be—seeing the absurdity, he burst out laughing, though from a sore heart. The major was right. He had been a presuming fool and been fitly served, he told himself—feeling the pain none the less, however. Then he laughed again, and cried a little, and hugged the old black aunty as when he was a small shaver six years old, greatly to her astonishment—a clasp that made her rheumatic bones fairly ache.

"Bless your dear good heart, Aunt Betty," he said, "you will love me always, anyhow. Don't let's talk any more of—them. Sit here by me, and tell me all about my own people in those old times."

Aunt Betty, nothing loath, sat down by his side on a lower seat, as she insisted on through principle, and talked on this most congenial theme. She told Jacky all she remembered and had heard of the Treunises; of those dead-and-gone people by whose names the old great-grandmother had called himself. She told of that same old lady's son, of vaguely splendid memory—"Ole Marser," Jacky's grandfather; of Jacky's father and uncles when they were young and happy and innocent, before they fell into the various evil ways that led them to ruin.

Distance in time lent enchantment to Aunt Betty's view; the more traditional her love, the more splendor did she describe, as Jacky shrewdly guessed and smiled at. But the gold, the silver, rich furniture, jewels, that she told of, roused in him a new and vivid curiosity.

"Aunt Betty," he said, suddenly, at last, "what became of all those things?"

"Law, Marse Jacky, chile, who kin tell dat? Dey's all clean gone, most on 'em long 'fore you was bawn. We's been gittin' po'er all de time. Marse Jack—yo' par—sole de silver spoons an' de Indy chany an' all de furn'cher what fetch any price. Even yo' mar's weddin'-ring, dat sho'ly oughter been kep' for you, he made 'way wid dat too—po' feller! Dey ain't nothin' lef' you, honey, worf takin' for a keepsake—nothin' 't all."

"But didn't old grandma have some little things of her own?" asked Jacky.

"Nothin' did I find, high nor low—fo' Gawd," said Aunt Betty, impressively, "but some wored-out clo'es. You see, chile, 'twas Mammy Sukey uster wait on yo' gran'ma fo' de war, an' I was cook an' mighty little in de house. An' one day, endurin' de war-time, when you was little boy, when everybody was a-fussin' one side or t'other an' hidin' things 'way from de soldiers, Mammy Sukey say to me, she say: 'Well, I done hide some o' mistis' things where nobody'll never diskiver 'em.' But she never tole me where she hide 'em so close, an' when she died, in a sorter fit, so sudden an' never speakin' a word, nobody never knowed 'bout dem things. Yo' gran'ma was cracked, po' creeter, an' knowed no mo'n a baby. Arter she die, I looked good; but 'twasn't no use. Why, honey, I even ripped up de feather-bed, an' all dat trouble for nothin'."

"Well, it could not have been anything worth much," said Jacky; but, even as he spoke, he looked keenly around the room. Where had the mysterious valuables been hidden? A sudden desire to find some token, some pledge, of that past and to him rather doubtful family splendor of which he had just heard, some sign of former gentle condition, seized on Jacky then and there, as never before.

The only suggestive hiding-place in the room was a closet or cupboard in the wall, and this he had often used himself of late,

ransacking its shelves and corners thoroughly. "No chance of finding anything there," he murmured; but, while speaking the words, moved by an impulse singularly strong, he went to the cupboard-door and opened it. Inside were three shelves, dusty and strewn with various odds-and-ends of rubbish that he had overhauled a hundred times. He gazed a moment, half turned away, then went back, mounted a chair, and, reaching up carefully, felt inside the top of the door-frame. There was a little hidden shelf just above the door, clean out of sight, and on that shelf—something thick-coated with dust.

With tingling fingers and a shudder of awe, as one who disturbs the dead, he drew it out to the light at last—only a little pasteboard box, tied about with a string. Aunt Betty clapped her hands and thanked her stars and looked on, open-mouthed with curiosity; while Jacky, somewhat awe-struck at this quick answer to his wish and very curious himself withal, cut the cord and opened the box.

Now, what did he find in it? the reader will perhaps ask here, with possibly greater expectation than will be answered. It was nothing of much money-value, I will say at once. Had it been different—a box of gold-pieces, a set of diamonds, title-deeds to some great estate, something that had straightway set Jacky on a pinnacle in the major's estimation and made the Princess easy of access—the whole nature and purpose of this story had been changed, or perhaps the writing of it never begun.

But the box contained that which did exercise, nevertheless, no little influence of another sort on Jacky's future; and this scene and the finding of it I have therefore described. In it, wrapped carefully in separate bits of paper, were two rings of small size and value, one of plain gold much worn away, one set with tiny discolored pearls, a point-lace collar or tucker, yellow and falling to shreds, a silver thimble, pricked into holes, and a small, very quaint, very ancient-looking silver cup. Pathetically poor little treasures, judged by any outer standard of value, but most richly suggestive to Jacky; sacred, of keenest lovingest interest all, but most so of any the silver cup, in that it was unmistakably that very pledge and token which his heart had just been craving. Small, heavy, and dark from age, of Old-

World workmanship and most curiously chased, it had graven on one side this inscription: "John Lyon Treunis, christened Easter Day, yeare of grace 1673. His god-mother, Ladye Jane Treunis, her gift." And, underneath, a coat of arms—the Treunis coat of arms, of course, as Jacky realized with a start. He had never heard of any such family right or inheritance before; and now, with mingled awe, pleasure, and New-World sense of amusement, gazed upon it. It was very bare of any common heraldic devices. Four swords were lapped into a square frame, with handle of one to point of another, within which was pictured a hand, brawny and muscular, in the act of throwing away, from finger-tips outstretched rejectively, a skull; and above was the motto, in old English letters: "Not by thys wounde."

That was all. Suggestive yet puzzling to one who, like Jacky, had not the connecting traditional clue to enlighten him further. Whatever triumph of chance or fate or heroism over death and despair it commemorated, whatever service to king or country in days of old, whatever brave defense of the founder's own life or rescue of another's, who can say? It is doubtless recorded to this day amid hundreds of others in its proper place, and might be found with its attached legend, date, and name; but I know no more than I have here told. Discovered now at this turning-point, this crisis, of Jacky's life, its effect on him was, from the first taking in, deep and indelible. Its singular fitness to himself just now seemed fatalistic, supernatural, God-given. He too had been threatened with a sort of death, the death of hope and healthy aspiration; he too would triumph over it, cast away the figurative skull, say to his life, his heart, his coming future: "Not by thys wounde."

In his thrilling re-warmed young veins, the blood leaped up to recognize its kindred with that which this old symbolic picture proved to have been once undoubtedly brave and gentle and true. 'Twas a voice from the past that spoke to him, through the dead dust of full two hundred years, through sin and its inevitable shame and loss, as from some far dim height of goodness and honor down to his present low estate: "Live, and die not—by this wound." Taken in connection with what his great-grandmother had said to him

long ago, with what Aunt Betty had told this very night—even half-fanciful though that might be—it formed an intangible yet precious heritage that, please God, he would never disgrace.

The thimble and lace tucker he gave to Aunt Betty, as her share of their common heir-looms; the two rings and the cup he stored reverently away with the modest luggage for his journey, resolving never to part with them. And they went with him next morning, when the last good-bye was spoken to Aunt Betty and old Mr. Hydeman, his two best—and, it would appear, his only—friends, and he started westward, bent on seeking, as the old speech so quaintly words it, his fortune.

## CHAPTER VI.

SEVERAL years slipped away after Jacky's departure, and the Princess heard nothing from him except once or twice, when she accidentally saw old Mr. Hydeman and heard that his protégé was doing pretty well and making a living, if no more.

The Princess tried to nurse her faint flame of daughterly love, but it waned and faded in spite of her, as the years went by; for, as the major's ugly traits of character grew stronger and uglier with age, the slight tie of congeniality between them became weaker. A fruitful source of discord was the fact that she persistently rejected two or three offers of marriage which the major considered good. One day, after one of their quarrels thus brought about, he said to her: "There must be some reason that you're keeping back, for all this confounded obstinacy. Maybe you are still hankering after that beggar I drove away from here."

"What do you mean?" asked the Princess, first starting as if struck, then drawing herself up haughtily.

"Oh, you know very well what and who I mean, miss," snarled the major. "I wish I'd found it out a year or two sooner: there's no telling what sort of talk went on between you and that Treunis—while I, like a fool, was giving you credit for some lady-like taste and behavior."

She looked at him strangely, steadily, for some seconds, in silence; and her beautiful eyes, no longer wanting in woman's most sensitive feeling and depth, abashed even the major's coarseness. Then she walked out

of the room, still very erect and haughty; but, the moment the door was closed behind her, she turned crimson, pressed her hands to her face, and burst into tears.

But, as the major's constitution, worn out by various gentleman-like amusements, could not last forever, he finally sickened with a low fever and died, leaving his daughter almost as poor as Mr. John Treunis had left his son. And this fact was not the only point of resemblance between the two men, whose lives some people might pronounce hardly unequal in worth and value.

When the Princess was made aware that her father's efforts to keep up the Oldmoldstone dignity had resulted in heavy debts, the payment of which ate up with wonderful rapidity her whole supposed fortune, she was astonished. The major's guiding principle—that "good blood" entitles its possessor to whatever he wants, without the trouble of working or paying for it, and that the practice of any convenient dishonesty is a right belonging to all "first families" in Virginia or out of it—had not been impressed upon her, I'm afraid, as it should have been; or perhaps her low taste and queer ideas on various subjects rendered his precepts and example useless, after all. For, when her lawyer told her he thought certain claims might be put aside and something saved thereby for herself, she said "No" very resolutely, gave up every cent without a murmur, and began to look about her—as Jacky had done—for some means to gain a livelihood.

Her chance seemed a very slim one. She was not very well educated, for these advanced and cultured times—indeed, was sadly ignorant, I am afraid, though every inch a gentlewoman. She had never been taught to work, or to live on little; she had no distinct plan of life, no theory of woman's independence, no knowledge of the world. She was old-fashioned, and perhaps benighted, in many things; but she was brave and honest and faithful, read her Bible—not after the major's example, either—and said her prayers regularly for herself and one other, and was true as steel to her heart's teaching.

"I'm not afraid to work," said the Princess, sadly; "but I don't know how to work. I wish I did. I might keep house for somebody who isn't hard to please, or teach

children that are not very bad and don't know very much. I would rather sew, if I knew how well enough; but—"

"Go home with me," said her cousin, Mr. Edgar Sterne—who was blasé and gray-haired at thirtyseven, and who had fallen in love with the Princess when he first came from Washington to attend her father's funeral. He had now returned with reference to the Princess herself. "Go home with me," he said; "my house would be none the worse for a little keeping. I am not very hard to please, and my youngsters are not very bad. Will you go?"

"You are very good to me," said she, with tears in her eyes: "the only one of my cousins who has seemed to care. Indeed, I don't know where all the others can be now. They used to come here and stay often when I was little, and papa wanted me to be fond of them; but I wasn't. And now you are the only one who has written or come. Yes, thank you, cousin, I will go."

And so she went with him, blessing his kindness and generosity and never dreaming that he was in love with her—not she.

Mr. Edgar Sterne filled a Government office which commanded a very small salary; therefore the establishment to which he conducted her was by no means roomy or elegant. Indeed, the Princess, who had always been used to a free generous country-life and to a sort of splendor albeit somewhat faded, was at first dismayed, and her heart sank dully at sight of the dreary suburb with bits of common, bare and muddy, between blocks of new little houses vainly trying to look cheerful. But she was resolute and warm-hearted; the motherless children grew so fond of her, Cousin Edgar was so kind, that she soon became very busy and happy. She contrived various economies by which the monthly pittance went an astonishing way; she taught the children, and learned to cook and sew, and waited on Cousin Edgar to his heart's content. And one day, after several months had passed, he asked her to marry him.

"No, sir," said she, very shortly and sweetly; "I'll be an aunt to the children and a sister to you, but I won't marry you, cousin. You must not ask me again."

Whereat he sulked a little and complained of feeling ill-used. But she laughed him out of this, and was not even daunted by



his warning that she would probably die an old maid, being now twentysix and somewhat faded—very faded indeed, and old and broken, he said, though with a smile that took the edge off his unflattering words.

"I don't want to die anything else," said the Princess, blushing as she spoke, perhaps with some consciousness that this was not quite true.

During these years in Washington, she never mentioned Jacky's name but once; and that was one night when she was ill of a sore throat and fever, and, judging of the danger by her suffering, thought she was going to die.

"Come here, May: I've something to tell you—something to ask," she said to the oldest little cousin, who was her only nurse.

The Princess was sitting up in bed, flushed and feverish, with trembling lips and haggard eyes; looking, with her white draperies and streaming hair, the little girl thought, like a picture downstairs of Mrs. Siddons, as the "tragic muse."

"May," said she, "if I die, you must give a message from me to somebody, someday. Are you listening? Will you remember?"

The little girl stared, but said: "Yes, aunty."

"It was somebody I knew a long time ago," went on the Princess, "and he went far away. Something happened just before he went, something that hurt him—and me too—and it was half my fault. And I've thought of it and grieved about it a long, long time. Oh, it hurts me now—he looked so white and dreadful. It hurts me, and I wanted to tell him before I died. I loved him as you do your little brother, May—and he went."

May shrewdly guessed that this was not quite true—that this was not the way she loved her little brother. May was ten years old, but not unversed in romance. She looked up now, half flattered, half ashamed, as children feel by their elders' confidences of this sort. "Yes, aunty," she said again.

"His name was Jacky—Jacky Treunis. You must tell him, May, that I was sorry, and that I loved him always—better than anybody. Oh, won't you remember and tell him, May?"

"But, aunty, how can I? Where will I tell him that? S'pose I never see him at all, and s'pose—"

The Princess was perhaps a little flighty with fever. She looked at May very piteously and cried:

"Oh, you must see him—find him, May! Don't forget—and promise me you will. He will come back. Oh, me! oh, me! he must surely come back someday."

She burst out crying, with great sobs and a very flood of tears, and cried till she fell asleep at last, exhausted.

But from that time she got better, got well—and indeed there had not been any real danger—and then she warned May that she must never tell anybody about Jacky and the message to him. And May did not tell; but she did not forget, either, and she built a theory of her own on this foundation, which was not far wrong. But it was never added to by the Princess, who spoke no more of Jacky.

## CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE no space to follow Jacky through all the struggles against fate, the good luck, bad luck, great trials, and small rewards that fell to his share in the new land and life. His talents not being equal to any great triumph over time and the natural course of things, he was by turns successively errand-boy, wood-cutter, herdsman on a sheep-ranch, clerk, law-student, and lawyer, besides filling meanwhile various other positions too numerous to mention. He had a tough experience occasionally, was hungry more than once for days together, went down often very deep in the Valley of Humiliation; but, carrying through it all a brave heart and that snow-white honesty of thought and deed and purpose which sooner or later wins its way, he pressed on up the Hill Difficulty—no matter how rough and stony—and grasped, on its summit, success.

For people left to work out their own destiny, free from any strong elevating or degrading influence close at hand, find their level, social and otherwise, like water rising to the level of its source; and some of Jacky's qualities were such as must promote ascent. He was earnest, persevering, with plenty of grit and force, soft-hearted yet clear-headed withal; and then, as he had pleaded on a certain occasion, he had some gentle blood in his veins—as indeed who has not, if we go back one or two centuries?

He was perhaps too conscientiously miser-

able and lonely, disdaining many innocent youthful pleasures that fell in his way and would have done him no harm. He luxuriated too much in deprivation, and was too extravagant of his working vitality; nor was he free from that egotism of constant self-denial which is so dangerous. But who has not his faults? Most certainly not our Jacky.

The silver cup he treasured through all changes, and its motto helped him to many a victory, when, casting disappointment and despair from him, he kept ever in mind its saying: "Not by thys wounde." And how finely interwoven are the threads of chance and fate, how far-reaching from past to future, Jacky realized as never before, when, in this land, new to civilization, and among throngs of utter strangers, he found this heir-loom a link stronger than friendship between himself and another.

It was a young Englishman, who, very different from Jacky, had yet drifted into a sort of intimacy with him. He caught Jacky, one day, musing over his treasure, and surprised a look at it.

"What's that, old fellow?" he asked. "Your christening-cup? Oh, I see now—a little before your time. Pretty ancient—and a coat of arms, too. Ah, yes, I've seen plenty of that trash at home—it seems behind the times here, you know. What name is that? John Lyon Treunis! Treunis—Lyon—why, that's one of our combinations, by George!"

"What?" said Jacky, with an eager flush.

"Yes, by George, it's a fact! My grandfather was named Treunis Lyon. I never thought of the Treunis in connection with you till I saw the two names together just now. Why, Jack, we're kinfolks: common ancestors, family names mixed up—that sort of thing. Blood's thicker than water, you know, though my people in England don't give me credit for owning it, very likely. We'll stand by each other, old fellow—won't we? and all that sort of thing?"

And they did stand by each other, a friendship loyal and true; and it came to pass, not long after, that there fell to the young Englishman a great good-fortune which reflected light on Jacky's pathway. So the old-time relic exercised on his life not only an inner, but an outward, power for good.

At thirtytwo, Jacky was possessed of a moderate income, an education even above the average in his profession, a clear conscience, the good-will of most people who knew him, and the warm friendship of a few. And it was about that time that various business-plans and a wish much cherished in secret led him back eastward for a long stay, to the city of Washington.

He contrived to slip away from his engagements during the very first week, to his old neighborhood in Fairfax County, Virginia. New faces and old ones more or less changed greeted him everywhere. His friend and patron Mr. Hydeman, and Aunt Betty, who had talked so glowingly of his home-coming someday, were not there; they had both died long ago, before the major died and the Princess went away. The home of his boyhood was repaired and altered beyond recognition; so was the house on the hill, where the Princess had lived.

And the Princess herself? He thought of her very tenderly, as indeed he had always done, but now with less eager longing and more of pathos; and, remembering kind words and looks from the major himself in the far old days, felt forgiveness even for him. But Jacky's memory was still ineffaceably scarred with the wounds of that last interview, and it was with a strange mixture of shrinking and eagerness that he asked for the major and his daughter. He did ask, however, but got no certain information about the Princess; for nobody seemed to know anything more than that she had gone away after her father died, to live with relatives, and nothing beyond this could he find out. A day or two later, he returned to Washington rather sore at heart, and there he stayed on, week after week, devoting himself to business varied with sight-seeing, which seemed to him very dreary just then; living quietly, making few acquaintances that he could avoid, and finding himself, as spring came on, more and more haunted by thoughts of the Princess.

One warm beautiful Sunday in early April, having been entrapped into escorting to church two very fashionable and enterprising young ladies of boarding-house acquaintance, he started down the street with one on either hand, himself looking shy and absent and rather bored, distracted between his own thoughts, the jangle of

church-bells all around, and the necessity of listening to and answering his companions.

Among the many church-goers that they met, a tall lady came hurrying along, prayer-book in hand, and two little girls keeping pace beside her. A group not striking enough in any way to win a second glance from people generally; but, the moment Jacky set eyes on the lady's face, he knew full well that it was the Princess.

The fashionable ladies at his side saw probably only a commonplace-looking woman, past her first youth, in dress shabby and of last year's make, and with a rather unbecoming hat, whose fine eyes could not atone for her pale complexion and the settled anxiety of her mouth. They never dreamed that she was a Princess—not they; deposed and in exile, yet a real Princess still. But Jacky knew, and to him she could never be shabby and faded and uninteresting, but always the free, gracious, lovely Princess who had first won the worship of his boyish constant heart. You see, his eyes were guided by that divinely faithful love, which, wrongly described as blind, possesses often such a marvelous quickness of sight and knowledge that its possessor can pierce through all change of features, all disguising shabbiness, all time's haze and mist, and go straight home at last, to seek and claim its own. It was that same love which, since Jacob served for Rachel in days of old, and Leander swam the Hellespont to pay forfeit with his life, and Juliet drank to his immortality in her death-potion, hath not ceased to "bridge rivers, scatter armed foes," and, even in our own age of reason, still continues to perform many unreasonable and eccentric tricks.

The Princess did not see Jacky—she looked straight before her and hurried on; while Jacky stopped short, half turned, stood an instant irresolute, till, seeing his companions looking amazedly at him, he stammered some excuse and went on with them like one in a dream.

He was vaguely conscious of going into a handsome church, of listening to a brilliant—or, it seemed to him, delirious—quartet choir, of hearing a sermon about he knew not what, which seemed to interest everyone but himself. The fire of his love, which had never burned very low at any

time, now glowed with fierce intensity, fanned by that passing of the Princess just now. He sat thinking and wondering about her, various questions coursing through his brain. Was she living in Washington? and, if so, in what part of the town? Why had he not spoken to her, run after her when she passed, made himself known? Was she married? and were those her children with her? They looked hardly young enough, and yet—Good God! If she were married, tied to somebody else for life, what would his present success, his promised future, avail him then? Nothing, as he realized in his very heart. At thought of such a probability, a certain bitter resentment against fate, that he had always struggled to keep down, rose within him, swelled to a raging climax, and he shuddered to feel himself, for the moment, capable of any crime.

In the evening, he walked out alone and went to the nearest Episcopal church, in the direction she had taken. It was a pretty little church, facing to the south and set well back from the street, on a grass-covered hillock, and through its wide-open doors came a sound of sweet young voices chanting joyfully. It was a poor little place inside, but it seemed a heavenly temple to Jacky when the Princess came in and took a seat where he could see her face distinctly.

In the mellow light through stained-glass windows, her face was as fair and youthful as when he saw it last, twelve years ago. And, noting the absence of the children and a certain sweet maiden air about her—I mean something different from maidishness—he felt somehow assured that she was not married, could not be; why, he could have laughed at himself for thinking it possible, and then a feeling of joyful peace came over him.

The services here impressed him as pleasantly different from his morning experience. Instead of that elaborate vocal performance which had exorcised all feeling of devotion, a little throng of choristers were lustily shouting out such easy chants as everyone could sing. There was a look of earnestness on each face. The sermon he could not remember afterward, except that it was about peace and love, and he thought it very appropriate. It was soon ended; the

closing prayers were said, and the benediction, and then, after a few soft tender chords from the organ, the choristers began to sing "Abide with me."

Most touching, most beautiful expression of adoration and prayer! As it has gone to every reverent listening heart since its first singing, it went straight to Jacky's now. A rush of tears came to his eyes, and, looking dimly through them at his Princess and heart's love, he felt, yet without irreverence, that the words were never so fit for his own emotions:

"I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!"

Could she, would she, abide with him, after these long weary years of parting? Through cloud and sunshine, weal and woe, could they abide together, and himself at least be so blest? With wistfully-tender gaze, he watched her singing with the rest, as the voices went sweetly on.

The choristers filed slowly out, singing the last verse; the last "Amen" echoed back behind them; the last notes sounded from the organ, and the congregation arose to disperse. Jacky went into the vestibule and waited there for the Princess to come out. She seemed to linger a long while within, too long for his eagerness; and everyone had gone away but the organist, who was practicing softly some sweet familiar tune, when she at last came down the aisle into the vestibule and met him, face to face.

Twelve years had changed our Jacky not a little. He was stouter, more muscular, much older-looking, with even a few gray hairs in his mustache and on his well-shaped head. There was about him an air of physical culture and of being habitually well-dressed. His boyish freckles had given place to a good healthy sunburn; his mouth was firmer, but not hard; his eyes keener, but still the same sweet, clear, steadfast eyes as of old. And, looking into them, their message went straight to the Princess's inmost heart, and then she knew that it was Jacky.

She put out her hands, and he took them in both his—tenderly, firmly, palm hard on palm—and they stood in silence gazing at each other.

There was communion finer than speech in that long look—question and answer,

joy, love, confession, appeal, perfect trust, and promise. And Jacky knew for the first time, beyond all doubting, that it was not girlish pity only that had spoken on his side, that evening in the garden, and when she ran after him to say good-bye.

It was perhaps exceedingly undignified, unmanly, in Jacky, what he did then; but his heart had been fasting for a long, long time. His love was as immortally young, as impulsive, as eager, as it was twelve years ago, and stronger by far, as the man was stronger than the boy; and then it had been unnaturally stayed, dammed up till now the tide, all-powerful, must have its way. His hour of hours, his supreme moment, had come. There was nobody to see, not a soul passing the open door just then; but, if the whole world had been looking on, I think it would have been the same with Jacky. He put both arms around her, he clasped her to his breast—close, closer—with a fervor that was almost fierce, yet did not frighten her, a tightness that in a moment of less exaltation might have hurt her. He kissed her lips, her cheeks, her brow, her eyes, with resolved yet tender lips; he pressed her cheek to his. And she yielded, half laughing, half crying; for she could not have withstood this high wave of passion if she had wished.

A little later, when they stood more like two rational beings, still in the church porch, hand in hand, asking and answering questions, she said:

"We will forget that dreadful time, that day when you went away from me."

"Yes, all but what I told you about my love for you," said Jacky; "for it was as true then as it is now and will be forever. Always remember that."

"I do remember; I have, many a time—every dear word," she said, softly. "And you, Jacky, forget everything I said that day, except the best, the truest of all."

They left the church and started toward her home, turning their faces from the setting sun to where a great drift of cloud, pink-tinged and radiant with reflected light, glowed in the east, as if sunrise were at hand.

And the light that lay around them and within their hearts, reflected on the Princess's face, made it most fair to look upon and rosy and beautiful, as they went down the quiet street together.

## HOW TO PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY JOHN A. PETERS.

As the autumn advances, the forest-trees, clothed all summer in various shades of green, begin to array themselves in garments of brightest hues. As some fishes acquire radiant colors in expiring, as fabled swans pour forth sweetest songs when dying, so the trees, no matter how plainly they have been attired during the spring and summer months, put on splendid garb—robes to die. They die as monarchs should, right royally.

Who has not penetrated the depths of the wildwood on a glorious October day, when the air was like amber—clear, languid, dreamy—and a soft tender haze rested over the earth? A fairer sight can scarcely be conceived. The "fall of the leaf" is a pleasant time to all who love nature. On every hand, no matter how gently the leaves are caressed by the wandering zephyrs, they eddy downward from their airy homes to the strange foreign land below. Over the earth they spread a brilliant carpet, such as the looms of Axminster or Brussels never wove.

Take a seat on this felled hickory, whose moss-covered body is protruding from the earth like the half-buried skeleton of an ichthyosaurus, and watch the leaves as they sway and flutter in the air like so many painted rainbow-tinted things of life. The reflex of a bewildering sunset appears to fix itself vividly upon a multitude of them. Only the evergreens are immutable; over them, the year's evolutions have no power. They are sheathed and panopied in green pointed needles all their life-time. How intensely they must long for a change! The birch droops its long hair, the elm waves its pendulous branches, the poplar is tinged with rusty discolored gold, the famous coat of Joseph had not in it such a variety of colors as the graceful maple. When the Persian decked the plane-tree with his costly jewels and gorgeous mantles, could it outvie in magnificence the resplendent maple, do you think? Then, too, there are the copper-colored beech, the glowing sumach, the oak bathed from head to foot

in its own royal blood, and a host of others. Isn't it a pity the colors are so evanescent—that the leaves must wither and perish, and all the beauty go out of them, in a few short hours after they are severed from the parent stem?

To me, it seems almost like desecration to trample on these deciduous leaves that fill the hollows and dimples and narrow paths that intersect each other through the woods. What a queer, rustling, uncanny noise they make, as we wade ankle-deep through them! A very imaginative or hypersensitive person might almost hear them cry out to be let alone—not to be crushed to death by the careless feet of passers-by. It warms us up, stirs the blood in our veins, to look at the blushing maples. The solemn yellow of the elms puts us in mind of fretted cathedrals, of the grave, of death.

How many there are who would delight to pick up these dainty darlings and carry them off to their city homes, if only they could keep them just as they are, through the long cold winter, when the earth is wrapped in its ermine mantle, and the trees, denuded of their foliage, are gesticulating wildly in the Arctic blasts. But the pliable things would shrivel or grow stiff; the brightness would fade out of them; and the delicate tracery of crimson, running in and out like so many slender veins, would be a dull melancholy brown. This would never do! They must bear a resemblance to the leaves we gathered when we took that delightful walk which we shall never forget. Otherwise, they might as well have been left in the woods, to be driven to their burial-places by the unfeeling wind; they might as well be buried deep under drifts of cold white snow.

But is there no way to preserve them? Let us see. We gather them in handfuls. No matter how carelessly we mass them together as we pick them up, the colors invariably harmonize. But, unless you have the taste of an æsthete, they will look labored and stiff if you are too careful, if you take

too great pains in arranging them. Haven't you noticed that fact with flowers? Then try it and see.

A certain lady of my acquaintance, who is passionately fond of autumn leaves, spent one whole afternoon in the woods, selecting the prettiest and choicest ones that fell in her way. They were unsurpassable. She filled a wide-mouthed amber vase and set it in the window, and a quantity of the leaves she varnished; others she placed in a mammoth book, to be pressed; and some she left in her basket, to see how they would look in two days' time.

What happened? Precisely what I prophesied came to pass. The bouquet in the vase, daily supplied with fresh water, met the same fate that a nosegay of flowers would have met. She expected this, so was not in the least disappointed. The ones flattened out and inserted between the pages of the book, when she came to inspect them several days later, she tossed contemptuously out of the window.

"They are the corpses of the living leaves I inhumed," she observed, satirically. "They were lovely beyond compare when I found them in the woods; they are hideous now. I do not fancy dead leaves."

Those in the basket, which the uninitiated might have deemed a heap of precious stones when first deposited there, judging from the prismatic hues they shot forth as the sunlight quivered over them dazlingly, were thrown away without a comment. Those she had varnished bore a glossy appearance, but were mere shadows of the living things she had done her best to preserve in all their loveliness, and did not suit the lady's fastidious taste.

"I shall never try again," she said, ruefully; "it is impossible to preserve them. You might as well essay to make the perfume of the roses visible."

"Nonsense!" I retorted. "I will show you how to do it." And I did.

Of course, there are scores of readers of "Peterson's Magazine" who are not novices in the art. They are far better skilled in it, I fear, than I am. What I know of it, I taught myself. For the tyros only is this information intended—those who love leaves and have not learned the secret of preserving them. To them alone, I turn the key and disclose its mysteries. In the first place,

be extremely careful that you choose the most perfect leaves, and do not lug away too vast a number at a time. That has always been my fault. I was not content with enough; I was too greedy; I wanted more—still more! Carry with you an uncovered basket, and be sure to halt in the vicinage of a clump of maples. No other leaves will answer your purpose as well; so do not pass the maples by. Stir up the glorified mass of fluttering things through which you are wading, for oftentimes the most radiant ones lurk beneath. Now do be careful. Let those that are too dry slip from your greedy fingers without a murmur; of no use whatever are they. Neither, I beg you, go to the other extreme, and fix your covetous eyes upon those plentifully decked with green.

"Which, then, shall I select?" you discouragingly ask.

There is a happy medium between the two. Place in your basket those in which the healthful crimson burns brightest, those in which there is a dash of vivid yellow. There is any quantity to choose from, however difficult you are to please. To contrast delightfully with the others, don't forget to add occasionally a sombre brown, or one that is several degrees darker, almost black. Search, and your efforts will be rewarded. The dark leaves will set off to better advantage the gayer ones, and add much to the artistic beauty of whatever they are woven into.

Now, we will saunter on to that gray-bodied beech-tree on the outskirts of the wood, with its chocolate-colored canopy. Break off a few of the rich-looking branches. They will be just what you need, to hang above your pictures. Don't stop to pick any beech-leaves up; we can easily dispense with them. Are you supplied? Then one more trip in quest of the monarch of the forest, ere we journey homeward. Oak-leaves are pretty for frames enclosing pictures; you know the gods wove them in their chaplets, centuries ago. There, that will do. I cautioned you against getting too many, I believe.

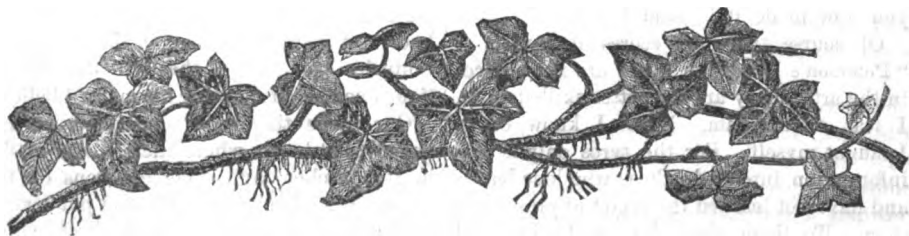
Our enchanting walk terminated, we find ourselves at home, where there is a good fire in the kitchen, and some flat-irons on the stove. Wheel out your table and put several thicknesses of paper thereon, over which spread a smooth cloth. All ready? Then



for business. Oh, there are two things yet which are absolutely indispensable—beeswax and resin. Tie a chunk of each in a cloth; nothing else is needed. Smooth out a maple-leaf; rub your iron over the beeswax, and then let it glide lightly and quickly across the leaf, first on the upper side, then on the under side; after which, press the iron firmly until the leaf is thoroughly dry, and the gorgeous hues will be transfixed—warranted to remain for a year, unless the sun be permitted to glare in upon them too fiercely. With the branches, you must take additional pains; do not go too near the stems with your iron, or one by one the leaves will drop off. Otherwise, you need apprehend no trouble, and, when once ready, they are fixtures for the year. Now you can apply the resin. If pressed for time, postpone the work for a day or two, but not longer, or the job will be doubly difficult, and the leaves will not present that highly-polished glossy appearance they would have shown had they been finished at once. In putting the resin on, the iron will be sticky and refuse to pass easily across the leaf's surface, unless you rub it now and then over the beeswax. Always take the leaves when freshly gathered; never keep them over a single night, or much of their brilliancy will have vanished before the morning comes, no matter in how cool or damp a place you put them. It will be best to lay them away for a few days before weaving them in wreath or cross or anything else to captivate the fancy. Spread out newspapers on the floor in some dry room. Strew the leaves thereon, not too thickly, and cover them over with more newspapers, and then put on additional layers of leaves, and so on. The beech-branches ought to have an abundance of room, and not be mixed

with others. The maple-leaves—no others ought to be used—make the handsomest of cornices for windows; they are more unique than anything you could buy. Cut strips of red cloth, as long and wide as necessary, and sew on the leaves, never running the needle through the stems, but winding the thread about them as they are attached to the cloth. Brown, crimson, and gold will blend charmingly. You will be enchanted at the effect. When the morning sunlight streams in, the leaves will glow and burn and brighten up the room wonderfully. The lighter the background, the more striking the effect. They light up prettily in the evening under the glow of the lamps. They ought to be massed together thickly, but not compactly. One does not care to see through to the cloth. It requires considerable patience and an abundance of leaves, but you will be amply repaid for your trouble whenever you glance at your handiwork. All through the tedious winter months, the autumn leaves will gladden your eyes. Let a few of the most perfect ones cling here and there, like paradisaical birds, to the curtains.

Young lady, a word of advice. Don't forget to muster into your service some gallant gentleman, who is not afraid to climb a tree, when you go leaf-hunting. He will not only make the time pass pleasantly for you, but his help will be invaluable. Of course, he will carry your basket, and that is all he means to do, except to whisper some nonsense in your too willing ear. But make him of use. Command him to go up some of the tall trees, and break off some of the great branches, and set the rest in motion so that the leaves will rain down in a shower. The loveliest ones are often the last to desert the parent tree.



## THEIR MUTUAL MISTAKES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



**M**R. LAYARD entered the room where his niece sat busy over some letters he had requested her to write—an employment to which she was well accustomed, as she was to sparing him trouble and ministering to his comfort in every way.

Mr. Layard had on a new suit; it was gray, and ordinarily he wore black, and he actually sported a flower in his button-hole. Altogether, there was something unusual about his whole appearance, which struck Mildred forcibly.

In point of fact, Mr. Layard had assumed the air of offensive briskness, tempered by a perceptible nervousness, which in an elderly man generally signifies that he is going somehow to make a tremendous fool of himself, and is ready to wax peevishly belligerent if he should meet with contradiction or disapproval.

However, Mr. Layard's niece did not indulge in any such cynical reflections; she only wondered a little over the change.

She had returned on the previous evening, after a three weeks' absence—an unprecedented event during the decade she had lived with her uncle. It had been necessary to attend to some property he owned in Rochester, and he had sent Mildred, partly to spare himself trouble, and partly because she could manage the affair better than he—though this fact he did not admit, even to himself. He put the journey in the light of a favor to her, as she could stop in Syracuse to visit a friend, and, when she had been gone a week, positively insisted on her remaining a fortnight longer.

"How wonderfully well you look, uncle!" she exclaimed, then regretted her involuntary speech.

Mr. Layard had been a valetudinarian for years, and, as a rule, nothing offended him worse than any such comment; but now he replied affably, though in the tone of a man who feels that he is making a magnanimous admission.

"I suppose nothing remarkable has hap-

pened during my absence," Mildred continued; "I should have been more conscience-stricken than I was, about staying away so long, only we have such agreeable people in the hotel, and you seemed to go out a good deal."

"I couldn't sit all the while in solitary confinement," Mr. Layard rejoined, pettishly. Then, with a return to his jaunty briskness so sudden that it was ludicrous, he added: "Everybody has been very kind and attentive—very! I am exceedingly glad we came to Albany—exceedingly glad!"

"Have you made up your mind to spend the winter?" Mildred asked. "I dare say it would be pleasant to do so."

"Oh, the winter—hum—well!" Mr. Layard ejaculated, in the exasperatingly hesitating fashion which experience had taught his niece meant that he had something to divulge which he did not find it easy to put into words.

Confident that he could have nothing of importance to say, Mildred went tranquilly on sealing her letters, while he began several fresh sentences and allowed each in turn to trail into nothingness. Glancing in his direction, she perceived that her silence irritated him; he wanted to be given a start, so she said playfully:

"You seem in a dilemma, uncle! Fortunately, you need not decide positively at present."

"Dilemma?" he repeated, and she knew the word had not proved satisfactory. "I don't know why you should think me in one. I believe it is my habit to form my decisions clearly; and I flatter myself, too, that I always have good reasons to offer."

"And there is no one who has any right to call them in question," she rejoined, unable to think of any other applicable speech, since she could not conscientiously echo either of his statements.

"No, no; certainly not!" he said, and, apparently mollified by her observation, he continued, with a smile and a nod: "But you will do me the justice to admit that

I have always tried to arrange my plans in accordance with your wishes."

Mildred had heard such speeches often, and, when younger, had felt remorseful because she could not in her heart admit their truth. Now she simply parried the complacent assertions.

"Wherever you decide to spend the winter, I shall be quite content," she said. "You did speak at one time, I think, of going South again."

"Yes, I may do so—in fact, I shall," Mr. Layard said, sitting suddenly upright, and evidently bracing himself to a great effort. "I shall go South, undoubtedly."

"New Orleans?" Mildred suggested. "I shall be glad to see the picturesque old town again."

"Hum—ha!" Mr. Layard ejaculated, with an uncontrollable embarrassment which gave Mildred a sensation of surprise. "Ha—hum! I had thought perhaps you would like some months with your cousins in Washington—eh? You see, my dear, I am not forgetful of your comfort; I try to study your desires."

"It is very kind of you," Mildred replied, regarding him curiously as he fidgeted in his chair. "I think, though, I hardly understand. How would you manage if I were to go to my cousins? Not that I wish to do so."

"Well, really, I am not, I believe, utterly helpless," Mr. Layard pronounced, irritably. "I—I—am not aware that I am so weak, bodily or mentally, that—that—" He finished his speech by a wave of his hand.

"You know, of course, that I had no such meaning," Mildred answered, quietly. "But, uncle, as I have been with you now for ten years, have been your reader, amanuensis, and constant companion, naturally I supposed you would need me this winter—at least, as much as you ever have, whether that was a good deal or a little."

"You have been very faithful, very dutiful," Mr. Layard said, with a ludicrous mixture of earnestness and pomposity. "I hope, too, that on my side I have not been remiss. I trust that in the future the—the tie of affection and relationship will be as—as pleasant to both as in the past, even though—or, I should say, in spite of—any unavoidable change in—in—well, let me call it the ordering or conduct of our lives."

"Then you are meditating some change of importance," Mildred remarked, with her calm searching eyes full on him.

"Yes; I thought you would have noticed—indeed, I hardly think you can be much surprised. In short—" Here Mr. Layard drew himself up, but with too much hurry and flutter for his dignity to be imposing, and blurted out: "I am thinking—that is, I propose to marry—yes, marry!"

Mildred stared at him in amazement for an instant, then turned her eyes away.

"You certainly do surprise me," she answered. "It is the last thing I should have expected to hear."

"I don't know why—I am not Methuselah. I never said that I should not marry," Mr. Layard rejoined, captiously.

"Oh, no," Mildred replied, trying to appear composed. "And the matter is actually settled?"

"Haven't I told you so?" he interrupted. "I—I am engaged! Really, you have the most astonishing way sometimes, Mildred."

"I beg your pardon," she said, pleadingly. "But won't you tell me who the lady is? Do I know her? I want to congratulate you."

"Yes, you are acquainted with her. I have heard you say you thought her handsome. Then, too, she is very stylish—elegant, in fact; and—and a wonderfully clever woman."

"Do tell me her name," Mildred urged, unable to hazard a guess as to the identity of this paragon.

"I should have thought you would divine at once," Mr. Layard cried, resuming his injured tone, which changed to an attempt at a triumphal note as he added: "Mrs. Wharton Woodbridge, of course!"

This was even worse news than Mildred had anticipated; but, with the best grace she could muster, she said:

"I wish you every happiness, uncle. I am so little acquainted with the lady, that—I mean, I am completely taken by surprise, and hardly know what I do say," she wound up, hastily deciding that it was better to take refuge in the plain truth.

"Well, really, Mildred, I did expect more warmth—sympathy, in short."

"My dear uncle," she exclaimed, the tears rising to her eyes, "heartily I wish you happiness; but such a step does seem a great

venture—forgive me, if I ought not to say it. Then, too, I had not dreamed of it, and perhaps I am selfish.”

“It certainly would be consummate and unheard-of selfishness on your part, to offer the least opposition,” Mr. Layard cried. “Why—why, I wonder you have never married, yourself; you have had chances. At least, there were several men, any one of whom would have been glad to marry you, only you appeared never to care about anybody.”

The truth was, each time during the past ten years that any man had shown himself attracted by Mildred, her uncle had never rested till he got her beyond the reach of her admirer, against whom he always found insuperable objections to urge.

She had passed a decade of complete slavery, and, now that her youth was going, that her suitors had been sent adrift, life rendered a solitude through not having been allowed to form friendships with other girls, he informed her without warning that he needed her no longer.

“Yes, there were several men,” her uncle continued, anxious to work himself into an injured mood. “I have often, often advised you, but you did not wish to marry. Why, years ago, there was a fine fellow—oh, yes, Clyde Redmond—I am sure he liked you.”

Mr. Layard suddenly pulled himself up with a look of confusion, which escaped her notice. In his desire to overwhelm his niece, he had stumbled on a name and an episode which he would rather not have recollected just then, but Mildred did not know this. As soon as she could speak, she said quietly:

“At least, he never told me so.”

“Well, well, very likely I may have been mistaken in that case,” Mr. Layard rejoined, hastily.

There was a quiver about Mildred’s lips as she began gathering up her letters, but her voice was steady as she answered:

“You certainly were.”

“But there were men—you know there were,” her uncle persisted.

“O, never mind my admirers, real or fancied,” Mildred replied, her self-control quickly restored. “I want to hear about your plans.”

“I hope you will show a little more cordiality to Mrs. Woodbridge than you have to me,” he observed, querulously.

“She is prepared to like you. I trust there will be none of that absurd jealousy on your part, which daughters and nieces so often feel. Of course, there must be changes—they are unavoidable. Naturally, Mrs. Woodbridge will want her sister with her—”

“And she does not want me,” Mildred added, as he paused. “That is natural, too.”

“Of course, my expenses will be increased—a family man’s always are,” Mr. Layard pursued, pompously; “but I shall expect to attend to your comfort. I told Marian so; she was willing—quite. She said no generosity on my part could surprise her.”

It was difficult to preserve her patience, in spite of her long schooling. A number of bitter truths rose to Mildred’s lips, but she repressed them, saying only:

“My own little income will be all that I shall require.”

She could blame Mrs. Woodbridge for much; but here her uncle was wholly in fault, and his meanness in talking of generosity to her, who for years had saved him the expense of a business-agent, hurt even more than it angered her.

“I thought you would want to go with me, to call on Mrs. Woodbridge,” he said, abruptly. “She will expect you, I am sure.”

“Then of course I will go,” Mildred answered, glad to escape further conversation. “I will be ready in a few moments.”

Miss Layard received a cordial reception from her future connection, though in every word and look the widow betrayed a certain triumph and an air of patronage very difficult to endure. Mr. Layard was evidently completely under the spell of his betrothed’s fascinations, and her airs and graces where he was concerned might have amused the niece, under other circumstances.

The sister was present—a pretty dreamy-eyed girl, who talked remarkably well and would have been still more attractive if she could have laid by certain mannerisms and affectations. She was good enough to devote herself to Mildred, and, within the first ten minutes, contrived to impress on the guest the fact that she considered her a very antiquated spinster. As Miss Layard did not look anywhere near her age, and Miss Rawlins looked older than she was, of course the recipient of her ill-breeding could afford

to smile thereat. But, though always patient with her uncle, Mildred was by no means a meek woman; and, when the widow, and then the sister, ventured a little too far in their covert impertinence, she proved to them by several sweet speeches which held a sting, that she was quite able to defend herself if occasion required.

The Layards had made acquaintance with Mrs. Woodbridge at Richfield Springs during the previous summer, and she had assiduously courted Mildred, who neither liked her manner nor believed in her sincerity. But Mr. Layard was pleased by her flattery and her cooing voice, and Mildred was always thankful when he found anybody who could amuse him. Had she suspected the widow of any matrimonial intention, she would have felt no uneasiness. Her uncle was nearing sixty, and, from his long indulgence in valetudinarian whims, had become so confirmed a creature of habit that the least variation in the routine of his life appeared a matter of vast moment and was always a source of annoyance to him.

But now, as Mildred looked back, she could clearly trace the widow's determined plan from the outset, and could recall various circumstances which proved how rapidly Mr. Layard had fallen under her influence. She suspected, too, that Mrs. Woodbridge's professed business in Albany had had no existence until she discovered that they were going there for the autumn. Then the wily woman had made good use of Mildred's absence to bring her scheme to a climax. Her motive for the marriage was less clear, as she had the reputation of being wealthy, and, if Mr. Layard had vouchsafed sundry explanations which his niece inferred from his remarks that he had done, the lady must be aware he possessed only a life-interest in the greater portion of the property, the use of which he enjoyed.

A few days after her return, Mildred had an opportunity to set the widow right on certain matters. That lady was paying her a visit, and seemed inclined to be more patronizing than ever.

"Dear Miss Layard," she said, in her softest voice, "you must not fancy that I am trying to make any real separation between your uncle and yourself. I know he has been like a father to you, he is so

kind—so kind! But—but women are a little exacting, you know. I shall want to be first—always first."

"That will be your right," Mildred replied, quietly; "your right and pleasure too, of course, to take my place in other ways. I have done my best to keep my uncle cheerful and hopeful; he becomes easily depressed and low-spirited, but that you know, as you do that he requires much nursing and attention."

"Oh, he is so much better, and he must get out of his invalid habits," the widow said, carelessly. "But, to go back to what I was saying: I hope you are not jealous—say you are not! I want to be great friends with you."

"Thanks," Mildred answered.

"Of course, real friendship implies perfect frankness, doesn't it?" questioned the visitor.

"Of course," Mildred assented, wondering what was to come.

"I knew we should agree," said the widow, gayly. "Now, when I talk about being exacting and wanting the dear man to myself, do understand that I would not for the world interfere with any arrangements for your comfort."

"There are none to be made," Mildred interposed, quickly. "I have a small income which has always paid my expenses, with the exception of board and lodging; those I have earned. Besides being my uncle's nurse, I have attended to all his business-matters; he would have had to pay a liberal salary to an agent for doing the same amount of work."

"Oh!" the widow fairly gasped, in wonder.

"I can tell you these facts now," Mildred continued, cheerfully; "indeed, you ought to hear them. I see, with his unfortunate habit of putting off things, he has neglected to mention the state of the case, and he really must set about finding an agent."

The widow dropped the point and went back to protestations of friendship, displaying a sudden access of enthusiasm in marked contrast to the patronizing air which had been so offensive to its recipient.

Miss Layard was not surprised when, a couple of days afterward, her uncle abruptly began questions and explanations in his customary fragmentary manner.

"Don't you propose to give an eye any longer to my business-affairs? An agent,

as Marian says—I mean, fellows of that sort always want exorbitant pay for doing nothing.”

“There is a good deal to do,” Mildred said. “My dear uncle, I have been glad to be of service to you; but, now that you are forming new ties which must separate us—”

“Marian says she does not want that—never dreamed of it,” Mr. Layard interrupted, nervously.

It was plain that the widow had reflected—plain, also, that she had taught her betrothed a lesson which he was repeating very ill.

“She will have her sister with her, you told me,” Mildred said.

“Oh, no—it seems not. Now, this is a secret, but Emma Rawlins will probably be married before long. There is a gentleman—well, she is engaged, or as good. Anyway, he is expected here very soon, and no doubt then everything will be settled.”

The conversation was interrupted by a servant's appearing with Mrs. Woodbridge's card. The lady floated into the room, smiling and radiant. She treated Mr. Layard to sundry coquettish glances and speeches, which would have come with a better grace from a girl of eighteen than a woman of eight-and-thirty.

“I have not seen you for two days, dear Mildred—mayn't I call you so? I told that naughty man there, last evening, it seemed an age!” cried the widow, kissing Miss Layard's cheek and rushing back to the show of affectionate interest which had been her rôle in the weeks that had preceded Mildred's absence. “But I hope I did not interrupt any confidence between you—that bad fellow looks guilty, I fancy.”

She shook her plump finger at her swain, and he fluttered and simpered till Mildred longed to box the ears of both, and could not decide whether she was most ashamed of their folly or her own exasperated state of mind.

“Nothing confidential—no secret; could I have one from you?” Mr. Layard exclaimed. “I was only telling this headstrong girl that she must not think of leaving us.”

“Why, I should be heart-broken at the idea of separating you from your uncle,” Mrs. Woodbridge protested. “It is not to

be thought of. I shall simply expire, if either of you ever hint at such a possibility again.”

“You hear, Mildred,” Mr. Layard said, his face aglow with satisfaction.

Once, Mildred might have tried to believe that affection caused his contentment; but, hate as she might to admit the truth, she knew that it was gratified selfishness. The widow fortunately gave her no time to speak; she hurried on in her effusive fashion:

“As soon as we come back from the South, you must join us—that is settled. Perhaps we can persuade that obstinate man to take a house—I should think you would like housekeeping, Mildred dear.”

“I have had no experience,” Miss Layard answered.

Mrs. Woodbridge's plan was so evidently to turn her to use in every possible way that Mildred felt irritated that the woman could suppose her so dull that she could not perceive it. Miss Rawlins's entrance brought the explanations to an end. There was a change in the manner of the young lady; she had been taught her lesson also, though she could not entirely relinquish her trick of treating Mildred as though the difference in their ages were so great as to preclude any real community of tastes and ideas between them.

The days passed rapidly; Mr. Layard was sometimes in ridiculously high spirits, at others almost melancholy, and always so nervous that, whether elated or depressed, he was more captious and fretful than had ever been his habit, freely as he had indulged in such exhibitions.

Preparations for the marriage went actively on, and Mildred felt terribly sorry for her uncle, but recognized her powerlessness. Indeed, she had no satisfactory objections to urge against the match, though, with each day, conviction deepened that it would result in a wretched old age for her infatuated relative. Mrs. Woodbridge's acceptance of him, which had at first puzzled Mildred, she began to fear had been wholly dictated by policy and necessity. Various facts came to Miss Layard's knowledge, which showed that, so far from possessing the ample means with which she was credited and which her style of living and lavish expenditure in dress seemed to imply, the widow was financially in a sadly embarrassed state.



Mildred was one day the involuntary witness of a quarrel between the two sisters, which made her doubts in regard to Mrs. Woodbridge's moneyed embarrassment a certainty, though, as soon as the widow became aware of her presence, she endeavored in her most plausible fashion to explain their disagreement as the result of a misunderstanding in regard to some purchases which she had made, unsolicited, for Miss Rawlins.

Mrs. Woodbridge, every now and then, had spasms of confidence with Mildred, in which she talked a great deal about herself, her past, and the people she had known; but her different tales were sadly wanting in agreement, and her vanity and selfishness colored all her opinions and ideas, even when she desired to be truthful. She spoke of her sister's future as settled—the engagement would be announced when the gentleman came to Albany, and he might appear any day now. They had met him in the White Mountains during the summer; it appeared that it was his presence which had caused Miss Rawlins to remain there with some friends, instead of accompanying her sister to Richfield Springs.

Mildred could only call up a very moderate show of interest in the sentimental Emma's possible or probable prospects, though the supposed admirer was painted in such glowing terms that he appeared to be the *rara avis* of swains—rich, handsome, and wonderfully clever.

The gentleman's name was not mentioned, and it never occurred to Miss Layard to connect the description of him with any by-gone acquaintance of her own; but, less than a week later, his identity was revealed with a suddenness which caused her even more pain than surprise.

Mildred had gone with a friend to a private concert; as she sat listening to the music, her companion said abruptly:

"Why, there is that man Emma Rawlins and her sister made such a dead set at, last summer, in the White Mountains. Mrs. Woodbridge told me, the other day, she expected him here. She hinted that he was coming on that little Emma's account; maybe he is—men are such idiots where women are concerned. Now fancy it: a man of brains, cultivated, traveled, has written a book said to be remarkable, yet he can be taken with that rapid little creature!

She is pretty enough, and can look very poetical; but she's just a trained doll! Why, though I don't like her sister, there's three times as much in her."

Mildred glanced in the direction which her friend had designated. She saw a tall blond man, with a singularly fine head and a face fairly illuminated by a pair of lambent eyes. Eight years had passed since their last meeting. He looked browner, older even than his age, which she remembered in a flash must be four-and-thirty; but she knew him—it was Clyde Redmond.

A duet between piano and violin began, and, while absently listening to the melody, Mildred's thoughts went back over the past and the six months during which she and Clyde Redmond had been daily thrown together. Her uncle's remark recurred to her mind: "I thought he liked you."

She had once thought the same thing, and had been forced to undergo the humiliating discovery that she too had made a mistake. The six months ended; Clyde Redmond started on the trip round the world, the record of which had given him an enviable reputation as a writer and a man of high scientific attainments, and, since that time, they had never met.

That dream had offered the one gleam of romance which Mildred's girlhood had known. It had been rudely dispelled, and for a long while its very memory held that most terrible humiliation which a woman can be called on to endure: she knew that she had given her heart unsolicited, and the gift had not been wanted or even recognized. In this latter fact, Mildred had found her one comfort while the humiliation was fresh; she could be certain that she had never betrayed her secret.

She had done her best to forget, and had made as much of her confined life as lay in her power. It was long since the recollection of her girlish romance had rendered her actively unhappy, though she realized that its loss had taken a certain brightness out of existence.

And this eagle-eyed, large-brained man was a devotee at the shrine of a girlish beauty who had no more ability to appreciate his talent than she had strength to lift her thoughts above the petty selfishness of her own desires, her craving for amusement and material comfort!

Mildred was roused from her reverie by her companion's saying:

"We may as well move about during the intermission."

Presently Mildred sat down in a shadowy boudoir, telling her friend that she was tired and would wait there till the music recommenced.

A shadow darkened the door-way; she looked up and found herself face to face with Clyde Redmond. He came toward her, holding out his hand and saying:

"How do you do, Miss Layard? I can hardly expect you to recognize me at a glance, as I did you; but I hope, when I tell you my name, you will remember me."

"I knew you, Mr. Redmond," she replied.

They shook hands and exchanged quiet greetings, and speedily fell into pleasant conversation, Mildred thinking the while how strange it was that it seemed so natural to be talking thus, as if the length of their separation counted only by weeks instead of weary years.

"I only reached Albany a few hours ago," he said. "Our host is an old friend; we came up from New York in the same train, and he made me promise to look in at the concert. I did not know how well I was to be repaid."

Ah, that was like the speeches of former days, which had seemed to her to mean so much! She had deceived herself, though; he had only intended, then as now, to be friendly and show his sincere liking.

"When I look at you, I can't realize that it is so long since we last met," Redmond exclaimed. "I supposed you had forgotten all about me long ago."

"I have read your book and the lectures you delivered in England," she replied; "they were interesting enough to have kept you a place in my memory."

"Ah, that book—it was odd how I happened to write it. That journey, which was undertaken—well, almost from sheer recklessness—want of care what I did or what became of me—made the turning-point. That sounds foolish," he added, quickly, "but I was still young then—only twenty-six."

She asked him questions about his occupation, his plans, then he inquired after her uncle and her past.

"Oh, of course you have devoted yourself to him," he said. "I thought, when I went away, he was to lose you." He stopped short, with an apologetic look, as if conscious that he had stumbled on an awkward speech and shown a sad lack of tact.

"I am going to lose him," said Mildred; "he is about to marry."

"Surely it cannot be true! At his age—I beg his pardon—is he really going to marry again?"

"Yes," Mildred replied, simply, thinking it was odd he should have any doubt about the matter, since he must be on terms with Miss Rawlins which would have made her mention her sister's coming marriage, if letters passed between them.

"I am a good deal surprised," Redmond continued; "he must think himself less of an invalid than formerly. Well, it will relieve you of great care, and I trust you like the lady."

"I do not know her very well," Mildred replied; "indeed, I believe she is an older acquaintance of yours than mine."

"An acquaintance of mine?" he repeated, with a wonder which added to Mildred's surprise.

"Why, it is Mrs. Woodbridge," she said; "Miss Rawlins's sister."

There was no space for further words. Mildred's chaperon and a couple of gentlemen came up, and at the same instant the hostess claimed Mr. Redmond's attention.

The lion of the hour escaped only to fall into the clutches of an acquaintance, and he saw Miss Layard take her leave before he could get near enough to bid her good-bye and ask permission to call. He began to make inquiries of his host, who knew the Layards well and stated his view of the matter without hesitation.

"The old fool is infatuated," he said. "I have been away—only got back a few days ago. I was completely knocked down by the news. Why, he doesn't mean to do a thing for Mildred, after her years of slavery. I gave him my opinion pretty freely. The widow must think he is really rich."

"Well, is he not?" Redmond asked. "He used to alternate between extravagance and fits of meanness, but I always supposed he had a fortune."

"So did I, till very lately," Mr. Tyrill

replied. "His wife had a large estate, and she left him a life-interest therein. I find his own property is inconsiderable, and he may thank his niece that it brings in as much as it does."

The next morning, Mildred went out to attend to some matters for her uncle, and, as he was to lunch with Mrs. Woodbridge and drive with her afterward, she knew that she need not hurry back.

She had spent a restless night; meeting Clyde Redmond had roused memories which she had hoped would trouble her no more. She realized that her girlish dream was not dead; at the sight of its hero, it had roused into fresh strength. She must once more live down the pain, and she knew that life would look even more bald and empty than before.

When she had done her errands, she went for a long walk, and it was past one o'clock before she reached the hotel.

Very soon after she had entered her uncle's parlor Clyde Redmond was announced.

She rose to meet him, but the commonplace welcome she was striving to utter died on her lips at the sight of his agitated face and manner. He hurried forward and caught her hands, crying:

"I saw your uncle as he was going out—now I can tell you why I went away. He made me think you were engaged; he says that I misunderstood, but I don't believe it. He wanted to deprive me of all hope—to keep you to himself. Mildred, Mildred, I loved you—I went away loving you—I love you still! Must I go again?"

Mildred sat down, white and trembling, though she could listen and understand as he poured out his passionate confession.

"But—but—" she faltered, "Mrs. Woodbridge said that you—that her sister—"

"Oh," he broke in, "Mr. Tyrill told me of that absurd report. But, Mildred, what is more serious is that I suppose I have broken off your uncle's marriage. I called on Mrs. Woodbridge, and mentioned what it seems

she was unaware of—that your uncle has only a life-interest in his property."

Everything was made clear between the two, and, though too thorough a gentleman to say more than was necessary to clear himself in Mildred's eyes, Redmond made it plain that no act or word of his had ever given Miss Rawlins or her sister any ground for the belief that he was interested in the young lady except in a friendly way.

The conversation was interrupted by Mr. Layard's entrance in a state which, if he had been a woman, one would have called hysterical. Mrs. Woodbridge had refused to see him, and, when he got back to the hotel, he found a note from her, breaking their engagement and fiercely upbraiding him for the deception which he had practiced.

"I am sure I thought I had explained matters," he said; "indeed, I thought so. She talked about being in love for the first time, and—well, I don't care much; she had a terrible temper, I was finding out. But—but she borrowed five thousand dollars of me, awhile ago; I shall never get it back—never!"

Mildred thought that her uncle had escaped cheaply, but she wisely held her peace. However, the marrying mania had full possession of Mr. Layard. While Mildred and Redmond were absent on their wedding-tour, he married the housekeeper of a country hotel where he and his niece had boarded one summer. The bride was certainly a good soul, if not overburdened with book or social knowledge, and would take the best of care of the valetudinarian, so Mildred was not troubled; and in his own mind Redmond exulted, for he had fully determined that his wife should no longer be a slave to her selfish uncle's caprices. They learned within the year that Miss Rawlins and Mrs. Woodbridge had both found husbands, the latter having made an exceptionally good match; but the five thousand dollars were never returned.

## GIVEN AWAY.

For a cap and bells, our lives we pay;  
• We wear out our lives with toiling and tasking;  
It is only heaven that is given away,

It is only God may be had for the asking;  
There is no price laid on the lavish summer,  
And June may be had by the poorest comer.

## A SPANISH LOVER.

BY CECIL CHARLES.

It was afternoon in San José. The bells were ringing five o'clock. Devout people were hastening to the churches, for the evening service; others less devout were strolling in the park before the cathedral, or down the wide street leading toward the railway estacion and the adjacent gardens. The waning sunlight on the mountain-sides surrounding the beautiful altiplanicie showed the bright green of pasture-lands shadowed softly here and there by the passing of clouds. The darker blue-green of forests alternated with the lighter tints, and here and there one discerned a yellow tortuous mountain-road.

It had not rained that day, though it was in the heart of the rainy season, and during the previous week there had been the usual daily downpour in torrents, beginning at this very hour and lasting far into the night. A strong wind, blowing from early morning, had dispersed the rain-clouds and left the sky a splendid inverted bowl of turquoise.

Everyone said: "Beautiful afternoon!" Strangers and people who had lived all their lives in the Valley of Aserri alike were thrilled. But there were two persons walking toward the estacion, who perhaps were not thinking as much about the weather as the rest of the promenaders. Their faces wore preoccupied, if not troubled, expressions, and they looked, for the most part of the time, on the ground before them. They were young—he perhaps twentyseven or so, she not more than twenty. He was, at a glance, a son of the South—a true Costarricense; she was a fair-haired delicate Northern flower. When he lifted his eyes now and then, to steal a glance at her face, one saw they were the veritable Spanish eyes—splendidly dark, heavily lidded, and fringed with black sweeping lashes. Hers were softly blue, shy as the first-found April violet of the North.

They walked along slowly and in almost absolute silence, ascending the little hill of the estacion and passing the open field, beyond which one saw the white convent. They passed the long railway station and

continued slowly out into the country road, where only an occasional barefooted peon, with spurs fastened over his naked ankles, rode townward.

It was the girl who finally spoke, drawing a long sigh as she did so:

"I don't know what to do."

Her lover lifted his head suddenly, threw it back with a defiant motion.

"Do you want me to tell you what to do?" He did not wait for reply, but went on, in his impetuous rich voice: "Marry me at once—now. Then it is done for good and all. No one can part us."

"Marry you now, Enrique?" Her voice fluttered with the emotion she felt. The color crept into her cheeks—a tender rose-hue, like a sunset-tinge.

"Yes. The civil marriage; afterward the religious. Your father could not separate us then, however angry he might be."

The color receded from her face.

"Yes," she said, "he would be terribly angry. It—it would be awful. Oh, Enrique, I dare not—I dare not vex him so. It would be wrong. He is old and—he has heart-trouble. I would not dare. It might kill him."

"Oh, no!" cried the young man, with a certain fierceness. "Nothing will kill him! It is you who will be killed! No—it is you who will be sacrificed—sold—and I who will be killed. Please your father—obey him."

"He has had his heart set on my marrying Mr. Freer so long," she murmured, apologetically.

"And you will marry him, I have no doubt. You will please your father. It will be your duty—"

The girl turned on him with a flash of angry fire in those soft violet eyes.

"You know better!" she cried. "You know me better! You have no right to insult me—"

"Forgive me," he murmured, in Spanish. "Forgive me, Margarita."

She softened again, but a pained look lingered in her face.

"I don't know what to do!" she repeated.

"And you will not let me tell you," he said, gloomily.

She was silent. Still they walked on along the quiet road.

"Where is your father to-day?" asked Gutiérrez, presently.

"He was at home, at the hotel, until four o'clock; then he went out riding with Mr. Freer."

"To the savana, I suppose."

"I believe so. They were to be back to dine at six. Perhaps I ought to be returning now."

"Not yet, not yet," he pleaded.

They walked on a little further.

"If it were not for Mr. Freer—he is so important to father in his business," she murmured, "father could not object to you, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, very likely he would," he answered, despondently.

The words had hardly left his lips when there was a sudden clatter of hoofs in the road before them, and two horsemen, galloping toward the city, appeared.

"My father!" gasped Margaret.

"And Freer," said Enrique Gutiérrez, under his breath.

The elder rider had drawn rein with such sudden violence as to frighten his horse. His companion, who had ridden on a few yards, wheeled about and came up.

"What are you doing here, Margaret?" demanded her father.

"Taking a walk," said the girl, slowly and with an effort at composure.

Her calmness seemed to enrage the old gentleman. He sprang to the ground.

"What do you mean, sir, by bringing my daughter here at this hour?" he demanded of Enrique.

The young man did not flinch.

"I see no harm, sir, in taking such a walk. Miss Harrison is quite safe in my company. We should have returned by six."

Mr. Freer now interposed, with a contemptuous smile creeping into his blonde and rather blasé countenance.

"Miss Harrison has no need of you to protect her—ahem! Mr.—ah—Gutierrez—and—ahem! it's a little presumptuous of you to—"

The eyes of the Spaniard darkened ominously.

"There is nothing presumptuous in desiring to be in the presence of one whom I love," he said.

"Wh—wh—what does he say?" stammered Mr. Harrison, approaching with a slight threatening gesture.

"I repeat what I have had already the honor to acquaint you with," said the young Costarricense, trembling with angry excitement.

"You confounded impudent—" began the old gentleman.

Mr. Freer broke in with a sneering laugh.

"Oh," he said, insolently, "the game isn't worth the candle, you know. Nothing but a heathenish young Indian—a boor—"

"You—" said Gutiérrez, stung by the taunt, "you are worse than boor—you are a coward and a liar!"

Freer raised the butt of his whip and shook it in his face.

Gutiérrez started forward. Margaret screamed in her terror. The young Spaniard recovered himself in a second, however.

"I do not fight in the presence of ladies," he said, addressing Freer. "But you will be sorry yet for this; remember my words."

Freer was up in his saddle again with a pretense of shrugging his shoulders. Mr. Harrison mounted more slowly.

They walked the horses slowly townward, Margaret between them.

Gutiérrez bowed gravely to the lady and remained standing there with uncovered head as they passed gradually out of sight. It required no little effort at self-control, on his part, to remain calm. Perhaps it would have been easier for him, had he known that he would never again be subjected to such a trial—had he known that he would never again see the three together under similar conditions.

The next morning, after coffee, he was strolling in the San José park, listening to the music of the military band and watching the soldiers' morning review. Suddenly he came upon Margaret sitting on one of the park benches, all alone and rather pale-faced. His heart quickened joyfully at the sight.

"Oh," she said, with a little gasp, "I am so glad! I hoped I might see you. Something strange has happened, and, I'm afraid, something terrible."

Gutiérrez was all anxiety himself, directly she had spoken.

"Tell me everything," he said.

"When we reached home last night," said Margaret, "we found letters had arrived from New York. My father was at once so absorbed in his correspondence that he completely forgot to scold me or say anything. He and Mr. Freer seemed very much excited when they had read some of their letters. I could hear them in my father's room—mine connects with it, you know—talking loudly, and they didn't seem to care for dinner. I went and dined alone. Mr. Freer came down later, but he looked seriously disturbed. My father had coffee sent up to his room; that was all he took. I went to bed early, and heard him talking again excitedly with Mr. Freer. I'm afraid something terrible has happened to our money. I haven't had more than a glimpse of my father this morning; he is very pale and nervous-looking."

"Do you know what I wish with all my heart?" asked Gutiérrez, as she ceased speaking. "Well, I will tell you. I wish that your father would lose every dollar he has in the world. Then Freer would desert him, and I could marry you."

"But that would be very awful," said Margaret, half laughing, half crying; "I mean, to lose all our money would be."

"Not half so awful as for you to marry Mr. Freer," said Gutiérrez, energetically.

The band and the soldiers filed out of the park then, and Margaret rose.

"I must go home," she said, with a sigh. But she promised to meet him again in the afternoon and tell him any further news.

He was there promptly at five o'clock, as agreed; but Margaret had not come. He waited, but she did not appear. It was very odd; he began to grow nervous. She never made appointments that she did not intend to keep. He waited impatiently. The cathedral bell rang the half-hour, and the other bells of the city churches repeated it in turn. By and by, when he had nearly given up hope, he saw her coming. He hastened to meet her. She was white as death.

"Oh," she gasped, "tell me—tell me quickly what to do!"

"Be calm, Margarita," he urged; "be calm! What is it?"

"Freer is—gone."

"Thank God!" cried her lover.

"He has ruined my father. We are penniless!"

Joy shone for an instant in the young man's countenance, but this quickly gave way to another expression—one of anxious interest. He begged her to tell him the particulars, and she did. Her father was prostrated by the shock, she said, and she must return at once to him. Freer had gone that morning, without warning them. He was at Carrillo by this time, and would sail for New York the next evening. He had given her father the alternative of his—Freer's—immediate marriage with Margaret, or utter ruin. At last, her father saw his true character, and was as averse as herself to the union. But ruin—utter ruin! That was appalling.

Gutiérrez listened, with a stern look.

"How can he ruin your father?" he inquired.

"I cannot explain it," said Margaret; "it would take too long. But he can do it. Father's affairs are in such shape."

"Wait a moment; your father is a clear-headed clever man. He has not lost his wits or anything."

"Not at all."

"And he believes—he is sure—that Freer has power to ruin him?"

"He has not a hope left—everything is in such a state. He trusted Freer like his own son, he says."

The cathedral bell struck six. The other church bells followed. The cuartel bugle began to play.

"Go back to your father, Margarita," said her lover. "Tell him to keep cool and wait. Mr. Freer will not sail for New York to-morrow; he will return to San José and sign a paper."

"He will not return," said Margaret, hopelessly.

"We will make him."

"How?"

"I am going to ride to Carrillo to-night."

"To-night, Enrique? Oh, no, no! It is thirty miles—that lonely dangerous road—no moon, the rain—no, no!"

"Have no fear; go back to your father now, dearest."

He walked to the hotel entrance with her, said good-bye, and hurried off.

An hour later, he was in the saddle, riding rapidly away into the gloom of the Carrillo road.



It was a journey he should never forget. There was not a star in sight; not a ray of light, save here and there the faint glimmer of a candle from a house along the first half of the way. He did not pause at La Palma. He rode more slowly after passing the little mountain-inn. There were no houses now—only the wet road, the drizzling rain that chilled him to the bone, the mountain rising steeply on one side, the precipice on the other, and the sound of the cataracts that leaped in the ravines below.

He rode slowly, cautiously; the horse slipped more than once, in that fourteen-mile descent. The rain fell more heavily as the hours passed, but day had not yet broken when he heard the tremendous roar of the river Sucio dashing down through its rocky channel and knew that his perilous journey was at an end.

He dismounted quietly before the hotel, and fastened his horse. He called up the boy, Juan, without rousing the rest of the sleeping household, bade him care for the beast and afterward prepare some hot coffee.

Two hours later, Mr. Freer, emerging from his chamber into the corridor, was confronted by a determined young gentleman.

"Good-morning," said Gutiérrez. "We will be able to make an early start. The horses are ready."

"The deuce they are!" said Freer. "What do you mean, fellow?"

"I mean, Mr. Freer, that I shall have the pleasure of accompanying you back to San José. I hope you have not already bought your railway ticket to Limon, because it will be wasted. Coffee is prepared for you."

"You must be crazy," said Freer, with an uneasy attempt to laugh. The young Spaniard's quiet determination made him a little afraid. "Why should I return to San José? My baggage is at the station."

"You are wise to consider your baggage," said Gutiérrez, coolly; "it contains some valuable papers, no doubt. However, do not give yourself concern. Your baggage started back to San José, by ox-cart, over an hour ago."

Mr. Freer uttered something like an oath.

"What do you want of me?" he cried.

"We want you to return quietly to San José," said Gutiérrez, "and to attend to certain business formalities. After that, you

may go where you please—to the devil, if you choose, for all we care."

"And if I refuse?"

"You will not refuse," said Gutiérrez, steadily.

Mid-afternoon of the same day, the two rode into San José, Gutiérrez always keeping a little behind the other, with the determined look still on his face. They went straight to the hotel where Mr. Harrison and Margaret were. Freer ascended sulkily to the room of the former.

The hour that followed was a tempestuous one. But, by and by, it was over. Certain transfers had been made, certain agreements signed and witnessed. The Harrisons were measurably safe. It had been a stern lesson for Margaret's father, the experience of the past thirty-six hours; a salutary one, nevertheless.

"Mr. Gutiérrez," he said, "I've acted unjustly toward you, all along. In fact, I've been behaving like an old fool in every way, of late. The truth is, Freer has been winding me round his finger; and then the tropics have bewildered me, so to speak. I never was south of Florida before. And we Northerners are apt to be prejudiced against you Southern folks."

He paused reflectively.

"Don't you know it's a serious step for a girl like Margaret? Suppose you two marry. Where are you going to live? In the tropics? or would you expatriate yourself to please her? She's a regular out-and-out Northern girl. She—she dotes on New York," he concluded, in a helpless way, looking from one to the other, as if he would like to shift the responsibility from his own shoulders to their younger ones.

"There is one thing, Mr. Harrison," said Gutiérrez, with some dignity: "I do not want you to feel obliged to grant me anything on account of—of my going to Carrillo. I would not have any consent to an engagement granted on those grounds."

"Oh, how absurd!" cried Margaret, suddenly. "What are you talking about? Why, you know I have always intended to marry you, Enrique."

Her father gave a little gasp. "Oh, you have, have you? Well, that settles it, then." And he added, a moment later: "After all, it's a great relief to have it arranged to please the young folks!"

## IN THE EARL'S KEEPING.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168.

### CHAPTER V.

#### BERTIE RECEIVES AID.



MOMENT later, Bertie had helped Miss Anersley to a safe place on the rocks above, where, pale but smiling bravely, she explained how the accident had happened. While walking along the cliffs, she had slipped and gone over. "It would have been easy enough to get back," she said, "but unfortunately I sprained my ankle in the fall, and was unable to climb."

"Then your foot is hurt," Bertie cried, intense anxiety in his tones.

"Nothing to speak of," was the answer, with a faint smile; but, at this moment, as if to contradict the assertion, the young lady's nerves gave way, and, the next instant, Bertie was holding her a dead weight in his arms.

"Perhaps it's the best thing that could have happened," was his inward reflection; "possibly she wouldn't have let me carry her, and she wasn't able to walk. Now I can easily manage—she's not a very heavy load."

As Bertie was about to lift the fainting girl from the resting-place on the rocks where he had gently laid her, he happened to glance up, and saw, not very far off, a phaeton approaching.

The equipage looked familiar, and, as it drew near, he recognized its occupants as the Earl of Ashurst and his groom. In a moment, the nobleman had drawn up in surprise at sight of the young man and his companion.

"Why, Beauchamp!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "What does this mean?"

VOL. XCVIII—14.

Very briefly, Bertie explained the circumstance, and, a few minutes later, Miss Anersley was established in the carriage; and the earl, having handed the reins to his groom, walked with Bertie toward the village.

"So this is Miss Anersley," said the nobleman, looking down into the beautiful pale face.

"Why, I thought you knew her!"

The remark was uttered in some surprise.

"No—only her parents," was the reply.

"She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"The loveliest woman I ever saw!" cried Bertie, with enthusiasm. "Is she of good family?"

"Ye-s," assented the earl, not without hesitation. "Her mother was a lady, and her father a classmate of mine at college. Her parents died, leaving her penniless and with no near relatives, poor thing! I feel very sorry for her."

"Yes," agreed Bertie. "She would grace a queen's palace. Do you know, she reminds me of someone—I can't think who it is."

"Indeed!" began Lord Ashurst; but, before he could say any more, Miss Anersley suddenly opened her eyes and gazed about her wonderingly.

Bertie explained the earl's presence and her present position, and the three were soon in front of Mrs. Joyce's door, where the two gentlemen assisted her to alight and helped her to her room. The clergyman was still absent, but the good landlady was all attention and anxiety—more, Bertie fancied, than the young lady appreciated. She was evidently as much annoyed at the sensation she had created as shaken by her fall, and, though expressing due gratitude to both her helpers, dismissed them with polite decision.

After a whispered injunction to the widow, "Take good care of Miss Anersley," Bertie rejoined Lord Ashurst, and the two hastened to the village doctor's.

(257)

Finding him in, the young man insisted on accompanying him back to Mrs. Joyce's, leaving the earl, who was anxious to reach home, to drive toward Scarsby Manor. Downstairs in the little cottage, Bertie waited while the physician examined the injured ankle, and he seemed to be relieved in mind only when the doctor appeared and assured him that the sprain was merely a slight one. Then Mr. Beauchamp started for home, accompanying the medical man as far as their ways lay together.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LADY MABEL PAYS A VISIT.

THE following morning, as in duty bound, Bertie walked over to Scarsby to inquire after Miss Anersley's health. He made his appearance as early as conventionality, even in the little village, allowed, and received good news of the invalid from motherly Mrs. Joyce, who was delighted at his unaffected anxiety about her new favorite. In fact, she confided to him later: "Parson doesn't seem to take as much interest in the poor orphaned young leddy as I should have expected of a kind-hearted man like him; he seemed almost cool about the accident."

Bertie expressed the expected astonishment, though, at the bottom of his heart, he did not feel very sorry.

Just then, in walked the gentleman himself, accompanied by Lady Mabel.

"You here, Bertie?" she cried, and, though the tone in which the question was put was quite guiltless of any inflection but that of pleased surprise, her cousin chose, with a newly-born sensitiveness, to resent it.

"Certainly; why not? I came to inquire after Miss Anersley."

"Whom you rescued last night," the young lady finished for him.

"You could hardly dignify my conduct by that word," amended Bertie.

"Getting up so early in the morning does not seem to agree with you, my dear boy," said Mabel, in calm amusement: she had never before seen her cousin so nearly cross. "Perhaps you haven't beheld your Andromeda yet," she added, mischievously; "that may account for several things."

Bertie's sulkiness vanished as suddenly as it had come.

"I beg your pardon, coz," he laughed;

"I was cross, I suspect. And how are you, old fellow?" he went on, addressing Mr. Arnold, with whom he had shaken hands during the little passage-at-arms with his cousin.

"Very well, thank you," the clergyman answered. "But our patient—how is she?"

"Getting on nicely, sir, thank ye," replied Mrs. Joyce, respectfully. "Shall I tell Miss Anersley ye're here?" addressing the party in general.

"Oh, if you please, Mrs. Joyce," cried Lady Mabel, handing her card to the widow, "and add that papa and mamma sent me over to inquire about her. I should like very much to see her, if she feels able to receive me."

"Yes, your ladyship," promptly answered Mrs. Joyce, vanishing as she spoke.

"Papa told us all about meeting you," Mabel explained to Bertie, "and wanted me to come and ask after Miss Anersley. I gladly seized the opportunity, for I think she is lovely. When she gets well, I am going to ask mamma if I may invite her to the manor for a few days."

"That would be awfully nice," Bertie eagerly exclaimed; but whether he meant for himself or for the young lady was doubtful, and his hearers did not interrogate him on the subject.

At this moment, Mrs. Joyce appeared with a request from Miss Anersley to walk upstairs, so the three repaired at once to that young lady's sitting-room. They found her leaning back in a big chair, her foot propped up on a stool, and looking a little paler than usual. She received them graciously and said some polite things to Master Bertie about his saving her, which he would have appreciated more had they been less ceremonious. Certainly he could reasonably find no fault with the matter or manner of her speech, but—here Bertie's reflections were interrupted by a remark from Lady Mabel, addressed to him directly, and, after a little more conversation, the party, at her instigation, was fain to depart.

"What makes you in such a hurry?" asked Bertie, with an injured air, as they descended the stairs.

"Oh, I have so much to say to you," Mabel answered, effusively, a mischievous light dancing in her eyes.

"In that case, I'll drop in again, Arnold,"

Bertie said, turning to the clergyman, who was bidding the young lady good-bye, preparatory to going to his own apartments.

"Very well—always glad to see you," was the reply, given with less cordiality than usual, its hearers fancied; and, a moment later, the cousins were walking along Scarsby streets in the direction of the manor.

Just as the two were leaving the village, a tall handsome young fellow, with a decidedly soldierly bearing, loomed up in the distance. Mabel gave a little cry.

"Surely—" she began; but, before she could finish her sentence, the new-comer had taken a half-dozen strides forward and possessed himself of her hands.

"Mabel!"

"Henry!"

After which, the two brothers shook hands cordially, while the younger explained his sudden appearance.

"Got leave very unexpectedly—deuced hard work, too. Came down at once—found you gone—hurried to the manor and learned that you had started to the village—so here I am."

"And jolly glad I am to see you," responded the elder. "Wish I could say as much for Mabel."

But Mabel's look spoke more plainly than words. She did not mind Bertie in the least, and showed her pleasure unaffectedly.

"Of course, it was too early to see mamma?"

"Of course."

"Well, we will take you to her now."

"Will she want to see me?" began Henry.

"Oh, yes, if Bertie comes too," Mabel answered, with a smile and a sigh.

"Hang Bertie!" muttered the young soldier.

"Affectionate brother!" laughed Bertie.

"Oh, he's of no consequence," remarked Mabel, cheerfully.

"To you, you mean," amended that young gentleman. "He is, to some persons."

"To Miss Anersley, for instance," suggested the young lady, with a mocking smile.

"Who's Miss Anersley?" asked Henry, looking curiously at his brother, who was as near pouting as a grown-up individual could be.

"Bertie's latest infatuation."

"I think I'll leave you two to chaff each other, and go home," cried that much-tried personage, whereat Mabel instantly became penitent and coaxed him back into good-humor by a long dissertation—in which no mention was made of Bertie—on Miss Anersley's charms, a eulogy that Henry was wise enough to receive in discreet silence. By the time the three reached the house, Bertie's amiability was quite restored and he was ready to accompany the lovers into the presence of Lady Ashurst, who would have accorded the younger brother alone a rather cool reception.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LADY MABEL CULTIVATES MISS ANERSLEY.

FOR a week, Miss Anersley was confined to the house on account of her sprain, and, during that period, the Honorable Mr. Beauchamp called regularly every morning, to inquire after her health. Lady Mabel was as assiduous in her visits as her cousin, and timed them so as to make her appearance about the same hour. In this way, the young gentleman was enabled to get glimpses of the invalid, which otherwise he could not have obtained. The visit paid, Henry joined the pair in a long ramble which ended in an adjournment to the manor, where Bertie—and, of course, Henry too—was invited to dine. So all three were equally happy.

At the end of the week, Henry took his departure. Before he went, however, he remonstrated with his cousin.

"It seems to me, Mabel, that you are encouraging this thing a little too much. Judging from all indications, Bertie is pretty far gone on this Miss Anersley, considering he has only known her a fortnight; she is hardly the match for him, my darling."

"Oh, if you are going to be worldly and mercenary, I have nothing more to say!"

"Of course, I know she is hardly a worse match for him than I am for you; but still, at least I am your equal socially."

"Oh, Henry, I didn't mean that!" cried Mabel, penitently. "But you know, don't you, that the only possible hope of ever inducing mamma to consent to our engagement lies in marrying Bertie off."

Her listener was fully aware of this fact; but, in spite of this knowledge and of his cousin's persuasions, all he could be induced

to agree to was that he would not say anything to Bertie on the subject. A sense of the uselessness of remonstrances on such matters probably added weight to Mabel's entreaties.

The acquaintance with Miss Anersley, begun so luckily for Bertie, continued, after her recovery, to progress slowly but surely. Mabel's aid and abetment assisted in furthering matters, as she did her best to cultivate the beautiful stranger, partly for Bertie's sake, partly because of genuine admiration on her own side. Miss Anersley, however, proved a person not easy to become acquainted with—at least, in this instance. She was much kinder and more gracious to the young clergyman than to either of the two cousins, in spite of their showing far more desire for an intimacy than the curate evinced. It would have been difficult even for a confirmed misanthrope to resist Lady Mabel, who was the sunniest and most unassuming of creatures, and indeed Bertie was sufficiently like her in these respects to have been her brother. So, in course of time, the beautiful stranger yielded to the charm of the young lady, and, if she was slower to succumb to the same fascinations in the gentleman, it was only because his astute cousin fancied she made a stronger effort at resistance in his case. Yet, though seeing a good deal of Mabel in the long summer days that followed, Miss Anersley never lost her gentle reserve, never grew confidential with her friend or communicative about herself. Several times she went by special invitation to the manor, but she never staid there, in spite of Mabel's repeated solicitation; so it chanced that she failed to meet Lady Ashurst, who seemed to feel worse than in the spring.

As the halcyon summer days, with their long twilights and tender dawns, faded, Bertie fancied Miss Anersley grew thin and pale. He spent a great deal of time with her, in spite of the young lady—nay, perhaps even in spite of himself. Whenever Mabel was with her new friend, he attached himself to his cousin with a dog-like fidelity which would have delighted Lady Ashurst, had she seen it without knowing its true reason. Indeed, she did learn that her daughter and Bertie were almost constantly in each other's society, and her hopes began to rise. The earl,

who tried in vain not to wear a harassed air, was too self-absorbed just at this time to notice what was going on about him, with the exception of the decline in his wife's health, which he began to fear, and which may have accounted for the silent absent air that seemed to be growing upon him.

Miss Anersley was much given to long rambles on the cliffs, and, whenever it was possible, Bertie joined her in these walks. The two appeared to be good friends, and, although the young man knew very little about her past, he fancied himself fairly acquainted with her inner self, which she revealed almost unconsciously in the course of their many talks on the lonely cliffs amidst the eternal solitude of sea and sky.

In his turn, Bertie showed himself a very different being from the person known to society and every-day comers as a jolly good fellow. Whatever was best and noblest in him seemed to come to the surface, called forth partly by his love, the only genuine passion he had ever experienced, partly by the magic purity of the girl's soul looking out of her lovely eyes into his.

But, all the while, he never breathed a word of love, never uttered the slightest gallantry such as was his habit. The whole world might have listened to their talks, and would have only smiled at their earnestness, their youthful seriousness.

The summer was dying in the golden haze of August afternoons, when Bertie confided his concern about Miss Anersley to Mabel.

"Don't you think she looks pale and troubled?" he asked, anxiously.

"I don't know; she seldom has much color, and her ordinary expression is rather sad," was the reply. "Still, I myself have fancied, of late, that there was a difference—"

The rest of the remark was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Arnold.

After an interchange of greetings, Mabel announced that she and Bertie were bound for the village.

"I am on my way to see Goody Brown; she has the rheumatism, poor old soul," she continued. "But what this idle youth was bent on, I can't imagine; some mischief, I suppose, since he did not confide his purpose to me."

"I'll leave that for Arnold to judge—"

I was going to pay him a visit," cried Bertie, gayly.

"If not the rose, you are near the rose," Mabel could not resist suggesting, mischievously, to the clergyman; but somehow the speech fell flat—neither of her hearers seemed to appreciate it.

"Suppose we take a stroll on the cliffs while Lady Mabel pays her visit," said Mr. Arnold.

"Very well. How soon shall we stop for you, Mabel?" Bertie inquired, dutifully, of his cousin; and, deciding that a half-hour would be about long enough, the young lady bade good-bye to her companions at Goody Brown's door, with the understanding that they should call for her at the expiration of that length of time.

"I am glad I met you, Beauchamp," said the clergyman, almost abruptly, when the two were alone together. "I wanted very much to talk to you a little."

"I'm agreeable," answered Bertie, in a tone which somehow he did not succeed in rendering as nonchalant as usual, and then he waited for his companion to begin.

This the latter seemed loath to do, and, instead of commencing the conversation, maintained absolute silence until he and his friend had reached the cliffs—the village behind them, solitude and stillness before them. Then he spoke.

"We have always been very good friends, Beauchamp, have we not?" he began, with the solicitous air of a person who fears he is going to say something disagreeable to someone whom he cares about.

"You know I like you immensely," answered the other, enthusiastically.

"Thanks! And I really care for you more than almost anyone else in the world," replied the clergyman, a genuine ring of tenderness in his tones. "I have very few friends and no intimates," he went on, almost sadly. "My life is chiefly spent among the lower classes; I give largely of my sympathy, and indeed affection—I love all my people. But that is different; I can hardly expect comprehension from them. Now, my dear fellow, I am going to take a liberty with you—to ask a question which you will perhaps resent. I wish I could be sure you would forgive me for it."

Bertie was deeply touched by his friend's words.

"Ask me anything you like—I forgive you freely beforehand," he burst forth, impetuously. "Drive on!"

The clergyman smiled a little sadly and continued:

"Well, since you are so good—thanks, I will. Do you intend to ask Miss Anersley to marry you some day?" The speaker paused a moment, but Bertie remained silent. "Perhaps you will ask what right I have to put such a question; but, my dear Beauchamp, you know I own a higher allegiance than any earthly one. I thought it right to do it, and so I did; I also beg your pardon."

"It is granted," answered Bertie, quietly—so very quietly, so unlike his ordinary impetuosity, that his friend gazed at him in wonderment. "And now may I ask a question in turn, my dear Arnold?"

"Certainly."

"Then—do you love Miss Anersley?"

The young clergyman grew pale, deathly pale—indeed, for a moment he almost staggered. He soon recovered himself, however, and faced his friend.

"Once upon a time," he began, slowly, "I would have answered 'No' to that question, for I was better versed in the art of self-deception; now I do not dare to. She is the only woman I have ever seen who could stir my pulses—the only woman who could move me; but, my dear fellow, it is not because of any such interest—rather, in spite of it—that I have nerved myself to ask this question. It is that which has made it doubly hard. I am solemnly pledged to a solitary life. I believe with all my heart in the celibacy of the clergy. Were I to marry any woman, I should feel that I was committing a deadly sin. I consider myself no more in the category of possible suitors for Miss Anersley than is the Earl of Ashurst. You have read of 'the desire of the moth for the star,' 'the worship the earth lifts above and the heavens reject not'? Well, you may safely place my regard for Miss Anersley on that plane. Not a very dangerous rival! And even this feeling I hope to conquer soon. My dear Bertie, you have nothing to fear from me!"

"Thank you," answered Bertie, in a low tone.

"But you are not out of the lists, therefore



I have spoken. I could not see you drift in this way without speaking, even at the risk of angering you. I might have known your perfect disposition."

"Thanks," again answered his hearer, this time smiling slightly. "I am not so amiable as you think me; and, as to your question, Arnold, you are right, as you always are. I have been drifting; it is time for me to waken. Though, after all, the danger is to me—I cannot flatter myself that I have ever touched Miss Anersley's heart; I am not sure we are even friends. But I do love her, Arnold—madly, passionately—and I shall ask her to marry me some day, if she ever gives me the least opportunity."

At this moment, both men glanced ahead and saw loom up before them two figures—one the young lady of whom they had been speaking, the other the Earl of Ashurst.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DOUBT AND SUSPICION.

It was late in the day, and the last rays of the afternoon sun fell with a lingering loving touch on the beautiful face of Miss Anersley, turned toward her companion. A moment later, the four were exchanging greetings in as commonplace a fashion as if the two young men had not just avowed their love for the woman, and as if the unexpected sight of her with so unusual a companion had not struck one of them at least with a strange chill.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said the earl, to Bertie. "I thought you and Mabel started out together an hour ago."

"So we did," that young gentleman replied, and then he proceeded to account for Mabel's absence.

"Ah, yes," said the earl; "and I, while taking a stroll on the shore, chanced to meet Miss Anersley, who was kind enough to let me share her solitude. Let us all go together and find Mabel."

The explanation was plausible enough—quite reasonable; and yet somehow a wretchedly uncomfortable feeling, a premonition of coming dread, entered Bertie's mind and would not be banished. He tried to assume his customary careless air, but he did not succeed; and the clergyman was the only one who seemed quite at ease, sustaining the conversation without any apparent effort. They had not gone very far, however, when Lady Mabel appeared.

After exchanging a cordial greeting with Miss Anersley and expressing pleasure at the unexpected presence of her father, she addressed her recreant cavaliers in reproachful tones:

"Is this the way you desert a lorn damsel? I got tired of waiting for you, and was starting to walk home alone."

Both gentlemen apologized very humbly and were graciously forgiven. Then the party separated, Miss Anersley and Mr. Arnold making their way toward the village, while the earl and his daughter turned their steps homeward. Bertie left the latter pair at the point where their paths diverged, declining all invitations to go to the manor. Somehow he preferred the company of his own thoughts.

The next three days, a storm wild enough for a traditional equinoctial swept over the country. Bertie defied the weather, on his tough little mare, and rode to the manor and the village daily. Mabel he found very anxious about her mother, who was far from well, and of Miss Anersley he caught only a glimpse.

It was the third day. The tempest was in its wildest throes, its last and fiercest burst before breaking up, when Bertie set out for a gallop. He was too restless to remain indoors a moment longer, and, as there was no one to question his outgoings or incomings except the groom—who, if he had any private doubts as to his master's sanity, did not utter them—he started to ride along the cliffs. Just where the road diverged into two ways, one of which led to the manor, he saw someone coming on horseback from that direction. He waited, wondering which of the inmates of his cousin's household could be as mad as himself, and, when the rider approached, he recognized a well-grown lad employed about the stables. The servant's face lighted up at sight of Mr. Beauchamp, for Bertie, with his easy manners and generous hand, was always a favorite with his inferiors.

"Well, Joe," he cried, as the boy struggled in the conflict of the elements to doff his cap and yet retain his seat, "you've chosen a fine morning for a ride. Never mind your manners—you'll break your neck, if you do."

"Thank'ee, sir," answered Joe, reining in his horse. "You're right, sir," he was going

on to say, when suddenly his face changed—a look of dismay, in strange contrast to the cheerful cast his features had worn a moment earlier, spread over his countenance. “Lord help us, now I have done it!” he cried, and, in his evident distress, came near losing his seat.

“And what have you done now?” asked Bertie, in amazement.

“I’ve been and lost it, sir,” the lad cried, in despairing accents.

“Lost what?” inquired Mr. Beauchamp, somewhat impatiently.

“The note!” groaned Joe.

“What note?”

“The one the earl giv’ me—an’ he told me to be so partic’ler about it! He give it to me with sech partic’ler directions—he told me it wur very important! It must hev dropped out of me hand when I spoke to ye, sir!”

“I’m sorry, my boy. To whom were you taking the note?” asked Bertie, suddenly grown pale.

“To Miss Anersley, sir,” replied Joe, casting his eyes anxiously over the surrounding earth.

“To Miss Anersley?” echoed Bertie, as if he had not been certain of hearing aright.

Joe was more than ever convinced of Mr. Beauchamp’s kindness of heart when he looked up and saw the expression on the latter’s face; it was one of dismay almost equal to his own. A throng of miserable thoughts were hurrying through Bertie’s brain. He understood why the earl had chosen such a day to send his messenger—no one else was likely to be abroad. Heavens! No: he must be mad—it could not be! At last he found his voice.

“I suppose it is from Lady Mabel,” he remarked, trying to make his tone sound indifferent.

“I couldn’t say, sir,” answered Joe, who was alighting from his horse to hunt for the lost note.

Bertie followed his example, and, leading the horses—who would probably have turned their faces homeward, had they been unloosed—the two examined the ground carefully. The wind blew fiercely and the rain fell in torrents, but neither minded. The storm raging within Bertie was worse than the storm without, while poor Joe was too frightened at his own carelessness to care for the weather.

The servant’s fears were soon relieved; for Bertie, stooping over, saw a white envelope lodged in a hollow filled with water. He hastily bent and picked it up. As he did so, his eyes fell on the direction. It was “Miss Anersley,” in a hand which he instantly recognized, though it was sufficiently disguised to have deceived anyone less familiar with the writing—the Earl of Ashurst’s.

“I have found the note,” said Mr. Beauchamp, holding the dripping missive toward Joe, whose face shone as he uttered effusive expressions of gratitude.

“Never mind,” the recipient of these thanks said, hastily; and, a moment later, Bertie was on his horse and dashing so madly along the cliffs that even Joe was frightened.

“Heaven preserve us, but he’s goin’ at a terrible rate,” he muttered, as he mounted and proceeded toward the village.

As for Bertie, he was riding away from temptation. A mad desire had seized him, as he held the wet envelope in his hand, to open it and read the contents. He had dropped it into the servant’s hand as if it were a coal of fire.

“Surely I must be losing my senses,” he groaned, as he rode swiftly on.

It was noon when he reached home, and the storm was dying down. The sun set clear, and night came on with a new moon silvering the clouds, which were melting away on the clear sky.

The morning dawned like a day dropped out of Paradise. Balm and beauty were in the air, but no comfort came to Bertie; rather, the soft sunshine exasperated his misery—he was face to face with his first real trouble, and the conflict was hard. All day long, he staid in the house, until the silence and the closeness became intolerable; and, just as the twilight fell, he seized his hat and dashed in a headlong fashion along the deserted cliffs—at this hour, he was not likely to meet anyone.

It was growing dark, so dark that only the outlines of objects were dimly visible, when Bertie grew tired of his mad pace and slackened his steps. Suddenly he stopped: was he mistaken in fancying he saw dark shadows on the sands below, a little distance ahead? He drew nearer and stopped again. He heard voices, so low that he could not distinguish the words they spoke, though

he was directly above the spot where the shadows had been. He drew back a little and listened. Was there a demon within him, or did he really recognize the voices? And then distinctly on the quiet air came the one word "Gwendolen." No, he was not mistaken. The speaker was the Earl of Ashurst, and there was but one woman who answered to that name. Yes! for, the next moment, a voice that he would have known anywhere in the world uttered some words which he could not understand—it was Miss Anersley's.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## AT LAS ROSAS.

BY GERTIE VIVIAN GUERNSEY.

A GIRL from the wild and free Southwest.

Transplanted by fate to an Eastern city.

Thrown into society called "the best,"

My mission to dress, go to balls, and look pretty.

And yet not happy! In other days,

When I used to read of such lives in stories,

I felt so tired of our common ways

And longed for the city and fashion's glories.

But the human heart is perverse and strange.

And the old scenes haunt my brain forever:

The wide plain lost in the mountain-range.

And the quaint little settlement down by the river;

The dim depot, and the stock-yards nigh.

And the loafers, picturesquely lazy;

And, over it all, the low blue sky

And the sunshine sleeping, warm and hazy;

And oh! when the long bright day was done,

And loungers and hunters and ranchmen crowded

To meet the train, as its red eye shone

Afar in the distance, twilight-shrouded—

And conspicuous there among them all,

In his shooting-jacket and wide sombrero,

My Jack, my hero, so stately and tall,

A fit ideal of the bronzed ranchero.

My heart grows sick with a heavy pain

When I think of the years we spent together

In that little half-Mexican place on the plain.

Lapped in the heart of the summer weather.

Never to look on those scenes again!

Yet better it is, for Jack is sleeping,

With an Indian bullet in his brain,

And only the night dew over him weeping.

And this heavy lock of dark-brown hair—

See, at the end it is matted and gory—

Was shorn from his head by a comrade there,

Whom fortune spared to bring us the story.

And my partners gay in the dance to-night,

Should they chance to note my air of dreaming,

Will never guess of the terrible blight

That cankers my heart 'neath this quiet seeming.

## REMEMBER.

BY JOSEPHINE M. S. CARTER.

REMEMBER, friend, as day by day

You journey o'er life's weary way.

To pass along the kindly word

That you yourself have often heard.

Remember, friend, and lend a hand

To help the fainting ones who stand

Bewildered on the thorny road

Or sink beneath their heavy load.

Remember those who walk apart

With tearful eyes and breaking heart;

Go clasp their hand within thine own,

And lead them to the Father's throne.

Remember those who once were strong,

Who move with feeble step along;

Their work is done—they only wait

The opening of the golden gate.

Remember, friend, to smooth their way

With kindly deeds, from day to day,

For soon—ah, soon—you'll long in vain

To hear their loving tones again.

Remember, friend, a sunny smile

Cheereth many a lonely mile,

And that a merry, happy song

Will make the way seem half as long.

And oh, remember, friend, that He

Who walked the Galilean sea,

Is watching o'er us day by day

And leads us in His chosen way.

## MY FIRST ROMANCE.

BY S. E. GLOVER.

REMEMBER my first love-affair? Why, of course I do. No man ever forgets a thing like that.

The girl was pretty, too; at least, I thought so then. She had black hair and eyes, rosy cheeks, pouting lips, and a roguish way about her that was mighty "taking" with the boys.

Her father was a well-to-do man, for our section of country. He had a number of cows, quite a lot of poultry, a fine orchard, and the largest melon-patch I ever saw—I remember that fact particularly. I remember, too, that Rosalina wore "store" shoes to school every day, and that fact alone set her a little above the rest of us, at old man Fisher's school. "Tan-yard" shoes were considered good enough for week-day wear, in those good old days; in fact, the boys generally went barefooted, except in very cold weather.

I don't think I had ever cared for shoes much at any time, until I fell in love with Rosalina; but, that summer, a great and overwhelming ambition took possession of my soul—I must have a pair of "store" boots! I dared not ask my mother for them: she would have thought I was losing my mind. Still, I meant to have those boots. I dreamed of them at night, and I worked for them during the day, whenever I got the chance. Well, a boy can generally get odd jobs, and—I got my boots.

I dared not let my mother see them; so, even with my boots, I was not happy. However, I managed to hide them in the barn, and, whenever an errand or an excuse of any kind carried me past old man Moore's—Rosalina's father's—I would carry my boots along somehow, wash my feet in the branch near his house, and put them on. They seemed a little rough on a fellow's feet at first, especially without socks; but I bore my discomfort manfully.

They must have looked a little odd, now I think of it. My trousers, of factory jean, had been washed several times and had shrunk every time, so I could not get my boots inside

of them, and was compelled to wear them cavalier-fashion. It was rather a convenient arrangement, as it happened; for my jacket and vest had shrunk also, giving me rather a divided-in-the-middle appearance, and, my trousers being in my boots, I could draw them up with my "gallowses," as we called suspenders in those days, and almost make them meet my vest—quite, in fact, when I stooped a little forward.

About this time, I wrote a poem to Rosalina. I had always thought her name a beautiful one, but I was particularly pleased with it on that day: it was so easy to find words to rhyme with Rosalina—verbena, citrina, and all the words ending in een or ean, by simply adding ah! There were a great many verses in my poem, and it took me a long while to write it. It was Saturday, and my mother had set me to work on the potato-bed; but, by the time I had finished my poem and carried it to Rosalina—it was stuck conspicuously into a bouquet of verbenas, as I had called her my verbena several times in my verses, for the convenience of rhyme—it was too late to do much work. I slipped home after dark, hid my boots in the barn, and climbed up into my room from the top of the porch. I intended to go to bed, and, when called to supper, endeavor to convince my mother that I had been sick in bed all the afternoon. But—I found her waiting for me.

Rosalina left her neighborhood that fall. Her father had moved there from Virginia, and concluded to return to his native State. I was heart-broken when I learned that my darling was going away, and, when I went for the cows that afternoon, I hid behind a fallen tree, lay for a long time on the soft warm grass, face downward, and cried: not aloud—I had my handkerchief stuffed in my mouth to prevent that; I would have died sooner than let anyone see or hear me, but I cried as I have never done but once since.

I went to see Rosalina the next afternoon, and found her alone in the orchard. I asked her if she was sorry to go. She said she

knew it would break her heart, and, seating herself on the grass, began to cry. With some difficulty, I managed to prevent myself from following her example.

I edged a little nearer to her, however, and asked in rather husky tones if there was any particular person she was sorry to leave.

Rosalina replied that there was one person it would just kill her to leave.

Then I almost broke down. I drew still closer to her, and, with some difficulty, gasped out the question:

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

I am sure I sniffled a little at this juncture; but, as she was sobbing somewhat hysterically, I don't think she noticed it.

I could only draw very near indeed, and beg her to tell me if she thought it would really break her heart to leave him.

She said she knew it would; and, with that, she buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. I felt my heart go pit-a-pat, and I had to draw my sleeve across my eyes several times and clear my throat a good while before I could speak again.

Then I stole one arm about her waist and

tried to pull her hands down from her face, trying, all the while, to comfort her. When I succeeded in drawing away her hands, there was nothing for her to do but to hide her face in my bosom, and, while I held her there, I begged her to tell me who the boy was.

She refused at first, but I continued to beg her, and—yes, I kissed her once or twice very softly on the parts of her soft white cheek and throat that were left exposed, while I held her very close indeed.

At last, she said she would tell me, if I would shut my eyes and not look at her, and would promise not to tell anyone so long as I lived.

Well, I shut my eyes and I promised, and then she told me.

No, I wasn't the boy.

Jabe Cross was the one. Jabe was the biggest fellow in the school, and at least a head taller than I. I went home, and I kept my promise not to tell.

Rosalina left the neighborhood that winter, and I have not seen her since. I never have quite forgotten the little girl, though, and, somehow or other, I never could bear that boy Jabe Cross from that day to this.

## WHO IS MY LOVE?

BY WILLIAM ZACHARY GLADWIN.

Who is my love?  
You fain would have me tell.  
He is my love  
Who does a brave deed well,  
Nor stops to shrink  
Upon the danger's brink.  
He is my love  
Who does a brave deed well.

Who is my love?  
You fain would have me tell.  
He is my love  
Who does a kind deed well,  
Who has the art  
To give from out his heart.  
He is my love  
Who does a kind deed well.

## THE BEST THINGS.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

WHATSOEVER things are lovely,  
Whatsoever things are pure—  
These alone are worth the having,  
These forever shall endure.  
  
Gather not life's straws and brambles,  
Nor the Sodom apples crave;

Take the precious gifts the Father  
With His greatest blessing gave.  
  
Whatsoever things are lovely,  
Whatsoever things are pure—  
Take them, love them, ever hold them,  
Precious things which shall endure.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### HOW TO CHOOSE MEAT, POULTRY, AND FISH.

BY MISS LOUISA JAMISON.

#### MEAT.

**BEEF.**—The grain of ox-beef is loose, the meat red, and the fat inclining to yellow. Cow-beef, on the contrary, has a closer grain, a whiter fat, and meat scarcely as red as that of ox-beef. Inferior beef, which is meat obtained from ill-fed animals or from those which have become too old for food, may be known by a hard skinny fat, a dark-red lean, and, in old animals, a line of a horny texture running through the meat of the ribs. When meat pressed by the finger rises up quickly, it may be considered that of an animal in its prime; on the other hand, if the dent returns slowly or remains visible, the animal has passed its prime, and the meat consequently must be of inferior quality.

**VEAL** should be delicately white, though it is often juicy and well flavored when rather dark in color. Butchers, it is said, bleed calves purposely before killing them, with a view to make the flesh white; but this proceeding is apt to make it dry and flavorless. On examination of the loin, if the fat surrounding the kidney be white and firm-looking, the meat will probably be prime and recently killed. Veal will not keep as well as an older animal, especially in hot weather; when going, the fat becomes soft and moist, the meat flabby and spotted and somewhat porous, like a sponge. Large overgrown veal is inferior to small, delicate, yet fat veal. The fillet of a cow-calf is known by the udder attached to it and by the softness of the skin. It is preferable to the veal of a bull-calf.

**MUTTON.**—This meat should always be firm and close in grain, and also red in color, the fat white and firm. Mutton is in its prime when the animal is about five years old, though sheep are often killed much younger. If too young, the flesh feels tender when pinched; if too old, it wrinkles up and so remains. In young mutton, the fat readily separates; in old, it is held together

by strings of skin. In sheep diseased with the rot, the flesh is pale in color, the fat inclining to yellow, the meat appears loose from the bone, and, if squeezed, drops of water ooze out, and, after cooking, the meat drops clean away from the bones.

**LAMB.**—This meat will not keep long after being killed. The large vein in the neck is bluish in color when the fore-quarter is fresh, green when it is getting stale. In the hind-quarter, if not lately killed, the fat of the kidney will have a slight smell and the knuckle will have lost its firmness.

**PORK.**—When good, the rind is thin, smooth, and cool to the touch; when changing, from being too long killed, it becomes flaccid and clammy. Enlarged glands, called kernels, in the fat, are marks of ill-fed or diseased pigs.

**BACON** should have a thin rind, and the fat should be firm and tinged red by the curing. The flesh should be of a clear red without intermixture of yellow, and should adhere firmly to the bone. To judge of the state of a ham, plunge a knife into the bone; on drawing it out, if particles of meat adhere to it, or if the odor is disagreeable, the curing has not been effectual and the ham is not good. In purchasing a ham, a short thick one is preferred to a long thin one.

**VENISON.**—When good, the fat is clear, bright, and of considerable thickness. To know when it is necessary to cook it, a knife must be plunged into the haunch, and from the odor the cook must determine on dressing or keeping it.

#### POULTRY AND GAME.

In choosing poultry, the age of the fowl is the chief point to be attended to. An old turkey has rough and reddish legs; a young one, smooth and black ones. Fresh killed, the eyes are full and clear and the feet moist. When it has been kept too long, the parts about the vent begin to wear a greenish discolored appearance.



Common domestic fowls, when young, have the legs and combs smooth; when old, they are rough, and on the breast long hairs are found instead of feathers. Turkeys and chickens should be plump on the breast, fat on the back, and white-legged.

**GEESE.**—The bills and feet are red when old, yellow when young. Fresh killed, the feet are pliable; but they become stiff when kept too long. Geese are called green while they are only two or three months old.

**DUCKS.**—Choose them with supple feet and hard plump breasts. Tame ducks have yellow feet, wild ones red.

**PIGEONS** are very indifferent food after a certain stage. Suppleness of the feet shows them to be young; the flesh is flaccid when they are getting impure. Tame pigeons are longer than the wild.

**HARES AND RABBITS**, when old, have the haunches thick, the ears dry and tough, and the claws blunt and rugged; a young hare has claws smooth and sharp, ears that easily tear, and a narrow cleft in the lip. A leveret is distinguished from a hare by a knob or small bone near the foot.

**PARTRIDGES**, when young, have yellow legs and dark bills.

**WOODPECKERS AND SNIPES**, when old, have the feet thick and hard; when these are soft and tender, they are both young and recently killed. When their bills become moist and their throats muddy, they have been too long killed.

### FISH.

**TURBOT** and all white fish are rigid and firm when fresh. The under side should be of a rich cream-color; when out of

season or too long kept, this becomes a bluish-white, and the flesh soft and flaccid. A clear bright eye in a fish is also a mark of being fresh and good.

**COD** is known to be fresh by the rigidity of the muscles (or flesh), the redness of the gills, and clearness of the eye.

**SALMON.**—The flavor and excellence of this fish depend upon its freshness and the shortness of the time of its being caught, for no method can completely preserve the delicate flavor it has when just taken out of the water.

**MACKEREL** must be perfectly fresh, or it is a very indifferent fish; it will neither bear carriage nor being kept many hours out of water. The firmness of the flesh and the clearness of the eyes must be the criteria of fresh mackerel, as they are of all other fish.

**HERRINGS** can only be eaten fresh, and, like mackerel, will not so remain many hours after being caught.

**OYSTERS.**—If fresh, the shell is firmly closed; if open, they are dead and unfit for food.

**LOBSTERS** recently caught have always some muscular action in the claws, which may be excited by pressing the eye with the finger. When this cannot be produced, the lobster must have been kept too long. When boiled, the tail preserves its elasticity if fresh, but loses it as soon as it becomes stale. The heaviest lobsters are the best; when light, they are watery and poor.

**CRABS AND CRAY-FISH** must be chosen by observation similar to that given in the choice of lobsters. Crabs have an agreeable odor when fresh.

### PROPER CARE OF CLOSETS.

Closets are not only a useful but a necessary part of a house. Most housekeepers think that there cannot be too much closet-room provided. There are many things which are properly put into closets, and others which should never go there. Among the latter are soiled under-garments. Clothing that has been worn should not be hung away until properly ventilated. In this way, two fertile sources of bad odors in closets may be excluded. Many persons hang their night-clothes in the closet during

the day. This also should be avoided, unless the garments have had a thorough airing. If the closet does not admit of a window, the door should be left open for a few hours every day, to admit pure air. Some persons have ventilators placed just over the door; but the outside air, if admitted for a short time every day, will purify a closet where only clean clothes are hung. No matter how clean the clothing in the closet may be, if there is no ventilation, the clothing will not be what it should.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is an afternoon-gown, of white nun's-veiling, striped with heliotrope and so as to display the dark stripes. The front of the underskirt is made on the half-bias, as seen in the illustration, and tabs of silver braid are placed over each white stripe round the hem, so as to simulate a vandyked



No. 1.

trimmed with folds of plain heliotrope surah; these folds cross slantwise the close-fitting bodice and fall down the side of the demi-train. The same effect may be produced by plaiting the striped material border. High leg-of-mutton sleeves, cut on the bias. This gown, made in black and



No. 2.

white striped silk, with the silver braid, would be very elegant, for either a visiting or reception toilette. Small capote of tulle, trimmed with loops of white ribbon and jet ornament.

No. 2—Is a visiting-costume, of fine cashmere in any self-color, combined with Ottoman silk of the same or darker shade. The underskirt and vest are of the silk, the cashmere being used for the entire gown, which opens in front over the Ottoman skirt. Bands of Oriental embroidery or passementerie edge the front of the skirt, the bodice, and cuffs. Small turban-shaped bonnet, of the silk, trimmed with



No. 3.



No. 4.

the same embroidery or passementerie and a few standing loops of velvet ribbon in front. Eight yards of double-fold cashmere and four yards of Ottoman silk will be required.

No. 3—Is a French tea-gown, of old-pink cashmere or faille, set off with bands of Oriental embroidery or beaded-work. The gown fits the figure closely and has a short train. High puffed sleeves, ending at the elbow in our illustration, but these are optional; long sleeves would no doubt be preferred by most ladies, for such a tea-gown. The sash is of moiré ribbon; it passes under the side-bands of embroidery and ties in a long loop-with-ends at the left side. Eight yards of

double-fold cashmere will be required. The amount of embroidery must be determined by the length and width of the gown.

No. 4.—For a young girl of twelve to fourteen years, we have here a stylish frock,

across the front and sides, the fullness being reserved for the back, which hangs in straight folds. The plain tight-fitting bodice forms coat-tails at the back about eight inches long, adorned with buttons to match those on the front of the bodice. Close tight sleeves, high at the shoulder. Very high standing collar. Small gilt buttons are very much used upon these tailor-gowns. Of forty-six-inch wide mate-



No 5.

of camel's-hair, with a wide Scotch-plaid border. This may be either a bordered material, or the plaid can be put on to form the border. The bodice is shirred to form a round yoke. Wide waistband of the plaid, which ties at the back in long sash-ends. Cuffs and collar of the plaid material. Button the cuffs with small gilt buttons, also the back of the frock.

No. 5.—Is a tailor-made gown, of plaid woolens. The skirt is quite severely plain



No. 6.

rial, seven yards will be sufficient for an ordinary-sized girl.

No. 6.—Is a walking-costume, of bordered cashmere in any self-color. The border forms all the trimming for the plain straight

skirt. The bodice laps from right to left, over a vest of velvet corresponding to the color of the material. Four buttons and button-holes are all the trimming. The top of the dressy sleeve is composed of a series of six puffs, over a plain tight sleeve. A more simple sleeve may be substituted, if preferred. 'Hat

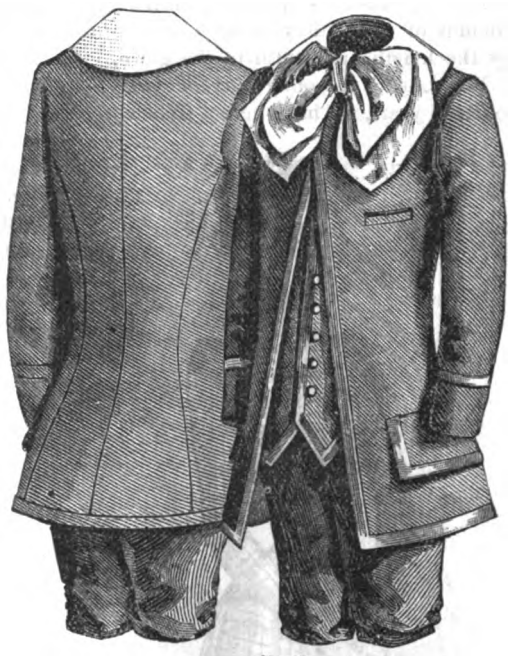


No. 7.

of felt, faced with velvet and trimmed with velvet flowers and loops of ribbon.

No. 7—Is a traveling or walking ulster, of plaid Scotch tweed. The front has three plaits on each side. The back corresponds. Two, or even three, capes for the shoulder finish this wrap. Loose sleeves, with velvet cuffs. Collar to match.

No. 8—Is a boy's costume, for nine or ten years. Knickerbocker pants, vest, and



No. 8.

jacket. Wide linen collar and silk neck-tie.



No. 9.



Diagonal cloth and serge are most used for boys of this age.

No. 9—Is given for the useful little flannel or cloth jacket so necessary for the



No. 10.

first cool days of autumn. A simple feather-stitched border in white silk is the only trimming, save the buttons needed. Some of these little jackets are trimmed with gold braid and gilt buttons.

No. 10.—For a little girl of five years, we give a pretty little frock, of old-rose cashmere, trimmed with bands of moiré ribbon of a darker shade. The waist is

shirred at the neck to form a round yoke, back and front alike, below which a ruffle of the material edged with two rows of the ribbon is attached. Short puffed sleeves over the plain long ones. A wide sash of moiré ribbon ties at the back.

No. 11—Is a Connemara cloak, for a little girl of six years, made of Scotch plaid



No. 11.

tweed. Three little ruffles bound with silk braid form the yoke to this pretty little garment. Soft felt hat, trimmed with a wide plaid ribbon, completes the costume.

## TEA-COZY.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

A pretty design will be seen in our colored pattern, this month, for a covering for the tea-pot, which will not only prove very useful, but highly ornamental, to the tea-table or sideboard.

The length of the one illustrated is much

greater than the width, but the proportions must be determined by the size of the article it is intended to cover. The foundation can be made of card-board or of two or three layers of heavy buckram, each section of which must be cut to a blunt point at the



top and covered with maroon satin, after a spray of flowers has been painted or embroidered on it. Bend the points over in the form of a roof, and overseam the sections all together. A broad band of plush surrounds the bottom, and a fancy cord covers all the seams. Line the cozy with white flannel over a layer of wadding, and finish with eight silk tassels with a bow of ribbon and a heavy gilt ring at the top.

Of course, anyone can display her own taste in selecting the colors and materials for this cozy, and it could be made at much less expense than the one described, especially when it is intended for use alone, and not ornament.

#### FERN-LEAVES.

On the same page is a drawing of fern-leaves which would look well, outlined on a corner of a tidy or pincushion.

## WALKING-DRESS: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, the complete pattern of this stylish walking-dress. Size, thirtysix-inch bust. It consists of eight pieces. The letters show how the pieces join. Allow all seams.

1. HALF OF VEST.
2. HALF OF FRONT.
3. SIDE-FRONT.
4. HALF OF BACK.
5. HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
6. REVERS.
7. CUFF.
8. SLEEVE.

Our model is of foulard silk, pompadour stripe on an olive-green ground. The jacket is double-breasted and crosses in a point to the left side, close to the armhole, where it fastens to the waist by six buttons. The neck has wide revers showing a vest, with a high collar of olive and pink broché. The vest also appears in a point below the opening of the jacket at waist. The front of the skirt is draped to form a long tablier, open at the left side, from which point falls a handsome girdle of olive and pink twisted silk, ending in tassels. The back of the skirt is arranged in deep plaits, to hang straight. This style of dress will be well adapted to striped woollens or sateens.

## DESIGNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

### VENETIAN POCKET.



This long and therefore most convenient receptacle for fancy-work can be suspended either on a wall or from a table. It is composed of bands of Venetian embroidery on linen, with velvet bands at the sides. The trimmings are gold Venetian lace; but, to make the pocket less expensive, we would suggest a stripe of drawn-work on coarse linen for the centre, with plush or satin for the bands, and that the trimmings be of linen guipure lace, and the fringe of linen floss, tied in.

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### GERANIUM AND CORONATION DESIGNS.

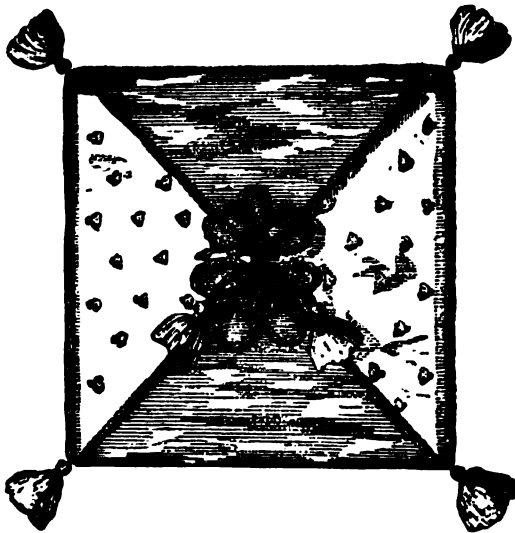
On the Supplement, we give two designs suitable for ornamenting the cloths now so generally used on dinner-tables; one pattern can be worked in one corner of the small cloth, or each can be done in the diagonal corners. White floselle, coarse embroidery-silk, or linen thread may be used.

## MUSIC-PORTFOLIO.



Make the foundation of card-board, the cover is lined with twill silk and closed required size. Cover the outside with ruby plush, ornamented with a triangular tab in antique brocade; this tab is framed in with gold galloon, which is also used as three bars placed across the back. The cover is lined with twill silk and closed with ribbon bows in red Ottoman silk. This same design will serve for a slip-cover for a magazine or novel, only observe to make the outside form the inside pocket, to slip the cover of the magazine in.

## ARTISTIC NIGHT-GOWN CASE.



Make the case the required size, in two shades of plain self-colored surah, China silk, or satin, as the taste may suggest. The patterned design is formed by using a figured China silk or else by working some little pattern upon a plain ground. The case is finished with a silk cord, fastened in the centre by loops of the cords and tassels, also a tassel at each corner. Some sachet-powder placed upon a layer of cotton, and laid between the lining and outside, is a great improvement.

## CHILD'S CRIB OR CARRIAGE BLANKET.

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This handsome design of wild roses, stems, and leaves is worked in wash-silks upon a foundation of white cloth or cashmere. After the border is done, the swallows are thrown in; the pair upon a branch form the border, and the flying ones scattered around. The birds, flowers, leaves, etc., all in their natural colors, and the work done in Kensington-stitch. Wash-crewels do equally well, but do not make such handsome work. Line the blanket with white surah, or pink if preferred, and a layer of wool wadding to make it warm and light. A handsome guipure lace finishes the edge

## DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

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We give, in the front of the book, a very beautiful design, to be done in satin-stitch embroidery on either flannel or cashmere; either linen floss or silk can be used—the silk, of course, being much the richer.

## BRAIDING-DESIGN FOR A JACKET.

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In the front of the book, we give a design utilized for many purposes, and is easily for braiding a dress or jacket; it can be done.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**ODDS AND ENDS.**—In these days of adaptation, everything out of the common is seized on with avidity and turned to account. The career of articles of furniture, from the largest, to the smallest, is full of vicissitudes, and the ulterior destination very different from that which the designer imagined. Old bed-posts, stowed away in lumber-rooms, have been brought out from their dust and seclusion and adapted for drawing-room use. Some are handsome and solid-looking, carved or otherwise embellished, and form tall stands for pot-plants or lamps.

Little square tables are often now covered with pretty cretonne, on both the upper and under shelves, with a three-inch frill all round. The legs are usually covered with plush of a harmonizing shade. They look very pretty about a room, and are easily and quickly done. It is a favorite fancy at present to have everything to match on a table, particularly on a writing-table: such as the various-sized photograph-frames, blotting-book, case for loose cards or pictures, envelope-case, and box (without lid) for throwing in unanswered notes, and so forth. A delicate shade of pistache-green brocatelle is popular. All sorts of card-board or even wooden and cigar boxes can be covered with plush or brocade by skillful fingers. The top is usually raised by a little judicious padding, then covered with the brocade or plush, and edged all round with gold braid. The lining is of watered silk or surah, and this has to be made in separate pieces (i.e., top, bottom, and the four sides), neatly stretched and glued over thin card-board, and then carefully glued to the box. Blotting-books and photograph-frames are done in the same way, and also large open fans, cut out in wood, with places for slipping in photographs, and a support at the back. In some of the brocades now being sold, in white or pale colors, the effect is beautiful. A new fashion is to have a pretty little mat of brocade and gold braid, to throw over a blotter, and mats of the same sort are used for fancy lamps and toilet-sets.

**PINCUSHIONS.**—Some pretty three-cornered pincushions may be made with scraps of pongee silk and an embroidered Turkish square d'oyley cut in half. The cushions are six inches long and three inches at the widest part. They have a folded frill of silk, a piece of inch-wide cream lace laid on it, and a silken cord, knotted at each corner, as a finish.

**MEDICAL VALUE OF LEMONS.**—"While you are giving people simple rules for preserving their health, why don't you tell them about the use of lemons?" an intelligent professional man asked us, the other day. He went on to say that he had long been troubled with an inactive liver, which gave him a world of pain and trouble, until recently he was advised by a friend to take a glass of hot water, with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning, and see what the effect would be. He tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him; his appetite improved, and he gained several pounds in weight within a few weeks. After a while, he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. "I am satisfied from experiment," he said, "that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than the simple remedy I have given, which is far more efficacious than quinine or any other drug, while it is devoid of their injurious consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs, and tones up the system generally. It is not unpleasant to take, either; indeed, one soon gets to like it."

**CHILDREN'S CORNERS.**—Houses are comparatively few in which a large, bright, warm room can be spared for a nursery. Even where this might be done, the mother cannot employ a nurse to stay with the children, and her own cares and duties are too various to admit of her being long in any one place. Perhaps she does not keep even one servant. Then the children must inevitably follow the mother about, in kitchen, bed-rooms, or sitting-room, as her work demands. It is not uncommon, in families, to find children's toys scattered all over the house, while hats, coats, and mittens are seldom twice in the same place. A nursery or play-room for the children may be out of the question; but some corner, chest-drawer, or portion of a closet may be found for each child, where its individual possessions should be kept when not in use.

**AN ADDITIONAL REASON.**—A lady, in sending us a large club, says: "In addition to my love for 'Peterson,' there is another reason why I always like to get up clubs for the magazine. It is that I can depend on you to keep your promises—you always do as you say you will."

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**—Buttermilk will take out mildew stains.

Bottles are easily cleaned with hot water and fine coals.

A pallet-knife should be used to scrape pots and kettles.

Old napkins and old table-cloths make the very best of glass-cloths.

Zinc is best cleaned with hot soapy water, then polished with kerosene.

It is well to keep large pieces of charcoal in damp corners and in dark places.

Oil-cloth can be kept bright for years, if properly varnished each season with any good siccativ.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery, after peeling onions, the smell will be entirely removed.

If soap is purchased in large quantities, and kept in a warm dry place, half the usual amount will be required.

Tubs will not warp or crack open, if the precaution is taken to put a pail of water into each, directly after use.

If a cucumber is cut into strips and the pieces put into places where ants are found, it will surely drive them away.

**COVERS FOR FLOWER-POTS.**—Small remnants of colored silks can be made into covers for children's little tin pails, minus the handles. The pails hold small pot-ferns. A circular base is made of card-board, covered with silk, and the bag sewed to it, another row of running being placed an inch higher, to form a puff. Two pieces of silk cord are run round and tied at each side of the top of the pail with four tasseled ends. The silk falls over as a two-inch frill, either frayed out at the edge or partially hidden by tinted lace. These are most ornamental on a dinner-table or on an invalid's table.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Edward Burton.* By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—

A very powerful story, which holds the reader's attention from the beginning to the end. Into a pretty love-idyl, the author has woven a vigorous account of the influence exerted by the numerous systems of theology, ethics, and sociology which in our day excite so much attention. A portion of the preface is worth quoting: "The author of this volume believes in the wholeness of idealism and optimism. No attempt has been made to construct a novel on conventional 'realistic' lines. It seems evident that the delicate pen-photography of the ignoble in human nature is too often the animus in current literature. A subtle tone of unwholesome pessimism and hopelessness is thereby diffused.

Idealization of character may not be regarded as 'artistic,' but, whether or not this attempt be successful, the writer will still believe that in that direction lies a promising field too little occupied."

*Flossy; or, A Child of the People.* By H. F. Darnell, D.D. Buffalo: The Courier Co.—The success of "Philip Hazelbrook" has induced its author to write the story of "Flossy," one of the most important characters in the former book. "Flossy" is capital in style, the plot is well managed, and the subject especially appropriate at this time, when so much earnest thought is given to the social problem in its relation to church-work among the masses. The narrative is written in the form of an autobiography, which greatly adds to its naturalness, and, while a book that any parent may safely put into the hands of his children, its interest is so great and its incidents so striking that it cannot fail to become exceedingly popular among the great generation of juvenile readers.

*Bella's Blue-Book: The Journal of an Ugly Woman.* By W. Heimbürg. Translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. New York: Worthington Co.—An exceedingly quaint and original story, both in conception and treatment. The heroine tells her own tale in a very graphic fashion, and finds a hero worthy of her loftiest ideal. The book is issued in a uniform edition with the previous works of W. Heimbürg which this house has published. The paper and binding are excellent, the illustrations spirited, and the translation so well done that it is difficult to realize that the tale was not originally written in English.

*Lucie's Mistake.* By W. Heimbürg. Translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. New York: Worthington Co.—This is another of those tales of German family-life which have made their author so popular in his native land and are rapidly gaining for him an enviable reputation in this country. The story, interesting in itself, is told in a charming manner, and one is glad that the young heroine's mistakes and errors at last end in the good old-fashioned way which, however much modern writers may affect to despise it, will always be popular among the generality of readers.

*Clara Moreland.* By Emerson Bennett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the best of this popular writer's novels. The characters are well drawn, the plot is striking, and the incidents are both natural and effective. It is a novel which has enjoyed a wide popularity, and its republication at twentyfive cents will doubtless introduce it to a numerous class of new readers.

*Worth the Wooing.* By Lady Gladys Hamilton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is an exceptionally bright and clever story, written too in the authoress's happiest vein. Nothing could be more appropriate reading for the season, and its production adds another gem to the publishers' admirable list of twentyfive-cent books.



## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

## No. XX—HEREDITARY DISEASES.

In early infancy and childhood, mothers frequently notice a striking irritability of the skin and eyes of their infants and children—a proneness to cutaneous inflammation, as well as to ophthalmia or soreness of the eyes in some form. Next is observed a tendency to inflammation of the bones and large joints—to white swellings and hip-disease—or glandular enlargements and indurations of the neck, and finally, as age advances, pulmonary consumption in all its aggravated forms.

When parents have been afflicted with any of these forms of disease, which are of a scrofulous nature, one of their children may suffer from some skin-disease, another with inveterate sore eyes or eyelids, a third with marasmus, rickets, or a wasting diarrhoea, while a fourth or some subsequent one may be born with enlarged head or become hydrocephalic.

In another family, whose parents are or have been scrofulous, we may see developed in one child white swelling of the knee-joint; in a second, morbus coxarius (hip-joint disease); in a third, the glands of the neck take on a low grade of inflammation, swell, suppurate, and terminate in ugly, unhealthy, non-healing sores; and these several morbid states continuing increasingly, in the process of time the whole generation may pass away from the desolation of phthisis pulmonalis or tubercular consumption.

Mothers should be able to recognize the rise and progress of scrofula by first noticing a little papular eruption of the skin, which soon becomes squamous or crusty, invading the roots of the hair and spreading over quite large surfaces. An herpetic affection of the eyelids and roots of the eyelashes often manifests itself early, and is often very tenacious of its hold, and not unfrequently there attends or follows a scabby condition of the nose, corners of the mouth, and chin.

The glands of the neck are liable to enlarge and inflame, and the affection is recognized by mothers of the old school as being the "king's evil." She first observes small hard tumors on the neck when washing the child, which she perceives gradually increase in size, though not painful unless very roughly handled. In course of time, as they increase, the skin around them becomes tense and red; they ulcerate and discharge a whey-like serum, with shreds of curdy lymph.

There is no disposition for these ulcers to heal, but they gradually enlarge and form troublesome sores with uneven, ragged, abrupt edges of a dull-purplish color. These are marked charac-

teristics of a true scrofulous ulcer. When they are healed, the skin is ridged, scamed, or wrinkled, so as to cause a striking deformity which is also characteristic. While some glands close up or heal, others in turn will inflame and ulcerate—the process continuing thus for weeks, months, or even years. Sometimes, however, these little "kernels" along the sides of the necks of children may continue almost indefinitely as such, and, if the child's health improve, or be improved by treatment, they finally disappear.

## PICTURE-HANGING.

When a room is walled in good taste, either plainly or in panels, we have only to exercise equal taste in the hanging of pictures, to increase the beauty of the effect. So long as the frames are not crowded, but are turned to good account as centres or broad borders and lines to the panels, and care is taken that colors are not discordant, we can show our pictures without prejudice to anything.

When the choice of paint and paper rests with ourselves, let them be selected with an eye to their simply becoming an appropriate and harmonious background for such pictures as we possess or hope sooner or later to obtain. I offer no very definite suggestions here as to the exercise of taste in these directions; that is too wide a subject, and must depend upon an infinite number of conditions. But one or two broad principles may be laid down, thus: The wall tone and pattern must be subservient to what is hung upon them; they should not claim more, or even as much, attention as the pictures, particularly if they are good. Oil-paintings and water-colors should never be hung side by side or mixed one with the other. If circumstances make it inevitable that they be hung in the same room, care must be taken so to arrange them that they do not clash. Hang all your oils on one side, your water-colors on another; and, if engravings, etchings, and photographs have to be disposed of, carry out the same principle with these. Group the black and white together—panel them, in fact, as far as possible. Also have an eye to the harmony of the subjects, their size, their darkness or lightness of tone, and give due attention to placing them with some regard to uniformity. Make a centre of some one or two, hanging others at the sides, which will correspond sufficiently as pendants one to the other. Of course, where it is feasible, you will keep oil-paintings in one room, water-colors in another, black and white in another, and so on. As a rule, the first are fittest for dining-rooms, water-colors for drawing-rooms and boudoirs, black

and white for libraries, halls, staircases, and passages.

Then, again, in hanging them, be careful never to place them too high. We are not all six feet in stature, and it is far easier to stoop to examine a work of art than to stand on a chair in order to do so. Where a frieze exists and you prefer hanging the frames by a rod, this, of course, should run along the lower edge of the frieze and form a molding to it, as it were. In the event of the wall tone or paper going up as high as the cornice, then the rod must run along that, and rods are always preferable to driving nails into the wall, except for very small pictures. There are also many modern contrivances in the shape of brass-headed pins and clips, which afford much convenience where the frames are not too heavy. When it is necessary to suspend the picture from some height, a cord is not comparable, save in very rare cases, to the strong non-corrosive wire now in vogue for these purposes. It may be colored to match that of the background, and so remain nearly invisible, for nothing looks worse than a conspicuous amount of cordage suggestive of the rigging of a ship. Where you cannot avoid placing a picture very high above others, it is sometimes well to let its top cant slightly forward, which is easily managed by having the rings screwed into the frames two or three inches down its upright sides. It is generally better, also, to knot both ends of the cord or wire separately into each ring, rather than let it run through the two. An alteration in the elevation is then more easily made, if the suspending line is not cut off too short where it is tied into the ring. You can then slacken and lower or tighten and raise with the greatest facility, and often without unhooking the picture or disturbing it from its upper and central support, whether that is a nail or the movable hook on the brass rod. In the case of very large and heavy canvases, two separate hooks or nails are desirable, so that a separate cord, wire, or, as is sometimes necessary, a brass or steel-gilt chain, may run down to each ring, greater strength of support thus being secured.

Naturally, the closer the inspection needed for the due appreciation of the quality and effect of the work of art, the lower it should be hung, nearer the level of ordinary sight. And this sight-line is another important matter. An even level bottom-line should be secured rather than a level top-line, where many pictures of similar dimensions hang side by side, or where two or more form pendants at either end of the same wall. The molding or border of the modern dado offers an admirable starting-line and guide by which to measure perpendicular distances, and no picture-hanging can be very successfully carried out without the free use of a rule, a pair of steps, and the service of

a thoroughly capable handy man, professional or amateur. In less ambitious proceedings, and where the work to be dealt with is on a sufficiently small scale to allow of our personal manipulation, we should have a good supply of brass-headed nails of various sizes, and some screw-rings and small screw-hooks; a brad-awl, a hammer, and a pair of pincers; plenty of wire and smooth cord—that which has much worsted in it is to be avoided as a dust-collector, and any bright-colored cord is an abomination. Drive as few nails as possible into the wall, and always drive them slightly downward, so that, the head being a little higher than the point, the cord hooked over it shall have a tendency to slip back close against the wall. So long as requisite strength is ensured, one nail will often support two or three small frames. Where they happen to have two rings, make a long tight wire link between them, and hang the centre of that link on to the nail. The top of the frame will then be close up to the nail, and it (the nail) will not become an isolated conspicuous object on the wall, with its two lines of cord or wire running down to the rings. This looks particularly bad if it happens high up on the wall. When a nail is to act as a support from on high, it should be driven in as close up under the cornice as it will go. A great length of cord, starting from the ceiling, is far preferable to a conspicuous triangle of it, with its apex midway perhaps between floor and ceiling, as though such a formation were an ornament, instead of, as it really is, an eyesore. One of the little brass hooks screwed into the centre of the bottom of the lower bar of a frame will often act as sufficient support to a lighter picture we desire to hang beneath a larger one, and, in places where one long line of frames has to be arranged, a wooden batten, fastened against the wall and supplied with a requisite number of hooks or nails, will be advisable, so long as the tops of the frames are placed high enough on it to hide it. Personally, I have a great objection to associating anything like ribbons and bows with framed pictures, though I am aware some ladies like to arrange a bow over a central nail, whence depends by a satin ribbon perhaps some very pet or choice photograph or water-color. I cannot but think this is in doubtful taste, and certainly any bright color for such a purpose must interfere with the merits of a work of art.

In conclusion, I would only add that it is quite impossible to give very positive advice as to the selection of the best light for certain pictures; this obviously depends so much on the position and size of windows and the shape of the room. But, roughly speaking, it may be said that water-color drawings and oil-paintings look better with a side-light falling upon them than at the end of the apartment, where it may

face the window. Black and white pictures suffer far less in this latter position than most which have any color in them.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**PARSLEY.**—Careful women of modest incomes and gentle tastes should luxuriate in back-yard beds of parsley. A few cents' worth of seed will supply abundantly the need of a whole neighborhood, and save countless pennies to those who otherwise would purchase tiny bunches at the market. But buy the seed of curly parsley, and have no fear when it fails to appear above the ground with lettuce and beans planted the same evening. "After many days"—twentyone, I think—the little leaves will push up and grow rapidly. Then may a plain-omelet be transformed into the French "omelette aux herbes" by adding parsley—a tablespoonful, chopped quite fine. Then may broiled steak be dressed with "maitre d'hotel butter," which is simply butter creamed and mixed with a goodly portion of chopped parsley and a few drops of lemon-juice. Then may good soup be made better with parsley-branches boiled in the stock, and parsley-leaves chopped into the tureen. Then may excellent hash be perfected with the piquant flavor lent by this simple herb, and carefully-made drawn butter or brown sauce improved by its pleasant taste. In serving any dish of meat or fish, a border of parsley around the platter's edge will go far in helping to accomplish the daintiness and prettiness which all women of good breeding must desire in their table-service. Late into our frosty weather, the hardy little plant survives its tender mates. In good season to escape the killing frost, a box should be planted full for winter use. If a south window be available, and moderate care be given in watering and in loosening the earth with a large fork, you will be supplied all winter. But, while the garden-crop is plentiful, it is well to gather parsley in large bunches, dry it on tin plates in the warming-oven, then chop fine, discarding stems, and preserve in glass bottles or small tin boxes, for use in winter. While not as desirable for delicate gravies and nice dressings as fresh leaves picked from the growing plants, it answers well for soups and hashes.

### OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

#### SOUPS.

**French Bean-Soup.**—One pint of beans put to soak overnight; put on to boil early in the

morning, with two gallons of water; if it boils away and becomes too thick, add a little more boiling water, a little at a time. When about half done, put in half a pound of salt pork, an onion, pepper, and thyme, celery or a teaspoonful of celery seed. Half an hour before dinner, mash the beans well, and put through a colander; then return to the pot, and keep hot until dinner. Put in slices of toasted bread, cut in squares, and serve.

**Split-Pea Soup.**—Make a broth of some water that corned beef or salt pork has been boiled in, and some beef-bones. Do not let it be too salt; in that case, use half water. Put one quart of split peas in enough of the water to cover; when stewed soft, mash through a colander, and mix therewith two quarts of the broth in which the bones have been boiling; add one onion, then one turnip, chopped up, and one carrot, grated. Just before serving, put small pieces of toast in the soup.

#### DRINKS, ETC.

**Blackberry Wine** (a very old recipe).—Gather the berries when fully ripe, and put them into a large vessel of wood or stone, with a tap at the bottom. Pour on them as much boiling water as will cover them; when slightly cool, bruise with a wooden spatula until all the berries are broken. Let stand till the fruit begins to rise to the top, usually three days, then draw off the clear liquor into another vessel, and to every ten quarts add one pound of sugar; stir it well, and let it stand to work ten days in a vessel like the first; then draw it off through a jelly-bag into a large pan. Take four ounces of isinglass and let it steep twelve hours in a pint of white wine, then boil over a slow fire till dissolved. Take a gallon of the blackberry juice, put the isinglass to it, boil together for two or three minutes, then add to the rest. Let it stand five days to purge and settle, then bottle off and keep in a cool place.

**Pickled Plums.**—To every fourteen pounds of plums, allow eight pounds of sugar, four ounces of cinnamon in the stick, four ounces of cloves, two quarts of vinegar, and a half-ounce of mace. Have a pan, and put in a layer of plums, then a layer of spices, and so on till all is used. Stir the sugar into the vinegar, make it very hot, and pour over the plums; cover, and let it stand by the fire six hours. Then put into a preserving-kettle, and bring to boiling-point all together. Put into glass jars, and seal.

**Boiled Bread-Pudding.**—One pint of stale breadcrumb, half-pint of suet cut fine, four eggs beaten light and added to the breadcrumb, one cupful of brown sugar, a double handful of stoned raisins, a grated nutmeg, peel of a lemon, wineglassful of wine, quarter-pound of citron. Mix all together and boil for an hour. Put a plate in the bottom of the pot, to keep it from

burning. Almonds are an improvement, if blanched, cut up, and added.

**Blackberry Vinegar.**—Choose the finest and ripest fruit gathered on a bright day, put one pound into a basin, bruise well, and pour on one quart of the best vinegar; let stand a couple of days, then strain the liquor on to one pound of fresh whole fruit; let this stand three days, then pass through a jelly-bag, and boil for five minutes, allowing one and a quarter pounds of loaf-sugar to each pint of juice; when cold, store in clean dry bottles.

**Snow-Balls.**—Beat the whites of ten eggs till very dry, then add very gradually one pound of pulverized sugar; when the sugar is thoroughly incorporated, add two or three drops of essence of lemon. Have ready some white paper, and, with a spoon, drop the mixture in balls. Set them in a very moderate oven, and, as soon as they are tinged with brown, take them out.

## FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

**FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE CASHMERE AND BLUE-AND-GREEN WOOLEN PLAID.** The under-dress is of the plaid, while the blue cashmere fastens on the left shoulder and passes under the right arm; it opens over the plaid skirt on the left side, and is ornamented with black passementerie. Hat of black straw, trimmed with plaid green ribbon and dark-blue feathers.

**FIG. II.—TEA-GOWN, OF GRAY NUN'S-VEILING.** A broad band of the gray, edged with a band of dark-blue velvet, is put on the foundation-skirt. The upper skirt is also edged with a band of blue velvet and caught up on the left hip by a pointed strap of the same. The drapery of the bodice is fastened under a pointed belt of velvet. The collar, sleeves, and lining of the wide upper sleeves are also of velvet.

**FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR.** The skirt has a narrow row of gold braid just above the wide hem, and is slightly draped toward the back. The jacket opens in front over a full yellow silk vest, has postillion-tabs at the back, a rolling collar, and small pockets. Large full sleeves. Hat of black felt, trimmed with ribbon bows and yellow wing.

**FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GAY PLAID WOOLEN.** The skirt is plain in front, except for the slight drapery near the top, and is full and straight at the back. The bodice is also draped across the bust. Full sleeves. Toque made of the material of the dress.

**FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY HENRIETTA-CLOTH.** The skirt has panels of black silk and braiding. The full bodice is caught under a silk waistband, and has a frill standing up around the braided yoke. Full sleeves, with

deep braided cuffs. Black felt hat, trimmed with ribbon and a gray feather.

**FIG. VI.—NEW-STYLE BODICE, OF GREEN CASHMERE AND GREEN VELVET.** The vest and sleeves are of the dark-green velvet, and the cashmere is laid in folds from the shoulders to the waist, where it is confined by a large silver buckle. The cashmere skirt opens in front over a panel of velvet, and is, slightly draped at the side.

**FIG. VII.—NEW-STYLE HOUSE OR VISITING BODICE.** It is of figured foulard, is laid in two folds on each side of the plastron, and gathered in a point at the waist. Pointed waistband, of plain silk. The sleeves are wide and full at the top, open on the back of the arm, and the sides are caught together by bows of ribbon.

**FIG. VIII.—BONNET, OF BRONZE VELVET,** covered with bead-work and encircled with a brim composed of a narrow band of feathers. Tuft of bronze ostrich-tips in front.

**FIG. IX.—SLIPPER,** with beaded embroidery on the toe. Bow and buckle above the embroidery.

**FIG. X.—JACKET, OF STRIPED CLOTH.** It is double-breasted, fits neatly at the back, and has a black velvet collar made to wear rather open at the neck, or closed if wished.

**FIG. XI.—TOQUE, OF BLACK VELVET,** with jetted lace, chrysanthemums, and yellow satin ribbon as trimmings.

**FIG. XII.—TOQUE,** with a soft elongated crown in puckered dark-red velvet, surrounded with a diadem composed of a loose velvet torsade, carelessly knotted in the centre and set off with jet stars in keeping with the jet coronet.

**FIG. XIII.—BODICE, OF WHITE CLOTH AND GOLDEN-BROWN VELVET.** The outer part of the bodice is of the white cloth, gathered into a knot of the velvet, and slopes off to the back over the brown velvet bodice. The plain velvet sleeves are worn under straight cloth ones, made very full on the shoulder and opening in the front of the arm.

**FIG. XIV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAID WOOLEN.** The skirt is quite plain in front, and laid in large plaits at the back. The bodice is plain on the shoulders back and front, but is gathered at the waist under a ribbon sash. The deep collar and ruffle are of silk, of a suitable color for the dress. Straw hat, trimmed with surah.

**FIG. XV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-RED SATEEN,** figured in black. The skirt is plain. The full bodice has a very broad wrinkled belt of the material, which fastens in front with a buckle. The fichu, of the material, is trimmed with a plaited ruffle of the same. Full loose sleeves, put into deep cuffs.

**FIG. XVI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY-AND-BROWN WOOLEN PLAID.** The skirt is slightly draped on the hips. The jacket-bodice is double-breasted, has wide revers, fastens with good-sized

horn buttons, and opens over a simulated vest of brown silk or velvet. The cuffs are of the velvet. Figured linen collar and habit shirt. Gray felt hat and feather.

FIG. XVII.—TRAVELING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE, worn over a cream-colored petticoat, which is finished by three rows of narrow braid or machine-stitching. The skirt is shawl-shaped, long in front, and falls straight at the back, with a jabot of the serge on one side. The jacket is rather loose in front, opens over a cream-colored vest, and the strap at the back fastens with a large pearl button. Black straw toque.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It seems as if dress were gradually becoming Elizabethan in character—above the waist, at least—for the huge hoop is certainly abolished for the present. High collars, high sleeves, and long narrow waists, it is predicted, will be worn during the coming winter; though, as the warm weather continues, the comfortable full round bodices are most popular as yet, especially with young people. Even these full waists are often drawn under a pointed waistband, and are made on a long-waisted tight lining.

*Sleeves* are very fussy, all high on the shoulders, and some are finished by a plaited epaulette almost like a little cape.

*Gigot or leg-of-mutton sleeves* are mostly worn with silk and heavy materials. They are also made of light materials, though the bishop sleeve is generally preferred for these, being fuller both on shoulder and wrist. It is the gigot sleeve alone, however, that is made of a different material or color from the dress, and silk is generally chosen for sleeves for woollen and cotton materials, unless the bishop sleeve is worn, when it is of the same material as the dress.

*Skirts* are most simple at present, most ornamentation and fancy being reserved for the bodices and sleeves. The skirts are made quite close-fitting to the figure; many are shaped to it by seams in front and on the hips, but little fullness being seen except at the back. Over these close-fitting skirts, paniers are sometimes placed, but they only serve to decrease the size of the waist.

Many skirts are trimmed around the bottom with rows of ribbon or braid, bands of embroidery, or bias bands of silk or velvet.

*Black dresses* of all descriptions continue to be popular; black net is worn by "all sorts and conditions" of women, and a plain black silk is almost essential to a lady's wardrobe. Those who tire of the sameness of a plain black silk dress can vary it by having a gown strewn with rosebuds, carnations, iris, small bunches of lilac, or single violets scattered over it, corn-flowers, crocuses, or buttercups. These figured silks, however, are more frequently worn in combination with plain silks.

*Alpacas and Henrietta-cloths* are always popular; they wear well, shed the dust, and are usually trimmed with rows of ribbon around the bottom of the skirt.

*Coat jackets or basques* are again coming in favor; these coats are long like tight-fitting waists, with the plain skirt set on below the waist, slope away from the throat to show the vest, have large square pockets, large square cuffs on the sleeves, and are trimmed with large buttons. They may be made of plain material, or, if to be worn on more dressy occasions, may be of rich brocade.

*Capes and Carricks* still remain in favor; they are too convenient and comfortable to be easily dispensed with.

*Cloth jackets* are sometimes richly embroidered and are of medium length.

*Bows*, when worn, are crushed in the Louis XV style, and are sometimes of velvet lined with satin; they are worn on sleeves, bodices, and on the skirts of dresses.

*Bonnets* show no change so early in the season; large hats, small toques, sailor-hats, are all fashionable. The small bonnet is only a toque with strings on it. Narrow velvet strings are popular.

*Feather boas and small feather collars* are worn on cool days. The boas are of ostrich-feathers; the collars, which fit closely about the neck, are of cock's-feathers.

*Black lace scarfs* are also much favored.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S WRAP, OF GRAY FLANNEL, plaited into a yoke of dark-blue velvet and tied about the waist with a ribbon sash. The cape, which reaches from the shoulders only, is plaited into the yoke. Plain sleeves. Wide-brimmed gray felt hat, trimmed with plaid ribbon.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT. The frock is of large gray plaid. The coat is also of plaid, of smaller size and more quiet colors. It is double-breasted and sacque-shape, back and front. Jockey-cap of cloth.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S FROCK, OF A RICH DARK PLAID WOOLEN. The bodice is gathered into a velvet yoke, and a pointed band of velvet is worn at the waist. Velvet cuffs on the loose sleeves. Coarse straw hat, trimmed with flowers.

FIG. IV.—CAP FOR A SMALL BOY. If for a young child, to be made of white silk or cashmere, with two quills as ornaments; if for an older child, a darker color should be employed.

*Red serge and black velvet* make a warm frock for a girl of eight. Rows of velvet trim the skirt. The bodice is made separately, with a square velvet yoke, full sleeves, and there are runnings of velvet of the waist, and below the yoke.

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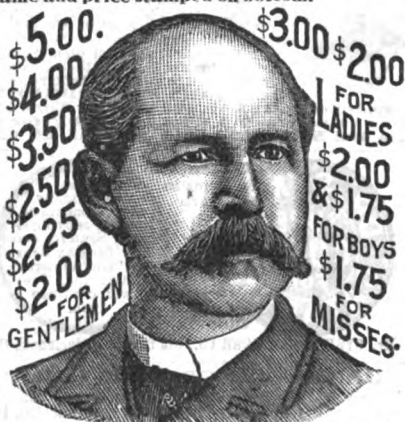
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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1880.

An American Poetess. By T. W. Bunning (Illustrated), . . . . .	315	Cobwebs—A Poem. By Emma S. Thomas, . . . . .	346
One October Morning. By Katharine Allen (Illustrated), . . . . .	316	Three Warnings. By Lucy H. Hooper, . . . . .	347
Graves of the Flowers—A Poem. By Charles Kiely Shetterly, . . . . .	321	An Unforeseen Crisis. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	353
My Unwelcome Companion. By Charles H. Sugin, . . . . .	322	In the Bush-Tree. By Adelaide Clark, . . . . .	362
Santa Barbara—A Poem. By Doctor Mary, . . . . .	325	The Wildwoods—A Poem. By Letitia Virginia Douglas, . . . . .	364
Before the Battle—A Poem. By Minna Irving, . . . . .	325	After—A Poem. By Marie M. Pursel, . . . . .	364
In the Earl's Keeping. By Georgia Grant, . . . . .	326	Things Worth Knowing, . . . . .	365
To-Day—A Poem, . . . . .	332	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . . . .	367
Imprisoned Rainbows. By Miss Louisa Jamison, . . . . .	333	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	375
The Watch of Big Heart Lode. By M. G. McClelland, . . . . .	338	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	376
Love—A Poem, . . . . .	343	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	377
Reuben Toast's Tricycle. By Clara Augusta, . . . . .	344	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	377
		Fashions for October (Illustrated), . . . . .	377
		Our Paris Letter. By Lucy H. Hooper, . . . . .	379
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . . .	380



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E. "Name, please?" LADY. "Pearline."

E. "Surname?" LADY. "Has none."

E. "Where born?"

LADY. "Pearline is like 'Topsy,' it never was born."

E. "Madame why do you employ this strange creature?"

LADY. "Pearline is my dearest friend; I keep no servant, for servants make unreasonable demands and often fail to give satisfaction. Pearline demands nothing but a few square inches of

shelf room, and gives better satisfaction than any soap or washing-powder I ever used. Pearline washes my floors and wood-work, washes the clothes to perfection, without injury to the daintiest fabric or the gayest print. In fact I use Pearline for all purposes

where soap is needed. No microbes where Pyle's Pearline and hot water penetrate. After ten years, if you call again, you will find Pearline still here, *if you find me*: for unlike other 'help' Pearline never 'gives notice' nor has that 'tired feeling,' but is a constant and faithful 'help' to all housekeepers who use it." Beware of imitations and peddlers.

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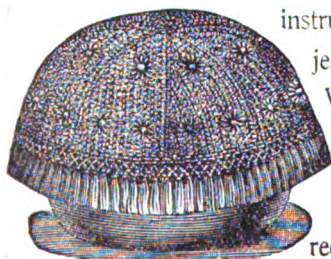
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## SAILING AWAY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

WINGED by the ev'ning breezes,  
Out on a summer sea,  
A white, white sail is sailing,  
Swiftly away from me.

I see my lover standing,  
The light of earth he seems,  
Looking and bending toward me,  
Illumed by landward dreams.

The trackless, restless ocean  
Rolls wide between us now!  
The sails are fading, fading.  
Night's shadows touch my brow.

Oh! winds, blow soft and whisper  
In tenderest tones to him:  
"Nor time, nor tide, nor distance,  
Our love shall ever dim."







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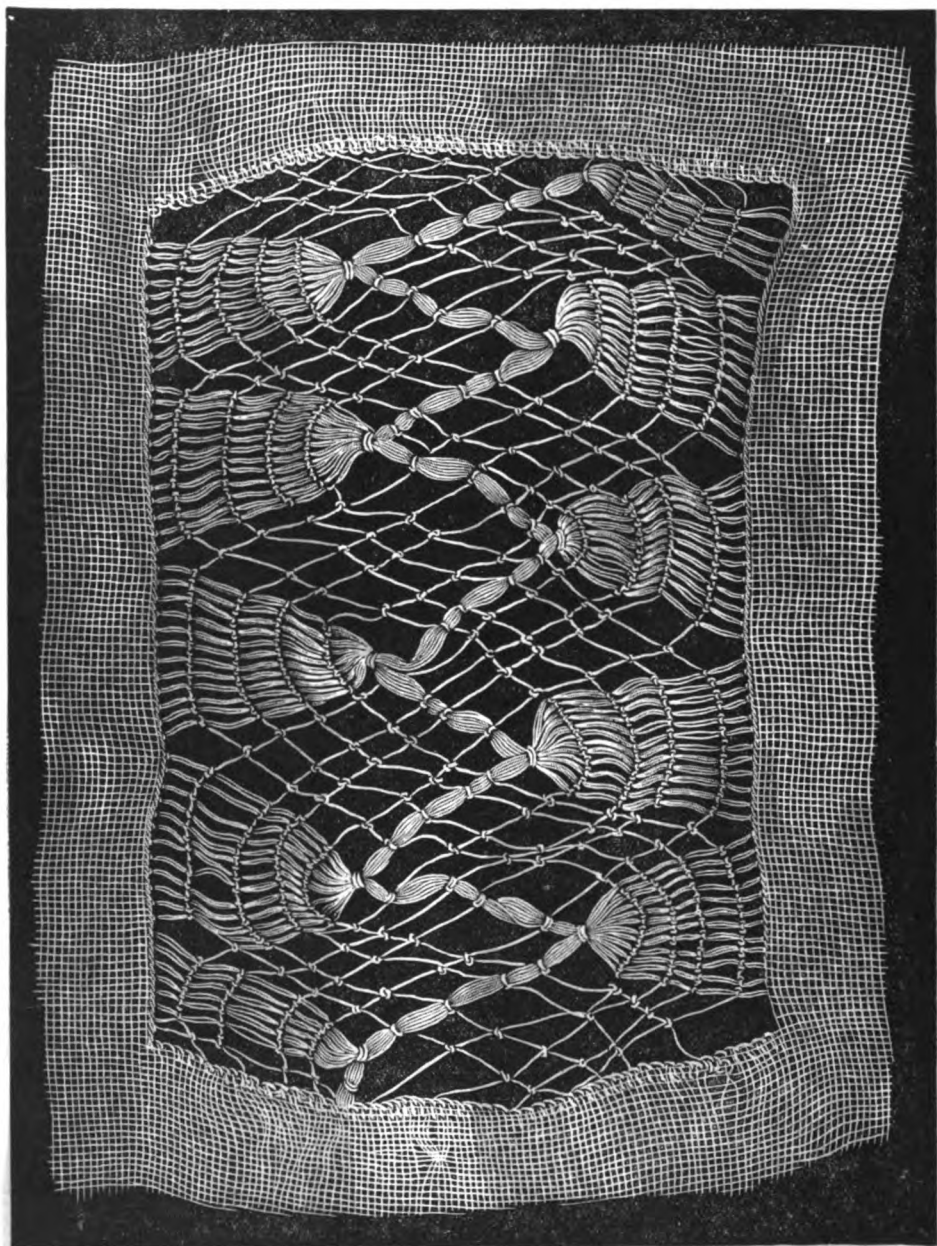




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8va.....

8va.....

8va.....

*p*

8va.....

8va.....

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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVIII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 4.

## AN AMERICAN POETESS.

BY T. W. P. BUNNING.

IN a rose-embowered cottage on the banks of the Hudson at Tarrytown, on the morning of May 17th, 1865, was born one of the sweetest of young poets—Minna Irving. Reared in strict seclusion, the growth of her mind far outstripped her body, and, at the early age of seven or eight years, she used to leave her dolls and playthings, to jot down her thoughts on paper. At ten and twelve, when other girls were still reading fairy-lore, she was constantly poring over ponderous volumes, such as Macaulay, Gibbon, Bacon, Ben Jonson, the erudite works of Thomas à Becket, Shakespeare, and the early English dramatists.

At thirteen, she summoned courage to send one of her best attempts to the late Bayard Taylor, then associated with the New York "Tribune." His reply encouraged her greatly, and, when she was barely fifteen, she made her début into the world of magazines with a thoughtful lyric on Taylor's death, in "Peterson," and also a short poem on Shakespeare, in "Scribner," then about to be merged in the "Century." From that time forward, she had no difficulty in finding a market for all she wrote. The "Flower of Flame," the "Battle of Loudoun," and poems of kindred merit followed each other rapidly in this magazine, the "Century," and other periodicals, and established her claim to recognition as a poet of the higher order. From childhood, Miss Irving's beloved mother was the confidante of her poetical efforts, and she owed much to that mother's gentle criticism. Up to her eighteenth year, she saw nothing of the world, having been educated privately with the greatest care.

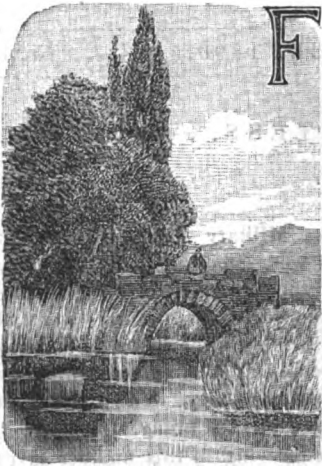
It was during the past winter that she met and married Hasbrouck Delamater, of the

United States Military Academy at West Point. This was something of a runaway match; and they met on Friday, became engaged on the thirteenth, and were married on Friday. Feeling somewhat superstitious about this peculiar combination of unlucky days and number, they went through a second ceremony on Saturday, July 5th.

The steel-engraving in this number gives the portraits of the fair authoress and her soldier-husband. In person, the poetess is slender and graceful, with short blonde curls and violet eyes full of poetic fire and feeling. In manner, she is gracious and kind, with winning ways that endear her to all who meet her. Over a hundred of her best-known poems have been recently published in book-form by the Robert Belford Company, under the title of "Songs of a Haunted Heart," and she has just completed a strong novel—"A Princely Lover"—dealing with delicate problems with a fearless hand. She is a hard worker, being found daily at her desk from eight o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon. The room in which her poems are written is said to be haunted; and, on the very spot by the high mantel where she sits on winter evenings and dreams out her fancies before the fire, two ghosts are said to appear and cross swords: for the house in which she lives is very old, with small windows draped in luxuriant ivy, and old-fashioned doors with latches. About her, as she sits at her work, are scattered many little tokens from appreciative readers, with a choice collection of odd bric-a-brac, round which she has woven the many-colored web of a poet's fancies, while the pictured faces of friends smile down at her from the gilded walls.

## ONE OCTOBER MORNING.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.



**F**LOWERS stood on the window-sills; all sorts of pretty knick-knacks and feminine appointments brightened up young Mrs. Clifton's morning-room, while over everything

the soft autumn sunshine fell with enhancing touch.

The golden rays lingered longest in the chestnut braids which crowned the bride's shapely head, but they found no reflection in the face beneath; its beauty was clouded by a look of sorrowful perplexity. Elizabeth Clifton had been married just a month, and the first shadow had come over her happiness.

"I suppose it was some tiresome business that upset Henry so," she sighed, "for it was just after he had read his letters—it must have been the one he thrust into his pocket, that had the bad news. But how completely his manner to me changed! I don't understand it. When I asked him if anything was the matter, he actually mumbled something I couldn't make out, and then the clock struck and we heard the whistle of the train—that provoking train! it always comes at the wrong time. But the worst of all was his not kissing me good-bye! To be sure, he had done so once when he first got up from the breakfast-table, thinking he wouldn't wait for the mail, and I know he was in a hurry when that whistle sounded, for it just gives him time to reach the station; but it wouldn't have taken a minute to say good-bye again, and instead he rushed off without a word!"

By this time, the young wife, in spite of herself, was crying quietly. But she was a brave girl, and did not give way any more than she could help. After a little, she decided to go out and take a walk. She would probably have time before her mother-in-law had risen, and the fresh air might do her good. No, she would not sit and mope any longer; so, jumping up suddenly, Elizabeth carefully removed all traces of weeping and put on her garden-hat. She was about to step toward the door when a knock sounded thereat.

Looking hastily in the mirror to see whether any tear-stains were visible on her face, she opened the door as little as possible, that she might not be seen. Her mother-in-law's maid stood in the hall.

"Mrs. Clifton is ready to see you, ma'am, whenever you wish to come," the girl said, respectfully.

"Very well, Jane; I will be there in a few moments." And, giving another peep into the glass to be sure that her eyes were not red, Elizabeth went to make her regular morning visit to the invalid.

The young couple had spent the first part of their honeymoon in a pleasant trip to Niagara, returning thence to pay a visit to the elder Mrs. Clifton in her pretty country-home in one of the picturesque valleys of Pennsylvania.

The bride had never seen her husband's mother, and had rather dreaded the ordeal of making her acquaintance. She found her very charming, but was haunted by a secret fear that her admiration was not returned; she fancied that she was undergoing a critical scrutiny from the fond parent whose only child she had married. This morning, Elizabeth particularly shrank from the interview, for she feared that her face was a tell-tale one. However, the visit must be gone through with; so, summoning all her courage, she boldly knocked at the door of her mother-in-law's sitting-room and was at once admitted.

"Good-morning, my dear," said the elder

Mrs. Clifton, in a low sweet voice, and the young lady knelt to receive her usual kiss.

The invalid pressed her pale thin lips against Elizabeth's soft rosy ones, and then, laying her hand gently on her daughter-in-law's shoulder, looked mildly but searchingly into the upturned face.

"How do you feel this morning, mother?" asked Elizabeth, gently.

"Very well, thank you, for me. But how are you, my child? Didn't you sleep well last night? Your eyes look dull and heavy."

"I have a slight headache," answered the young wife, hoping thus to account for her clouded face. "How did you think Henry seemed when he stopped in to say good-morning and good-bye to you before he came in to breakfast?" she continued, trying to speak carelessly.

"He looked very well—splendid," was the reply. "Didn't you think so too?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Elizabeth, hastily.

"It is too bad for you, that he had to rush off to attend to

that bothersome business of mine, leaving you alone, with nobody but a stupid old woman to keep you company; but never mind: it won't take him more than a day or two, and the matter was very important—it involved considerable money. Besides," with a little laugh, "the honey-moon ended yesterday; you must come down out of Paradise."

"Don't trouble about that—I am not in the least lonely," answered Elizabeth; "and, as you say, the honey-moon is over."

But her heart sank within her at the ominous words. Was this what Henry's manner that morning meant?

"My dear," said the elder lady, closing the book which had been lying open on her lap and putting it on a wicker chair that stood close by, "I was only joking.



I hope and pray that Henry's and your honey-moon will never be over. As long as you love each other, you have a glimpse of Paradise."

There was silence for a few moments. Elizabeth seated herself in a rocking-chair, took off her hat, which she had forgotten in her preoccupation, and began talking about indifferent matters.

At last, in obedience to her mother-in-law's suggestion and thankful to be released, young Mrs. Clifton started out for a walk. It would be better than staying in the house, trying to sew or read, and there was a shady

wood near by, where she could be undisturbed. It opened on the high-road, but a fence kept out all intruders. As Elizabeth neared her destination, she noticed that a tall tree outside the wood was bent and nearly uprooted, while the branches were almost denuded of the leaves which only two days before had glowed in all the red and gold glory of autumn. Then she remembered that it had stormed the previous day—one of those violent storms which sometimes come early and rob the forests of their foliage. With a shiver, Elizabeth wondered if a chill had come over everything—was the winter indeed come?

Left alone in her quiet room, the elder Mrs. Clifton leaned back in her arm-chair, looking grave.

"Poor child! I wonder if they have had their first quarrel? Well, I suppose it must come sometime. They will be all right by evening. I am sorry Henry was obliged to be gone all day; I wish I could help them," and she ended her soliloquy with a sorrowful shake of the head.

In the meanwhile, Elizabeth did not get a chance to enter the wood; for, as she stopped by the bent tree, she glanced up the road and saw in the distance a party of ladies and gentlemen whom she fancied she recognized. They evidently knew her, for they waved their handkerchiefs, shouting and gesticulating frantically. As they came nearer, she saw that they were the young people belonging to several families in the neighborhood, all of whom had called on her and at whose houses she had visited.

Elizabeth stood her ground.

"There is no use in retreating into the wood," she told herself; "they would only follow and hunt me up. I must submit."

She did so very unwillingly, however, for she did not feel in the least like seeing strangers; she consoled herself by thinking that they probably had some object in view and would soon go on their way. She was disappointed in this, for no sooner had greetings been exchanged than the foremost of the party—Miss Earle, a young lady to whom Elizabeth had taken quite a fancy and who was a favorite of Mrs. Clifton's—cried out:

"How lucky! We were just coming to the house after you. We had planned a picnic for to-day, but yesterday's storm has made the woods too damp, so we have

decided to take a straw-ride instead. You must come—it is great fun—and your husband too; isn't he at home?"

"Mr. Clifton was called away to-day on business," answered Elizabeth, "and I'm afraid I can't leave mother for any length of time."

But the party would not accept this excuse. Mrs. Clifton the elder was used to being alone—they knew that; and she—young Mrs. Clifton—must be lonely, with her husband away.

Protestations were useless; so, finally, seeing there was no way of escape, Elizabeth yielded gracefully, only stipulating that she must tell her mother-in-law where she was going. Two or three of the party wanted to go in her stead, but this she positively refused to allow. There was a farm a short distance up the road, where their conveyance awaited them, and Mrs. Clifton agreed to meet them there. Some of the people would have insisted on accompanying her; but, being possessed of quick intuition and divining that the young bride was in no mood for company, Miss Earle dragged the whole party toward the meeting-place, leaving Elizabeth to hurry home alone.

"If they have had a tiff, she had better forget her misery in company, after she has had time to recover herself," was Miss Earle's wise reflection.

Young Mrs. Clifton informed her mother-in-law of the invitation, which she was of course urged to accept, said good-bye, and went to her own room to make some changes in her toilet. She lingered over the process as long as possible, putting off the moment of joining the merry-makers until she felt she must go. Then she started out at a very laggard pace.

Hardly had Elizabeth entered her room, when her husband knocked at his mother's door.

"Why, Henry! you have got back very early," cried the invalid, in surprise, when her son appeared in answer to her. "Come in."

"Yes; Ormsby was away—I couldn't do anything. I shall have to go to-morrow," Mr. Clifton answered, as he stooped to kiss the face upturned to his. "If I hadn't known you expected me home this evening, I would have remained all night."

This total ignoring of his wife startled



Mrs. Clifton, and one look into her son's stern face strengthened her fears.

"Poor babies! they must not really quarrel," she thought, and then she spoke.

"Henry, my dear boy," she said, gently, "if you and Elizabeth have had a disagreement, find her at once and make it up. Don't let it go on, I beseech you."

"Mother, it is much worse than a disagreement. Has she said anything to you?" was the reply.

"Nothing, my son, and I do not wish to know; it is entirely between you two. I only beg you to do as I say."

There was silence for a moment or two, and then Henry asked gloomily:

"Where is Elizabeth?"

Mrs. Clifton explained her daughter-in-law's whereabouts, adding:

"If you go at once, Henry, you may be able to overtake her before she reaches the rest of the party." And she accompanied the words with a beseeching look.

An instant's hesitation, and, with an abrupt good-bye, the young man left the room, while his mother leaned back with an air of relief.

"It will surely all come right now," she told herself.





Young Mrs. Clifton was just leaving the wood to set out on the high-road toward the farm, when she heard her name called in a voice that she recognized at once as her husband's, though the tone was new to her ears. She waited until he came

and held it in his hand when addressing his wife; but a sudden cold gust of wind made him put it on again. After she had finished speaking, he said gravely:

"Elizabeth, I have something to say to you; will you give up this pleasure-party,



up to where she stood. Then, in a very ceremonious manner, he accounted for his unexpected appearance. In a tone equally cold, Elizabeth informed him where she was going, pointing toward the farm-house as she spoke.

Young Mr. Clifton had removed his hat,

if I make your excuses to them, and listen to me for a few minutes?"

The idea of giving up the pleasure-party struck young Mrs. Clifton with a sense of bitter absurdity. For a moment, a spirit of defiance possessed her, and the answer "No" trembled on her lips. In that short space of

time, her life's happiness perhaps hung in the balance.

"I will wait here," Elizabeth said at last, and, lifting his hat very ceremoniously, her husband, with a formal "Thank you," walked rapidly up the road.

The minutes seemed like hours until he returned. Elizabeth stood motionless just where he had left her. He came quite close and looked keenly into her face.

"I have a letter here I would like you to read," he said, in horribly judicial tones; "but first let me explain how it came into my possession. If you will look at the address, you will notice that the word 'Mrs.' is written very much like 'Mr.'—the 's' is hardly noticeable. Jane gave it to me this morning, with my mail. I hastily broke it open without even glancing at the outside, not being a woman, and—perhaps you can explain the rest."

Elizabeth received the extended envelope mechanically, looked at the direction, and then took out the inclosure—two sheets of closely-written note-paper—looked at that and then up at her husband.

"I have not read it all," he said, in a very quiet tone.

"Perhaps, if you had, you would have seen it was not for me," his wife answered, just as quietly.

Elizabeth felt only a terrible anger—all other feelings seemed in abeyance. She looked at the letter again, while her husband watched her in dull amazement. What did this mean? Was it guilt or innocence?

Suddenly it flashed over her what her husband must have felt when he saw the words of endearment on the page—"My own darling"—must have stared at him the instant he unfolded the sheet.

"Henry," she began, lifting her clear eyes to his, "if you had shown me this before you went away—"

"I had not time," he hastily interrupted.

But she went on, without heeding him: "It would have saved us both a very unhappy morning. I have been foolish—I knew that, and so I did not dare to tell you. Henry, that letter was intended for Cousin Kate Ashton. See—the signature is 'Edward St. Clair.' Don't you remember he was in love with her, but the family forbade an engagement—would not even permit a correspondence? In a moment of weakness, I said he might address his letters to me, and then I would re-enclose them to Kate. I have been sufficiently punished for my folly."

"Elizabeth, forgive me!" was all her husband could say, and for answer she smiled up at him through her tears.

Presently Henry told her how near he came to not showing her the letter.

"It was my dear mother who induced me to do it," he said, tenderly, and Elizabeth whispered: "Let us go thank her—she need not know how foolish I have been."

"Dear, we will lock the secret of our folly in our own bosoms," Henry answered; "and perhaps we have learned a lesson we shall never forget, this ONE OCTOBER MORNING."

## GRAVES OF THE FLOWERS.

BY CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.

THE woods are full of tiny graves,  
The sweet graves of the flowers  
That sprang in every sheltered nook  
Amid the spring-time hours.  
The buttercup lies on the slope,  
Where first the sunlight fell;  
The violet sleeps beside the rill,  
The daisy in the dell.

Upon no stone is carved the name  
Of April's children fair;  
They perished when the sky was bright,  
And balmy was the air.

To the soft kisses of the breeze  
They held, half trembling, up  
Full many a small transparent urn  
And honey-laden cup.

And when the roses blossomed out  
In summer's gentle hours,  
No little mound was made to tell  
Where slept the lovely flowers.  
Those early flowers! They seem to me  
Like little children sweet,  
Who smile a moment on our path,  
Then perish at our feet.

## MY UNWELCOME COMPANION.

BY CHARLES H. SUGIN.

I HAD just finished a hearty supper and had ordered my horses to be brought to the door, when the landlord of the country inn entered the room, rubbing his hands in an awkward manner, as if he did not know just what to say. In fact, he was so slow about speaking that I removed my pipe from my mouth long enough to exclaim:

"Well?"

Still continuing his rubbing, a thing which always exasperated me, he replied to my exclamation by saying:

"It is an odd request I have to make, sir, considering the state of the roads; but there is a lady here to-night, who is desperately anxious to get to Brenton by morning."

"Then why don't she go?"

"That's the point, sir; she can't. All my horses are storm-stayed somewhere in the country, and you can't hire a team hereabouts, as you may know."

As there was no house within three miles, the landlord's proposition seemed incontrovertible.

"How did the lady get here?" I asked.

"She came just before you did, sir, with one horse; and the young fellow that drove don't appear to have much sense. Leastwise, he's 'most killed the horse, and it would finish it for certain to send it out again on these roads."

I am not naturally disobliging; but to be asked to take a passenger in your sleigh, when the snow is deep and likely to be drifted and you are in considerable of a hurry, is not the most agreeable request in the world; especially when the passenger is a lady, and therefore more apt to be a hindrance than an aid in case of any difficulty rising on the way. Moreover, since Kate Macdonald and I had quarreled over the attentions paid her by her rich and handsome cousin, which she either could not or would not explain, I had never felt in the mood for ladies' society; and that was—could it be possible?—two years ago.

Where was Katie now? I often wondered. Perhaps at her home in Kentucky; possibly

married to the handsome cousin. A good many things may happen in two years. True, very little had happened to me; but then, not much is to be expected when one is on a railway survey outside the limits of civilization. The winter drive I was now taking was not on regular business, but was undertaken as a special favor for the head contractor, who said that certain papers just received from England must reach his brother, a confirmed invalid living in the little town of Brenton, by a certain day. Brenton was a long distance from any railway; for, in the days of which I write, they had not penetrated everywhere. Hence, I had to travel by team; and so bad had the roads proved, that I was very near being behind time. As it was, if everything went well, I would get through in good season. My plan was to drive through, if possible; but, if the roads should prove impassable, I resolved to leave the horses at some farmhouse and walk in on snow-shoes. Under these circumstances, to be asked to take a lady passenger was certainly the last request I could have desired.

"She really seems in great trouble, sir, because she can't get on," said the landlord, as I paused before replying to his previous remark.

"Well, tell her to get ready," I said.

"I suppose I will have to say 'yes.'"

"By the way, sir," said the landlord, "if you have not been over the road before, you want, when you get past the burnt land, ten miles from here, to keep a sharp lookout to the right for a road that turns off there. Take that. The straight road leads to Brenton, but nobody lives on it. Oh, yes, it is traveled some," he added, in response to my question, "but in case you have to leave the team, you know."

"All right; I'll look out. But tell the lady to hurry, for the horses are coming."

The landlord vanished, and I prepared for the drive. When I had donned my overcoats, turned up the collar of the outer one, pulled down my fur cap, and taken two

turns around my neck with a huge comforter, I caught a glimpse of myself in the glass, and laughed at the thought that my intending passenger would not be able to tell whether she had a young man or an old one for a companion—scarcely, indeed, whether I was black or white.

Going out to the sleigh, I arranged the robes to my liking, and was just beginning to get impatient to be off, when an animated bundle of clothes, with a suggestion of femininity about it, emerged from the inn-door, the landlord following.

"Here's your passenger, sir," he cried, adding: "By gracious, but it's a cold night!"

A muffled voice from out of the bundle of clothes said something that I did not quite catch; but I made no reply to either. The lady took her place in the sleigh, I sprang in beside her, the landlord and the hostler tucked in the robes, bade us good-night, and we were off under the shining stars, with much tinkling of bells, the sleigh-runners singing over the frosty snow. It was twenty-four miles to Brenton, and the loneliest road in the State.

I did not feel sufficiently reconciled to having a companion to be much disposed to conversation; but, as the wind came with more than usual fierceness through an opening in the trees, I inquired of the lady if she felt cold. She hesitated for almost a minute before replying, when she assured me by a curt monosyllable that she was not. Sociable—very! thought I; and made no further effort to talk. The going was heavy, but not especially so, for the way lay through the forest and was not drifted. Four miles brought us to the burnt land, a long wind-swept space, where there were just enough fallen trees along the roadway to catch the driven snow. It soon appeared that the road here was a succession of drifts, not deep but solid, and that, if any teams had been over it during the day, their tracks had long since been filled in. Indeed, I could see in the bright starlight that fine snow, almost like ice-dust, was moving swiftly over the great white surface spread out before us. The horses could no longer trot, but settled down to a walk, the wind whistling through the harness and blowing their manes and tails till they projected almost horizontally. How cold it was! In the northwest, the bright disc

of Venus shone with wonderful splendor, and the pitiless wind seemed to come straight from the star. There seemed to be a merciless glare in the splendid planet, and I longed for a cloud to cover it from sight. I shivered under all my clothing, and began to feel uneasy for my companion.

"Are you cold?" I shouted, for the wind rendered it useless to speak in an ordinary tone, muffled as we were, and not facing each other.

She answered that she was, whereupon I told her to get as low down in the sleigh as possible; which she did, and I pulled the robes over her head, she nestling very close to me. Somehow this was not altogether disagreeable, and in my imagination I began to picture what my companion was like. I concluded that she was young and beautiful, without any reason whatever except that it would be vastly more pleasant to be taking care of such a girl than of one who was old and ill-favored.

The wind-swept stretch of road was six miles long, and, when we had gone about a third of the distance, the horses stopped. Looking ahead, I found that the drift had deepened and that they were standing in it up to their bodies. I urged them a little, but soon saw that it was of no use. They only plunged in a manner to endanger themselves and the sleigh. There was but one thing to do—to get out and break a road. Telling my companion to crouch low in the sleigh, I covered her well with the robes, and, going in front of the horses, began to tramp down the snow. The poor animals stood shivering in the wind, and I worked with all my speed; yet it was more than an hour, I judge, before I had a track made for them. When I returned to the sleigh, I was thoroughly heated and as wet from perspiration as if I had been plunged into water. I knew I was running a fearful risk in sitting down in that piercing wind, but there seemed to be no alternative; so, protecting myself as well as possible from the blast, which seemed to grow in strength, I urged the horses along. As they proceeded slowly, my companion threw the covering from her head and said:

"You must have got heated, working as hard as you did; and you will take cold unless you do something at once. If you sit there till the cold strikes you, you will die."

The voice seemed to have a trace of tears in it; but that was doubtless due to the fact that she herself was far from comfortable.

"I do not think there is any danger," I said.

"But I know there is," she answered; then, throwing down the robes, she stood up in the sleigh and added: "Give me the reins. Get down there out of the wind and cover yourself up."

"I will do nothing of the kind," I replied.

"You must," she insisted, "or you will die."

At this moment, a shudder passed over me, and I realized what truth there might be in her words. She divined the reason for my silence and said:

"You know I am right. Oh, why will you not do what I ask?"

"But you—"

"Never mind me. I will be all right; besides, it will only be for a little while."

A second shudder, worse than the first, roused me thoroughly to my danger, and, protesting that it was only for a minute or two that I would avail myself of the shelter of the sleigh-box, I crouched down and allowed her to cover me over. I was soon shaking like one in an ague-fit, growing hot and cold by turns. How terribly slow we seemed to be going! Two or three times, I tried to rise and take the reins, but was unable; and my companion assured me each time that she was not cold and was doing famously—the excitement kept her warm, she said. I did not believe her then, and I know now that what she said was not true—that she suffered terribly; but I did not know until they told me, weeks afterward, at the hotel in Brenton, that she took off her own wraps to make my covering heavier; for I was insensible when they lifted me from the sleigh. I remember when the grinding of the runners on the drifts seemed to cease, and have a confused recollection of the quicker tinkling of the bells as the horses struck a trot, when the woods were reached again; but, of the remainder of the journey, I remember nothing.

When, three weeks later, weak from fever, I employed my first conscious minute in inquiring after my companion, the nurse told me that she had driven the horses into Brenton at a gallop. Not knowing about the two roads, she had naturally enough

followed the straight one, and so for fourteen miles had driven alone through the forest, with me lying unconscious at her feet. The hostler of the only hotel that Brenton boasted was at the door, looking for the mail-stage, when he saw a team coming down the forest-road at a terrific pace, a woman standing in the sleigh and plying the whip with all her strength. She had drawn rein before the door, and, springing out, exclaimed:

"Never mind me! See to him!" and pointed to where I lay. They carried me into the house and put me to bed, while the lady fell before the fire in a faint, caused half by weariness and half by the reaction of her nervous power. Strange to say, she was not really much the worse for her terrible experience; but I had waked up in a fever, and for three weeks had been out of my mind.

"Where is the lady now?" I asked, but added: "Of course, she has gone. I would like to have seen her."

The nurse stepped aside, without replying. I looked up for some explanation, when my eyes rested upon the face of Katie Macdonald.

"Katie!" was all I could say.

"Aleck!" she replied, and took my outstretched hand in hers.

"Katie," I asked, after a moment of happiness too deep for words, "is it possible that you were my companion and saviour?"

She smiled in her old sweet way as she answered: "I do not know about my being the last, but I certainly was the first."

"And I did not know it."

"But I did," she said, with a merry laugh. "And, what is more, I knew you after you first spoke to me."

I looked at her hands. There was no ring upon the small white fingers.

"Katie," I said, "they tell me you saved my life; but you had better have let me lose it, unless you will promise to share it with me."

She did not speak; but the look in her eyes was enough, and I did not press for an answer. After a few moments, she said:

"You must not talk about foolish things, but hurry and get well. The horses are ready, the roads are good, and I want to get you safely on your homeward journey."

Then, for the first time, my business came into my head, and I spoke about it.

"Never mind about that," she said. "It



was very impertinent of me: but I looked at your papers, found out what you had to do, and did it for you."

Seeing my look of astonishment, she added:

"Oh, it was easy enough. You see, we came upon the same business. The gentleman whom you had come to see was my uncle, and he had written me to be sure to be here on the day we arrived, as it was important that I should sign some papers in his presence. They were about property which comes to me when I am twentyone," she explained, "and you had the papers.

As it turned out, it did not really make much difference whether I got there that day or not. My uncle thought it did, but it seems he was wrong; so I need not have compelled you to take an unwelcome companion for a sleigh-drive. And now, to answer your question: If you are satisfied to trust your future happiness to a person who insists on going where she is not wanted, and who looks over people's papers without permission, why, Aleck, you can have me."

What ensued does not concern anyone but ourselves.

## SANTA BARBARA.

BY DOCTOR MARY.

UPON its height, the gray old Mission stands;  
Above, the mountains rise;  
Below, a white surf falls on curving sands,  
And gray rocks etch the skies.

Upon the sea-line, float the triple isles;  
The Channel flows between;  
Against the sky-line, far blue ranges file  
And olive summits lean.

The gray old Mission sits above the town;  
From its adobe towers,  
Its silvery chime-bells, as of old, ring down  
To tell the going hours.

And, as of old, through porch and portal pass  
The friars, bent and shorn;  
Their quavering voices, joined in early Mass,  
Float down the slopes at morn.

A hundred years, these hoary towers have seen  
The warm tides rise and fall;  
And, from the pepper-groves of ferny green,  
Have heard the mock-birds call.

A hundred years, the praying monks have watched,  
From alcoves cool and deep,  
On orange-orchards, gold and silver thatched,  
The seasons droop and sleep.

And they have seen upon the Channel-waves  
The boats of many lands—  
Black lateens furled, canoes of Indian braves,  
Low barks of Mexic bands,

And, brightening with their sails the fragrant air  
Of this sweet Southern zone,  
The tall ships of their conquerors anchored there,  
With starry flags outblown.

Still, as of old, through porch and portal pass  
The friars, bent and shorn;  
Still, as of old, their voices join at Mass  
And haunt the early morn.

For, come what may, what forces strong and strange  
Flow here from every clime,  
The gray walls of the cloister know no change  
Save the slow lapse of time.

## BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY MINNA IRVING.

THROUGH twilight's veil, the foemen's tents  
Gleam white upon the plain;  
And there, before the moon comes up,  
The blood shall fall like rain.  
Already, on the evening wind,  
The call "To arms!" I hear.  
Lean closer to my bosom, love,  
For parting-time is near.

If I be hurt, by thy fair hands  
My wounds must all be dressed.  
But, if I fall, oh! never take  
Another to thy breast!  
Again the silver bugle wakes  
The echoes down the dell—  
I go—to glory or to death!  
One kiss, sweet love—farewell!



## IN THE EARL'S KEEPING.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 264.

### CHAPTER X.

#### HUSBAND AND WIFE.



THE next day, Bertie went up to London, where he remained a week. He had not signified his intention to anyone, but had merely left orders with the servants to send his mail to his town address. At the end of the sixth day of his sojourn, he received a letter from Mabel.

"Where have you been, and what has become of you?" she wrote. "Mamma has been very ill indeed—we are much alarmed about her. Dr. Mayhew is staying with us, and to-morrow the great specialist, Dr. William Spencer, is expected. Papa is hopeless and almost distracted; I try to bear up for his sake. I wish you would come over to see me; Henry is trying to get leave to run down."

After a day of doubt and indecision, Bertie packed his portmanteau and returned home. He would go and comfort Mabel; she needed it, poor child! The morning following his return, he rode over to the manor. Mabel, looking pale and anxious, received him. She seemed quite consoled by his appearance, and fairly clung to him.

"Papa is with mamma—he hardly leaves her; he is looking wretched. I do feel so alone! Of course, everybody is very kind, constantly sending to inquire; but there is no one I really care to have here, except Henry. Can't you stay all the time for awhile? I know papa will be glad to have you."

But this Bertie positively refused to do.

"I have business which requires me at home," he said; adding, however: "I will come over to stay with you as often as I can, my dear Mabel."

"I wish you could see mamma," she sighed; "but no one is allowed to do that."

Bertie was not at all sorry to escape the interview. He was fond of Lady Ashurst; but, in the first place, he had a man's usual dread of painful scenes, and then recent events had so filled his mind with miserable doubts that he shrank from meeting either the earl or his wife. Besides, he knew her ladyship's strength of will, and he was afraid she might ask him to marry Mabel; and though, in his present state of despair, such a fate seemed as agreeable to him as any other, since everything in the world was shrouded in gloom, yet he could not bear to think of destroying Henry's hopes. So he was only too thankful to be spared facing such a difficult position.

He left his cousin somewhat cheered by assurances that he would be over soon again. Hardly had he gone, when the earl joined Mabel. The distinguished physician had arrived, and the two doctors were with Lady Ashurst. Father and daughter sat side by side on a couch, their hands clasped in silent anxiety. The minutes seemed like hours, they went by so slowly; but at last sixty of them had dripped musically from the great cathedral-clock on the mantel, and Dr. Mayhew appeared in the doorway.

Dr. Spencer had finished his examination, the two physicians had held their consultation, and now the family doctor wished the earl to hear his colleague's decision. It was briefly expressed. The great man thoroughly agreed with Dr. Mayhew in his diagnosis, approved of everything that had been done, and could only make some trifling suggestions. And, when the earl asked him for the truth, he told him frankly that he had very little hope. After which, Dr. Spencer took some refreshment and departed for London: he could do her ladyship no good by remaining, and a serious case awaited his attention in town. He assured the earl that the patient was perfectly safe in the hands of Dr. Mayhew.

When the family physician returned to the still darkened sick-room, Lady Ashurst raised herself a little on her pillow and looked at him keenly.

"Please send the nurse away; I want to speak to you alone, my good friend," she said, with a touch of peremptoriness in her weak voice; and, when he had complied with her request, she asked the question which the doctor had been dreading.

"What does Dr. Spencer think?" she asked. "Is there any hope for me?"

No need to ask whether this woman was strong enough to bear his answer: the beautiful face was as resolute as ever—nay, even more so; a new determination seemed to have come into it just now.

Poor Dr. Mayhew told the difficult truth gently, tenderly; but he need not have feared for its effect—his hearer was quite calm. All she said was:

"Thank you, doctor; don't be troubled. There is only one thing I must do: I must talk to my husband alone. It may hasten the end; but I must do it now, while I feel comparatively strong."

A few moments later, husband and wife were alone together. She was much the stronger of the two, and, when she had comforted him a little, she told him to sit down beside her and hold her hand.

"I have a story to tell you, Herbert," she began, and her voice sounded quite clear and full. "I must try to do it as briefly as possible," she went on; "but I could not die without telling you."

There was silence for an instant; the earl tightened his clasp of the hand he held.

"Dear, you need not tell me; I know everything," he whispered, "have known it for months."

"Everything?" she repeated, faintly. "And you can still love me—can forgive me?"

For answer, he folded his arms tenderly about her, as he answered softly:

"Yes, dear, everything that you could tell me, and something more besides."

## CHAPTER XI.

### MISS ANERSLEY ARRIVES.

IN the meantime, Lady Mabel and the good doctor were alone in the library until Bertie entered. He did his best to comfort his cousin, quietly making up his mind that he would defer his departure for the Conti-

nent—the one resource of disappointed lovers—until the end should come, for the sake of Mabel, toward whom he felt a genuine brotherly attachment.

Gazing idly out of the window, Bertie saw a messenger ride rapidly down the avenue; and the nurse appeared soon afterward, to summon Dr. Mayhew to her ladyship. Then, hastily bidding his cousin good-bye and refusing all entreaties to wait and see her father, Bertie hurried away. The earl, however, did not join her; and Mabel was left once more alone, to watch and wait, in heart-sick weariness, a summons to her mother's bed-side. She had not long to wait. The parting between mother and daughter was brief; for the former seemed to be growing weaker, and the physician hastened the end of the sorrowful scene.

As Mabel was led gently out of the room by her father, Miss Anersley and Mr. Arnold came slowly up the broad staircase. The former kissed her friend and passed on toward Lady Ashurst's chamber, while the latter took the astonished Mabel by the hand and drew her into the library. Once there, the clergyman pushed her gently into a chair and sat down beside her.

"I have something to say to you, my dear Lady Mabel, which will greatly surprise you," he began, more kindly even than was his wont. "The earl has asked me to explain why he sent for Miss Anersley. My story is a long one, and you must have patience with me while I tell it. I shall have to go back to the very beginning. I do not know how much you have been told of your mother's youth; but I suppose you do know that she was left an orphan at an early age, to the guardianship of an uncle and aunt. They were haughty domineering people, who had no sympathy with the young and made a fetish of family pride. They placed your mother at a convent-school in Paris, where she remained until she was nearly seventeen. While there, she formed an intimacy with an American girl, the daughter of a wealthy but frivolous young widow. Your mother spent her vacations with this friend, and at her house became acquainted with Harry L'Estrange. His mother was an Englishwoman who had married a Frenchman. He was a gay handsome young fellow—worthless, but not an actual scoundrel. It was during a summer vacation spent with the

Americans that young L'Estrange—he was not more than twenty—persuaded your mother to consent to a secret marriage with him, on the plea that his father wished to force him into an alliance with a wealthy titled Frenchwoman. No one except her school-friend knew of the affair."

The clergyman paused a moment for breath; but Mabel, pale as death, was leaning eagerly toward him with wide-open eyes, anxiously awaiting his next words. He went on, with a little hesitation:

"They were really married, and, in the autumn, the two girls returned to the convent. Just before Christmas, Harry L'Estrange was thrown from his horse while hunting, and instantly killed. The news almost overwhelmed the unhappy girls. They confessed the story to the nuns, who of course could only urge sending for your mother's guardian. She came at once, and, insisting that secrecy be preserved by all who knew of the marriage, she hurried her niece into a secluded spot in Switzerland, where she was ill, unconscious, for weeks. When she recovered, her aunt told her that her child had lived only a few hours, and showed her the little grave on the green hill-side where it was buried." Again the speaker paused. "Is this too much for you?" he asked, anxiously.

But Mabel only shook her head.

"Please go on," she whispered, pale but calm.

"Barely seventeen, crushed and almost heart-broken, your mother consented to keep her unfortunate marriage a secret, and returned to the convent. Her American friend had in the meantime gone back to the United States, where she died soon afterward. On leaving the convent, your mother went to live with her guardians and entered society, where she met the earl, your father. Her aunt was anxious for the match, and forbade any confession of the past. Your mother had been schooled by her guardian into believing her sad romance a disgrace, and, knowing quite well that the earl's ideas on the subject of women were rather Quixotic, could not find courage to confide in him before their marriage. Afterward, she could not bear to—he was so completely wrapped up in her, so devoted. But the strangest part of my story is to come."

After an instant's hesitation, the clergyman continued:

"About six months ago, the earl received a letter from someone in London, telling him the whole story. He at once went to see the writer, who proved to be a respectable Scotchwoman dying of an incurable disease. With her had lived a young girl who was supposed to be her niece, and who now supported herself and her relative by teaching music in a boarding-school near London. This supposed niece, the woman told your father, was his wife's child by her first marriage. She gave excellent proofs; the earl went to Paris, to Switzerland, and established with certainty the truth of the story. Your great-aunt, as you probably know, died years ago; but this woman had been her maid. She had in her possession a number of private letters and documents, your mother's marriage-certificate, and the certificate of the child's birth. She had kept the secret all these years, as much out of devotion to her mistress, whom she had lived with since youth, as for love of money—her employer had left her a legacy; but now she was dying, and she could not bear to leave the girl alone and unprotected. She had never liked your mother; I suppose that was why she appealed to the earl instead. She showed him a portrait of Harry L'Estrange, which Lady Ashurst had given into the hands of her aunt, together with everything relating to the unfortunate marriage. Then she brought a picture of her supposed niece; she partly resembled her father and partly her mother when a young girl—ill health has somewhat altered Lady Ashurst's appearance. It seems that your great-uncle had believed the child to be dead; his wife had never told him the truth, fearing that his honorable scruples would prove stronger than either his dread of gossip or ambitious views for his niece.

"The earl would have communicated the news to his wife immediately; but, on the very day he received the first letter, the doctor warned him to avoid any shock, so he determined to wait—for a time, at least. He applied to me for advice in regard to providing for his step-daughter till he could reveal the truth which the girl herself did not know. The Scotchwoman died, and about the same time the young ladies' school was closed, owing to the sudden death of

the proprietor. I immediately wrote and asked her to come down here as organist; I hoped in this way to bring about a revelation of the true state of affairs sooner—"

Suddenly Lady Mabel spoke.

"Then—then—" she gasped, "Miss Anersley is my half-sister!"

"Yes, yes, my child; don't you understand?"

"I—I am not sure; it is all so sudden."

"Forgive me if I have been too abrupt," said Mr. Arnold, apologetically. But Lady Mabel was not even listening; she was trying to comprehend everything the minister had said—trying to adjust her mind to this new condition of affairs.

Presently she spoke again.

"Does Miss Anersley know?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Your father became so unhappy under the weight of his secret, the first he had never shared with his wife, that he decided he could only ease his conscience by telling Miss Anersley the truth—begging her, for her mother's sake, to remain silent. She had known but little of her birth, the melancholy of her manner being partly due to having been brought up under the shadow of a mystery as to her parents, partly to the inbred feeling that she belonged to a different rank in life, for she was thoroughly educated. She was astonished by the earl's confession, but cared so little about maintaining her own claim as to acquiesce readily in his desire for silence. I did not believe it right, but I could not interfere. Then came this illness of your mother. When she learned—when she knew the worst, she began to tell your father her story, and he told her his secret in return. That is why Miss Anersley is with your mother."

The clergyman's voice sank into silence, but Mabel did not speak. Pale and exhausted, she leaned wearily back in her chair.

Some minutes had gone by in silence when a figure appeared in the doorway, and a pale, beautiful, tear-stained face looked hesitatingly in. One instant, and Lady Mabel sprang up, holding out her arms with the cry: "My sister!" Then the two were sobbing in each other's arms.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A NEW HOPE.

ALL was quiet at Scarsby Manor. Stillness reigned in the sick-room and in the library

below, where the two girls, having discussed their relationship in all its aspects, had at last fallen silent, clinging to each other with a strange sense of nearness in this dark hour. Night had gathered, but they dared not go to bed—the summons might come at any moment. The earl and his trusted physician were with Lady Ashurst, who seemed to be sinking rapidly. Mr. Arnold had seen the countess and gone away; Bertie had stopped, but, learning who were with Lady Mabel, had merely left a message. The hush of waiting seemed to have descended on the whole household.

At last, yielding to Miss Anersley's insistence, Mabel threw herself on a couch, while her new-found relative sat beside her, holding her hand and speaking occasionally some comforting word. The twelve strokes of midnight pealed from the mantel-clock. Mabel, who had dropped into a doze, started up with a shiver.

"Are you awake, Gwendolen?" she whispered. "It sounded like the crack of doom—the knell of hope!"

The other tried to soothe her, as she would a frightened child. Though in reality only four years older than her half-sister, she seemed, as far as self-control and dignity went, at least ten. Even her powers of composure were tested, however; for, glancing up, she saw the earl standing in the doorway, and a sudden chill of despair struck her heart.

"It is the end!" was her thought.

But the earl was speaking. What was he saying? and why was his face lighted up?

"Mabel—children," he cried, "there is hope, after all—there is hope! Your mother has fallen into a natural sleep; possibly a change for the better—"

Mabel gave a little cry and leaned eagerly forward.

"Forgive me, my dear; I did not mean to be so abrupt," said her father, tenderly. "You must be very calm and quiet. Remain here with Gwendolen—thank God you have her with you! The doctor and I will stay with your mother and watch." And he returned to the sick-room, leaving the two girls wide-awake enough now to sit and listen for every sound.

None came, and two hours of terrible suspense passed before Dr. Mayhew entered to renew their hope. Lady Ashurst was

still asleep—a most favorable symptom, he believed. If she continued to rest until morning, the chances were that she might waken refreshed and—saved! The kind physician spoke cautiously. He feared to rouse false hopes, and then he had been so certain of death. Could he now be certain of life?

Morning dawned at last, to the tired anxious watchers in the great house; and, with the first streak of light, expectancy and fear were replaced by hope—sorrow by a trembling joy which hardly dared rejoice, it was so insecure. The countess had wakened, apparently better; there seemed every reason to trust that the tide had turned—that the wife and mother might recover.

It was still comparatively early when a servant brought Lady Mabel a card. It was Bertie's, and on it was scribbled:

"The man tells me your mother is better—that there is hope. Thank God! I will not come in."

That was all. It seemed a little odd of her cousin: he had been so ready to mourn—why could he not rejoice with her? She longed to have him share her gladness.

If Miss Anersley had been a comfort to Mabel in her grief, she was as much of a support and solace in her joy, which had not yet reached certainty. The earl was with his wife most of the time, so that Mabel and her new sister were drawn together very closely in the days that followed. She heard from Henry, though he could not come to her.

The strangest thing of all, however, was Bertie's behavior. He called to inquire daily for three successive mornings, but merely left his card. Mr. Arnold, who also came every day, had seen nothing of him, and, on his third visit, perceiving Mabel's anxiety, and perhaps suspecting Miss Anersley's, though the latter was not apparent, he offered to go and see him.

The next morning, a note in Bertie's writing was handed to Mabel.

"My dear cousin," he wrote: "They tell me your mother is really out of danger. I am so glad! Unexpected circumstances call me abroad at once; I have made all my arrangements, and must start as soon as possible. I have only been waiting positive assurance of your mother's recovery,

so I shall leave to-day. You will think it odd that I have not bid you good-bye in person, but I cannot explain. I hope you will forgive my seemingly strange conduct.

"I may be gone a short or a long time; I cannot tell. Good-bye, dear—God bless you! Give my farewells to your father and mother.

"Your affectionate cousin, BERTIE."

"He is out of his mind!" almost shrieked Lady Mabel. "Just when I had hoped all would go right with—"

Gwendolen here looked up in amazement, and the speaker suddenly paused.

"What do you mean, Mabel? Who is out of his mind?" Miss Anersley asked.

As yet, no one had given Miss L'Estrange her new name, and no one outside the household knew of the real state of affairs; there would be time enough for that presently.

"Whom do I mean?" returned Mabel, indignantly, though it seemed doubtful whether her listener or someone else had roused the feeling. "Why, Bertie Beauchamp! He is mad—stark mad—a fit subject for a lunatic-asylum," she hurried on, in her rage. "Rushing off to the Continent in this insane fashion."

"To the Continent?" demanded Miss Anersley.

Was Mabel mistaken, or was there really something approaching consternation in the usually even tones?

"Yes, the Continent," repeated her ladyship.

"Really, Mabel, to judge from your excitement, one would think Mr. Beauchamp has gone to Zanzibar! And he is not the favored brother, either!"

Miss Anersley's tone was one of quiet sarcasm. Her hearer, however, was a woman, and she thought she divined the cause of the cool answer. What reply Mabel would have made was prevented by the appearance of the nurse, with a message from Lady Ashurst. She was able to see both her daughters for a few minutes.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### MR. ARNOLD VISITS BERTIE.

It was about three o'clock of that same day when Mr. Arnold found himself not far from his friend's residence, and determined to call. He had been too busy to get to the manor, but was expecting to go there

in the evening. As he walked up the wide avenue leading to Beauchamp Towers, a great Elizabethan house, he looked thoughtfully at the noble old oaks which lined the way, and sighed a little. Everything seemed to favor this lucky young wight, who did not even appreciate his advantages.

As he neared the house, he saw Bertie's phaeton standing in front of the door. Inside sat the groom, solemn and imperturbable as ever; and yet—could it have been fancy?—Mr. Arnold caught a gleam of pleasure on the stolid face, apparently called forth by his appearance.

While he was speculating on this, one of the great doors swung open and Bertie came out, looking all equipped for traveling, and wearing an air of great haste.

Astonishment slowly overspread Mr. Arnold's features. What did this mean?

"Why, how do you do, old fellow? Just in time—glad to see you—wondered if you didn't intend to come!" cried Bertie, perceiving his visitor.

"What are you talking about? And where are you going?" burst out the clergyman, in amazement.

"I am going to take a run on the Continent," was the nonchalant reply. "Didn't you get the note I sent, begging you to call here before three, as I hadn't time to go over myself?"

"Why didn't you send sooner? I haven't been near my lodgings since I ate my breakfast; you know, I frequently remain out all day. I begin to think you didn't want to see me—"

"Nonsense!" returned Bertie, laughingly; though his face, now that his friend had time to scrutinize it, did not appear in keeping with his gay words and manner. Then, taking out his watch, he went on: "I have a little time to spare; come in for a while."

The two men were soon seated in Bertie's smoking-room, and then Mr. Arnold said:

"You may think it's none of my business, my dear boy; but what on earth are you rushing off for, in this headlong style? Something has gone wrong—Lady Mabel was right."

"Mabel?"

"Yes; she thought yesterday it was very strange you hadn't been in to see her—"

"Oh, I wrote a note explaining things, to-day," interrupted Bertie, lightly.

"A note?" exclaimed the clergyman. "Then you didn't bid her good-bye either! Something must be very wrong. Can't I help you?"

The tone was pleading almost to tenderness, but Bertie only answered:

"What absurd notion have you got in your head, old fellow? I haven't said there was anything. I am in a big hurry, that's all. Business—business—"

"Then you did not see Miss Anersley?" Mr. Arnold asked, without waiting for Bertie to finish. He could not rid his mind of the impression that his friend's departure was in some way connected with that young lady. Could she have refused him? Did he know of the changed condition of affairs? Hardly, since he had not been inside the manor since Miss Anersley's arrival there.

"I regret to say I did not have that pleasure," replied Mr. Beauchamp, in a tone so elaborately civil that the other's suspicions were strengthened.

For a single instant, a terrible temptation assailed the young ascetic; then he put it aside. He must come to an understanding with his friend.

"Bertie," he began, hesitatingly, "we talked to each other very frankly once about Miss Anersley; can't you be frank with me now? I thought you meant to woo, and, if you could, win that young lady. Have you changed your mind?"

"I—believe I have," answered Bertie, icily.

"You have not heard of the change in her fortunes; it cannot be any Quixotism about that, which has altered your determination," said the clergyman, half meditatively, half inquiringly.

"What do you mean? What change in her fortunes are you talking about?" inquired Bertie, in astonishment. "I know of none."

"Of course, at present it is not generally known, but I may tell you without breach of confidence: you would certainly have heard it, if you had gone in to see them at the manor."

"For heaven's sake, explain yourself! What do you mean?" asked Bertie, impatiently. "What would I have heard?"

"That Gwendolen Anersley is Lady Ashurst's daughter by a first marriage, of which you never heard."

There was absolute silence for a moment.



Bertie's face was a study; he looked at his friend dazedly.

"I suppose that accounts for her being at the manor lately," he murmured. "I wondered a little."

Perceiving his bewilderment, Mr. Arnold proceeded to tell the story as briefly and collectedly as possible. His listener was speechless. When the narrative was entirely finished, the young man spoke.

"Arnold," he said, "I have been a fool, I suppose—a madman; let me confess to you what I can to no other being—you will hold it sacred." And then he gave an account of the wretched fortnight he had passed, and of his miserable suspicions.

These latter the clergyman was able to dispel. The note was written by the earl, begging Miss Anersley to meet him on the cliffs, when he at last determined to tell her the truth. As the confidant of all parties, the speaker knew everything connected with the matter. In the light of this new revelation, Bertie's doubts vanished, but his ordinary light-heartedness did not return.

"I did not speak to her of my love when she was poor and friendless; do you suppose I can do so now that she has position and even wealth?" he said, bitterly.

"I will try and arrange that," the other answered, "if you will give up this foolish trip and stay at home."

Bertie wrung his friend's hand; he could not trust himself to reply.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LADY ASHURST IS SATISFIED.

THE following morning, Mr. Arnold called at the manor.

"I have persuaded your cousin to change his mind," he announced, in the course of conversation; whereat Mabel was visibly delighted, though Miss Anersley said nothing.

A little later, the young gentleman himself appeared, looking shamefaced. Everybody seemed glad to see him, however, so he

soon got over his embarrassment. Even Gwendolen showed a cordiality greater than she ever had before.

The days that succeeded were delightful ones. Mabel's cup of joy was filled to overflowing by the arrival of Henry, who had obtained leave at last. Mr. Arnold found an opportunity to let Gwendolen know of the interview between himself and Bertie, in which the latter had long before avowed his determination to try and win her; and the anxious suitor might have been glad of the friendship between the two, for the clergyman's words carried conviction to the girl, and, when a little later Mr. Beauchamp found courage to tell her of his love, she lent a willing ear to his story.

Bertie's request for her elder daughter's hand reconciled Lady Ashurst to the younger's losing him. As for the earl, he only said to Mabel:

"My dear child, of course I would rather it had been you; but, since that could not be, I am content with whatever is for your best happiness."

Mr. Beauchamp made his brother a handsome provision, and Mabel was at last openly betrothed to the gallant young soldier, with the understanding that in two years Henry should sell out, and they could be married.

Lady Ashurst's health was better than it had been for years, and she and her husband were once more happy in mutual confidence as well as love.

Mr. Arnold still continued his work, and remained always a close friend of the whole family.

Gwendolen and Bertie were married in the spring. She confessed to him that she had struggled hard not to care for him, because of the disparity in their positions. In return, Bertie told her everything, with but one exception—and that was of the wretched days of suspicion which he had endured while the secret of her birth had been

IN THE EARL'S KEEPING.  
[THE END.]

## T O - D A Y .

MAKE a firm-built gate of trust  
Around to-day;  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And within it stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars,  
Anxious for the morrow;  
God will help in all that comes,  
Be it joy or sorrow.

## IMPRISONED RAINBOWS.

BY MISS LOUISA JAMISON.

### III.

**THE Chrysoberyl**, also called *Cymophane*, is found chiefly in rounded pieces of a greenish color and somewhat opalescent; it is also found crystallized in prismatic forms, cleavable parallel to their sides. It is composed of alumina, silica, lime, and oxide of iron. It is chiefly procured from Brazil and Ceylon. It has a particular play of light, and is so extremely hard that it has been sometimes mistaken for diamond.

**HYACINTH.**—This stone is sometimes, though rarely, of a brilliant appearance and color; but it is also beautiful when orange-red, yellow, brown, or gray. When deprived of its color by heat, it is said to have been sold for diamond. The best are from Ceylon. The zircon of Norway appears to be nearly the same mineral. The composition, which varies somewhat in different places, is the earth called zircon, silica, and oxide of iron. The form of its crystals is an octohedron. Except when unusually fine, this stone is not highly esteemed, being often full of flaws. The jargon of Ceylon seems to be a transparent colorless variety of this gem, but it is of little value.

**CHRYSOPRASE.**—This stone is rather rare and is of a cloudy pale-green color, having a pretty appearance. It is translucent and is nearly allied to the chalcedonies and carnelians; like them, it is never cut into facets, but is used for large bracelets, brooches, seals, etc.

**CHRYSOLEITE OR PERIDOT.**—This is a stone found in volcanic rocks, and, though of a pretty color—brownish, yellowish, or various shades of green—it has little brilliancy. It is not much used in jewelry. It is sometimes made into necklaces, but is scarcely harder than glass, being scratched by the file. It consists of magnesia, silica, and oxide of iron.

The **Turquoise** is rare and much in request. Being opaque, it is destitute of the lustre which distinguishes most of the precious gems, and does not admit of a very high polish; but its color is a fine celestial-blue.

There are two kinds of the substance called turquoise: one is a stone called *calaité*, and found chiefly in Persia, where it is in high estimation; the other is a fossil bone, colored by phosphate of iron or carbonate of copper. The latter is liable to change in color. The turquoise is cut spheroidal, and appears to most advantage when surrounded with brilliants or pearls. It is from the size of a pin's head to that of an almond. Malachite is sometimes sold for turquoise.

The **Tourmaline** is occasionally used in jewelry. Common tourmaline is black and opaque, but there is a transparent precious kind, which is red, green-blue, or pink, and is often sold for other stones. One of the most remarkable properties of the tourmaline is its becoming electric by heat or friction. The crystals of the common tourmaline are often large, and are seldom employed by the jeweler.

The **Moonstone** is a variety of feldspar called *adularia*, and is beautifully translucent, of a milky color, having a slight pearly lustre sometimes amounting to iridescence, which contrasts agreeably with the delicate bluish tint of the stone, whence its name. It is used for ear-drops and rings, and, when fine, sells for a high price. The best come from Ceylon. It consists of silica, alumina, lime, and potash.

**Garnet** is a common mineral, though beautiful specimens called the precious garnet, or *almandine*, are classed with gems. They are usually of a deep-red. What are called *Oriental* are brought from Sirian in Pegu, and are often improperly called *Syrian garnets*. They appear to be the carbuncle of the ancients. There is also the *Bohemian garnet*, which is the *pyrope* of some mineralogists. There is also the *malachite* or black garnet, found in volcanic rocks and worked into necklaces. Garnet consists of silica, alumina, lime, and oxide of iron. The primary form of the crystals is the rhombic dodecahedron. Garnets are hard enough to scratch quartz, and, of course,

much harder than glass; hence glass counterfeits may be easily distinguished by means of a file.

**ROCK-CRYSTAL: TRANSPARENT QUARTZ.**—This stone is often quite colorless; sometimes, though rarely, it is yellow like topaz. The form of quartz is usually a six-sided prism, ending in a six-sided pyramid, or modified by having some of the angles truncated. In quartz crystals, faint lines called *striae* may be seen, at right angles to the sides, which serve to distinguish them from the crystals of other substances of nearly a similar form, but which have *striae* parallel to the length of the sides. There are some of a light brown, called smoky quartz, as in cairngorm stones used for seals, so named from being found on a hill of that name in Scotland. Rock-crystal, when colorless, is worked into many forms for different purposes. Large pieces are cut for the glasses of spectacles called pebble spectacles, and they are less easily scratched than glass. The stone called cat's-eye is a variety of rock-crystal enclosing amianthus; it is of a light-gray color, and presents a peculiar luminous appearance, resembling the eye of the animal from which it receives its name. A very rare variety is of dark-green. It is usually cut hemispherical.

The amethyst of modern mineralogists is merely a violet-colored quartz or rock-crystal; but what has been called Oriental amethyst among jewelers is a violet-colored sapphire, which is a stone of great beauty and value. The color of the common amethyst is purple, of various shades and degrees of intensity; those of the deepest are the most precious; yet the depth of the tint varies greatly, being in some scarcely perceptible; then the stone is scarcely of any more value than rock-crystal.

**AVENTURINE.**—This stone is both beautiful and curious. It is like a translucent crystal, having what looks like gold-dust interspersed through it; but these sparkling grains are nothing but mica, the stone itself consisting of quartz. The sun-stone is a lovely variety of this class, possessing a bright flame-like color.

The Opal is a very pure kind of flint, differing from chalcedony mostly in lustre and color. There are two kinds of opals—the precious and common; the former showing a great play of prismatic or iridescent

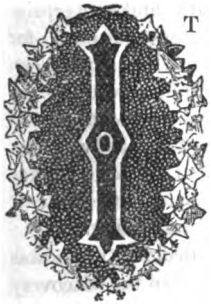
colors—blue, red, yellow, green, etc. In fine specimens, these colors are intensely bright and beautiful; sometimes the stones exhibit only one color. The gem is always cut hemispherical and is often full of flaws, which, strange to say, only add to its beauty by increasing the brilliancy of the colors. When fine, the precious opal is of great value. Common opal has not any iridescent play of color. The red opal is called *girasole*.

Chalcedony, Agate, and Carnelian are stones of the same varieties. Chalcedony is a very pure flint, though not transparent, being tinged more or less with a milky hue. When this stone has in it various curved parallel lines of white or some other color, it is called agate. Fortification agates are those which have *zigzag* parallel bands, generally of white and gray, resembling fortifications. In the centre of these agates, rock-crystal and amethysts are sometimes found. Instead of bands, there are often minute metallic crystallizations resembling mosses, and then the stones are termed moss-agates. The onyx is a variety where the bands of different colors are straight; it consists of several flat layers, whereas, in the agate, these layers are curved. Carnelians are nearly allied to chalcedonies, but are of a reddish color. Agates, chalcedonies, and carnelians are very hard and take a fine polish.

Pearls are both precious and highly prized. They are calcareous bodies, of the same nature as mother-of-pearl, only purer, found in the inside of certain shells, particularly a large one called the pearl-oyster. The pearl-shell, the inside lining of which constitutes mother-of-pearl, is only found in warm climates. The shell sometimes grows to the size of seven or eight inches in diameter, is of a flattened and round shape, brown on the outside, while the inside is entirely covered with mother-of-pearl. These pearls are found either loose in the body of the animal, or attached to the side of the shells. They are supposed to be concretions of calcareous matter arising from some irregularity or disease in the animal. Though pearls are found of the largest size and greatest beauty and most abundantly in the shells we have mentioned, yet they are not confined to these entirely. Common oysters and muscles often contain small pearls which are sometimes valuable.

## THE WATCH OF BIG HEART LODGE.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC.



### I.

It was a mystery how the least suspicion of the "find" ever got out. At least, Dirke Tarleton pronounced it so, at first. He had been down to Gritbank City for supplies, and returned to camp in a very bad temper, with the news that there was an impression afoot in Gritbank that the outfit had struck ore in the Big Heart region. The other men—there were four partners in the mining-venture—considered it a mystery that would admit of explanation. The mistake they had made, they declared, had been in lumping in with a man who could not keep his mouth shut, drunk or sober. "A dumb dog was a sure dog," they said. Dirke could be dumb enough, and therefore sure enough, when sober; but—at this point, Will Ramsey crooked his elbow, lifted his hand to his lips with a significant gesture, and spread abroad his arms as though taking the whole world into his confidence.

But Dirke stoutly denied that the rumor had its origin in any indiscretion of his. He had not been other than his own man for five months; that he would swear to on a stack of Bibles as high as Big Heart Mountain, if need were. His last regular spree, at the Castro hacienda in the valley of San Gabriel, antedated the discovery of the lode a good two months. Since then, knowing his weakness, he had eschewed liquor in excess, in justice to himself as well as to his partners. Did they take him for a fool, to cut his own throat by giving away the secret of the lode? Added to which, had not he been the first to discover that the find was suspected? And would not knowledge of the suspicion give them a show to get ahead of it?

The pertinence of these queries made the other men pause and reconsider the situ-

ation. After the first flush of irritation had passed, they were fain to admit that it hardly looked reasonable to suppose a man so bereft of discretion, even by liquor, as to invite the public to step in and share the results of his own luck and labor. Dirke's emphatic denial had weight, moreover, for he was known to be a man above bearing false witness, even in his own favor. It was provoking—more, it might be disastrous. The very least indiscretion in regard to ore would usually result in a premature boom and influx of humanity eager to share profits and inaugurate a system of long division. With the riff-raff of half the mining-camps in Arizona descending on the mountain-side, like buzzards on a battle-field, and preempting right and left, there would be an end to the snug little scheme of monopoly which the men had elaborated around the camp-fire that night when Dirke and Will Ramsey, detailed to replenish the larder, had come into camp, empty-handed as to meat, but white with excitement, and reported a bigger find than any of the four had ever dreamed of.

"I wouldn't have had it get out for fifty thousand dollars cash—not yet awhile," fretted Conway, a raw-boned fellow from the mountains of Virginia. "We ain't ready for a boom yet. Thar's work to be done an' men to be handled, on the quiet, afore the time comes for racketin'. If once that infernal rushin' business sets in, 't will be 'pull Dick, pull devil.' We may clear hide an' tallow, but we'll be forced to sheer the meat. It's a doggoned shame, arter all our work an' trouble!"

"'Tis so!" echoed Tom Smith, a native Arizonian. "And we-all aimin' to keep dark all around, too. It's a fool trick, to trust an outside man. If he gets wind o' any sort o' racket, he'll nose an' trail till he runs it to earth, same as a p'inter-dog. And that ain't the worst: he'll give tongue all along the line, an' get together a pack in less'n no time. No outside fellow ain't to be trusted. What he can't get into himself,

he'll try his level best to spoil for everybody else. A baby ought to have sense enough to ketch on to that." He threw an aggressively rebukeful glance at Dirke Tarleton.

That worthy reached over for a brand from the camp-fire and applied its lighted end to his pipe, drawing the smoke up slowly and letting it escape through his nostrils.

"I know a fooler trick 'en that."

His tone was nettled.

"What?"

It was Smith who put the question.

"To trust a woman."

"Who's done it?"

Dirke cast a significant glance at Will Ramsey. He could diagnose a case as well as another man, and irritation had sharpened his perception. Ramsey was a married man, although the fact seemed to be tacitly ignored, and Tarleton knew that there was communication between him and his wife; not frequent or continuous, it was true, since circumstances scarcely favored rapid interchange of letters, but still communication whenever it was possible. The woman lived in a town about an hour's ride from Grit-bank. Dirke had mailed a letter or two to her himself, to accommodate Ramsey, when he had gone down for supplies. Will might be as guiltless of indiscretion as he knew himself to be; but he was in a position which should have aroused suspicion as readily. Women were as beguiling as whisky, and quite as frequently the cause of a man's undoing. They had been quick enough to point at the gap in his fence; but it had not seemed to suggest itself to them that Will Ramsey's was fully as insecure.

This turning of the tables took Ramsey by surprise. He was a handsome young fellow, a gentleman by birth as well as breeding. He never talked of his wife, save in that which he considered suitable company, and scarcely realized that the men about him knew that he had one. To have her name brought into their talk displeased him, and Dirke's suggestion evoked a rejoinder sharp enough to convince the men that the subject better be approached delicately from that side, and also to make them absolutely certain that Ramsey had confided to his wife the story of the find.

Tarleton, a good-natured fellow in the main, grinned and let the matter drop. He had vindicated himself and shifted the blame to other shoulders, which was all he wanted in that direction. Things more important pressed upon their notice. What they had now to consider was how best to divert public curiosity and enterprise until such time as they should elect for inviting both into a channel of their own preparing. Almost any rumor would start a mining-rush, and, if one should set in toward Big Heart Mountain, as was not unlikely, it behooved them to have things in readiness to dam it back or guide it aside. They must be up and doing.

The plan they finally decided upon was simple. For weeks previous to the discovery of the lode, they had been at work in a cañon about two miles below their present camp, and with some hope, since there were surface-indications of sufficient promise to mislead most prospectors. They had staked out claims and done considerable digging in this place, and now decided to resume work there with deceitful appearances of enthusiasm, so that, should the threatened invasion take place, it might be beguiled into a vain quest, and, if possible, disgusted. All trace of the real mine must be carefully obliterated; for prowling prospectors, with keen noses for ore, would infest all the region round a mining-camp for a radius of miles. All work in the lode would have to be done surreptitiously and under cover of darkness. When they reached this point, the men glanced about and then at each other, and were fain to admit that the job in hand would be difficult. It had been winter when they had come to the place, and camping without good shelter quite impossible; they had run up a log shanty, with a stick chimney and rough bunks at the sides for sleeping-places. The ground outside was littered with chips from the building and winter wood-cutting, and trampled; there was a regular path worn to the spring, and another to the hole in the hill-side which formed the entrance to the mine, and there were piles of tail-ends and grit and rubbish about. The prospects for restoring the place to a sylvan wilderness within a limited period were gloomy. Tom Smith voiced the general impression.

"A gander wouldn't be fooled by nothin' we could do," he asserted, "much less a razor-edged miner. The first fellow that comes along will lay his fingers to his nose and ram his tongue in his cheek. Covering up tracks here would be too thin. We've worked keener, not counting on the thing getting out, you see. Knocking down the shanty and cleaning up here won't work wuth a cent."

"We'll have to give up the camp in the cañon, then, an' tucker out 'thout no foolin'," observed the Virginian. "Men don't bunk two miles from work, 'cept'n' they've got families, 'specially in the summer-time."

An idea flashed simultaneously into the minds of the four men—or, more accurately, was generated in the mind of one and passed to the others like an electric current.

"If thar was some excuse—wives or sick chil'n—anything squar an' reasonable, to account for the shanty bein' over here 'stid o' yonder," suggested Conway, and paused.

"A woman would hinder fellows bunkin' in too free an' spyin' round. Permissuous hospitality ain't looked for in a lady, an' roughs don't show up much in thar diggin's—sort o' shy of 'em, like." Smith spoke impersonally and gazed into the distance. "It's a pretty place enough—an' healthy," he added, after a moment.

"A fam'ly has to be looked after, 'special whenst they've come to a lonesome place in the mountains for thar health an' thar owner's society. Somebody would always have to be around, a-doin' for 'em an' takin' keer. A sight o' licks might be slipped into any job on hand, between whiles. Rushers are tarnation smart; but, if the shanty was run back to the hill-side, with a lean-to for men-folks, an' the minin'-truck got out o' sight, the snap might work for a couple o' months; an', after that, let drive who will—'twould be the capitalists' business, not our'n."

Dirke's voice was eager, and the eyes of all the men were on Will Ramsey.

Will said nothing. He felt that pressure was being brought to bear on him. He glanced about hesitatingly. It was a rough place, and his companions were rough; but a woman—a lady—would be perfectly safe among them: more than safe, she would be cared for with the chivalry the creature feminine always evokes in places where she

is a rara avis. It would only be for a few weeks, and his wife was a plucky woman. She would willingly put up with hardship at any time for the pleasure of being with him, and he felt sure that her willingness would be increased when she should be made to comprehend the interests at stake. He owed something to his partners, too; since, in all probability, it had been through some indiscretion of his wife's that this issue had been brought about.

"I've a good mind to fetch my wife up for a month or so," he announced, quite as though the idea had originated with himself. "It's as hot as blazes in town, she writes, and the baby is sort of wilted. Mountain-air will do 'em both good, rush or no rush. My wife can keep to the shanty and look to things, while we chip in and fool the public. Even if nobody comes, and we are scaring at shadows, no harm can come of her being here awhile."

The men looked pleased, and an atmosphere of heartiness diffused itself. When a man set himself to mend a mis-lick, it showed the right sort of feeling and was all that could be expected of him. True partners kept in stroke, and then the boat went ahead without yawing.

"The lode couldn't have no better protection 'en a woman's petticoats," Tarleton declared. "They beat shootin'-irons all to flinders."

"It's doubling the force when thar's a baby," laughed Tom Smith, "'specially a girl-baby. I've know'd one rule a whole camp, in my time—rough lot o' fellows, too. Curly-pate had 'em all under, though, from fore to fetlock. A scrap o' humanity no bigger'n your doubled-up fist she was, too. It was comical."

"Will your wife come?"

It was Conway who put the question.

"Of course she will," Tarleton struck in, taking the words out of Ramsey's mouth. "Ain't her husband in a fix, and ain't that baby needin' mountain-air? What do you take her for? It's a mighty poor hen won't scratch for her own gang."

Then they fell to discussing ways and means with practical acumen and the eagerness born of a necessity felt to be pressing. And so energetic were they in pushing forward their scheme that, within a fortnight, Mrs. Will Ramsey found herself, to her



surprise and amusement, duly installed in the shanty, with her baby, a camp-bed, and a couple of chairs, in the capacity of watch-dog to the Big Heart Lodge.

The three men left in charge had made good use of their time. The shanty stood on a small plateau, a sort of broad shelf high up on the mountain-side, which rose sheer behind it, like the back to a bracket. It was rough and rocky, with fissures here and there, and scrub-oak bushes, and twisted trees that clung in crevices and writhed against boulders, like cripples leaning against a house-side for support. Below the shelf, the mountain was better wooded, and sloped gradually for miles, until it ran out into a plain and lost itself in simple undulations. To the right, two miles away, was the cañon which the miners hoped to use as a cul-de-sac for predatory enterprise. There was a trail leading down to it from the shanty, which the men took pains to make as tortuous as possible. The plateau itself was like a tiny park, covered with deer-grass and studded with timber. All unsightliness in the way of dirt-heaps had been removed, and it looked a pretty enough place for a summer-resort.

The shanty, which stood close to the hill-side, had been enlarged by a log lean-to, which concealed the entrance to the mine and was divided into two rooms with red-wood slabs. One was for the Ramsey family, and the other—a dark little cuddly, of a few feet wide—formed the new avenue to the lode. The outer room was for general utility and a sleeping-apartment for the other men. It was roughly floored with slabs, and had at one end a wide chimney and rock hearth, whereon a fire of brushwood smoldered constantly; for the altitude was great and the nights chill, even in the summer. The doorways into the inner rooms were innocent of doors; but Mrs. Ramsey speedily rigged up curtains of gayly-colored calico, a supply of which she had brought with her. She cushioned the benches also, and re-arranged the bunks so that they might present a more sightly appearance; and she took down all the hunting-trophies—deer, bear, and skins of other beasts—which she found tacked to the outside walls, and put them to nobler uses.

She was a bright little woman—trim, courageous, and capable—but wise enough

to comprehend the expediency of helplessness upon occasions, and the assistance it is, both morally and physically, to those of the stronger sex, to realize their responsibilities toward women. She was pretty too, and had dainty womanly ways and considerable insight into character.

For ten days after her arrival, matters went on quietly. The men worked in relays, two in the cañon and two in the lode, the development of which was forcing hopes higher day by day. Of its richness, there could be no question; and the men were only desirous of getting a fuller idea of its extent, before inviting the attention of bonafide capitalists. A month or even a fortnight more of quiet investigation, and then two of the company might depart for Prescott and put things in training. With the goal so close, the men began to grow restless; a subdued but intense excitement pulsed through them, which seemed to communicate itself to the very atmosphere. Then the plot began to thicken.

One night, Tom Smith, one of the cañon-detail, came up the mountain with the report that two strange miners had come into camp and eaten dinner with them. They claimed to hail last from Brandywine, a town an hour's ride from Gritbank, and represented themselves as out of work and abroad prospecting on their own hook. They had been friendly and civil-spoken and seemed much interested in the camp, casting knowing glances about, asking leading questions, and displaying the frank curiosity about the affairs of other people which is considered no breach of manners among frontiersmen. Tarleton and Smith had been accessible enough, taking this to be the first running of the shad, with lots more behind. They had talked discouragingly of their own prospects in the cañon; but, when the strangers had suggested chipping-in partners and the whole outfit moving farther north to try their luck, had declined—whereat the men, evidently expecting it, had grinned and finally had taken themselves off. Dirke had remained in the cañon, to await their return—for return they assuredly would—and Smith had slipped up the mountain, to inform the others that the Philistines might be upon them almost any day now.

After consultation, in which Mrs. Ramsey took a share, it was decided that they had

no more time to lose, and must rest content with the knowledge of the lode already in their possession. The preservation of their secret was narrowing down to an affair of days, every hour of which was precious. They must put the mine on the market without delay, and drive the best bargain that they could. In order to do this, one of their number must repair to Prescott at once, to ensnare capitalists and fetch them or their representatives back with him. The choice for this important mission fell by unanimous consent on Ramsey, who was a man of good address, with connections in Prescott and a general backing of respectability which would materially increase the chances for successful negotiation. Smith and Tarleton would play out the cañon-game, while Conway—an elderly man, taciturn and responsible—would take charge of the cabin and its valuable contents.

For about a week after Ramsey's departure, nothing whatever occurred. The men kept to their arrangement, and all intercourse between the cabin and the camp was carefully avoided. The trip to Prescott could be accomplished in ten days, they calculated, barring accidents: three for the journey down, four for negotiations, and three for the return. It might be done in less time, with luck; but it was as well to give expectation a margin. Since the visit of the two strangers, no evidence of outside interest had manifested itself; but the feeling was strong that events were lurking around the corner and preparing to pounce upon them.

Which feeling was fully justified by the fact that, for upward of a fortnight, every movement of theirs had been watched by a half-breed and reported to a little gang of roughs secreted in a neighboring cañon.

## II.

MRS. RAMSEY kept a tally of the days, with a bit of chalk, on a smooth place on one of the redwood logs; and, as she added one mark after another, began to hope that the excitement would evaporate harmlessly. Playing sentinel for the mine was well enough in piping times of peace; but she felt no martial stirrings of the soul, and confessed to herself, without shame or reservation, that she would vastly prefer a flash in the pan to any more serious discharge, glory or no glory.

Six white marks stood on the log, chronicling six eventless days; and the young woman added a seventh, as she stirred up the breakfast-fire, with quite a feeling of exultation. Three more days—perhaps less—and they would be out of the woods, she said, and blithely set about making the coffee. Conway did the heaviest of the cooking; but Mrs. Ramsey always insisted on helping him with the ornamental part—the coffee-making and table and dishes. The morning was wet and rainy, with a raw east wind which had a biting edge, despite the summer season. The rain-clouds hung low and discharged themselves in a persistent drizzle, fine as mist, but more penetrating. It continued without intermission the entire day; but, toward evening, the wind shifted to another quarter, the clouds began to hurry before it, and there was promise of clear weather after night-fall.

Conway had split up a lot of redwood into bits like kindling-wood, so that a little fire might be kept going without trouble. The dampness made it a necessary precaution, for the baby was worrying through two specially obstinate jaw-teeth and required careful looking-after. The confinement to the house, even for a day, was hard on her; for, when the sun shone, there was much outside to distract a baby's mind and make her forget her troubles. She was a winsome little maid of eighteen months, and pretty, with soft dark curls that would cling ensnaringly around caressing fingers, and a pair of blue eyes that showed between dark lashes like bits of clear sky between storm-clouds. She could walk with interesting uncertainty, and lisp disjointed syllables, and was a veritable daughter of Eve; for, when the difficulties of dentition allowed her time for other matters, she would display blandishments and coquetries for the allurement and subjugation of every man who came within her reach.

Two days had passed without news from the camp; the silence seemed, to the cabin-mates, ominous, and Conway was growing restless. As night came on, he stood about outside the door, as though watching and listening. The drizzle had ceased, and in a little while there would be moonlight; already the distance was silvered with pale rays, against which the shoulder of a neighboring mountain loomed dark and gigantic.

Conway rested his hands on each side of the door-frame and bent forward into the cabin. The fire burned brightly, the resinous redwood sticks flaming like torches. In the cheerful glow, Mrs. Ramsey sat with the child on her lap. The little one was nursing her doll and crooning to it in sweet initial imitation of maternity. It made a pretty picture. The man outside appreciated it, in spite of being bothered.

"I wonder what's doing in camp," he remarked, presently. "Them miner-chaps must have showed up agin, or the boys would'r slipped over. It's two days since Tom was up, an' he 'lowed then thar was a feelin' of folks in the a'r thereaway. If anything's happened—" He paused reflectively.

Mrs. Ramsey glanced across at him and completed the sentence:

"'Twould be a good thing to know it. I think so, too. Why don't you step over and see? You needn't be gone long."

Conway hesitated, a prey to two desires.

"You mou't git skeer'd," he said, at length. "You'd be lonesome by yourself."

"Not if you didn't stay long," she answered. "It's early yet. You can be back directly. Nobody knows about the cabin. There hasn't a soul been here since I came."

"Nor before, nother," Conway affirmed. "It's pretty well hid away, an' I don't b'leve a creeter knows whar 'tis but we-all—not yet, that is. I warn't thinkin' 'bout no danger—just 'bout your gettin' lonesome an' skeered o' the night."

The woman glanced down at the child in her arms and laughed.

"Go if you want to," she said. "I'm not afraid, and I never get lonesome. Don't stay long, though. I'm going to bar the door and sit up for you."

So Conway let himself be persuaded, and, with promises not to be gone "no time hardly," took himself off down the mountain.

Left alone, Mrs. Ramsey lighted a lamp and secured the outer door with a heavy bar slipped into cleats, and then an inner one which opened from the little cuddy and was used by the men as an outlet for the rubbish from the mine. It was made of heavy redwood slabs, fastened with transverse bars, and was as strong as the door of a jail. Having made all fast, she went back to the fireside and played with the

child and talked to her until the little one began to rub her eyes and fret. Then she sat quiet, swaying the baby gently to the rhythm of a murmurous melody.

An hour passed. The fire burned low, and she rose to replenish it, freeing her arms by resting the child on a bench, which treatment was promptly resented by wails of indignation.

It was still outside, and the moon shone. A hand tried the latch, jerking the string impatiently; then a knock fell on the door. Confused by the crying of the child, Mrs. Ramsey called to know who it was, and, catching the word "Conway" through the uproar, crossed the room and admitted him at once.

As the man stepped across the threshold, the light fell full upon him, and her heart leaped up and then fell back as she realized what had happened. It was not Conway, but a stranger—a big black-bearded man, who pushed past her and established himself beside the hearth with a possessive air the reverse of re-assuring.

For a moment, she was dumfounded, and her heart beat small and weak. Then her courage and her temper rose. She was a plucky woman—frontier-bred, in a measure—and swift to realize a situation and make plans. The man was there for no good—intuitively she felt convinced of that; and the thought of the mine and of the trust reposed in her interplayed with her dismay and anger and acted as a stimulant. Something like the coolness of audacity fell on her; she quietly secured the door again, putting up two bars this time, instead of one. The man might have accomplices, and, in that case, they should not walk in to his aid unhindered. She would temporize at first, and speak him fair; but, if the worst should come, she would make some sort of fight for her child's life and her own. There was a revolver in the inner room, and a gun in the rack above the fire-place. Perhaps, by woman's wit, she might possess herself of one or the other; and, in the meantime, she must treat the intrusion as an ordinary happening, betraying neither surprise nor alarm—Conway would be back before long.

Advancing to the hearth, she threw more wood on and stirred the fire to a blaze, with a quiet remark about the chillness of the night. Then she seated herself on the opposite side

of the hearth and lifted the baby to her lap. The little one had stopped crying and sat bolt upright, regarding the stranger with open-eyed curiosity. In a moment, she put up her hand to her mother's cheek and laughed; her glance had caught the silver-mounted pistols in the stranger's belt.

Whatever might be the man's plan, an immediate attack on Mrs. Ramsey evidently formed no part of it. He leaned back in his chair and watched her from under the shadow of his sombrero, with something marvelously like a twinkle in his eyes. He plainly felt himself master of the situation, and was minded to dally with and enjoy it before proceeding to extremities; or he might be waiting for reinforcements. Both ideas occurred to Mrs. Ramsey; but, in default of having to do battle at once, she took heart of grace and offered the unwelcome intruder something to eat. He accepted with a nod and moved his chair to the table, falling to on the viands with hearty appetite as soon as they were placed before him.

At this point, the baby cut in and took a hand. When men ate, it was customary for her to be invited to join them; indeed, she usually took her meals enthroned on some man's knee. Rough bearded fellows were an integral part of life with her, and she was no whit afraid of them. Why should she be? With her, they were always gentle. For a man to sit him down and consume food without making so much as a sign in her direction was an infringement of precedent not to be tolerated. After a moment's deliberation, she scuffled down from the chair wherein her mother had placed her, toddled across to the table, and laid hold of the stranger's knee, grasping the cloth of his trousers and pulling herself up on tip-toe, the better to attract his attention.

"Take baby," she commanded, gazing up with smiling eyes.

The man glanced down in surprise, which merged into amusement.

"Halloo, kid!"

"'Alloo!" she responded, complacently, and held up her arms to be taken.

"She's a friendly little cuss; now, ain't she?"

The observation was addressed to Mrs. Ramsey this time.

"She's not afraid of men," her mother answered. "They've always been kind to her, so she has no reason. Real men are always good to babies, I think—specially to girl-babies."

She spoke with intention, cleverly suggesting a confidence she was far from feeling, and essaying to touch his manhood. Her impulse was to snatch the child away; but she restrained it. Every moment's delay was of value, and her ear strained itself for some sign of Conway's return. If only the baby could beguile him for a little while!

The baby was doing her best. Having secured the point of being taken, she made herself at home, thrust her hand into the same dish, and ate and drank with this alien fraternally. When she had satisfied her appetite, she bethought her of the proprieties, climbed up in the stranger's lap, and took his hat off. This she made as if she would cast to the earth; but, in a moment, decided that she knew a trick worth two of that, and clapped it on her own curls, smiling at him from under the brim in a way no man could withstand. When he moved to the hearth again, she retained her position on his knee, refusing to leave him, even for her mother, and, in sheer baby fun and willfulness, playing her part with a skill worthy of a trained diplomat.

Mrs. Ramsey watched the pair with feverish interest. Every moment seemed an hour to her, the tension was so great. Would Conway never come? She could see the man's face now: it was reckless, and there were bad lines in it; but it was not brutalized. His eyes were even kindly, as they looked at the child. There are degrees in "roughs," as in other men, and instinctively she knew that this specimen was a good way from being one of the worst. She began to talk to him and to the child, asking all sorts of questions in a gentle tone, and pretending to be at her ease and entertaining a visitor. Had he a wife of his own? and a baby? He must be fond of children, to get friendly with them so soon.

The man looked at her curiously. The women of his world were not like this. He suspected her of being frightened, and could see that she was game to the backbone. He was a wild devil-may-care fellow, but he could understand and appreciate

pluck. Something about her cowed him, too—made him uncomfortable and held the brute in him at bay. The feel of the child in his arms produced unaccustomed sensations. It had been years since a baby clung to him. There had been a little one once, that might have called him father and loved him, had not death taken it. This baby, with her soft arms and caressing lips, reminded him of long ago. A strange humbled expression drifted across his face, followed by a restive look, as of a wild creature beginning to feel a bond. Why did not the other men come and make an end of this? He had no wish to hurt this woman or her child. He had been guiltless of evil intention toward them from the beginning. His business was with the mine and the men. The woman might go scot-free—more, she should; he would see to that. Why did not the other men come? They must have gotten through business at the camp by this time.

The little one's lids began to droop, her head nestled against his breast. "Sing," she ordered, and drew her feet up and composed herself for slumber. He glanced across at the mother, who looked quietly back at him, but made no effort to relieve him of his burden.

"Her father sings to her," she said, absently.

Her very soul was in her ears. Conway must be near at hand by this time, unless—

She rose quietly and passed behind the man's chair, as though to get wood for the fire. Stooping, she groped about and her hand came in contact with the coiled lariat which the men used to bind the great fagots and bring them down the hill-side. Close beside her was a bunk, with its heavy blankets. She laid her ear to a crack, her mood so tense that it seemed to her possible to annihilate space and take in sounds from an incredible distance. Was it fancy, or did she discern the far-away tramp of men's feet hurrying forward—the vibration of the coming of many instead of one? Her soul sickened. Had the camp been raided? Were the outlaws coming to finish the job here? There had been no talk of Conway's bringing the other men back with him. What did it mean?

The man crooned a rough song under his breath; his arms held the little one care-

fully; his eyes were on the fire, and the reflection of the flames lay in them and on the mountings of the pistols in his belt. For the moment, memory held him, and his mood was still, like the lull before a tempest. Mrs. Ramsey brought wood and laid it on the fire, and then went back for more, making a gentle stir and bustle. The idea that the coming men might be accomplices grew apace, unfolding hope, like the tendrils of a vampire-plant, and squeezing the life out of it. The man was quiescent now; but, when he should become aware of the approach of his friends, his mood would change—grow wild—dangerous—the child! God help her to save the child! There was no time to lose!

Lifting herself, she caught a heavy blanket from the bunk and threw it, with a swift movement, over the man's head and shoulders, dragging it close and jerking him backward with all her strength. Taken utterly by surprise, the man started, giving an involuntary impulse which, with her effort, brought him crashing over, chair and all, to the ground. As it slid past her, the woman caught her child by the clothes and broke the fall for her. Then, before her victim could collect himself or struggle free from the folds of the blanket, she had thrust the child aside, caught up the lariat, got the noose over the struggling hands, and drawn the wrists together with a sharp jerk. It took but a second, then, to draw the pistols from his belt and wrap her lariat round and round the leg of the table.

Cursing and struggling, the man fought himself free of the blanket and rose on his elbow. His face was purple with rage and suffocation; his eyes flamed like those of an angry beast, and his teeth showed cruel and white between snarling lips. He had meant her no harm—more, had decided to stand between her and the other men; and she had duped and conquered him! That he had intended to rob her of her husband's discovery was as nothing, in his eyes; he had restrained himself from inflicting bodily harm upon her when the power had been his, and this was his reward! He cursed her with shameful curses and struggled to free himself from the rope.

The woman stood, holding her child to her with one hand; the other held a revolver, with which she covered him. Her

eye glanced along its barrel unflinchingly; her finger lay on the trigger. The hurrying feet had reached the plateau—were making straight for the door of the cabin; there were intensity and purpose in their regular beat. The man on the floor listened, and a cruel smile leaped up in his eyes and touched the drawn-back lips.

"The fellows from the camp," he growled. "They've settled the hash down thar, I guess. And now—" He looked at her triumphantly, malignantly.

"What?" she breathed.

"Hell!" he answered, laconically. "You've fooled away your chance, and must bide the issue."

The pistol in her hand steadied itself to an aim more deadly; he could see the muscles in her wrist start out, and read the purpose in her eyes. For an instant, he quailed, knowing that, should his surmise prove correct, his own fate was sealed.

The footsteps were at the door; blows were rained on it, and voices called loudly on her name—the voices of Conway, Dirke, and Tom Smith, hoarse with anxiety and exertion. She crossed the room steadily, pistol in hand, and opened to them.

"Has anything happened?" demanded Dirke, as they crowded in.

Mrs. Ramsey pointed to her prisoner.

"We've saved the mine—the child and I," she said, slowly.

Then the revolver slipped from her grasp, her pallor deepened, and she staggered, trembling and shaking like a person in an ague.

The next day, about noon, Ramsey returned, having made the trip in something less than eight days. He brought along representatives of a mining-syndicate, and had gotten things in such training that satisfactory results for the discoverers of the Big Heart Lode were a foregone conclusion. The partners would pan out something like a hundred thousand apiece, if things went well: thanks for which, or rather for exemption from pestiferous complications with claim-jumpers, were entirely due to Mrs. Ramsey and the "liddle kid," they

said, and gave her a vote of thanks and admiration for her pluck. And, after the sale had been effected, by unanimous consent they cut off a lumping sum from the undivided proceeds, and settled it on the baby.

The claim-jumpers were dealt with according to miners' law, all except the man captured by Mrs. Ramsey, who, at her intercession, went scot-free, with naught worse than an admonition. He might have killed them both, she said, but had held his hand—she and the baby owed him something. The failure of the plan for raiding the camp had been due to the cowardice of the half-breed. This fellow, wily as a serpent, had worked up the case with the skill of a detective. He had shadowed the men for a fortnight, and discovered that the cañon-business was simply a plant for the delusion of the curious. Then he had found out about Ramsey's departure, and decided that he had gone to inaugurate proceedings which would result in a lawful boom and defeat their plans for cutting in. For some days, he had been at fault, and then had discovered the existence of the shanty, and rightly conjectured that the find must be in its neighborhood. They had searched the place round, but without success, and then determined to raid the camp, secure the men there, and then push on to the shanty, which meanwhile would be watched by one of their number. As long as it was to be three to two in the camp-business, the half-breed had been brave enough, although of a nature averse to encountering danger. The presence of Dirke Tarleton in the camp, equalizing the forces, had been unexpected, and had given a turn to the affair which, quite early in the action, had convinced the half-breed that discretion is the better part of valor—"he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day"; so he had thought, and upon that thought he had acted.

The lode proved rich beyond all precedent, and the fame of it circulated so that, soon after it passed into the possession of the syndicate, a boom set in, and the rush to the Big Heart region began in earnest.

LOVE.

GOD gives us love. Something to love  
He lends us, and, when love has grown

To ripeness, that on which it throve  
Falls off, and love is left alone.



## REUBEN TOAST'S TRICYCLE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

My nephew, Tom Dorsey, was down to our house a spell last summer, and Tom is allers up in all these ere new-fangled notions that the world is so full of.

Our old mare, that we raised, and which was a colt twentyseven year ago last spring, ain't so frisky as she was once, and, in order to git her into a respectable jog-trot, you have to whack her about once a minnit with the whip.

Tom, he took a ride or two with her when he was here, and I had to rub his shoulders with hammemealus and alkyhol every night for a week. He sed persuading her to go was wuss than sawing wood.

Says he to me, says he: "Aunt Hanner, why don't you and Uncle Reuben git a new hoss?"

"Land sake, Tom," says I, "hosses cost money, and, though they're all right when anybody is a-selling of 'em to ye, they're liable to have the spring-halt, and the spavins, and the glanders, and the ring-bones, and the founders, and the blind staggers, and the salamanders, and the botts, and the onts, and a thousand other diseases, as soon as you git 'em. And we don't cut fodder enough to keep an extry hoss."

"Wal," says Tom, "I'll tell you what to do: Git a tricycle; and it won't cost nothing to keep it, and you can set it in the woodshed, and it won't git spavined nor glandered."

"For the mercy's sakes, Tom!" says I, "what can you be a-thinking of? A tricycle is one of them wheeled things that sticks up in the air and has a little wheelbarrer-wheel in frunt, and you run it by paddling your legs up and down, ain't it?" says I. "And what kind of a figger do you think yer uncle, with his plumbago in his back, and I, with my rhumatics in my knees, would cut, h'isted up onto one of them things?"

"Oh, pshaw!" says Tom. "Nobody would see the rhumatics nor the plumbago, and you'd like it after you got used to it."

I didn't give the subject a thought; but Tom, he put the idee into his uncle's head,

(344)

and Reuben is a man that's a leetle too fond of trying new experiments. He's a church-member in good standing, and he passes the box round, as long-faced and sanctified as Elder Tarbell could do it himself; but, jest between you and me, I think that Reuben wouldn't hesertate a minnit, if he was on the road, Sunday, and had a hoss that could go by the whole crowd of 'em, to tech her up with the whip and scoot by, and then pertend he couldn't hold her.

The tricycle-idee took holt of him at once; and, in spite of all I could say, when he sold the sweet-corn crop to the canning-factory, he bought one of them inventions of Satan that they call a tricycle.

"It'll be so handy," says he, "when you want to go to the Corner with a dozen of eggs or a pound of butter, jest to run the thing out of the shed, mount her, and go along. None of yer cleaning down a hoss, picking the straws out of her mane and tail, seeing if some of her shoes ain't loose, looking over the harness to see if the buckles ain't going to break and let your hoss run away and smash things into kindling-wood—"

"Land sake, Reuben!" says I, "there hain't been any danger of old Peggy's running away for the last twenty year!"

"Wal," says he, "it's a heap of bother to take care of a hoss, and hitch it, and blanket it, and git hairs onto yer clothes; and most allers, when I go to the Corner, I have to git a jug of merlasses for Spencer's folks, and a bag of meal for old Duntley, and, if I go on this ere new machine, there won't anybody think of sending arrents."

Take it all together, Reuben was as tickled as a cat with two tails, with that ere machine; and, the next morning after he got her, he invited me to go over to the Corner with him. I forgot to say that he'd bought one of 'em that carries double—a family machine, so to speak.

Now, I am allers skittish about things that I don't know pritty well about. When they got the new pipe-organ at our meeting-house, I was all of a trimble, the first three or four

Sundays, for fear she'd blow up and kill somebody; and I never feel exactly easy in my mind about the hot-water heater they've got there—it seems as if it was liable to go off any time, as anything does that ain't loaded, and I didn't jest want to git onto that critter nohow.

But I've been registered to vote for school-committees; and Reuben, he kinder flings it at me every time I'm afeerd of anything, and says that a woman that's a-gwine to be a man politically wants to have courage enough not to be afeard of a mouse.

So I wouldn't give him no chance to say anything.

"My knees is so stiff with the rhumatics," sez I, "that I dunno's I can git onto her. Hadn't you better go by yerself this time?"

"Now, Hanner, if you're afeard, why don't you say so?" sez he, as aggravating as you please, and there ain't nobody in the world that can be half so aggravating as your husband can, when he sets out, unless 'tis yer wife. "I thought you was one of them women that wants to turn yerself into a man!"

"I ain't afeard!" says I, indignantly; "but my knees is stiff."

"It'll limber 'em up, to paddle that machine," says he; "and you can take along that two dozen of eggs that I promised to Squire Badger, and the butter for Miss Higley, and the huckleberries for Cousin Jones's wife. We can hitch 'em on to the machine, and they won't be a mite of trouble."

"Be you sartin that you can run the critter?" says I.

"Run her? What's to hinder, I wonder?" says Reuben, as indignant as a broke-up settin' hen. "Of course I can run her! I got larnt that trick of the man that sold her to me. And I tell you, Hanner, it ain't so hard work as 'tis to drive Peggy and hold her up going down-hill for fear she'll stumble, and punch her with the whip going up-hill for fear she'll git to sleep and set down on the frunt part of the waggon."

I sot about gitting ready, but I went like a sheep to the slaughter; and I fixed up the butter and eggs and huckleberries in some tin pails, and Reuben tied 'em onto the hinder end of the machine.

"They won't look very stylish, dangling along there," says I; "it only needs a rag-bag or two, and some brooms, to make a regular tin-pedlar's cart."

"Don't be so doggoned stylish!" says Reuben; "we ain't nothing but plain farmers from Maple Valley, and everybody at the Corner knows it. Now then," says he, "are you ready to get on?"

He rolled the machine up and held it against the back-yard fence. Somehow it seemed to me as if the critter was alive and knowed I couldn't git on handy; for, jest as I'd git that ere stiffest knee of mine h'isted up, she would slide rite away, and Reuben couldn't seem to keep her stiddy.

I made several attemp's, and fell down twice by stepping onto my dress; and I knocked the skin off my knuckles agin the fence, and lost off my specks, and tore my overskirt, and I was mad clean through.

"Hold on, Hanner!" says Reuben. "I'll git in, and hold her while you git in. Women is allers dreadful awkward a-getting into any kind of a kerridge."

So Reuben give a little frisky spring, and thought he was a-going rite on; but he missed his guess, and landed flat on his back in the sink-drain that the hired man was a-cleaning-out, and the tricycle started off on a canter down the hill, and run into a barberry-bush, and turned over and stopped.

"Drat her!" says Reuben, scrambling to his feet and rubbing his back. "I guess I hain't exactly got the hang of her. Oh-h! that plumbago in my back!"

The hired man, he wheeled her up and offered to hold her while we got on, and, after some considerable trouble, we managed to git started. The critter went well enough after she got off, and it would have been fun to ride her, only I felt as if I was setting on the little end of nothing whittled out, and it seemed as if I was liable to git fired clean off to nowhere any minnit.

Reuben's long gray hair streamed out behind him like a flag in a Fourth of July percession, and, with his mouth a little open and his breath held in hard, he held onto the handles of the critter and paddled away with his No. 10 cowhides for all he was worth.

It was a little down-hill to the Corner, and we went like lightning as compared to the way we ginerally went with Peggy, and I begun to grow narvous. I felt the false frizzes that my darter Jane give me last summer for my Sunday-best hair rising up on my forrud and standing up straight over

my bunnit in the breeze, but I dassent let go to fix 'em—I knowed I'd got to hang to the rigging. We had got in sight of the village now, and says I to Reuben :

"Stop her a minnit, and let me git breath enuff to straighten out my clothes and things afore we git onto Main Street."

"Talk is a mighty cheap thing," says Reuben, panting like a porpoise; "but how in thunder you think I'm a-going to stop her, I don't understand. I've been a-trying to stop her for the last quarter of a mile; but the critter don't seem to be so minded."

"Reuben Toast," says I, "if I was a man, I'd see whether I was a-going to be beat by a three-wheeled old wheelbarrer. I'd see mighty quick!" says I.

"Wal," says he, "if you think you can stop her, jest climb over here and do it. I'll give you liberty."

We was now close to the railroad-track, and that tarnation tricycle was a-spinning like all natur, and the tin pails bounced and rattled like mad, and the gateman was putting down the gates, and the train was a-coming lickety-split for Boston.

"Heavens and airth!" yelled I, "we shall be manslaughtered, and there'll be a jury sit onto our dead bodies and find out that nobody was to blame! Hello, there! hello!" says I, screeching to the ingineyear. "Stop your train, for we can't stop our'n!"

But the train didn't hear me, and it seemed to me as if we all got onto the track at the same time. There was an awful roar, a strong smell of smoke, my eyes was full of dust and cinders, and then I looked up and we was on the tother side of the track, a-going onnard like mad—and the train was backing back, and about a hundred men, women, children,

and dogs was a-rushing to the crossing, to pick up our remainders.

Reuben had lost his hat in the scrape, and the side-plaiting on my gownd skirt had ketched into the gate and ripped off, and about ten yards of it was a-streaming out behind us.

Reuben, he had managed somehow to steer onto the sidewalk, and the fust thing he did was to run that dreadful machine of our'n rite over a baby-carriage, through a fruit-stand, smashing up the tomytoes and banyannas into jelly, and making the old woman that owned it so mad that she fired a peck-measure full of rotten peaches after us, and then we run rite square into the plate-glass winder of a drug-shop, and scared the drugger so that he yelled like a week-old baby with the rebellious colic and a safety-pin sticking into him.

The machine stopped. Reuben went flying rite over onto his head, and the eggs bu'sted, and the butter was squelched in between him and me and melted in a jiffy, and them huckleberries was plastered onto us like a slippery-ellum poultice.

"Buttered Toast!" yelled a small boy that had run in to look at the ruins, "and huckleberry-sass, by gosh!"

Wal, to cut a long story short, Reuben and I picked ourselves up, and I am sorry to say that Reuben so fur forgot that he belonged to the meeting-house as to swear some oaths that ain't laid down in the Bible, and he kicked the onlucky tricycle and vowed he'd never ride her agin.

Next day, he sold her for half-price.

We have concluded that, though Peggy may be a little slow, she is fast enough for us. For one great virtue in Peggy is that she is allers willing to stop.

## C O B W E E S .

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

Old woman! Old woman! Oh, whither so high?  
Sweeping the cobwebs out of the sky!  
Sweeping them clean and fast as you go,  
Quaint little old woman—oh, dear! don't you know?

We envy you, envy you, sweeping so high,  
And long to go too, as you pass us a-by.  
To sweep all the cobwebs out of our sky;  
For they gather so fast, as the years go by!

Say! little old woman, with petticoats blue,  
Couldn't you really, now, sweep for us too?  
So just once again the sky shall show through,  
The whole world grow brighter, and life seem more true!

Cruel little old woman, you've passed us a-by,  
And left all the cobwebs over our sky;  
Like all the rest the world—sweeping, we know,  
Just where the cobwebs don't happen to grow.

### THREE WARNINGS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I FIND, my children, that I am growing old, and that it behooves me to write out for your perusal hereafter the history that it is essential you should know, and which, singular as the details may appear under the influence of the skepticism of this nineteenth century, is still strictly true. I have to relate not only my own personal experience, but that of two of our ancestors.

We have been a family apparently highly favored by fate. You have heard, doubtless, of the talismans possessed by certain noble families, and which were supposed by some mysterious power to bring good-fortune to their owners. Such a one is the famous glass goblet known as the Luck of Eden Hall, and celebrated in verse by Longfellow. We, the Martels, originally of France, but for three generations citizens of the United States, have in our keeping a talisman more potent and more singular in the manifestations of its powers than any other relic of the kind, of which I have ever heard. For it does not simply confer good-luck on its possessors, but it acts the part of a guardian angel.

You know, my children, that our family is a very ancient one. We are supposed to derive our descent from the heroic and intellectual Charles Martel, who governed France so wisely as Mayor of the Palace under the feeblest of the early kings of France. Respecting our claim to consider this great man as our ancestor, I have nothing definite to allege. But this I do know: that the family was an old and honorable one, a race of students, of artists, and of men renowned for their learning and in some cases for their skill as workers in gold and silver and precious stones. Benvenuto Cellini himself was jealous of the talent of Antoine Martel, who was patronized by Diana of Poitiers, and who made for that lady a table-service in gold, wrought with the story of Diana and Endymion, and to whom Queen Claude of France confided the task of mounting her ancestral jewels, the ducal diadem and

other crown-jewels of Brittany, into ornaments better fitted for the wife of Francis the First to wear. But it was the father of Antoine, the Martel who flourished in the reign of Louis the Eleventh, who was the true chief of our family. Gilles Martel was a noted physician and was also given to dabbling in astrology and alchemy and other occult sciences. He was in high favor at one time with his keen-witted but superstitious sovereign, and is said to have predicted in a very startling way the tragic fate that some years later befell the renowned Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. Also, he was much in favor with King Louis's delicate and deformed daughter, the Princess Joan, and did much to alleviate her sufferings during her frequent attacks of illness. During the brief period that she was Queen of France, she made him her court-physician; and when, after her repudiation by her husband, she retired to a cloister, it was by her wish that he still continued his ministrations. I have dwelt thus long on the history of Gilles Martel for a reason that will presently appear.

You are all of you familiar with the subject and the aspect of the vast piece of ancient tapestry that has always covered one of the sides of my library-wall, and some amongst you have begged me at times to remove it and to fill the space it occupies with an extra book-case, which is, I confess, much needed. Also, I remember the amazement evinced by you all when, on the occasion of a fire, caused by a defective flue, breaking out in our spare bed-room, I hastened to detach the old tapestry and to bear it out of harm's way before attempting to save anything else, and, in fact, as soon as I had ascertained that your mother and you all were out of danger. The fire was extinguished, it is true, without doing any material damage; but you apparently thought that I might have begun by saving our plate and our pictures and also your mother's diamonds. Children, the old tapestry is our Luck of Eden Hall; it is more—

it is, as I have said before, our guardian angel.

You remember it, doubtless: the faded group of personages in the foreground, one of whom—a tall, gray-bearded, grave-looking gentleman, wearing a loose black robe and a mortar-shaped cap trimmed with fur—is, according to family tradition, the portrait of our ancestor, the learned Doctor Gilles. The other individuals represent certain of the great physician's kinsfolk, who had made honorable names for themselves as warriors or as ecclesiastics. But it is only with the figure of Gilles Martel that we have to do, and also with the border of the tapestry, on which is worked at intervals groups of red heraldic roses, each composed of three flowers, these groups being separated by square spaces. In each of these squares is delineated a curious little allegorical picture, the meaning of which has never been explained. The whole piece is in perfect preservation and is a singularly fine specimen of the tapestry-work of the fifteenth century. I need not assure you that it is immensely valuable. But on no consideration, nor at any price that may ever be offered to you, must you be persuaded to part with it. I do not think that you will be willing to contemplate even the possibility of disposing of it, once you have concluded the perusal of this paper.

I must begin my story with the transcription, or rather an abstract, of a document bequeathed by our ancestor, François Martel, who was the grandson of the learned Gilles, and who flourished in the sixteenth century. From his father Antoine, he had inherited great taste and skill as a worker in metals. As a youth, he had embraced the Reformed religion and was a Huguenot of an ardent and pronounced type. This fact did not hinder him from being extensively patronized by the less bigoted of the nobles at the court of Charles IX, though of course he got but few orders from the followers of the Duke de Guise. But, when the bold Protestant hero, Henry of Navarre, came to Paris to wed Marguerite de Valois, the star of the Huguenot goldsmith was in the ascendant. There are extant a number of his drawings of designs for articles of plate and jewelry manufactured by him for the royal pair. Amongst these is a wreath of daisies to be wrought in diamonds, as a gift

for the bride, which is altogether exquisite and artistic. But I do not think that this charming device was ever reproduced in gold and gems.

Now comes the first strange episode in my strange story. I derive my facts from the parchment record drawn up by François Martel himself, and by him bequeathed to his descendants jointly with the piece of tapestry, which had been left to his father Antoine by Doctor Gilles and which had always been held in high esteem by both father and son, on account of the group of family portraits. The writer declares—I translate from the quaint antique French without attempting, as indeed it would be vain to do, to reproduce its peculiarities in English—that, one pleasant evening early in June in the year 1572, he was seated alone in his study, having need, he writes, of much meditation concerning the design of the silver ewer ordered from him by Admiral de Coligny. He is especially careful to note that his supper had been of the simplest, consisting of some dried pears and comfits and a single cup of Cyprus wine. He is certain that he had not fallen asleep, as he had been greatly engrossed with his drawings and also much tormented thereby, as he could not work the armorial bearings of the Colignys into his design in a satisfactory manner. Finally, having gotten his sketch into shape, he leaned back in his chair for a few moments' rest and reflection. His eyes naturally fell upon the tapestry which hung upon the wall, and upon which the rays of a full and unclouded summer moon were brightly shining, and especially upon the figure of his grandsire, which was prominent in the foreground. Suddenly it seemed to him as if this figure were slowly rising out of the tapestry; that is to say, it was no longer a flat surface, but was assuming the rounded and prominent contours of a living being or of a graven image. As he gazed, the change became more accentuated and complete, and finally the form took motion as it had assumed shape, and stepped from the hangings to the floor, slowly advancing till it came within a few paces of the table at which the astonished goldsmith sat. He makes special record of the fact that he was not terrified by the apparition, though greatly awed and wonder-stricken.

"My grandson François," said the form,

"I come to warn you, as I shall have the power to warn my descendants hereafter, of a great and impending danger. When you receive from an unknown hand three red roses, be assured that the peril is at hand. Then leave France, with your family and possessions, and without delay. Remember the token—three red roses; and thereafter linger not, but depart at once." Then the room was darkened, as though a cloud had passed over the moon; and, when the light shone out again, the figure had returned to the tapestry, and the room had resumed its wonted aspect.

My ancestor goes on to say that he was deeply impressed with the mysterious warning, and that for some days he thought of little else. Then he became absorbed in the preparations for the wedding of the King of Navarre, and gradually the singular occurrence of that June night faded from his mind. The day of the royal marriage, the 18th of August, at last arrived, and François Martel mingled with the throng at the doors of the Church of Notre Dame, to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the Cardinal de Bourbon and which took place on a lofty stage erected outside of the portal of the cathedral. Absorbed as he was in gazing at the bridal party, he was only vaguely conscious of a gentle touch on his right hand; and, when the marriage was at an end and he turned away to bend his steps homeward, he was amazed to find that he was mechanically holding three red roses that had apparently been slipped into his hand by some unknown personage. He looked around and questioned some of the bystanders as to the giver of the flowers; but no one had noticed the person who had left them in Messire Martel's grasp, though several had seen the roses and remarked upon their beauty.

So greatly was he impressed by this fulfillment of the phantom's announcement, that he hastened to put together all his possessions in the shape of money, jewels, and precious metals, not forgetting—as he specially records—the piece of tapestry, with other hangings of great price; and he embarked with all his family at the Louvre wharf, on a bark hired by himself, for England, two days after the king's marriage. He has not failed to record the stupefaction and indignation of his good wife, Dame

Brigitte, and also of his elder children, at being thus hurried away on what, in those days, was a most stupendous journey, and being forced to lose all the public rejoicings on the occasion of the royal wedding. Also, he has set down his own doubts and misgivings in having undertaken so grave a step as the breaking-up of his home and a flight from his native land, on the word of an apparition and the token of three flowers, that might indeed have come into his possession by accident. But hardly had they arrived in London, nor were the family fully established as yet in a hostelry at Southwark, when the tidings of the bloody massacre of the eve of St. Bartholomew, the 24th of August, reached London. François Martel, as a wealthy and noted Huguenot, would, with all his family, have perished on that night of horrible slaughter, had he disregarded the warning of the phantom and the token of the three roses.

The remainder of the fugitive's history was prosperous and uneventful. He opened a goldsmith's shop at Cheapside, and, as a persecuted Huguenot, his story excited a good deal of sympathy amongst the nobles at the court of Elizabeth. The great queen herself condescended to send for him and to order from him a pomander-chain and some minor matters. Thus patronized by royalty, he flourished exceedingly and was contented and happy in his English home. With this assurance, the document due to his patient pen, and which I have greatly abridged, comes to an end.

The fortunes of the Martel family thereafter have for over two centuries nothing to do with the tapestry portrait of Gilles Martel. After the death of Messire François and the accession to the French throne of Henri IV, his widow and children returned to Paris. In due time, the head of the family married a Catholic lady, and their children were educated in their mother's faith, so that the Martel family was no longer liable to persecution on account of its Protestantism.

In the reign of Louis XIV was founded the banking-house of the Brothers Martel by the two last survivors in the direct line of the descendants of Dr. Gilles. These gentlemen, Jehan and Ollivier Martel, founded for the family a new era of prosperity. We, my children, are descended



from the first-named, his brother Ollivier having died unmarried. During all these years, and despite the journeys and changes of fortune of the family, the piece of tapestry and the narrative of François Martel were always religiously guarded and cared for by the head of the house. Hence the remarkable preservation in which the first-named relic has come down to our day.

I have now come to the epoch of the delivery of the second warning, and I translate from the family papers in my possession, so that such of my descendants that may be unacquainted with the language spoken by their ancestors may read this statement and comprehend the facts as they occurred.

At the accession of Louis XVI to the throne of France, the once numerous race of the Martels had dwindled down to a single survivor, Jules Martel, a prominent and prosperous banker, who had accumulated great wealth, and who had in consequence persuaded the noble family of De Pontevez to overlook his descent from the Huguenot goldsmith and to bestow one of their demoiselles on him in marriage. Jeanne de Pontevez was very willing to become Madame Martel, her choice lying between her acceptance of her wealthy suitor and seclusion in a convent. She obtained from the king permission to join her own noble name to that of her husband, and the pair were thereafter known as M. and Mme. Martel de Pontevez. There was talk of the revival for the husband of one of the dormant titles belonging to the wife's family—a barony, I believe; but somehow this honor was postponed till titles had become dangerous things in France for their wearers, and the project was dropped. Meantime, the lady had become the close friend and confidante of more than one of the great ladies of the court, the Countess Jules de Polignac and the Princess de Lamballe being of the number. It was said that Madame Martel obliged her aristocratic friends with timely loans of large sums of money through the mediation of her husband, a form of assistance that was peculiarly acceptable in those days of unbounded extravagance and of high play at cards. Altogether, the last survivor of the descendants of Gilles Martel had become thoroughly affiliated with the court-party

amongst the French aristocracy. His treasured piece of ancestral tapestry decorated the chief drawing-room of his sumptuous hotel in Paris. It was something in his favor, with his new circle of friends, to be able to show that he really possessed ancestors, and one at least, in the person of the learned adviser of Louis XI, of whom he could well be proud. As to the apparition and the warning and the token of the three red roses, as related by the goldsmith François, the astute banker had long before set them down as the figments of an over-excited brain, or as a dream and a series of curious coincidences at the most.

He has not left on record the precise date nor the exact circumstances attending the second appearance of the figure of Gilles Martel. He states that it was on a moonlit night, and that the form descending from the tapestry addressed him in almost the exact words that François Martel had so carefully written down. Once again was the descendant of the learned doctor warned to flee from France, and once more were three red roses indicated as the token that danger was at hand. And then the figure seemed to retreat backward to the wall, and became again incorporated with the tapestry. Jules Martel was at first less moved by the vision or dream, coupled as it was with the same experience that had befallen his ancestor, than might have been imagined. But he relates in his diary how for some weeks he waited and watched, in the vague expectation of receiving the token-flowers; but, as time went on without any farther incident, he became persuaded that he had fallen asleep on one of the couches in the drawing-room, and had simply dreamed a remarkably vivid dream, colored by his remembrance of the story told by his ancestor.

Time wore on, and the thrilling scenes and dramatic events that preceded the actual outbreak of the great Revolution filled the minds of all men. Jules Martel and his wife, now thoroughly affiliated with the most ultra division of the royalist party, were actors in more than one of the incidents that diversified the prologue to that terrible historical tragedy. And so it chanced that they were present at the banquet given by the officers of the French and Swiss Guards at the theatre of the

palace of Versailles. It was a scene never to be forgotten: the fair queen, pale beneath her rouge, the cries and excitement and eager drinking of the healths of the royal party by their military guests, the orchestra pouring forth the melancholy yet impassioned strains of "O Richard, O my king!" the tricolor trampled under foot, the soldiers scaling the boxes to receive from the hands of the ladies the white cockade emblematic of their loyalty; it was a moment whose fervor and enthusiasm might well have persuaded the most lukewarm partisan of royalty that the affections of the nation were really centred on their king and queen. Madame Martel de Pontevezze had just attached one of the rosettes of white ribbon to the shoulder of an ardent young lieutenant, her own nephew, and her husband had smiled his approval of the act, when, on turning from the stage, he saw lying before him, on the ledge of the box, three red roses.

It was rather strange that he took heed at once and practically to the warning of the token-flowers. But Jules Martel was a keen-witted and sensible man, and was not wholly blinded by his prejudices in favor of the aristocratic set in which he had gained a precarious footing by his marriage. He was in reality a roturier, and he knew it, and he had doubtless often meditated with many misgivings over the coming tempest, whose dark clouds and muttering thunder could be ignored by no such intelligent observer as himself, and especially one whose senses were not blunted by the prejudices of race. His own convictions lent weight to the warnings of the phantom and the flowers. He hastened to transfer to England his family and such of his possessions as could be taken thither. His banking-house was left in the charge of one of his junior partners, and, long before the full horror of the Reign of Terror had burst upon his native land, he was established, with his family, in a pleasant quarter of London. There he and his wife came to be considered as a very providence for the exiled French nobles. Many of the kinsfolk of Madame Martel—and amongst them the young Lieutenant de Pontevezze, who had figured at the banquet at Versailles—perished by the guillotine, a fate that would doubtless have befallen both Jules Martel

and his wife, had not that strange vision interposed to save them.

Such, my children, was the experience of my great-great-grandfather. It was I myself who was to be the next of the descendants of Gilles Martel to receive the spectral warning.

Early in the present century, the sole representative of the Martel family was a brave colonel who had achieved distinction in the army during the triumphant campaigns of the great Napoleon. After the overthrow of the hero and the restoration of the Bourbons, Colonel Martel, disgusted with matters and things in his native land, decided upon taking up his residence in a foreign country. He had several friends and more than one relative residing in Louisiana, and he fixed upon that portion of the young and thriving Republic of the United States as his future home. Indeed, it was said to be Lafayette himself whose counsels had guided him in the selection of his new place of abode. The colonel purchased a plantation on the banks of the Mississippi, not far from New Orleans, stocked it well with negroes, and settled down to his new mode of life with more readiness than one would have imagined from his military antecedents. His son and only child Louis—your grandfather, my children—was a typical Southern planter, kind-hearted and amiable, with courteous though languid manners, and sufficiently free from sectional prejudices to send me to be educated at Harvard College. There I imbibed a certain distaste for plantation-life which stood me in good stead at a momentous crisis in my life, by swaying my decision in favor of the line of action which I subsequently adopted.

My father was barely past middle age when he died very suddenly of an attack of yellow fever, that malady being then raging in an epidemic form in our State and carrying off the hardiest and best-seasoned of our citizens. It was only after his death, and on looking through his papers, that I became acquainted with the narratives of François and of Jules Martel, and of the importance to our family of the ancestral piece of tapestry. It is true that my father had frequently referred to the tapestry itself as a precious family relic, and had promised more than once to tell me

the legend connected with it; but, with his usual indolence and fondness for procrastination, he had put off doing so till death overtook him and sealed his lips forever. It took me some time to decipher the quaint old French of the document drawn up by François Martel, and, though I was much interested in it, and also in the meagre notes left by the banker Jules, I must say that I was not particularly impressed by the family apparition and the two warnings. Viewed by the light of the skepticism of the nineteenth century, the two adventures appeared to me but curious coincidences resulting from the unconsciously formed convictions of two intelligent men respecting the current of public events in their day, which convictions had shaped their dreams and had caused them to look upon a casual gift of flowers as a mysterious and supernatural occurrence.

Only the eldest of you all can even faintly remember the agitation and excitement caused in the South, in the spring and summer of 1860, by the approaching election of Mr. Lincoln. We spent the months of July, August, and September, as was our wont, at the Northern watering-places, returning home in the first days of October. My mind was very full of the crisis which I saw was approaching, and which I feared was inevitable. Perhaps it was this current of thought which shaped the incident that I am now about to relate.

Late one evening, soon after our return to our plantation, I was seated alone in my library, engaged in writing letters. Your mother had sent all the children off to bed some hours before, and had herself gone upstairs. I was writing at an office-table placed in the centre of the room, the only light in the apartment being that of a shaded student's-lamp, all of whose rays were concentrated on a circumscribed spot on the table. On the wall opposite me, and consequently wholly in shadow, hung the antique tapestry, its faded hues showing indistinct and formless. I had finished one of the series of letters on which I was engaged, and was looking around in quest of an envelope, when my eye was attracted by a faint light quivering over the surface of the tapestry. At first, it was not vivid, resembling in its character the bluish luminous vapors of phosphorus; but it gradually

became steadier and brighter as I gazed, till finally by its lustre I discerned the figure of Gilles Martel, wholly detached from the tapestry and standing—as it seemed—within a few paces of the table at which I sat. Then I became aware, not exactly by hearing the words, but as though their meaning were conveyed to my brain without the intervention of any of my senses, of the following communication: “Son of my sons, you and your family are threatened with danger and disaster. When, like two of your ancestors, you receive the token of the three red roses, then hasten to depart, for great calamities are about to befall the land. Seek peace and prosperity in a distant country. Remember and heed my warning. Farewell.” Then the pale light faded away into darkness, and I saw nothing more. I caught up my lamp and removed the shade, throwing its rays full upon the tapestry. The faded figures of Gilles Martel and his kinsfolk were all in their places, unchanged and motionless.

Some weeks later came election-day.

I drove in to New Orleans to be on hand to receive the latest tidings. It was late in the evening when, having learned the final and decisive results in favor of the Republican candidate, I went, with a heavy heart, in search of my carriage. As I sprang into the vehicle, my attention was attracted by an object lying on the front seat and dimly visible by the light of the carriage-lamps. I took it up to examine it. It was a cluster composed of three red roses growing on one stem.

“Cæsar,” I called to the coachman, “who put these flowers in the carriage?”

“Flowers, sah? Dunno, sah. I’ve seen nobody hereabouts, sure.”

Children, my story is at an end. Acting on my own convictions no less than in obedience to the spectral warning, I hastened to dispose of my Southern property and took my departure for Paris. Once again I enjoin on you the necessity of the careful preservation of that invaluable relic. And, if ever again the message of Gilles Martel and the token of the three roses be united to tell of a coming disaster and to counsel instant flight, take example by the action of François and Jules Martel and of myself, and at once obey the warning.

## AN UNFORESEEN CRISIS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

### CHAPTER I.



DETTY, the coachman, whipped up his horses at the entrance to the grove in the midst of which the great summer hotel and its dependencies were situated. Presently, as the carriage passed up the winding avenue, Mr. Pembroke caught glimpses of the lights in the ball-room, and the measures of a Strauss waltz floated out on the evening air, reminding him that he had returned in season for the weekly hop—a festivity which he could have missed with the equanimity that befitted his five-and-thirty years.

The landau stopped before the villa in which he had his apartments. He crossed the piazza and met a little knot of acquaintances coming down toward the covered gallery that connected the house with the main building. Mr. Pembroke received cordial greetings on all sides, as he had been absent for several days and was not only a person of social importance, but a man whose genial manner rendered him a general favorite.

He was forced to promise that he would appear in the ball-room later, then the group moved on and entered the corridor. As he neared the foot of the staircase, a lady came out of a parlor opposite and stopped at sight of him.

"How do you do, Mrs. Richmond?" he asked, turning toward her with extended hand.

Even in the brief space which it took him to reach her side, Mr. Pembroke had leisure to reflect that, ugly woman though she undoubtedly was, she looked fairly picturesque as she stood there with a voluminous lace mantle draped over her evening-dress.

"You are back again on the very evening you set for your return," she said, as they shook hands. "You are rather late, though, are you not?"

"Yes; the express did not reach the

junction on time; of course, the Rockland train had to wait for it," he replied. "But I was sure to come. When a man has only a few virtues, punctuality should rank chief among them," he added, laughing. "If I set a certain date for doing a thing, I am miserable if I am obliged to put it off."

"You need not tell that to anyone who knows you," she said. "Well, your exactness on this occasion will meet a reward which I fear you may not appreciate. As there are more people than usual here, the racket will probably be kept up till late."

"Oh, yes; I remembered that I was in time," he rejoined, gayly.

"In time?" she repeated, somewhat wonderingly. "I know you occasionally go into the ball-room, but I thought it was only because you were begged to on all sides. You never dance—at least, you never have to my knowledge."

"No, no; it is a youthful pastime which I seldom indulge nowadays—but I mean to dance to-night," he said, laughing. "Just for once, if only to give you a surprise; will you promise to accept me for a partner?"

"I am afraid I cannot," she answered.

"Oh, is your list so full that you can't put me down—at least, for a quadrille?"

"Sorry, I am sure—"

"Upon my word, I believe you are afraid that I should step on your toes or tear your dress! Now, really, I assure you I am not quite so awkward as that."

"I gave up even quadrilles several years ago," she answered. "It is wise for a woman to do that when she nears thirty—then she is not forced to see dancing and dancers give her up."

"You might make an exception to your rule," he said, not venturing on the banal compliment which he might have addressed to another woman; for Mrs. Richmond never tolerated any speech of the sort, and on occasion her tongue could be as sharp as a needle. Looking more closely at her, Mr. Pembroke added: "You look pale. Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly well," she replied; "I am always pale—at least, as much so as such a Pocahontas-colored creature can manage to be."

She spoke banteringly; but the expression, which suggested either physical pain or mental anxiety, did not leave her eyes. Mr. Pembroke gave her another searching glance, and said with a slight hesitation:

"You—you seem to me not quite yourself—or—troubled about something. I beg your pardon, but I can't help saying it, though I know your dislike to personal remarks."

"Not when they are kindly meant," she replied, with a smile. It was not always agreeable to be the recipient of Mrs. Richmond's smiles, for they were sometimes sarcastic or cynical; but the one which Mr. Pembroke received softened her features wonderfully. "However, I must not inveigle you out of your sympathy under false pretenses," she added; "there is nothing the matter to give me a claim on it. You had pleasant weather for your trip."

He had been to inspect a newly-begun railway among the mountains that surrounded the beautiful Pennsylvania valley in which Rockland was situated.

"I had a charming expedition," he said. "The engineers are a fine, cultivated set of men, and they are comfortably housed; the scenery is beyond description. I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so thoroughly, and I have come back in the most wonderful spirits—without any special reason, either. I am positively feeling a good deal more like twenty than I felt when I owned that age."

Mrs. Richmond's melancholy eyes seemed suddenly to grow even more sombre.

"There is an old superstition that such a mood is the forerunner of misfortune," she said.

He laughed again out of his unwonted gayety and answered:

"Luckily I am not superstitious; are you?"

"Yes," she said, almost curtly.

"I should not have thought it," he rejoined, and his tone expressed a little wonder—not at her remark, but her abrupt change of voice and manner.

"I have reason to be so," she observed, after a brief pause, and her tone sounded as if she found it difficult to make the

admission. "With me, such a mood as you describe has invariably preceded some misfortune—some great misfortune, I mean." She stopped again; then, with a rather harsh laugh, continued: "You see, I am so stupid that I never can have a presentiment at the right time."

There was something very odd about her to-night, Mr. Pembroke thought; but then, there always was—she never talked or behaved after the stereotyped fashion of ordinary people.

"I don't believe in presentiments," he exclaimed.

"Perhaps it is as well," she said; "the trouble comes just the same, and one has had the misery of anticipation into the bargain." She spoke carelessly, as she arranged the folds of her lace mantle; but the moodiness of the eyes, which she quickly averted, again struck Mr. Pembroke. Before he could make any remark, she added:

"I am going to the ball-room—a somewhat tiresome business; but I promised to look after Mrs. Lansing's pretty granddaughter, in case the old lady should get tired."

"I shall see you soon," said Mr. Pembroke; "we were detained so long at the junction that I dined there, so I only need to dress. Oh, I forgot—I shall find a pile of letters and telegrams on my table. They will speedily bring me down from my state of exaltation, with their prosy details."

"Wait until after the hop, before you look at them," she said, quickly.

"I should be glad to," he replied; "but I expect a couple of letters which must be answered at once."

"And, anyway, putting off things never does any good," she said, with a faint sigh.

She dropped her fan as she turned to go, and Mr. Pembroke handed it to her; their eyes met, and he was again struck by their anxious expression. He was still a very impulsive man, and, before he knew it, had begun to speak:

"Don't be annoyed—I beg your pardon in advance—but—"

There he paused, remembering that to finish his sentence might appear to her an unwarrantable liberty.

"Go on," she said; "I insist—no excuses."

"Well, then, I can't help feeling that you are troubled. If I could be of any assistance—we have grown quite old friends in these

weeks of daily intercourse. You won't think me intrusive—if there were anything I could do, you would give me a friend's privilege?"

"Indeed I would," she rejoined, with restrained eagerness. "Yes, a thousand times—and I thank you heartily. Let me say the same to you, may I not? That, if I could ever assist you in any way, I should be glad—glad!"

"Oh, thanks, thanks; now I feel that we are really friends," he said, cordially. He was gratified by her sincerity and warmth, yet he could with difficulty repress a smile at the idea that he could possibly require help or even sympathy: he whose life was one golden round of success—a life, too, in which he could feel honest pride, since it was devoted to the good of others.

"I know that such a need does not seem possible," Mrs. Richmond observed, interpreting his thought as readily as if he had uttered it; "but, in this world of puzzles and changes, we can never tell what may await us at any turn."

"You are right—very right," he said, gravely. "Again I thank you. I am glad, too, that my anxiety about you was without foundation."

"Something does trouble me," she answered; "but it is not a personal misfortune—I can't talk about it now."

"Perhaps later—and, if I can aid anyone in whom you are interested—"

"Oh, don't!" she interrupted, in a voice which some hidden emotion rendered positively sharp. "Well, go on now. If you wish to talk to me after—after you have read your letters—only let me know."

She walked away without another word or glance, and he stood watching till she disappeared. Instead of going up to his rooms, Mr. Pembroke passed toward a glass-covered piazza filled with blossoming plants protected from possible depredations by a wire screen, but to the door of which he had a key. He went in and began cutting some flowers, having remembered that Mrs. Richmond carried no bouquet. He was thinking what a peculiar woman she was, and smiling at the recollection of their first meeting, more than a year previous, at the house of a mutual friend. Just as he entered a room where she sat with their hostess, he heard her say: "They must have named me Magdalen because I was doomed to bear

the weight of my appalling ugliness—more unpardonable in a woman than any sin in the decalogue!"

Ugly she undoubtedly was; but the plainness of her features was atoned for by their animation and intelligence, and she was tall and graceful as a river-reed. She often appeared a sort of human prickly pear, to ordinary acquaintances; but persons whom she honored with her friendship positively idolized her, and she was noble-hearted and generous to a fault. She had passed her thirty-second birthday, was a very rich widow, and the disappointments and deceptions which she had early encountered had rendered her suspicious, though she fought against the calamity with a perseverance for which few gave her credit. At bottom, she was sadly lacking in self-esteem and confidence; her love of beauty was so intense that her own ugliness, which she exaggerated, never ceased to be a pain, and her habit of cynicism had grown until she was rapidly reaching the stage where it was more and more difficult for her to believe that, no matter what protestations they might make, people in general could be genuinely fond of her.

During the past winter, she and Mr. Pembroke had seen a great deal of each other in New York and Washington; and, nearly two months before this present evening, they had unexpectedly found themselves neighbors at Rockland Springs.

Mr. Pembroke had learned not only to admire Magdalen Richmond, but he had conceived a warm liking for her, though it was confined entirely to the basis of friendship; for she never seemed to him a woman to feel or inspire love. He respected her keen sense of honor in all business relations, trusted to her judgment, recognized her unusual talents, and fairly envied her wide range of reading and general information.

Mrs. Richmond was a good artist, a fine musician, and a really learned woman, though one had to know her intimately to be allowed to suspect the extent of her knowledge. Mr. Pembroke only found out by accident that various admired articles in certain American and English reviews, on the great social and political questions of the day, were from her pen.

He was reflecting on these things while he gathered and arranged the odorous blos-



soms; thinking how much his later plans for being of use in his generation owed to her far-sighted counsels. He smiled to recollect how freely he had talked with her on every subject save one: the fact of his engagement had never been mentioned; in that matter, he instinctively felt he would receive no sympathy.

Very few of his friends were aware of the change which was soon to come into his life; for, in the autumn, he expected to be married. The coterie in which he had met Mrs. Richmond was made up of acquaintances of a recent date, and the reticence which formed an odd contrast to his impulsiveness, rendered him singularly averse to confiding the least hint of his purely personal feelings and affairs to any but his most intimate friends.

Lilian Fane was only nineteen years old; a lovely, lovable girl, but not the person anyone would have expected him to select for a wife. A little human butterfly, most persons considered her; and, with certain variations, she certainly did belong to that genus.

Mr. Pembroke himself sometimes wondered how the engagement should have come about—wondering most at her caring for him, with his five-and-thirty years; for his opinion of himself was far more modest than is the case with successful men in general.

So, of his personal future and the change in his life which was nearing so rapidly, he had never conversed with Mrs. Richmond, freely as they discussed many matters—beliefs and theories and Mr. Pembroke's schools, homes, co-operative mills, and the scores of other projects which he had always on hand. He was not a philanthropist—indeed, he would have rejected the name with praiseworthy indignation; but his creed was that every rich man should, so far as lay in his power, help other men to find work—to keep themselves independent—and he lived up to his creed to the very letter.

His thoughts wandered away from Mrs. Richmond and his engrossing occupations, to dwell with protecting tenderness on Lilian Fane. She was a relative of his sister's husband, and for several years had lived like a daughter in the house; so that she and Mr. Pembroke had been thrown a great deal together.

Their engagement had taken place after an accident she met with while the pair were

one day out driving. When she was recovering from the tedious months of ill health which succeeded, Pembroke had the surprise of discovering that the beautiful, petted creature had made him the object of a youthful hero-worship. At first he thought the sentiment went no deeper, then he decided that it was an affection founded on esteem and gratitude; but, in her guileless fashion, Lilian betrayed herself to her sharp-eyed guardian, and that lady was only too happy to employ every possible means to bring about a marriage between her favorite and her idolized brother.

So in Pembroke's heart there sprang up a great tenderness toward the delicate sensitive girl, which had developed into a protecting affection that knew no limit and would stop at no sacrifice.

The cathedral-clock in the hall rang out a brief chime, reminding Mr. Pembroke that he had been standing for some time, flowers in hand, lost in reverie. He left the conservatory, summoned a servant, and requested him to carry the bouquet to Mrs. Richmond.

"You will find her in the ball-room," he added.

The man started on his errand, but met the lady walking to and fro in the deserted veranda. When the messenger left her, Mrs. Richmond stood for some moments looking down at the flowers with weary anxious eyes. Presently she descended the steps and walked toward the garden. As she glanced back at the house, she saw a light suddenly flame up in a chamber which she knew was Mr. Pembroke's sitting-room.

"He will know now—a moment more, and he will know!" she thought. "And I can't go near him—I must let myself be held back by these stupid conventional laws! Oh, if ever a human being had reason to curse fate, I am the woman! If I were only a man, I could go to him—I could say out my whole thought. And I must—I must! For once in my life, I will act as my reason and my heart dictate. Come what may, I will do it!"

## CHAPTER II.

MR. PEMBROKE found the door of his apartments unlocked and the gas lighted. His own servant had leave of absence, so one of the hotel waiters appeared at the

head of the stairs with voluble offers of assistance which were courteously declined.

On a table in the sitting-room lay a goodly pile of letters, at sight of which Mr. Pembroke heaved a little sigh, as a man with a large correspondence is apt to do when he regards the accumulation of several days and reflects that each separate epistle must be read, considered, and, worst of all, answered.

Presently he seated himself and began examining the superscriptions on the letters. The two he had expected were not there; he opened an envelope at random—it contained a long effusion from a near relative. A sentence half-way down the first page caught his eye as he unfolded the sheet:

"There is a sudden but wide-spread report that the North Orton Company is on the eve of bankruptcy. I heard nothing about it till this morning, but to-night I was told that the failure will be publicly announced within a couple of days; there is no possibility, it seems, that matters can be arranged.

"I feel a little troubled on your account, for I remember that the president—Holmes—is a great friend of yours, and—now don't think I am prying and given to gossip—I had it on pretty good authority that you helped him last year, when the company was in a tight place. I sincerely hope that you will not be inconvenienced, though you will probably suffer some pecuniary loss; but, of course, you did not in any way make yourself liable. The company had the reputation, up to that time, of being a perfectly safe concern; but Holmes always seemed to me a visionary man—honest, no doubt, but you might as well have a downright dishonest person to deal with: at least, then you know what to expect."

The later paragraphs Mr. Pembroke read mechanically, while his mind was trying to grasp the astounding statement in the first sentence. Then he dropped the letter and hurriedly opened another, glancing meanwhile at the superscriptions on several envelopes spread out on the table, to see if there was one in the familiar writing of the president of the Orton Company. He perceived none; but the third epistle he unfolded, though directed in an unfamiliar hand, proved to be from Mr. Holmes.

The story was true! This letter must have arrived by the morning's post; perhaps

before now the company's bankruptcy was known far and wide. Up to the last, Mr. Holmes had believed that the dark hour could be tided over, and so had not written; but the final hope had proved a delusion—the company must succumb.

Then followed despairing protestations of regret at the trouble which this disaster must bring on the friend who had trusted him; but these could avail as little as late remorse usually does. One stern fact stood out clear and distinct: Mr. Holmes's promised arrangements had not been completed, and, as matters stood, it looked as if Pembroke could actually be made responsible in this impending crash.

He tore open a fresh envelope; out of it fell a long newspaper-paragraph, which he read with a face of incredulous amazement. It was an article from a great city daily, reflecting maliciously on his reputation, but so artfully worded that openly to resent it would have been difficult. It asked how it was possible that this widely-trusted and much-honored man could have become mixed in any way with so shady a business as the Orton Company failure. No doubt the astounding report would be speedily cleared up—Mr. Pembroke could not afford to rest quiet for a day, under an imputation like that which hung over him. A man such as he belonged to his generation; he owed it to himself, to his friends, to humanity at large, to dispel the faintest shadow of reproach from his name. A dereliction, however slight, on the part of one in his position, would hurt the cause of progress, enlightenment, general brotherhood, and all the practical and unpractical schemes which he had labored so hard to push into active working.

Nor was that malicious paragraph the last of the evil tidings so suddenly flung in on this man, who had scarcely learned what even the word disappointment really meant. A fire in a Southwestern city, where he owned acres of ground and whole squares of buildings, was at this time in progress. By some strange chance, he did not find the telegram announcing the disaster until after he had read the other letters.

For a while, he sat overwhelmed; it took some time to realize that all these terrible tidings could be true. His first impulse was to begin an answer to the abominable assault

on his honor. He wrote rapidly for a few moments, then tore the page and threw it aside—he would deign no reply to the cowardly attack.

At no previous time could misfortune have found him unprepared to meet it. He had vast means, but he was carrying various heavy enterprises which locked up the greater portion thereof. It was on the cards that ruin might soon actually stare him in the face—in any case, he was temporarily crippled.

But pecuniary disaster seemed nothing compared to the possibility that suspicion, even a passing shadow, could touch his name. It would not be easy, either, at once to set himself right—to give a perfectly clear explanation; generosity had carried him too far. He knew that, under similar circumstances, he should certainly do the same thing again; but he realized that, though he might consider the act right—imperative, even—it was one for which he would possibly be forced to pay a penalty.

He paused in his automatic march up and down the room, and stood looking out of one of the open windows. Again his ear caught the ring of dance-music—the very melody which the orchestra had played as he drove up to the house. A long, long time seemed to have elapsed since then; he was able thoroughly now to comprehend the reality and the full measure of the trouble which had burst upon him. That very capacity to realize it brought courage to face the danger. He could do nothing to-night; it was useless even to send a telegram in any direction—he would not trust himself to write a single letter.

He recollected his promise to join the party in the ball-room. He would go; doubtless the story was already known—the newspaper containing the vile slander must have already circulated among his acquaintances. It hardly appeared possible that any human being who knew him could credit the tale for an instant; but were not worse stories every day bruited abroad about men whose record was as clean as his own, and did not these reports always find scores ready to give them credit? Why should he hope to escape?

He went into his bed-chamber, got out an evening-suit, and dressed himself with his customary faultless elegance, putting in

his button-hole one of the flowers he had taken from the bouquet. Then he went downstairs, crossed the piazza, entered the hotel, and made his way toward the ball-room.

On every side, he received cordial greetings; men were as friendly as ever, women as eager for his notice—not even a sign of curiosity was visible on a single face. Apparently no person present was aware of the dastardly attack which had appeared in the morning's issue of the popular journal, and yet it seemed impossible that such could be the case. The New York papers were brought to Rockland by the very train on which he had arrived; there had been plenty of time for scores of persons to peruse the prominent editorial—the matter was unaccountable.

Suddenly he caught sight of Mrs. Richmond seated further down the room. Their eyes met; as if some electric current had flashed the intelligence from hers to his, Mr. Pembroke comprehended the meaning of her odd look and manner. She had known what revelation was awaiting him in his room; the anxiety and trouble from which he had felt certain she was suffering had been on his behalf—his only.

But he did not yet understand how the newspaper, with its scurrilous imputations against his honor, could have been kept from the sight of all those men and women whose sympathy or curiosity must have found expression in words or looks, had they seen the article.

A moment later, a fussy elderly acquaintance bustled up and asked if he had brought any New York or Philadelphia papers with him, adding:

"It is the most unpardonable piece of carelessness! We got no papers by the train."

"How was that?" Mr. Pembroke asked.

"The boy was at the station; the fellow on board said they had been put off by accident at the wrong station—unheard-of, you know!" cried the irate gentleman, working himself up to a white heat of indignation. "The truth probably was that he had had larger calls than usual, and sold the batch he leaves for the hotel."

"I could find none when I got on the train at the junction," Mr. Pembroke observed. "I remember now the news-agent said that

he should not have any till they met the through train from New York."

"Why, they don't do that till Grafton—thirty miles beyond here," fumed the angry gentleman.

He went on to assert that, if the proprietors of the hotel did not act in the matter—insist on the dismissal of everybody on the train who could possibly be to blame, news-agent or brakeman—they would learn what he thought of such culpable neglect, and in very plain language too.

Then he walked away, so excited and happy in the possession of an injury that it would have been a pity to deprive him of it. But the brief conversation had made another thing clear to Mr. Pembroke: he understood now how it had come about that all whom he met were so evidently ignorant in regard to his troubles or the infamous newspaper-attack.

The entire batch of morning journals had been bought up before the through train reached the junction where the branch-line to Rockland began. He knew, too, who had done this—it had been Mrs. Richmond's work. She must have received information in advance, through some of her numerous correspondents. She had wished to give him a few hours' more respite—leave the evening of his return free from curiosity or ill-timed sympathy—and she had succeeded.

The manner of doing the thing was plain enough, too. When the express reached the junction, Mr. Pembroke had seen Mrs. Richmond's marvel of a man-servant descend from it. He carried a large valise, and explained that he had been to Waltham, a town fifty miles distant, to attend to some commissions for his mistress.

Before arriving at the junction, he had undoubtedly bought up all the newspapers the agent had left, and no train would reach Rockland that night from the opposite direction. So Mrs. Richmond's considerate act had made it impossible for the people at the hotel to obtain any information in regard to his troubles, through the public press, until the afternoon of the following day.

What could he say to her? How could he express his gratitude for her care—for this display of thoughtfulness, which it would never have occurred to one person in a thousand to attempt, however desirous

to save a friend from any suffering which could possibly be avoided? Ah, she would need no words—she would understand!

For a full half-hour, he allowed himself to be engrossed by different persons, seeing Mrs. Richmond at a distance every now and then, but always so surrounded that he did not attempt to approach her. He could take his part in idle conversation with ordinary acquaintances unaware of the trouble which had so suddenly invaded his life; but to that sympathetic woman, who knew thereof, he could not talk until an opportunity for speaking alone with her should be offered.

There was a pause in the music, an exodus toward the refreshment-room, and Mr. Pembroke took advantage of that to depart. He glanced about in search of Mrs. Richmond. Hard as it would be to converse to-night of the matter which filled his thoughts, it seemed unfriendly to go without uttering some expression of acknowledgment of her sympathy. But she had disappeared; and he passed out into the piazza, which had a flight of stairs at the further end, leading into the garden.

As he reached the foot, he saw a white-robed figure standing near in the moonlight. His quick eye at once recognized Mrs. Richmond, and he joined her, saying:

"I missed you, someway—when I looked for you, to say good-night, you were gone; I am glad to find you."

"That is fortunate," she answered, in her abrupt fashion; "for I came down on purpose to waylay you. I knew that from here I could see you, whichever path you might take."

She moved on, and he walked beside her; both remained silent till they reached a broad terrace hidden from the houses by a row of elms. Below spread a wide valley diversified by woods, a lake in the middle distance, then a sweep of lofty hills, all bathed in the soft light of the August moon.

"I know now why you looked so troubled," he began, suddenly, as she paused by the balustrade and stood gazing straight before her; "I thank you, too, for your sympathy."

She did not turn—did not even stretch out her hand, as most persons would have done. After a little, she said as quietly as if speaking in regard to some matter of slight importance:

"You have hardly had time to decide what you will do."

"I found I could not think yet—I put it all aside; that was why I went to the ball-room," he said, composedly.

"Then—then it is as serious as I feared?" she asked; and now, in spite of her self-control, her voice quivered.

"It is very serious," he replied. "I mean, of course, the loss; I was not speaking of the newspaper-slander. Oh, how am I to thank you for your kindness of to-day?"

"Do not thank me at all."

"It was good, good of you!" he exclaimed.

"I don't mean to be put off," she said, quickly. "Mr. Pembroke, a couple of hours ago, you told me you considered me a friend; I want you to prove it now by talking frankly with me."

"I will, indeed," he replied.

"Then tell me whether the pecuniary losses will be as great as the account hinted."

"Yes—greater."

"And—and are you prepared to meet them?"

"I can hardly answer yet. I may be terribly straightened and cramped; I don't think I shall be ruined, but—"

"But you will need more money than you can raise without sacrificing valuable property," she added.

"That, certainly; but what I think most about is the disappointment which may come to others," he said; "so many of my plans may have to be deferred. I can and will manage so that not one of the workmen in any way employed in anything in which I am interested will be thrown out of occupation. I would rather make companies—rich men—wait than—"

"I am sure of it; I sympathize with you thoroughly," she broke in, impetuously. "I knew you would do this, but it is so unusual—so unlike human nature in general; you will be horribly abused. If you would only let the poor people suffer—favor your rich capitalists—why, then you might expect sympathy."

"I must endure the abuse," he said. "I make no pretense to you; of course, I shall feel it—humiliation looks worse than death. Life has spoiled me; I have known only success in everything I have undertaken. It is hard—like a nightmare! I don't mean to complain; I shan't be a coward. Now I have assuredly proved how highly I value your friendship: there is no human

being to whom I would say what I have just said to you."

"And I thank you—I thank you!" she replied, eagerly. "But it may not turn out so black as it looks."

"It may not; I think I shall be able to meet my liabilities. But it has all come so unexpectedly—so many blows at once; misfortunes which it would have seemed preposterous to contemplate. And then, this slander added; but that I must put out of my mind at present."

"There are large claims which can come on you at once?" she asked. "I mean, outside the Orton business?"

"Yes."

"And, of course, as you are embarrassed, nobody will spare you," she continued; "that sounds cynical again, but it is a plain statement of what we both know is a fact. You will need a great deal of ready money; you must have it."

"I must; but, to secure all I need, I shall have to make such sacrifices that I shall be crippled. Well, there's no use softening the word: it looks fairly like ruin, but it may not prove quite so bad."

"It must not—it shall not!" she said, in a low resolute voice, speaking quickly, but with such determination that neither voice nor manner gave any impression of haste. "You must not sell things at a sacrifice; you must borrow."

"Unfortunately, I cannot. That sounds odd," he explained, "but what the newspaper hints is true. Trouble threatens about the title to all that Western land. New heirs have sprung up; there is bound to be a lawsuit. There are heavy mortgages on several of my mills and other works. Everything was arranged for, but this unforeseeable series of misfortunes has upset all."

"Explain, please!" Her voice was positively imperative.

"Why, if I could have offered the Western tract for security, I should have been all right; but this doubt about the title—"

"That will be set straight."

"No, I fear not; my lawyer's letter shows that. Two days ago, the threatened suit seemed such a farce that I was trying my best to keep the professed heirs from losing money, by going on with it."

"Then you can't borrow all you need because now you lack security to offer?"

"That is it."

"I am rich," she said, in the most commonplace tone, "much richer than you are aware—richer than I was three weeks ago. While trouble was gathering for you, fate was working herself into an amiable mood toward me."

"I am glad—"

"So am I," she interrupted. "How much will tide you safely over the trouble—three hundred thousand—five?"

Mr. Pembroke grasped her two hands and shook them warmly as he would have done a man's.

"What an honor to have you for a friend!" he cried. "I can't accept your offer—it is impossible! Wait—listen—"

"I won't! You refuse because I am a woman."

"I do not. I refuse because you might lose the whole sum. I have no right to do it; you will see that, when you have considered the matter."

"Your good name is involved," she hurried on; "we are obliged to face that fact. You must have the money—at once, too. Oh, that fiend will never rest; he has hated you for years, and, as the head of one of the greatest daily papers in the world, he is a power."

"I know."

"The money, I say!" she exclaimed. "You must have it; you shall let me be of some use. Don't speak yet. See: if—if you had a wife, you would let her come to the rescue?"

"Yes; she would have the right to decide whether she would incur possible ruin for my sake."

"She would have the right to prevent it, you mean, and so save hundreds of struggling men and women from misery," Mrs. Richmond said, in a voice very low, but firm and strong. "You must take my money, even if—even if—"

She finished the sentence by extending her hand.

Mr. Pembroke stared incredulously at her; he had grown very pale.

"You do not reflect," he said, hesitatingly; "such acceptance would involve—marriage."

"It would have that drawback," she observed, dryly.

"One which you would find it impossible to incur, and I—"

"I am a very ugly woman," she added.

"You—"

"Don't try for excuses," she broke in.

"Let me speak!" he said, sternly. "I am engaged to be married."

She stood for a moment with her head averted, then she laughed a low harsh laugh.

"At least, you have had a new experience," she observed.

"Oh, you know how I honor you—more than I do any other human being!" he cried.

"Of course, I know you only spoke so to induce me to accept your assistance—to prove that you would stop at nothing to aid, not even at the most tremendous sacrifice you could imagine; and to marry me—or indeed any man—would be that to you, I am well aware."

She gave a deep breath of relief.

"Good-night," she said, abruptly.

"You do believe that I appreciate your friendship—that I am worthy of it?" he pleaded.

She turned; her face showed white in the moonlight, but it was calm and her eyes met his bravely.

"I am proud to be your friend," she said, and was gone.

Mr. Pembroke walked slowly toward the house and went up to his rooms.

Again he sat down at the table and began looking over his papers. A sealed envelope dropped out from among the scattered sheets and fell to the floor; he picked it up.

"My little Lilian!" he said, with infinite tenderness.

He opened and read the letter. Lilian Fane wrote to announce to him that their engagement must be considered at an end.

It was a brief cold epistle, vouchsafing no definite reason for her decision beyond that contained in the declaration that she had for some time been satisfied that such a rupture would be for the future peace of both, and that she felt confident her action would prove neither unexpected nor unwelcome. The proprietor of the newspaper in which the attack on Mr. Pembroke had this morning appeared was an intimate friend of the relatives with whom Lilian Fane was spending the summer at a sea-side resort near New York, and had been at one time a suitor for the girl's hand.

The letter was dated two days back—the very day on which the first rumors of the approaching failure of the North Orton Company had startled the business-world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## IN THE BUSH-TREE.

BY ADELAIDE CLARK.

THE "bush-tree," which was prized by every member of Farmer John Bentley's household, was once the central object in a large thriving orchard. But that time was about as far back as Farmer John's pretty eighteen-year-old daughter could remember.

As time went on, the trees had died, one by one, and the bush-tree stood in the centre of a large grassy plot which had once been the orchard, as fine a specimen of an apple-tree as one could wish to see. The lowest branches drooped so near the ground that, when loaded with its rich crimson fruit, the tips almost touched the greensward below. A long row of tall raspberry-bushes hid the old orchard-spot from the view of the house.

On the particular day on which my story opens, a young man was walking across the field toward this spot. He walked along with a swinging gait—snapping, I must confess, very viciously at the unoffending daisies with his cane, and with a very moody look upon his face.

"Well, what a fool!"

This complimentary remark was addressed to himself, and emphasized by a particularly vicious switch of his cane, which mowed down a whole row of daisies. "I don't see what possesses me to go to the bush-tree now. If any of the Bentleys see me—that Bobby especially—how they will laugh at my coming back here, after the snubbing Nell gave me on that very spot last summer."

He came to a halt about four rods from the tree, and stood looking at it. At this particular time, it would have been more to his advantage to look behind him; for Bobby Bentley's goat—Billy—was advancing from that quarter with silent swiftness.

"Well, I believe I'm spooney yet, for I have a great desire to go and stand under that tree again—her favorite spot, she told me it was last summer."

Still hesitating, he looked carefully in front of him, to see that no one was watching him, and still hesitated. Then he cast

one glance behind him, and hesitated no longer. He bounded toward the apple-tree, caught the lower branches, and swung himself into a place of safety, while Billy charged blindly past, not able to stop himself until he had passed the tree.

Our hero soon found quite a comfortable perch among the largest branches, but with his clothes and temper both somewhat damaged. Billy, as soon as he could gather himself together and stop, turned round, came back, and stood under the tree, stamping his feet and shaking his head.

Our hero, whose other name was Jack Stevens, was enjoying Billy's discomfiture, when a girl's ringing voice from the vicinity of the raspberry-bushes put a sudden damper upon his enjoyment. The voice, which belonged to Miss Benton's bosom-friend—Kate Wilson—was saying:

"Oh, Nell! we can't go to the bush-tree, for there is that horrid goat of Bobby's stamping his feet and shaking his head. I know it's because he saw me, for he hates me."

"I can't get him away," said another voice, a little sweeter than the first one; "but Bobby can call him for us."

Jack had scrambled frantically to the top-most branches of the tree, with despair in his heart and on his countenance, at the sound of the girls' voices; but, when he heard Nell speak of getting Bobby to call the goat, hope revived in his breast once more.

He thought that, as small boys are not apt to be near when wanted, the girls would have to go and hunt for him, and he could then jump down and make a wild dash for liberty before the astonished Billy could realize what he was about. But the girls did not go.

"Bobby! Bob-by! Bob-e-e!" rang out Nell's voice, and "Here!" came Bobby's answer, with aggravating promptness.

"Oh-h!" groaned Jack. "I wouldn't have Nell find me here for a fortune. And, if Kate Wilson sees me, I'll never hear the last of it in this neighborhood!"

Bobby came up, and, bidding the girls stand aside, stood before a gap in the bushes, and, calling Billy, shook his fist menacingly at him. This was all the challenge Billy needed, and, as Bobby turned and fled, Billy dashed past the girls in hot pursuit. Reaching the tree, they seated themselves comfortably on the grass beneath it, while poor Jack was perched on the highest bough he could find, that was not so small as to be absolutely dangerous, taking some consolation in thinking that the foliage was so thick that his presence was not apt to be discovered, though they should look up.

The girls talked upon every subject under the heavens, Jack thought, and mentally decided that they gave ten minutes to each subject, and wishing, since he was an eavesdropper whether he chose to be or not, that they would pass on to more interesting topics than the best way of cultivating pansies and the decision as to what kind of lace was the prettiest.

Just as Jack had given up, he heard something that was decidedly interesting. It was so interesting that he entirely forgot that the bough on which he was seated was fast becoming an instrument of torture.

"Nell Benton, I just want an explanation of your conduct at the sociable last evening," said Kate's decided voice. "I thought it was queer when Jack Stevens's visit to his uncle terminated so suddenly last summer, and I believe I am right in laying it to you. I hoped, when I heard he was coming again this summer, that, if you had had a quarrel, you would make it up; and last night, when I saw he was at the sociable, I hoped you would take that opportunity. But what did you do? Just barely spoke to him, and that was all, and then turned deliberately round and went to talking to Charlie! Now, don't think that is why I am scolding. I should like to have taken you both by the ears and bumped your heads together."

"Oh, Kate!" began Nell, with an hysterical sob that went right to Kate's warm heart, and then she buried her face in Kate's lap and gave vent to a torrent of sobs and tears. "Oh, Kate! I am just dying to tell somebody about it, for it will be such a relief. I thought the world of Jack last summer, and I know he loved me too."

"Well, go on and tell what happened!" exclaimed Kate, impatiently.

"Billy!" gasped Nell, with an hysterical giggle. "It was that miserable goat that was the cause of it all. You remember we were on our lawn, playing croquet, two days before Jack went away, and he walked home with you. Just before he went, he took my hand and said: 'Nellie, may I come over again to-morrow? I have something I wish to say to you before I go home.' Of course, I promised to receive him. How could I help it, when he looked at me so—so—well, just the way Charlie looked at you under like circumstances, I suppose. 'Come out to the bush-tree at three o'clock,' he said; 'I would rather see you there, to-morrow, than any other place.' How happy I was that evening and the next morning! I came out here at a quarter to three, and waited. After sitting a few minutes, I became impatient and rose to see if Jack were in sight yet, when that wretched goat came charging at me from somewhere, and I barely saved myself by climbing into the tree and sitting among the branches. In my frantic movements, I did not look out for smooth places, and tore two or three holes in my dress, and was a most disorderly-looking creature altogether, for my hair tumbled down too. Billy went away, but, before I could get my hair put up again, I saw Jack coming, and scrambled out of sight up among the branches.

"He was beautifully dressed, and did look so handsome, as I peeped at him through the leaves. He walked up and down impatiently a number of times, and then I heard Bobby call: 'Looking for Nell? I guess she's gone over to Kate Wilson's. Shall I go after her?' 'No, thank you,' said Jack, stiffly. 'Miss Bentley was expecting me. If she has gone, I won't trouble you.' And then he stalked away. I could have killed that Billy! Oh, dear! it will never come right now."

"Oh, yes, it will, I really believe," said Kate, whose voice was husky and who had been trembling for several minutes with some suppressed emotion. "I know it will, Nellie dear, if he ever loved you. Don't fret a bit. But I must go now. You needn't come with me, only as far as the raspberry-bushes; for you mustn't go to the house with those red eyes. Come back and stay here under the tree until you recover your natural color. By the way," as they rose

to start, "didn't Jack wear Oxford ties with patent-leather tips, to the sociable last night?"

Nell looked at her with undisguised amazement.

"Jack's shoes? Do you suppose I noticed them, when I was so miserable? Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I saw some of that kind somewhere lately," answered Kate, with an uncontrollable laugh, "and I didn't know but they belonged to him."

She had been looking upward during Nell's recital of her woes, and the meaning of Billy's manœuvres under the tree was quite plain to her now.

Nell walked back to the tree after Kate's departure, and, burying her face in her hands, prepared to enjoy being miserable for a while longer.

There was a swift rustle, and, before the startled girl could look to see from whence it came, she was clasped in two strong arms, two lips pressed hers, and Jack Stevens's blue eyes looked lovingly down into Nell's brown ones.

"I came to tell you I loved you, Nell, and to ask you to be my wife, on that unlucky day when Billy treed you. But it is all right now, my darling, for I know you did not run away from me, as I have thought for a year. You are my own now, aren't you, Nell?"

Nell's answer seemed to be very satisfactory to Jack. After a long pause, she asked shyly:

"How in the world did you find out where I was that day, Jack?"

"I?" laughed Jack. "Oh, Billy chased me, and I was up IN THE BUSH-TREE."

## THE WILDWOODS.

BY LETITIA VIRGINIA DOUGLAS.

THE partridge drums his sleepy song  
In woody covert, all day long;  
While overhead, serene and pure,  
The sun shades into clair-obscur.  
Down long dim aisles of scented pine,  
Shafts of gray light mysterious shine,  
And voice of prowling beast is heard  
Mingling with song of unseen bird.  
In the wild ravine, robins call;  
The gentle wash of waterfall  
And tinkling streams together run,  
And rosy day is just begun.  
Day-dawn or noon, 'tis just the same—  
A picture twined in foliaged frame,  
Serene, yet something mix'd with gloom:  
Deep in the midst of trees that loom  
Like lofty minarets, slim and high,

Forever toward the natant sky;  
Something of gloom unmix'd with care  
Broods, melancholic, everywhere.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Down in the ivied deep ravine,  
A glimmer of red haze is seen;  
Long since, the partridge ceased to call,  
And louder hums the waterfall.  
No footfall breaks the silence round—  
Man ne'er has trod this unknown ground;  
Only the birds and beasts that roam  
Make here their solitary home.  
Down the ravine, a shaft of red  
Breaks into circles overhead,  
Fades into gray, to dusky brown—  
Night o'er the wildwood has fallen down.

## AFTER.

BY MARIE M. PURSEL

AFTER the rain the sunshine,  
Smiles after bitter tears,  
Peace in the heart at nightfall  
After a day of fears.

The clouds of the early morning,  
Dissolved in the midday sun,

Show glistening edges of silver  
After the day is done.

The heaviest burden of sorrow  
Laid by grief in the heart  
May lighter become on the morrow,  
And, softened by time, depart.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### SUCCESSFUL MOVING.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

PEOPLE who live in homes of their own, either inherited or bought and paid for by themselves, have no idea of the woes of moving, and are inclined to be a little hard-hearted and to laugh when they hear the word. Let me tell the fortunate few that moving is not "matter for mirth," nor would you be so free with your jests if you were only once to join the noble army of "movers."

Whether you are a mere lodger, and forced to change your habitation with your landlady, or are gayly planning to go from a common house to one much better, or even if you are a poor unfortunate going yearly into cheaper quarters, you will be alike involved in discomfort, the only difference being in quantity, not quality.

In our large towns, there are professional movers, who, for a consideration, will come to the house and pack china, pictures, and bric-a-brac, take up and clean carpets, and convey furniture in safety to your new abode. Of course, these are wonderful aids, and take a heavy load from the shoulders of a worried housekeeper. But these are found only in cities, and are in such demand that one frequently cannot procure their services at the time they are required.

With all the outside help that one can secure, the weight of responsibility must still rest on one weary pair of shoulders. Upon the house-mother falls the task of assorting, selecting, cleansing, advising, and seeing to things in general. She must decide what to take and what to leave, what to move first, and what to save until the new house is in order for its reception.

Every year, at moving-time, comes the question: "What shall we do with the odds-and-ends?" It is with certain articles as the children say about their toys: "If we throw them away, we are sure to want them; if we keep them, they are in the way."

Old bottles, for instance: what shall we do with this heap of big bottles, little bottles, flasks, and phials? Take my advice, which deserves a sentence to itself: "Keep just

enough for preserves, pickles, and jams, and then throw the rest into the ash-heap, unless some junk-man should come by in the very "nick of time," to relieve you of the burden. It costs no more to have your medicines in fresh bottles, if you be so unfortunate as to need any within the coming months.

As a preliminary to successful and comfortable moving, let the housekeeper make out a list of articles that must go, those which shall go first, and decide on the things suitable to put in the same load. Have your packing-boxes well aired and set in a convenient place, so that every article can be packed as soon as prepared. This arrangement saves all unnecessary handling. Small packing-cases are better than large, as they are more safely and easily handled. Old newspapers are excellent for lining these boxes, and also for placing between the various articles.

Books must be packed closely, with edges down, and it saves space to make each row as uniform as possible. Place the largest and heaviest books in the bottom, and the lighter ones on top, with plenty of paper or old rags between.

In packing china, glass, and bric-a-brac, it is well to use excelsior, hay, or paper. Use the strongest boxes, and line the bottom with a thick layer of your packing-material. Pitchers, bowls, and all sorts of deep dishes should be stuffed with it, and no two pieces should ever touch each other. Fine ware should be first wrapped in tissue-paper and soft crumpled newspapers.

In moving a short distance, one may use the wash-tubs and clothes-baskets for packing the china and glass, and have them carried by hand. But, if going far, it is a good plan to use the summer clothing, the cotton underwear, and other soft bits, for packing and wrapping.

Pictures must be wrapped in canvas if going far, in paper if but a short distance, and packed standing on end. Valuable pictures must have a separate wooden case.

In packing furniture, such as sofas, chairs, tables, etc., the legs, arms, and other projections must be well protected, and the wrappings fastened with twine. Carpets and curtains must be cleaned before folding. All such little indispensable trifles as picture-hooks, curtain-fixtures, screws, etc., must be placed in a stout bag and tied up, marked on the outside, and laid by for use when wanted. Wrap your bedding, pillows, mattresses, and similar articles in old sheets, so that they will keep fresh and clean.

Old barrels are useful in packing kitchen-utensils, and all sorts of provisions that you cannot dispose of before moving should be emptied into the cans and buckets that are thus stowed away. But a careful manager will so plan as to have little in the line of groceries to move.

Have a full supply of food, bread, meat, etc., all cooked beforehand, so that the first meal in the new house can be prepared with but little trouble. It is usually some time before one is ready to do much in that line of work.

Do not make the great mistake of starving your family and yourself during the "moving-days." Give them your best jam, and your sugar-cured ham, and your dainty home-made cookies and beaten biscuit, that are good when a week old. Then the children will enjoy the frolic, and fancy that they are having a continuous picnic.

If you can only take things calmly and exercise all your tact, good sense, and good nature, you will come out of the ordeal proud of yourself and admired by your family for having accomplished that difficult feat, a successful moving.

## FERNS.

BY RAY JOYCE.

HAVE any of those who become discouraged after repeated failures with blooming plants, yet who enjoy seeing something green and growing through the long dreary winter, ever thought of trying ferns?

If not, do; try just a few, and see how delighted you will be with the result. They will often grow where other plants would die. Place them anywhere—a sunless window, a shady corner, on a bracket or mantel, on a table or the floor—and they will keep on growing and thriving, unfurling their beautiful feathery fronds with as much grace and beauty as though specially delighted with whatever locality you choose to give them. They will do as well in the dwellings of the poor, however gloomy and confined, as in a rich man's drawing-room.

Nothing will more effectually brighten a shady nook in one's home than a case or pot of these beautiful plants, which recall to us, during the long winter, the summer greenness and beauty of the woods.

Put a table or a bracket in a corner of your hall, place a pot of ferns on it, and see what admiration this novel sort of furnishing will excite.

Decorate your dinner-table with a fancy jar of growing ferns, and it will please the eyes of your guests quite as much as your cook's latest triumph will their palates.

Ferns require shade and moisture, but never stagnant moisture. They should be provided with plenty of drainage, so that any excess of water will pass off. It is not necessary to water them every day, if they are provided with their proper soil—leaf-mold; it holds the moisture. The amount of light they receive will also determine the frequency of applying water to them. Feel the soil with the fingers, and see that it is kept properly moist, as it should never be allowed to dry out.

The harder kinds of ferns will keep fresh and green in jardinières or in ordinary plant-jars. The more frail and delicate sorts will do better in a Wardian case or with a glass shade placed over the jars. This will give you a miniature fernery, and, when you take off the cover, you will notice the sweet woodland odor, making a bit of summer for you.

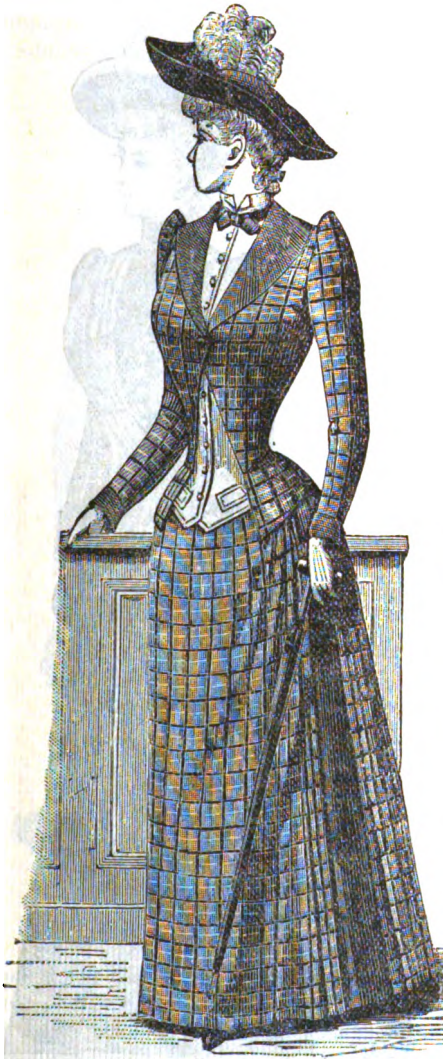
If you have a damp shady corner in your garden or lawn, plant a few ferns there, or pile a few large stones together, with earth, and have a fern rockery.

Many persons plant ferns around the base or foundation of the house, and it has a very pretty effect; but, in this case, as the eaves overshadow them from above, very little rain gets to them, and the moisture must be artificially applied. The taller growing varieties are best for this purpose.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, Etc.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a checked woolen costume for street-wear. The jacket and skirt are of cloth, fastened with knob bone buttons. Small pockets on the points of the waistcoat. Man's tie around the linen collar. Seven to eight yards of fortytwo-inch or fortysix-



No. 1.

tartan Scotch cheviot; side-panel in plain material or serge silk, in harmony with the darkest lines of the check. The coat-collar and cuffs are of the material of the side-panel. Waistcoat of white or light-colored

VOL. XCVIII—20.



No. 2.

inch material will be required. Soft felt hat to correspond, trimmed with ostrich-tips.

(367)



No. 2.—Walking-costume, of navy-blue serge. The skirt has one large box-plait for the front, with the side-plaits turning back for the side-panels. The back hangs



No. 2.

straight. Over the front is a long draped half-breadth of the material, arranged as seen in the illustration. A plain pointed or round bodice is worn with this skirt and under the outside jacket. The jacket has the fronts either braided in a close handsome pattern with black worsted braid, or else it is trimmed with a heavy passementerie. The right front laps over the left diagonally. Collar and cuffs to match. Eight to ten yards of fortysix-inch material will be required.

No. 3—Is a handsome gown for mourning, of dull-black silk and English crêpe. The front of the skirt has one wide panel of crêpe. The sides are formed of one box-plait on either side of the front. The back is plaited and hangs straight. It may either be attached to the point of the bodice at the back, or the skirt may be separate,



No. 3.

as preferred. The plain pointed bodice is simply trimmed with a wide plaited ruffle of the crêpe, arranged around the neck and on the fronts to form a jabot. Cuffs to

match. Plain high collar, of the crêpe. A wide plaited waistband completes the bodice. Fourteen to sixteen yards of silk and two yards of English crêpe will be required.

No. 4—Is a stylish tartan costume, combined with velvet. This plaid is the Campbell plaid. The velvet should exactly match the prevailing color. The front of the skirt is slightly draped, and hangs plain at the



No. 5.

back. The velvet panel is ornamented by tiny gilt buttons. The bodice is pointed back and front—one side in plaits, and the other is composed of a velvet revers which buttons on the left side with gilt buttons, like the skirt. Cuffs to match. From eight to ten yards of material will be required. Four dozen small gilt buttons. Hat of gray felt, faced with velvet to match the panel, and mixed ostrich-tips.

No. 5—Is a stylish walking-costume for a little girl of eight to ten years, made



No. 6.

of Scotch serge or camel's-hair in any self-color. The skirt is kilted, the blouse is of surah, the collar and cuffs are of velvet



No. 7.

to match—all in several shades darker than the material. Straps of braid and buttons ornament the fronts of the jacket and cuffs.

No. 6—Is a blouse-dress for a girl of six years. It may be made of flannel, camel's-



No. 8.

hair, or serge. For every-day wear, blue, red, and brown are the most serviceable colors. The skirt is bordered with wide and narrow white worsted braid. The wide braid has a narrow one on either edge, of the color of the dress. The yoke is trimmed, back and front, as seen in the illustration. Full sleeves set into deep cuffs trimmed with the braid. A wide sash of the material or surah silk ties around the waist in a big bow at the back.

No. 7.—Cashmere dress for a girl of five years. The skirt has a three-inch hem, above which is a simple pattern in outline, done in wash-silk. The blouse-waist and over-jacket is ornamented to correspond with the skirt. We give a back view

of the jacket and rolling collar. Any self-colored cashmere in the new shades may be used.

No. 8—Is a walking-costume, of electric-blue serge or camel's-hair. Kilted skirt and full waist, with close sleeves for the dress. The over-jacket has three capes, which are adjustable. These are simply bound with silk braid stitched by machine. Full sleeves.

No. 9—Is an overcoat for a little boy of four to five years. It is made of cloth in any self-color. The three capes are edged



No. 9.

with silk cord or braid. The coat is double-breasted, with two rows of bone buttons. Scotch cap, edged with cord to match the coat. This coat may be made of plaid cheviot, if preferred, in dark-blue or brown shades.

## EMBROIDERY FOR A SACHET.

In the front of the book, we give a design of wheat, to be done in light-green or straw-colored silk. The design will answer for many decorative purposes.

## NAME IN EMBROIDERY.

The name in the front of the book is to be done in marking-cotton or linen thread.

## MANTELET FOR DEMI-SAISON: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the half of a pattern for a stylish mantelet for demi-saison. It consists of four pieces. The dotted lines show where the pattern turns over.

1. ONE FRONT, WITH LONG TAB.
2. HALF OF SLEEVE, WITH ROLLING COLLAR.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. HALF OF COLLAR.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The mantilla is to be made of cashmere, camel's-hair, or silk. The rolling collar and revers are of velvet, the trimmings are brandebourgs and passementerie.



## BIRDS AND LEAVES: COLORED PATTERN.

We give, for our colored pattern this month, a very effective design of birds and leaves for either painting in monochrome or outline embroidery. The design is suitable for a mantel-facing or for the front of a jardinière, in China painting on tiles. If done in outline-stitch on satin, the shading can be painted in with water-colors to match the color of the outlining. One color, as nearly like the illustration as possible, is preferable to the natural colors of birds and leaves, etc.

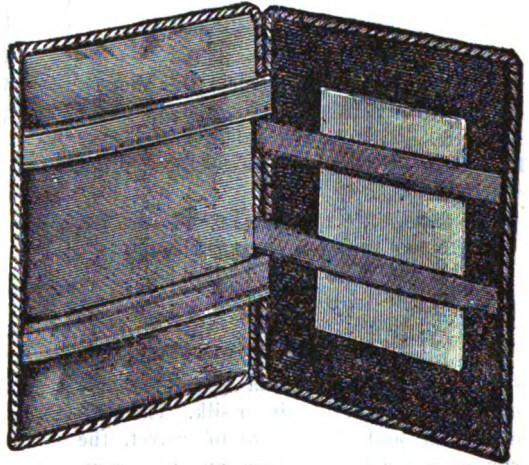
## BRAIDING-DESIGN.

We give, on the Supplement, a very pretty braiding-design, particularly suitable for children's dresses. It can also be used for jackets, etc., done in fine gold braid.

## DESIGNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

### PERFUMED ENVELOPE-CASE FOR PAPER AND LETTERS.



We give the outside and interior of this useful case for paper and letters. The foundation is of card-board. Four pieces are used; two for the inside, which are covered with satin or surah—violet, iris, rose, or any color preferred—and perfumed with sachet-powder sprinkled upon a layer of cotton wadding. The straps to hold the paper, etc., are of satin ribbon or brocaded galloon. The outside is embroidered or painted upon satin in the natural colors of flowers, leaves, and stems. The border is made of velvet ribbon, with a tiny outside border of gold or fancy

braid. Narrow gold braid crosses and edges the inside of the border; this is fastened down with stitches in silks corresponding with the embroidered design. After the embroidery is done, then cover the outside piece of card-board and finish the border. The back may have the initials or monogram embroidered or painted upon the satin covering. Then put the outside and inside together and finish with a silk cord, as seen upon the inside illustration. The bands to hold the paper, etc., form the hinges for the case.

### BIRD-DESIGN.

The design of the bird on the Supplement } make a variety and look well, if added to  
may be used for many purposes. It will } the album-quilt.

### EMBROIDERY-PATTERN.

In the front of the number, we give a very } to be done on flannel with silk, filocelle, or  
pretty and effective pattern for embroidery } linen thread.



## FLOWER-POT COVER.

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This pretty cover for an ordinary flower-pot is made of pieces of fancy ribbon shaped like a bag. The bottom is fitted to a covered bit of card-board, with a large circle cut out of the centre, so that the drainage of the pot may escape without injuring the cover.

The handles are made of a piece of rope, covered and ornamented by cords and tassels. The top of the cover is arranged with a frill to stand up, and cords draw and tie in place to fit the pot. Any pretty bits of silk, ribbon, or pieces of cretonne may be used.

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## LILY-DESIGNS FOR "POWDERING."

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On the Supplement, we give designs of lilies for "powdering" quilts, bureau-covers, and children's afghans. The flowers may be worked and then transferred to the article which it is wished to ornament, or may be embroidered at once on the material. They are to be placed carelessly on the quilt, etc., and other single flowers may be added.

A summer bed-spread made in this manner, on coarse linen or sheeting, is very pretty.

By having some of your friends embroider single flowers and adding their names or initials in indelible ink or working them in cross-stitch, a beautiful "album-quilt" may be obtained.



## LAMP-SHADE.

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This shade is intended for a globe-cover. It is made of yellow net or gauze, and the decorations are of topaz beads strung upon silk, for the fringe which adorns the points and the drops which are scattered all over the shade. The top piece should be wired and finished with the topaz beads in two sizes. Some of these shades are made of thin China silk, with the gauze or net as an over-cover.

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## DRAWN-WORK.

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In the front of the book, we give a simple pattern of drawn-work. Draw the threads and hemstitch the strands together, two by two or four, according to the texture of the material upon which you are working; if it is coarse, two are sufficient. The stitch by which the strands are tied together is called the knot-stitch. The needle and thread are held almost the same as if one were making chain or button-hole stitch.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**HYACINTHS.**—The bulbous tribes are amongst the most important objects of culture for the amateur during winter and spring, inasmuch as they admit of all the routine of "forcing" where the necessary appliances for that operation exist, yet may be equally well grown, without any artificial heat at all, in the windows and rooms. Of these races, the hyacinth is unquestionably the chief, whether for elegance, symmetrical growth, exquisite fragrance, or simplicity of culture. The origin of this lovely flower forms one of the prettiest legends of the ancient classic mythology. The fable runs that Hyacinthus, a beautiful youth, was greatly beloved by the god Apollo, who had the misfortune to kill him accidentally by a blow of his quoit as they were playing together, and that the flower bearing his name sprang up from where the blood fell. Hyacinths may be as successfully grown in moist sand, in fertilized moss, or in "cocoanut-fibre dust," as by the ordinary methods in water or prepared compost. These considerations should greatly extend its scope of utility, although they appear to be too rarely employed. Of course, these remarks apply to indoor management; for beds and borders, a somewhat different treatment would be required.

Indeed, there does not seem to be any particular advantage in having glasses at all, unless of such a character as to be in themselves an additional embellishment. It appears to us that any kind of vessel which would contain water would be equally effective with the special hyacinth-glasses. This admitted, a wide field is opened for the choice of ornamental receptacles in which to grow our favorite, and would, moreover, admit the use of the prepared moss or "dust," or any other root-feeder, where compost is objectionable. However, where water-culture is practiced, the following points ought to be observed: The water must be soft; though rain-water is the best, a drop or two of spirits of ammonia to a quart of water will render it soft, and do good to the plant. It should be changed once a week, and may be emptied by a small glass syphon without trouble or mess. During November, the bulbs may be placed in the glasses, but they would be better if they were previously kept in moist sand or moss for a week or two. At first, the water must only just touch the base of the bulb, and the glasses must be set aside in some warm dark place till the roots have grown to an inch or two in length.

At this stage, the plants must be gradually inured to the light till sufficiently strong to be removed to the places they are designed to occupy.

Hyacinths are most effective when several of well-contrasted colors are grown in a mass, for which purpose many elegant receptacles may be had, such as rustic vases, arborettes, parian designs of various kinds. Instead of covering the surfaces with moss, we would suggest the employment of such close and cushion-like plants as lycopodiums, stone-crop, Mesembryanthemum cordifolium variegatum (which would hang over the edge of the vessel), a most effective surface-plant, and others of like habit. Many charming effects in table-decoration could be obtained by persons of ingenuity and taste, which would be as novel as artistic.

**NOVEL SUGGESTIONS.**—Some of the new five-o'clock tea-cloths are like large pocket-handkerchiefs with deep hemstitched borders; others have designs worked in the corners, in raised white or colored thread, in a very bold style. The cloth itself is of the finest Irish linen. Hemstitched bed-linen is much affected at present, with large initial letters embroidered in one corner. This is newer than the large monograms. Another style is to work in good-sized letters the name of the house, as if written, and over it the initials of the owners, usually two letters; in elongated form, reaching far beyond. The styles of letters vary completely, the latter being quite delicate-looking, though distinct, giving the appearance of the name of the house being run through them, in and out. Tea-cloths, cushions, bath-blankets, and blotting or music cases, even piano-covers, are ornamented in this way. If well done, the effect is remarkably pleasing.

**FRESH AIR.**—An excellent physician says: "To strengthen the lungs, nothing is so good as to inhale long-drawn breaths of pure air through the nostrils many times a day, expanding the lungs fully each time." He asserts that this practice alone has saved many patients to whom it has been ordered, who would otherwise in all probability have died soon of consumption. Fresh air is heaven's best gift to man.

**WISE CULTURE.**—Our nature runs either to herbs or weeds; let us seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

**OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1891.**—In accordance with the wishes of many persons who send us clubs, we shall again offer a long series of books by various of the best-known and most popular authors of the period. We shall retain the cream of those already given, and to these will be added an even better collection than that, satisfactory as it proved.

Another premium will be a large engraving of great beauty. It is from a painting by a celebrated artist, and is called "Driving a Pair." It represents an old man wheeling two children in a barrow, and is exquisite in sentiment and workmanship.

We shall renew the Common-Sense Binder, as scores of subscribers have written us that they find it invaluable for temporarily preserving their magazines from injury.

There will be also a year's subscription to "Peterson"—always the most coveted and the best of our premiums.

Other premiums will be announced in our November number.

Next month, we shall give a complete list of the books arranged for, which includes so wide a range of fiction, biography, travels, poetry, and volumes for the young people, that there will be food for every taste. The new books are very handsomely bound, and we can confidently assert that they are the best any periodical has ever offered.

It is not too early to begin making up clubs for next year. The early beginners always send the largest clubs.

—  
**TO REPAIR CARPETS.**—Spread them upon the floor they are intended to cover, and see where worn places can best be hidden. The widths next the wall are usually least worn and can be substituted for the middle. Parts of widths can be cut out and patches put in, but straight edges only can be used, cutting with the lines of the warp. Take good seams on the wrong side, sewing together with coarse linen thread, waxed. Of course, in sewing the widths together, the edges are whipped. Worn carpets can also be turned into rugs by sewing together the best widths. These are much beautified by adding a border mitred at the corners. To mitre, cut where the fold comes in turning the corner, and sew together the bias edges.

#### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking.* By Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel. Concord, N. H.: American Public-Health Association.—This volume ought to lay the foundation of a school of American cookery. Mrs. Abel has succeeded in the difficult task of making clear to the unscientific mind some of the fundamental scientific principles on which the preparation

of food depends, and she has not hesitated to expose many of the fallacies which have hitherto ruled our kitchens, because she was in a position to be sure of her ground. Every high-school laboratory should place this little book alongside of its text-book in chemistry.

*Pearl-Powder.* By Annie Edwardes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This is one of the best recent efforts of a very charming writer. Pope's famous line—"Puffs, powder, patches, Bibles, billet-doux"—is the motto on the title-page, and evidently suggested the name. The scene is laid in the closing portion of the last century, and mixed with the recital of fashionable life is a pathetic story of human suffering and wrong, told with an intensity which makes it terribly real. Mrs. Edwardes's novels deservedly possess a wide circle of readers, and the present work cannot fail to heighten their admiration of her powers.

*New England Breakfast-Breads.* By Lucia Gray Swett. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Every conceivable species of bread for breakfast, luncheon, and tea appears to be collected in this dainty volume. The author says: "Nearly all these recipes have been in one New England family several years, many of them half a century. There are only a few exceptions, and these I have carefully tried. If the directions seem too explicit, it is because I have endeavored to word the recipes so that they could be understood by a young housekeeper or made by anyone not experienced in cooking."

*Brushes and Chisels.* By Teodoro Serrao. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Stories of artist-life are always attractive, and the present book is an especially good specimen of the class. The incidents pass in Rome, and the truthfulness of the local coloring proves that they have been sketched by a hand familiar with its subject. There is a fascination in its delightful Bohemianism, and a tragic love-story woven therewith gives one that experience so much craved by jaded novel-readers—a real sensation.

*The Exiles.* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a tale of life among the exiles in Siberia, and is told with a force and vividness which make it wonderfully real. It is written by two popular French authors, Victor Tissot and Constant Amers, and is undoubtedly their masterpiece. The plot is excellent, skillfully worked out, and the characters possess great individuality. Price, twenty-five cents.

*The Blind Men and the Devil.* By Phineas. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A peculiar story, told with a great deal of force and vigor. Under the guise of a romance—or, more correctly, an allegory—the writer makes a powerful exposition of the wrongs of the few against the many, and adds another contribution to the rapidly-increasing store of literature that deals with the great problems of social existence.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A FEW WORDS from the wide-spread commendation which we every month receive. The Boston (Mass.) Traveller says: "It is no wonder that 'Peterson' preserves its popularity. Its fiction, historical sketches, fashions, music, and household suggestions exactly meet home needs." The Philadelphia (Pa.) North American says: "The endless needle-work designs are perfect." The Rodney (Can.) Mercury says: "'Peterson' is the magazine no well-regulated family should be without." The Jefferson (Tex.) Jimplecute says: "'Peterson' is, as ever, most excellent, containing among its contributors some of the leading writers of both North and South." The Topeka (Kan.) State Journal says: "In its literary contents, as well as a fashion-guide and companion for the home and fireside, 'Peterson' is first-class. It can be said to reign in the threefold realm of literature, art, and fashion." The Covington (Ind.) People's Paper says: "If you want a magazine that fills every want of the family, subscribe for 'Peterson.'" The Dover (Del.) Delawarean says of "Peterson": "It is the brightest and best of all magazines." The Syracuse (N. Y.) Daily Journal says: "'Peterson' covers a wide range, but in no respect is there ever any failure. We never fail to recommend it most heartily." The New York (N. Y.) Independent says: "'Peterson' publishes good stories and articles by favorite authors, and has a fashion and household department highly prized."

Piso's CURE is a ready-made medicine for coughs, bronchitis, and other diseases of the throat and lungs. Like other so-called patent medicines, it is well advertised, and, having merit, has attained a wide sale. Call it a "nostrum" if you will, but it was first compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine under the name of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription, and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug-store?

FURNISHING IN ONE COLOR.—Some persons object to furnishing in one color, as not affording sufficient variety. Yet a room recently furnished in crimson of several shades had a very pleasing effect. The carpet was deep crimson, while the satin brocade of the furniture was of a lighter shade, the blending being perfect. The curtains were like the damask of the chairs, relieved by others in cream-tinted lace.

WE would call our readers' attention to the advertisement of the National Cloak Co. in this number. This company makes it possible for you to get a tailor-made garment of cloth, such as you may select from numerous samples they furnish,

at prices lower than you would pay for an ill-fitting ready-made garment. They send full directions for measurements, and you can feel assured of a perfect-fitting garment.

Their business has assumed immense proportions, and you will do well to send in your order before the great rush of fall trade commences. They are perfectly reliable, and you need have no hesitancy in dealing with them.

THE Harderfold Fabric Co. are manufacturing a unique style of underwear. It consists of a double fold of fine woolen fabric, of a superior quality. This double fold presents the same soft smooth surface next the body as is upon the outside, making it very comfortable to wear. It also gives an air-space between the folds, affording more warmth with less weight, and is therefore calculated to promote the health of the wearer.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

## FISH.

**Fish Hash.**—Take of cold boiled vegetables—potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, and parsnips—equal parts, pick previously-freshened salt fish one-half as much as there are vegetables, flavor slightly with onion, pepper and salt, add a bit of butter, and fry with no water till brown. Serve portions on slices of toast laid on a platter.

**Broiled Salt Cod or Smoked Halibut.**—Broil the fish, plunge in boiling water, butter, spread with chopped cucumbers pickled. Serve with baked potatoes.

## BREAD AND CAKES.

**Tea-Cakes.**—Rub two ounces of butter into a quart of sifted flour, add a tablespoonful of sugar, a teaspoonful of soda, and one of cream of tartar; thoroughly incorporate these, then mix with two well-beaten eggs, and enough milk to form the dough. Bake in shallow tins.

**Another.**—Rub two ounces of butter into one pound of flour; add a saltspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of brown sugar. Dissolve half an ounce of dried yeast in half a pint of warm milk; stir this into the middle of the flour, and let it stand one hour to rise. Then add two ounces of washed and dried currants, mix to a dough with warm milk, knead well, and stand another half-hour. Bake in a quick oven.

**Short Bread.**—One pound of flour, half-pound of butter, three ounces of brown sugar, quarter-ounce of caraway-seed, half-ounce of sweet almonds, one teaspoonful of salt. Beat the butter to a cream, gradually add flour, etc., having blanched and minced the almonds, work the paste till smooth, and divide into four pieces rolled into cakes about one inch in thickness. Prick well and ornament with strips

of peel. Bake in a good oven about twenty-five minutes.

**Snow Pancakes.**—Six tablespoonfuls of snow, one pint of milk, sufficient flour to make a batter, a pinch of salt, a little nutmeg. Work the ingredients into a batter, put into a frying-pan in a very thin layer. Fry with lard or dripping, but do not put any butter into the pan to fry them after the first frying, as they will give out enough afterward to keep up the stock. The snow replaces eggs. Time, five minutes. Serve with sugar and lemon.

#### MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECIPTS.

**Buttered Eggs.**—Beat the yolks and whites of three eggs separately, the latter to a stiff froth; add to the yolks salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley and thyme—two-thirds of the former and one-third of the latter; have ready a small saucepan in which a large lump of butter has been allowed to melt, with a teaspoonful of finely-chopped onion in it if this is liked. Mix your yolks and whites quickly together, and put into the saucepan while the butter is boiling. Keep the mixture constantly stirred and broken up with a fork until it is set, keeping it most carefully from sticking to the sides of the saucepan. Should it persistently stick, more butter must be added. Turn it out on to buttered toast, and serve immediately. If the herbs are disliked, it may be made without, or grated ham added, or grated cheese sprinkled on the top when it is turned out, and set it in the oven for a minute; or it may be made with sugar and eaten with jam.

### FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

**FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-RED AND BLACK STRIPED SILK.** The back of the dress is made in *Princesse* style—skirt and body cut in one. In front, the skirt opens over a plain dark-red silk, trimmed with *passementerie*. Large pieces of *passementerie* are also placed on the sides of the skirt. The trimmings of the bodice and sleeves are of dark-red *crêpe-lisse*, laid in plaits. Bonnet of dark-red velvet.

**FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAYISH-BLUE CLOTH.** The plain skirt opens in front over a straight piece of dark-blue velvet, and has two rows of machine-stitching or of very narrow braid down the front and around the bottom. The jacket-bodice has a long collar, edged with cream-colored cloth, and opens over a plain buttoned vest of dark-blue velvet. The long pockets on the *basque* and the trimmings of the sleeves are of dark-blue velvet and buttons. Hat of dark-blue velvet, with loops of ribbon and birds' wings.

**FIG. III.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GREENISH-GRAY BENGALINE.** The skirt is trimmed on the side with a cream-colored *passementerie*. The bodice crosses the chest in loose folds and opens over

a small pointed plastron of cream-colored *passementerie*. The belt is of the same material. The jacket, which is close-fitting at the back and quite open in front, is, like the sleeves, trimmed with *passementerie*. Hat of velvet of the color of the gown, with a white bird at the side.

**FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN AND FAWN-COLORED OR BLACK WOOLEN.** The skirt is quite plain, opening occasionally in front over a piece of plain fawn-colored woollen, in order to give ease in walking. The jacket-bodice, which closes at the neck, is worn with a tight-fitting vest. Hat of black straw, trimmed with flowers.

**FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAID WOOLEN IN VARIOUS SHADES OF GREEN.** The skirt is bias and plain. The jacket, which is of quite a new design, is of greenish-gray cloth; it fits closely at the back, is closed at the neck, and has a wide square collar, revers, sleeves, and pockets of velvet of a darker shade. Small straw toque, trimmed with velvet like that on the jacket, and a bird in front.

**FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GRAY AND BLUE STRIPED WOOLEN.** The full skirt is trimmed with nine rows of dark-blue velvet ribbon. The waistband, bretelles, bands for the bodice, and sleeves are all of dark-blue velvet.

**FIG. VII.—BONNET, OF WHITE CLOTH,** embroidered with gold braid and trimmed with loops and strings of golden-brown ribbon.

**FIG. VIII.—COAT-SLEEVE, OF VELVET, SILK, OR NUN'S-VEILING,** ornamented with vandyked epaulettes and cuffs in silk, gimp, lace, or crochet-work.

**FIG. IX.—FANCY SLEEVE,** in either a thin or thick material. The under part is cut plain, whilst the outside is arranged in lengthwise plaits and decorated with beaded, braided, or embroidered ornaments.

**FIG. X.—BLACK STRAW HAT,** with turned-up brim and tapering in front to a point. It is caught up at the side with a large bow of dark-yellow ribbon. Black ostrich-tips cover the crown.

**FIG. XI.—JACKET FOR MOURNING, OF BLACK CLOTH,** trimmed with black *crêpe*-cloth, which has quite the appearance of *crêpe*. It has a revers on one side and sleeves of the *crêpe*-cloth; or it can be made of *Henrietta*-cloth or silk, and trimmed with English *crêpe*.

**FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN VELVETEEN.** The skirt is quite plain. The dolman is of fawn-colored cloth, has loose sleeves, and is trimmed with a row of gold braid near the edge. The deep square yoke and high Medici collar are of dark-brown brocade, figured in gold. Bonnet made of gold braid over a brown foundation, and trimmed with brown velvet strings.

**FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN, BLUE, AND RED CHECKED WOOLEN.** The skirt is cut bias and is rather full on the hips. The

bodice is of dark-green woolen, made double-breasted, and turns over to form a revers faced with the plaid. Cuffs of the plaid. Black straw hat, trimmed with flowers.

FIG. XIV.—BREAKFAST-JACKET, to be made in a pretty colored flannel or surah. The plaits on the bust are stem-stitched with silk corresponding or contrasting with the material, and the button-holed edges are done with the silk like the stem-stitching. Ribbon waistband, with oxydized buckle.

FIG. XV.—HAT FOR CEREMONIOUS OCCASIONS, made of moss-green velvet and trimmed with pink ostrich-feather and a peacock aigrette.

FIG. XVI.—JOCKEY-CAP FOR A YOUNG GIRL, covered with soft figured surah to match a dress.

FIG. XVII.—BODICE, OF BLACK SPOTTED NET, made over silk. The upper part of the bodice, the waist, and the sleeves are trimmed with bands of fulling jet ornaments. The collar is embroidered in jet.

FIG. XVIII.—TAILOR-MADE GOWN, OF SPECKLED TWEED. The skirt is slightly draped around the hips and edged with three rows of braid or machine-stitching. The bodice opens over a straight plastron of plain drab cloth, is made with a habit-basque at the back, and is ornamented with small bone buttons. Gray toque and feathers.

FIG. XIX.—VISITING-DRESS, OF VERY LIGHT FAWN-COLORED HABIT-CLOTH, trimmed with seven rows of braid. The triple cape is of chestnut-brown cloth. Boa of long brown fur. Hat of chestnut-brown felt, trimmed with brown feathers and ribbon.

FIG. XX.—COAT, OF DARK-GRAY TWEED, made double-breasted, with three small capes and short wide revers opening to show a black velvet plastron. The collar, muff, and trimming on the sleeves are of gray Astrakhan. Gray felt hat, ornamented with fan-shaped loops of gay plaid silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Long plain skirts are still the fashion, though a few of the imported ones are being more trimmed around the bottom, having sometimes two or three narrow flounces, and have also small paniers just below the waist; these paniers are often nothing more than scarfs of the material of the dress, starting from the point of the bodice in front, passing over the hips, and fastened in a bow-and-ends at the back or under the long plain drapery. More fullness is put in the skirts at the back, or else quite small tournures or bustles are worn. A slight lifting or draping now and then appears in an imported skirt, and short trains are made to almost all house-dresses. The round skirt is as popular as ever, for walking.

*Bodices and sleeves* continue to be full and much trimmed. When the trimmed skirts re-appear, no doubt the sleeves and bodices will be relegated to their old plainness.

*Bretelles*, made of ribbons, lace, or embroidery, reaching from the shoulders to the waist, are in favor with those who wish their figures to look long and slender.

*Narrow ribbons* with long ends are giving place to large flat butterfly-bows or full rosette or cabbage bows.

*The Medici collar* is still popular, but is worn smaller than those of last year, and is seen on many new mantles.

*Epaulettes* are used not only on dresses, but also on jackets and mantles.

*Buttons* are much used; sometimes the seams of sleeves, basques, etc., are quite covered by them, while large handsome ones are used when but two or three are desired on jackets or bodices.

*A tricycle-dress* is almost indispensable now, in some places; a very pretty one is made of blue serge, the skirt having only fullness enough to allow for working the pedals. It buttons from the waist to the hem, on the left side. The back-breadths are two inches shorter than the front. The folded bodice opens over a pink-and-white striped flannel shirt, with a turned-down collar. Full leg-of-mutton sleeves, fastened at the wrists. Narrow leather belt, not too stiff. For a chilly day, a small shoulder-cape of the material, with a gray velvet yoke and Medici collar, protects the nape of the neck. Hat of soft gray felt.

*The hair* is still worn very high on the head, especially for full dress; but some persons, who look better in the lower style of dressing the hair, wisely keep to that fashion. For some shaped hats, too, the low style is absolutely necessary.

*Jackets* are made rather longer, many of the new ones fitting the figure closely and having long basques with large square pockets, a revival of the Louis XIV fashion.

*Mantles* are still made with sleeves and a little spring below the waist at the back, in order to fit properly over the slightly fuller skirts.

*Hats* are equally fashionable if worn rather large or quite small and flat.

*Bonnets* are nearly all small, but many have the trimmings arranged high in front.

*The most fashionable article* for fall wear is velvet, both for complete dresses and for trimmings. It will find, this year, greater favor than for a long time past. No silk-velvet is handsomer or more durable than Velutina, which is being extensively and successfully used as a substitute for the expensive silk goods. In addition to the large line of colors which have been shown heretofore, Velutina will be brought out this season in a corded effect, which is considered particularly desirable for children's costumes, as well as for ladies' wear.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The styles for the present autumn and the



coming winter show numerous and important modifications from those that have been in vogue during the past spring and summer. In the way of wraps, the two shapes that have been popular for so long, the very long redingote and the short dressy mantle, will still be worn. But there are various new details to be signalized in the way of making and of trimming. In the first place, they are all, the short wraps as well as the long ones, made with regular sleeves, very wide at the top and puffed very high, the upper half—namely, from shoulder to elbow—being composed of the same stuff as the cloak itself, while the lower half may be made loose and in plush or velvet. The new materials are a figured or rather mottled plush in tan-brown and black, having a good deal the effect of tortoise-shell, which is used for trimming. Then there is a brocaded satin in neutral tints, its surface crossed with very narrow transverse lines in black velvet. This is employed for the short wraps. Soft-finished cloths in gray or in beige-brown are a good deal used for the long cloaks, which are trimmed with fur around the skirt as well as around the sleeves and up the front. Also, they are profusely ornamented with patterns in braiding, the braid being a shade darker than the cloth itself. A very pretty way of disposing the braiding on the wide sleeves is to have it done in a series of bands of about an inch and a half wide, put on in spiral fashion around the arm. Velvet will be a good deal worn, both in the short and the long cloaks, this season. The favorite color for the former is a dark emerald-green. The fashionable trimming is a very rich and heavy black silk passementerie, woven in the form of the lower half of the jacket-shaped back of the short wrap, and finished with a series of high points across the back at the height of the armholes. The upper half of the sleeves is also formed of this passementerie, which is in plain silk and has no admixture of jet or metal beads in its composition. The long velvet redingotes are in black velvet and are ornamented at the lower edge with corners in passementerie.

A new material, Northern velvet has been introduced for these long coats. It is very rich in effect and is more durable and less expensive than the all-silk velvet, holding an intermediate position between that material and velveteen. Fur boas are a good deal used to decorate the short wraps, and are accompanied with bands of fur to correspond, finishing the close sleeves that are now often set inside of the full loose ones. These short wraps are made tight-fitting and jacket-shaped at the back, and with long ends in front. The long ones are now made regular redingotes or rather long polonaises in form, and descend to the edge of the skirt-hem. Then there is a garment of medium length, the

Louis XIV coat, made with square panels in front, which is usually composed of velvet. Black lace will be comparatively little used for trimming wraps, and jet is out of vogue.

The hats and bonnets for the winter are extremely graceful and elegant. They are by no means exaggerated in form, the hat-brims being smaller and the capote bonnets being less diminutive than has been the case of late. Flowers have given way to small ostrich-plumes and wings, which adorn in profusion every style of head-gear. The newest of the winter hats are in velvet, the most fashionable shades being a reddish plum-color and a brilliant red called ruby. Hats in black and gray and beige-colored felt are very popular. The brim is turned up at the back, and a bow of wide velvet ribbon is set at that point and has very long ends which are brought forward to encircle the wearer's throat without being tied. This new trimming is exceedingly becoming, and comfortable as well.

There is no absolute modification in the make of dresses so far, but some changes in the style will undoubtedly take place later in the season. The extreme of tightness of fit and of severe simplicity of material has now been reached, and a revulsion in favor of more ample drapery and richer stuffs may shortly be expected.

The handsomest of the morning-dresses of the day are in pale-gray or plum-colored or sapphire-blue or dark emerald-green plush. They are cut Princess and are made with a Spanish jacket, cuffs, collar, and girdle in gold braid or in oxydized silver. They fit nearly as closely as an ordinary dress and are very becoming to the figure, the front being laid in narrow folds that are kept in place by the braided girdle.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S FROCK, IN GREEN SERGE, trimmed with graduated bands of moss-green braid, checked with yellow. The belt and long loops-and-ends of ribbon which fall at the side are of green ribbon. Bolero hat, of black straw, trimmed with a row of ball fringe around the brim and with green pompons.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S FROCK, OF DULL-RED AND BLUE TARTAN, trimmed with bands of dark-blue velvet. The buckle is of oxydized silver. Dark-blue felt hat, faced with velvet and trimmed with blue feathers and ribbon.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BROWN PLAID WOOLEN. The coat is confined at the waist by a pointed belt of the material. Small pointed collar, and loose sleeves put into cuffs. Large bone buttons. Hat of brown felt.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S HAT, OF BLACK FELT, trimmed with black velvet and ostrich-feathers.

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"I regard Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best blood medicine on earth, and know of many wonderful cures effected by its use."—J. W. SHIELDS, M. D., *Smithville, Tenn.*

"I was prostrated for several years with nervous troubles and general weakness, so much so that I was unfitted for active business. I found relief in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and am now in the enjoyment of excellent health."—S. B. WRIGHT, *48 Hanover st., Boston, Mass.*

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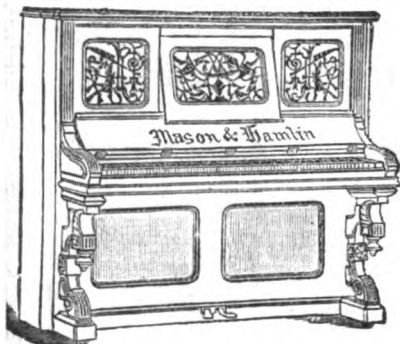
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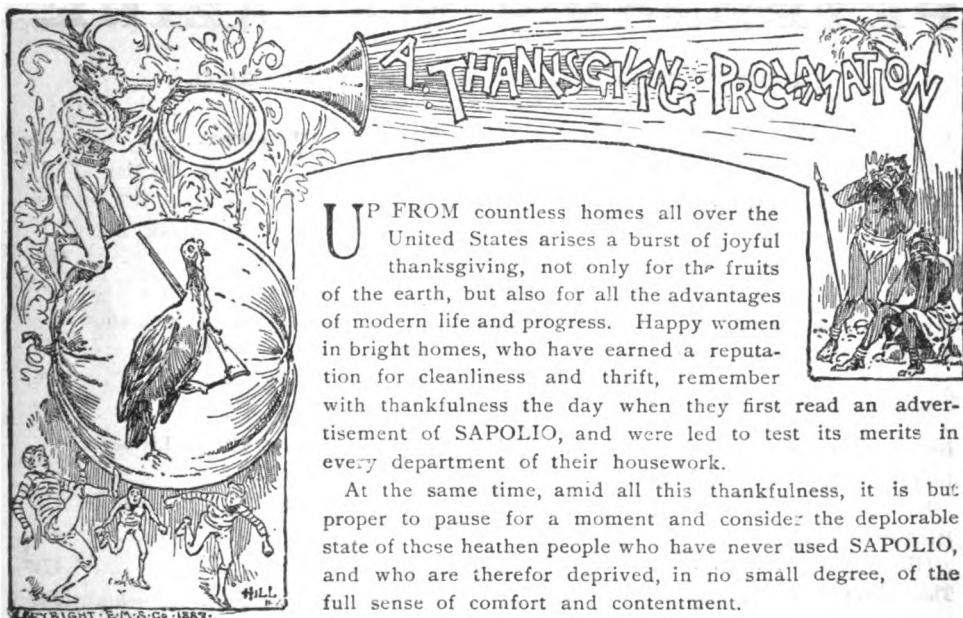
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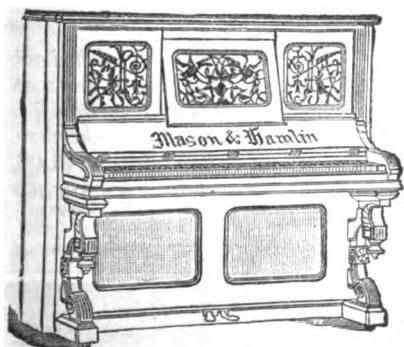
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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1890.

A Medieval City. By Garrett Foster (Illustrated), . . . . .	413	What Matter?—A Poem, . . . . .	452
Marguerite. By Nellie T. Grant, . . .	418	Knick-Knacks and Necessaries. By Margaret V. Payne, . . . . .	453
Memories—A Poem. By Sara Burns, .	422	An Unforeseen Crisis. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	457
Thanksgiving—A Poem. By Letitia Virginia Douglas, . . . . .	422	Things Worth Knowing, . . . . .	465
Between Two Fires. By Miss Kent, . .	423	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . . .	467
A Creed—A Poem, . . . . .	432	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	476
Along Southampton Road—A Poem. By Minna Irving (Illustrated), . . . . .	433	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	477
House-Plants. By Ray Joyce, . . . .	434	Mothers' Department. By Abram Livezey, A.M., M.D., . . . . .	478
In the Shadow by the Gate—A Poem. By William F. Harding, . . . . .	436	Hints upon Gardening, . . . . .	478
His Thanksgiving. By Robert B. Graham, (Illustrated), . . . . .	437	Gossip, . . . . .	479
That Akers Girl. By Rebecca Harding Davis, . . . . .	444	Miscellaneous, . . . . .	479
A Music-Mad Lover. By M. Warren Hale, . . . . .	450	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	480
		Fashions for November (Illustrated), . .	481
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . . .	482



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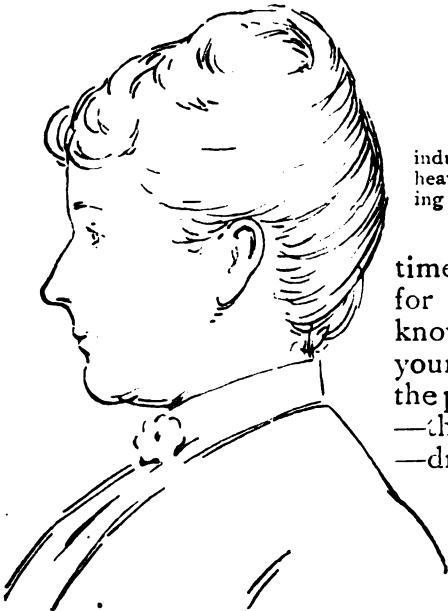
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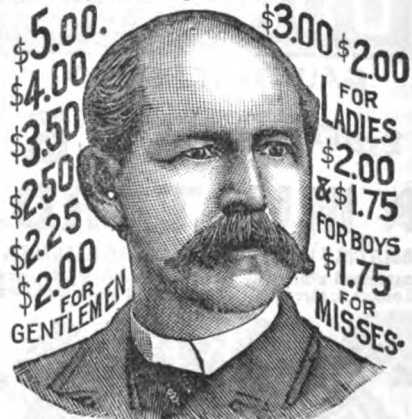
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THE FIRST SNOW.



# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—NOVEMBER, 1890

112

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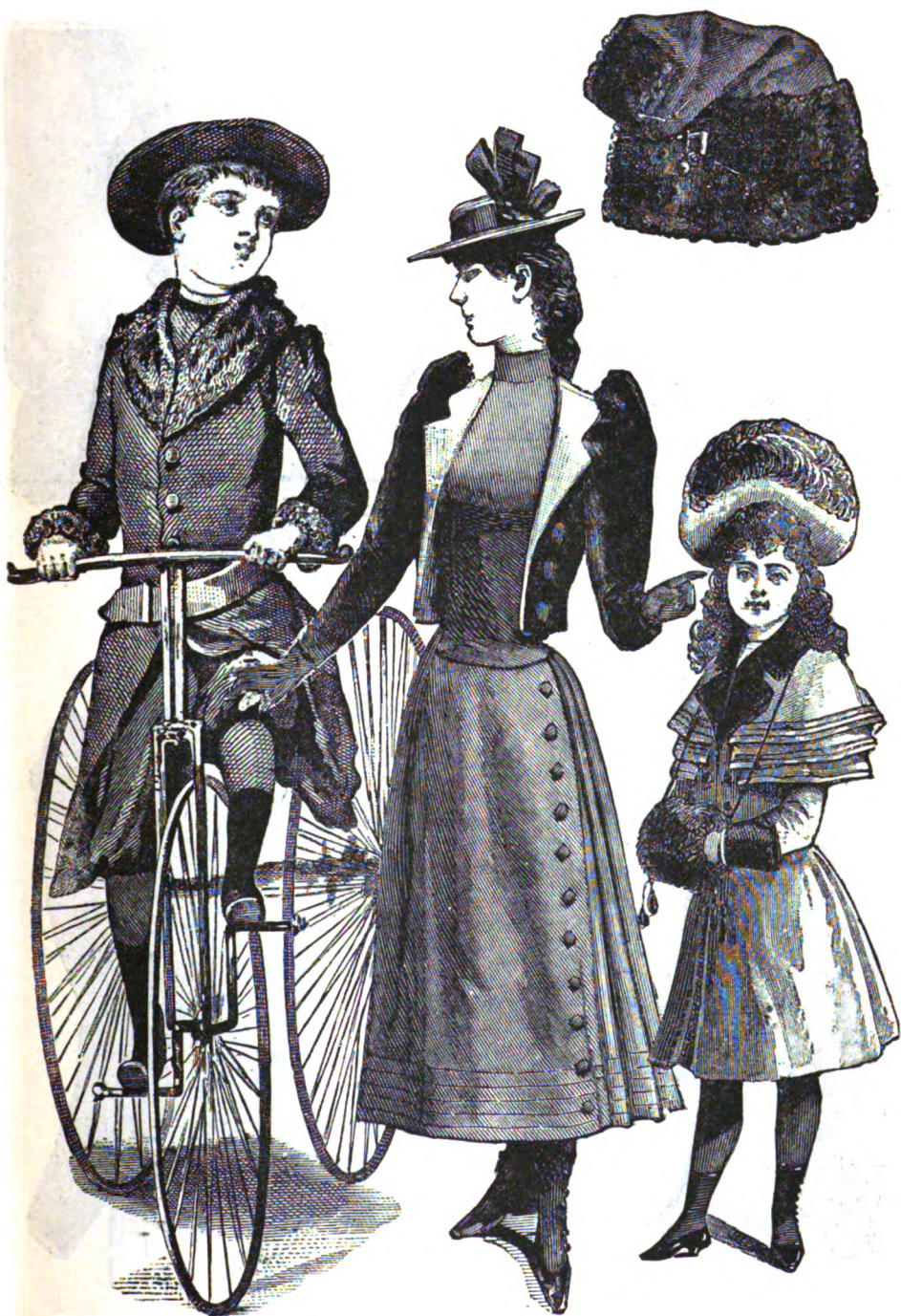
**THANKSGIVING MORNING.**

**THE first snow of the waning year,  
The chime of bells upon the air ;**

**In countless households joy and cheer-  
Thanksgiving reigneth everywhere.**







CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.





COAT. BODICE. JACKET





HAT. NEW-STYLE BODICE. WALKING COSTUME.



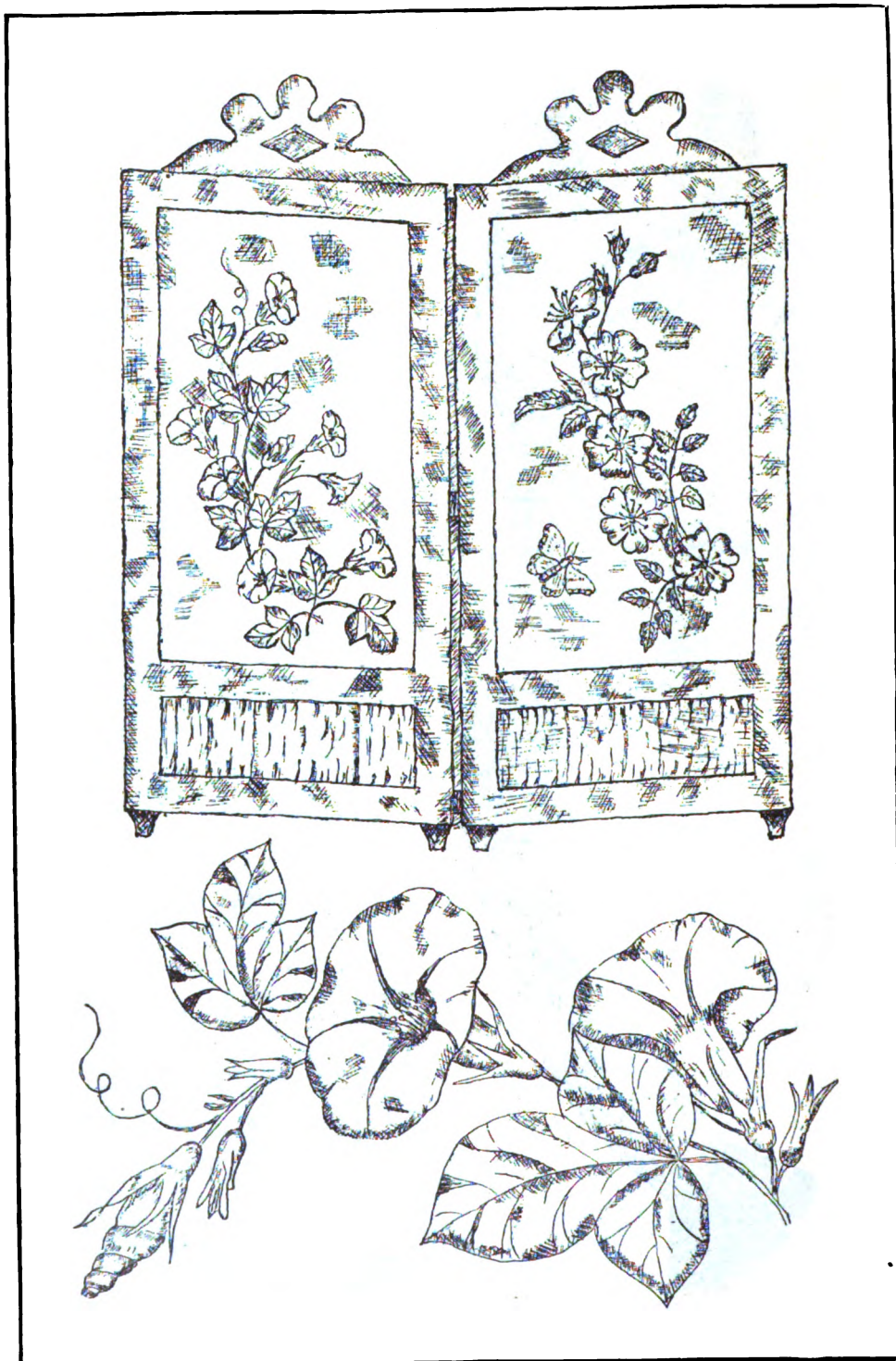


HOUSE-DRESS. JACKET. SLEEVE.



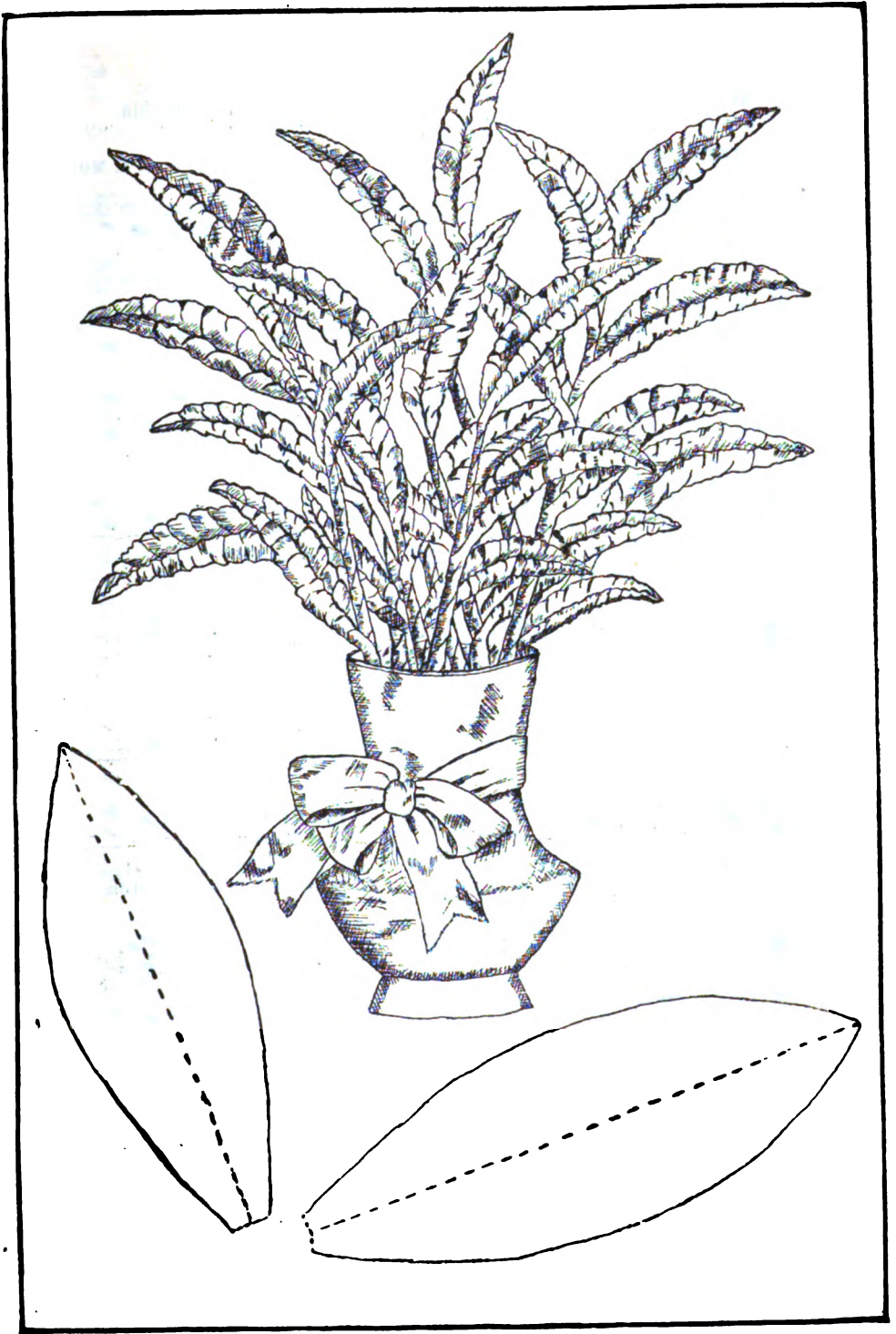


BONNET. SLEEVE. EVENING-DRESS.



FIRE-SCREEN.





LAMP-LIGHTERS.

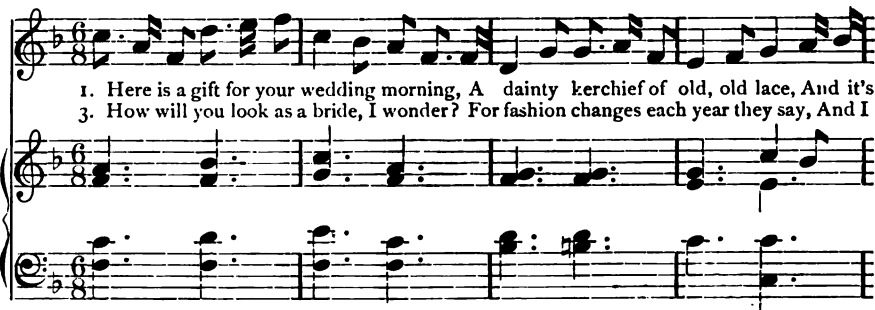
# OLD LACE.

SOPRANO.

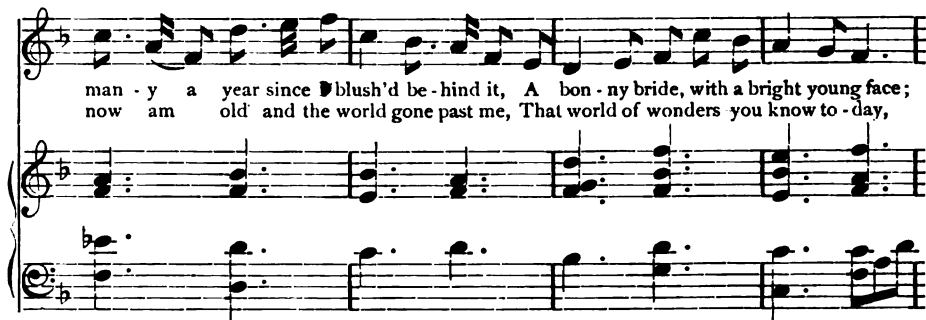
As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Words by HUGH CONWAY.

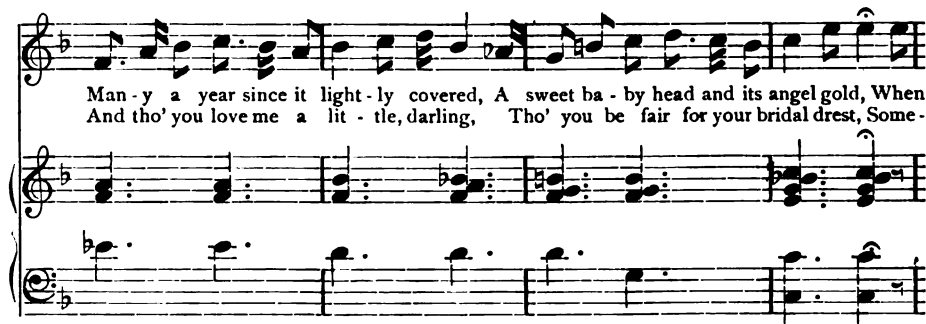
Music by J. L. MOLLOY.



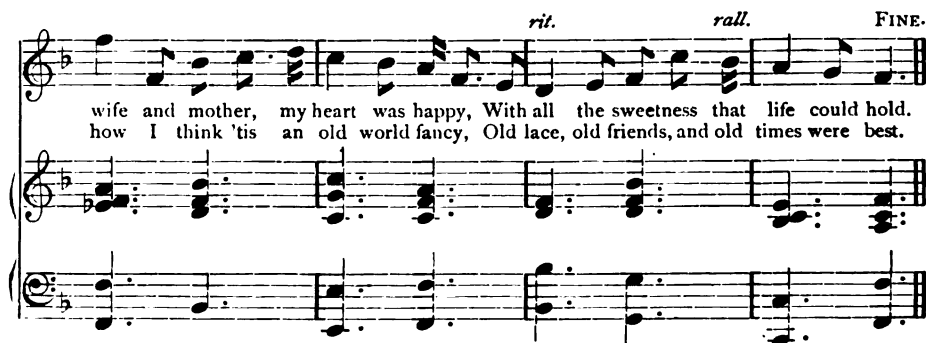
1. Here is a gift for your wedding morning, A dainty kerchief of old, old lace, And it's  
3. How will you look as a bride, I wonder? For fashion changes each year they say, And I



man - y a year since I blush'd be - hind it, A bon - ny bride, with a bright young face;  
now am old and the world gone past me, That world of wonders you know to - day,



Man - y a year since it light - ly covered, A sweet ba - by head and its angel gold, When  
And tho' you love me a lit - tle, darling, Tho' you be fair for your bridal dress, Some -



*rit.* *rall.* FINE.  
wife and mother, my heart was happy, With all the sweetness that life could hold.  
how I think 'tis an old world fancy, Old lace, old friends, and old times were best.

OLD LACE.

2. Mark the del - i - cate threads entwining, forming the semblance of rar - est flow'rs, And as

The first system of the musical score for 'Old Lace'. It consists of a vocal melody line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: '2. Mark the del - i - cate threads entwining, forming the semblance of rar - est flow'rs, And as'.

close as the threads of our joy and sorrow, wo - ven in - to this life of ours;

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'close as the threads of our joy and sorrow, wo - ven in - to this life of ours;'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

On - ly I pray that the days be - fore you, Free, free from all sorrow as mine, may be, For

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'On - ly I pray that the days be - fore you, Free, free from all sorrow as mine, may be, For'. The piano accompaniment continues.

you're to be mar - ried to - mor - row, darling, Take it, wear it, and think of me. *D. C.*

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: 'you're to be mar - ried to - mor - row, darling, Take it, wear it, and think of me. *D. C.*'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.





WALKING-DRESSES.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 5.

## A MEDIEVAL CITY.

BY GARRETT FOSTER.



Of all Northern European cities, Nuremberg most thoroughly re-

tains the aspect it wore in the Middle Ages. It is still surrounded by lofty walls with frowning watch-towers, and, while threading its narrow irregular streets bordered by many-gabled houses, the imaginative traveler might easily fancy that he had been suddenly carried back into the very heart of feudal days.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Nuremberg was at its greatest height

of prosperity and power. It possessed an independent domain of considerable extent, and could always furnish an army of at least six thousand soldiers to swell the forces of the German Emperor. It was the very centre of trade between Northern and Southern Europe and the Levant, as its position made it the best possible depot for the traffic carried on by means of the Danube and the Rhine.

But commerce was far from being its only source of wealth; indeed, its chief revenues were derived from its manufactures, which early became so widely known and so highly prized that they gave rise to a proverb that is quoted even in our day: "Nuremberg's hand goes through every land."

Its artisans, especially the workers in metals, the armorers, cutlers, and goldsmiths, were esteemed the most skillful craftsmen in Europe, and the cloth-weavers and dyers held an equally high reputation. It could boast, too, a long line of famous sculptors, carvers in wood, engravers, mathematicians, and engineers, with the celebrated Albert Dürer at their head; for his well-nigh universal genius made him noted in every one of these professions.

Many of the most important discoveries and inventions which pertain to the arts of life originated in the busy old town. Playing-cards were manufactured here as early as 1380, and ten years later the first paper-mill ever built in Germany was erected. Records exist which prove that cannon were cast in Nuremberg in 1356; a machine for drawing wire was produced in 1360; the first watches were made here in 1500; the air-gun was invented by one of its citizens in 1560; and these are only

(413)



a few among its various useful and artistic contributions to the world's progress.

So, between its military strength, its mercantile importance, its vast revenues, and the fame of its artists and inventors, Nuremberg held its head loftily during a long period in the days of feudalism. It ranked, indeed, chief among the free Imperial German cities, being the most powerful and the richest of them all, the residence of emperors, the seat of diets, the cradle of German fine arts, and alternately the

berg's strength. Various causes then helped on its decay, prominent among which was the discovery of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, that turned European commerce with the East into an entirely new channel. Then the blind and selfish prejudices of the guilds and trades contributed much to the ruin of its manufacturers. One of the earliest and gravest mistakes was the expulsion of the Jews, and later came the folly of shutting the gates against the Protestant weavers exiled



WALLS OF NUREMBERG.

courted ally and the dreaded rival of sovereign princes.

For a long time, the government of Nuremberg was in the hands of about thirty patrician families, from among whom were chosen the council of state. At length, the great body of citizens, and especially the heads of extensive guilds, grew weary or jealous of this monopoly, and fierce struggles ensued, that ended by the many wresting from the few a share of the authority from which they had been so despotically excluded.

With the lapse of centuries, decline and degeneration gradually undermined Nurem-

from France and Flanders. These wanderers did what the Jews had done before them: they took refuge in other German towns, which by their skill they rendered the successful competitors of the short-sighted Nurembergers.

The terrible Thirty Years' War dealt the most serious and lasting blow to the proud city, and by the latter part of sixteen hundred Nuremberg had faded nearly out of notice and become the dull provincial town which it remained until the beginning of the present century.

During the last fifty years, its course has been onward and upward; as a manu-

facturing seat of a certain sort, it ranks pre-eminent, and may be called the toy-shop of the civilized world. Wood and ivory carving are extensively carried on; it is again a flourishing depot for goods passing from the south to the north of Europe and vice versa, and houses and other property have more than doubled in value.

Its quaintness and medieval appearance make it always a favorite haunt for travelers. Its churches and other public buildings are all in an admirable state of preservation, and many of the stately mansions erected centuries ago by its merchant-nobles are inhabited by their lineal descendants. The walls look as if they might yet resist a siege, and bear aloft scores of turrets, which increase their picturesque appearance, though they cannot reckon as many as there are days in the year, as is said to have been the case in bygone times. When gunpowder came into use, ramparts and bastions were thrown out, and these are inclosed by a ditch one hundred feet wide and fifty deep, its sides lined with solid stone-work. There are four principal gates, flanked by massive cylindrical watch-towers, which serve to complete the line of turrets that encircle the city like a crown.

The Imperial castle is an irregular pile of towers and gabled roofs, set on a lofty rock above the town, and forms a striking feature in the landscape. The Burg, as it is usually termed, is the very ideal of a Middle Age stronghold. The visitor passes over drawbridges, along vaulted ways, and across wide courtyards, to emerge on a broad terrace, from whence he commands an unbroken view of the surrounding country. The city at his feet rises, as a late traveler expresses it, "a stately mass of jagged roofs pierced by slender spires, parted by winding streets, irregular spaces of stones and gleams of running water, while beyond are green meadows, scattered hamlets, and dark forests stretching to the blue hills of Franconia."

Situated on the edge of the town, at the base of the castle-steep, stands the house of Albert Dürer, with its many-windowed front and roof, for a long while past in the possession of a society of artists who carefully preserve every relic within its walls.

In 1632 Nuremberg espoused the cause of the Swedish king Gustavus Adolphus,

who, with an army of fifteen thousand men, was forced to take refuge there to protect the place and himself against the advancing force of Wallenstein, which trebled his own.

Aided by the townsfolk, he threw up ramparts and dug ditches, which he strengthened by bastions and defended by several hundred cannon. Although he had only fourteen days in which to complete his work, it was so well done that he possessed a fortified camp of such formidable appearance that the great Wallenstein declined to risk an attack, and sat down in front of the gates to wait till famine should force the besieged to surrender.

For more than two months did those masters in the art of war watch each other like skillful chess-players, each fearful lest a single move should give his opponent a telling advantage. In thus attempting to starve out the Swedes and Nurembergers, Wallenstein reduced his own troops to terrible straits, as the surrounding country had been so completely laid waste that he was forced to send forty miles to obtain forage.

But within the city matters were going still worse; the corn was exhausted, pestilence had broken out, and at length the Swedish king was driven to the desperate measure of storming the camp of Wallenstein. He met with his first defeat, and was compelled to depart from Nuremberg, in which he left a garrison of five thousand men. The burghers were greatly alarmed by their helpless condition, but, so far from attacking the town within the week, Wallenstein himself was forced by lack of provision and the spread of pestilence to break up his camp and march away toward Ratisbon.

As the visitor of to-day stands on the castle-terrace, these memories of war and bloodshed are difficult to realize, so calm and peaceful is the scene.

In the great outer courtyard is shown the celebrated well, at the bottom of which, according to tradition, Charlemagne sits "waiting for better times." In support of the truth of the legend, it is asserted that once, long ago, a criminal was offered his life if he would descend into the deep pit. He accepted the terms, was let down into the watery depths, and returned in safety, with the solemn declaration that he had found the kaiser in a cave at the bottom, seated before a table, about which his

white beard, grown to a fabulous length, was twisted in a double ring.

The staircase leading to the state apartments opens from a wide quadrangle, surrounded by carved wooden galleries that are draped with Virginia-creeper. In the centre of the court, carefully railed in and supported, stands an ancient linden with hollow trunk and scant branches, said to have been planted by the Empress Cunegunda of blessed memory, more than eight hundred years ago.

The rooms of state are spacious and cheerful and have been restored in admirable taste. They possess fine coffered ceilings, a store of quaint portraits and ancient furniture, and, best of all, a magnificent view of the town and the wide hill-encircled sweep of landscape beyond.

On the northern side, there is another

broad court with a terrace, from which one looks for miles across the Volksmund plains. Here stands a five-cornered tower, the oldest portion of the castle, which was formerly a state prison and still contains cells where prisoners were confined. One of these has a special interest as being that occupied by the famous robber-baron, Eppelein von Gailingen, when the Nurembergers once got him in their stronghold, from which he made an escape so wonderful that it ranks among the chief of his exploits.

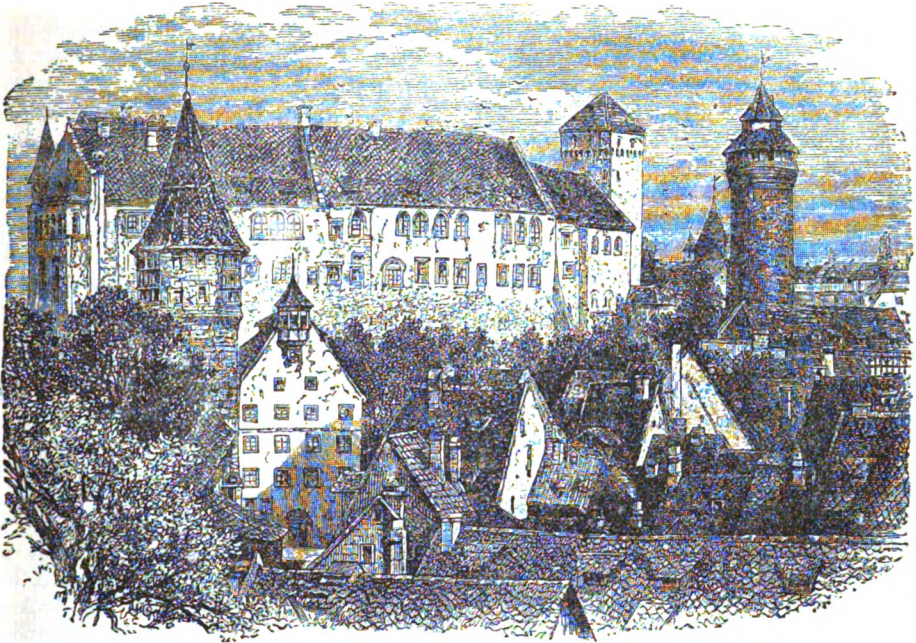
Eppelein flourished in the fourteenth century, and was the terror of Nuremberg and all that part of Germany for fifty long years.

His bold deeds became the theme of scores of tales, and he was credited by the people with the possession of supernatural powers. But on a certain ill-omened day, after a fierce



ALBERT DÜRER'S HOUSE.





NUREMBERG CASTLE.

skirmish in the Franconian valleys, Gailingen was taken prisoner by the Nurembergers, carried home in triumph, and safely lodged in the strongest portion of the castle.

On the morning appointed for his execution, the entire garrison was put under arms, and every gate of the fortress and town was carefully guarded, for fear of an attempt at a rescue by his maddened followers. The baron was conducted from his cell in the tower to the northern terrace between two files of soldiers, ready to be led through the streets to the council-hall!

While the procession was forming, as the guides of to-day tell the tale, Gailingen looked tranquilly about and seemed to be enjoying the fresh air and sunlight. Near by, with its bridle fastened to the branch of a tree, stood his favorite steed on which he had been captured and which was now the special property of the captain of the castle.

With a heavy sigh and in moving words, the captive asked one last favor—that of being allowed to mount his beloved horse and bestow on him a farewell caress. The captain readily granted the request; he had now been long enough the possessor of the noble animal to know how dearly his former master must have prized him.

VOL. XCVIII—22.

"There is no haste," he said; "the baron is welcome to ride round the court till the summons comes from the council."

The prisoner overwhelmed him with thanks and leaped lightly into the saddle. The soldiers fell back in a semi-circle to enjoy the coveted sight of Eppelein's marvelous horsemanship, and their eager curiosity was speedily gratified to the full. The knight put his faithful Hans through all his varied paces, and made him perform difficult tricks by a word or a light touch of the rein, amid ever-increasing admiration and applause from the spectators.

Round and round the inclosure the baron flew, and at each turn edged his intelligent charger a little closer to the breastwork overhanging the moat. Suddenly the startled bystanders saw horse and man leap across the wide space and land in safety on the bank far below.

With yells of rage, the soldiers rushed pell-mell to the gates; but, by the time drawbridges were let down and pursuit could begin, Eppelein von Gailingen was safe in the woods where his band awaited, in the hope that at the last moment their leader's cunning or boldness might insure his escape.



## MARGUERITE.

BY NELLIE T. GRANT.



**H**EAVY black clouds overhanging Allesford Hall fortetold the coming of a storm of unusual severity. An expectant stillness seemed brooding over everything, while an occasional vivid flash of lightning pierced the gloom with a weird illumination. Suddenly the wind rose, and then big drops of rain began to fall; nearer and nearer came the peals of thunder, like the roar of artillery.

Not far from the entrance to the Hall, which commanded a view of the Hudson River, stood a man looking anxiously up the road. Finally, as the clamor of the storm grew more vehement, he turned and was about to walk in the direction of the stable, when his eye discerned an approaching figure on horseback, and, with a sigh of relief, he went quickly down the road, meeting her—for it was a woman—just beyond the gates. She sat her horse in a calmly regal manner, despite the fact that the rain was now descending with violence upon her habit and gleaming in her red-gold hair, which had become unbound and hung to her waist.

"You are here, you are safe, Marguerite," the young man exclaimed, as he turned, and, with one hand on the bridle, walked beside her. "I was just about to go in search of you, fearing an accident had befallen you."

"No, nothing has happened," was the reply, "except that the storm overtook me. And now, Gerald, as I am quite wet, I will hurry on to the house."

Suiting the action to the words, and scarcely waiting until he removed his hand from the horse, she rode quickly up the long avenue, and, a moment later, a groom had taken her horse, and she passed into the house. Merely stopping in the library to inform her father of her safe return, Marguerite Allesford hurried on to the shelter of her room. Once behind the locked

door, she drew off her little wet gauntlets and threw them down with hat and whip. Then, without summoning the maid, she stood with dripping garments, gazing dreamily into the depths of a fire burning cheerily on the hearth. Her face was illumined with a radiancy which burned in her cheeks and deepened the intensity and color of her beautiful eyes. Suddenly the leaping firelight brought out prismatic rays from a diamond ring on her small left hand. It seemed as if it were alive, and reminding her of its presence. Her glance fell on it, and, with an inarticulate cry, she sank on her knees, while the brightness died out of her face—the day-dream was broken. Remembrance of the meeting that afternoon while she was out riding, of wildly-impassioned words and the exchange of eloquent glances—all must be obliterated and the loyalty of her promise sustained.

So, an hour later, Marguerite descended to dinner, beautifully attired and outwardly calm.

Her fiancé, Gerald Royston, dined with them, the storm having prevented his departure. As the young mistress of the house—her mother was dead—took her accustomed place opposite her father, Gerald, looking at her, thought: "Ere long, she will occupy the seat of honor at my table."

That she was very dear to him could have readily been perceived by the expression of his fine grave eyes as they rested on her.

Later in the evening, Marguerite sang for them. Her voice, although not powerful, was wonderfully sweet and pleasing, and, that evening, her whole heart seemed in the words she sang. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Royston bade father and daughter good-night. His home was but a short distance away, and the storm had finally abated.

The following day, he came again to the Hall, and was shown into the little morning-room where he often found Marguerite, but which was now unoccupied. While waiting rather impatiently for her appearance, he picked up a piece of paper from the floor,

which proved to be a closely-written note. A moment later, he stood as if turned to stone, for the lines upon which his eyes rested ran thus:

"DEAREST: When can I see you again? Do you still adhere to your cruel resolution? You have forbidden me to call and see you, and I obey; but oh, Marguerite, I must see you! You know that I worship you, and I am confident that you care for me. I beg of you to send me a line—a word, even—in reply to this. VICTOR."

These were the words Gerald Royston read, and at that moment the door opened and Marguerite entered; but she stopped, and the greeting died on her lips when she saw the stony face turned toward her. It was Gerald that spoke first:

"Does this note from Victor Durant belong to you?"

Her pale lips scarcely moved. She could only frame the monosyllable "Yes," but her hand went out mechanically for the note, and he gave it to her.

"It is true, then?" he uttered, in low broken tones.

Several moments elapsed before she could command her reply.

"Yes, it is true," she went on then. "It is true that I care for him, Gerald." Her listener winced. "But I meant to be faithful to you. I have been so—oh, you must, you will, believe me?"

The tears were now streaming down her cheeks, while the man regarding her wore the appearance of one who had succumbed to a sudden fatal blow. His face expressed a variety of emotions—depair, doubt, and finally trust—as he took the outstretched hands and held them, saying:

"I believe you, Marguerite."

"Ah, you are noble, you are good, you—"

"Listen a moment," Gerald interrupted, as he placed her in a chair and drew one beside her for himself. "Of course, all is over between us; but, Marguerite, keener than the blow which has fallen upon me is the knowledge that it is Victor Durant for whom you care. Of his past, you know absolutely nothing, and nothing whatever of him."

"He has told me of himself, of his past life," said Marguerite, proudly.

"He has told you—yes, and you have

believed. Oh, do not think this malignity on my part. I know that you never loved me. Did you not tell me so when we became engaged? It was your father's wish that you should promise to be my wife, and you obeyed. I thought, in time, in time—" His voice broke, but he went on: "However, that is all over now, and I cannot reproach you. Let me speak as a friend who has known you all your life, Marguerite, and ask you not to trust your future happiness to this stranger."

"At present, I will do nothing, see no one," she rejoined. "How could I? Oh, Gerald," as she drew off his ring and placed it in his hand. "Say that you forgive me; let me hear you say it."

Royston's face blanched again, but, saying steadily "I forgive you, and—God bless you, Marguerite!" he looked at her a moment, then just touched her hand with his lips and was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

One October day, nearly six months later, when the air was as exhilarating as wine, and nature wore her gleaming regal robes, a man might have been seen walking up the avenue that led to Allesford Hall. He was perhaps thirtyfive years of age, and so regular were his features, so fine his height and carriage, that, wherever he went, he was pronounced not only handsome in the common acceptance of that word, but most distinguished in appearance. It was Victor Durant, and awaiting him on the wide veranda was Marguerite, transformed by the god of love into a rosy radiant creature. So happy was she, that her father, despite his great disappointment six months previous, had now given his consent to her new engagement. On this afternoon in October, Mr. Allesford being absent from home, Marguerite took her visitor into the library. It was a large room, with carven massive furniture, and the walls were lined with well-filled book-cases, while heavy draperies and subdued tones made the room appear rather gloomy in day-time. But for all that it was a favorite place of Marguerite's.

"This is a fine room," said Mr. Durant, in a well-modulated voice; "I don't think I have ever been in it before."

"No; it is papa's private sanctum," was the laughing reply. "But I am a privileged character, so I come in whenever I wish."

"And I am sure I appreciate being admitted," Victor said. "Oh, Marguerite, how I shall try to be worthy of you! I sometimes think our happiness is too perfect to last. What should I do if anything parted us?"

Was it the girl's fancy, or did his face change in a strange manner?

"I will not hear such speeches," she said, playfully holding her hands over her pretty ears.

"And you trust me entirely, although I have no one here to speak for me? My life has been spent mostly in California; but, although I am a comparative stranger to you, you do trust me, do you not?" His dark eyes were looking into hers, and, beneath their tender glow, Marguerite murmured:

"Yes, with my whole heart, because I love you."

"A woman's reason, I'm afraid, my darling," said Victor, gayly. "But away with gloomy talk. What a fine collection of books! Your father is indeed fortunate."

"Yes, they are papa's pride. Oh, I want to show you this private safe in the wall. See: by opening this panel, one could almost step inside. I believe grandfather had it made for valuables, but papa has never made use of it." As she spoke, she opened a door which exactly corresponded with the rest of the wall.

"Most cleverly done," Mr. Durant said, examining it carefully. "It would never be detected."

"And now I feel that I have taken you into my confidence," Marguerite went on, laughingly. "Papa might want to use the safe, you know, so we have always kept very quiet about it. No one knows of it, excepting ourselves and—oh, yes—Gerald Royston." The name was uttered with a falling inflection, and Victor quickly changed the subject.

Presently they went out for a walk around the grounds. The wealth of that day seemed inexhaustible, and the golden halcyon moments passed all too soon. At length came the tender farewell, and Mr. Durant left for his temporary home at the hotel a mile distant from Allesford Hall.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Hallowe'en, the last night of October, when the spirits are supposed to

be abroad, and all sorts of occult influences and supernatural powers are deciding the fates of human beings. Mr. Allesford had been summoned to the bed-side of a dying friend a short distance away, and Marguerite expected him back at an early hour. It was seldom that he left her in the evening; but she felt perfectly safe with Mrs. Owens, the housekeeper, and the trusty men-servants at hand. So she concluded to await his return in the library, and, selecting a book to beguile the time, was unaware how rapidly the evening passed, until a clock in the room chimed eleven and diverted her attention from the absorbing volume.

"How late, and papa not home yet," she said. "Why, this is Hallowe'en. Well, there's no use trying to discover my fate, for I know it," with a happy smile. "Now, of course, if I look in this glass, I shall see the face of—"

She uttered a loud cry, and the mirror lay shattered at her feet, for in the glass she had indeed seen the face of Victor Durant.

The next moment, a voice near by pronounced her name, and her half-fainting form was caught in strong arms.

"How silly of me," said the girl, immediately regaining her self-control. "You—you did frighten me a little, Victor—just a little. But why are you here so late?"

"I will explain all. Oh, forgive me for startling you, my own love. I came through that window," pointing to it.

"The window? and why?" asked Marguerite, bewildered.

"I knew that you were here, for the shade was not quite down, and I felt that I must see you. Oh, Marguerite, for the last time to—say good-bye!"

"Good-bye"? "The last time"? Victor, what do you mean?" she cried in alarm, throwing her arms about his neck. "Why those cruel words? Tell me! tell me!"

"Listen, love—and I must speak fast; but, before I tell you this, kiss me once, my Marguerite, for, when I have finished, you will shrink from me."

Without a word, she obeyed, and then held his hand in a firm grasp, as he spoke in low hurried tones:

"Marguerite, I have deceived you. I am a fugitive from justice. I was tempted by a man—a devil, rather—to assist in a robbery in California, was caught, but escaped

and came East. God knows, I have tried to lead an upright life here. My greatest crime is telling you of my love and teaching you to care for me. You have been my good angel; but I should not have dragged you down. If you cannot forgive, at least pity and forget me. The men have traced me here—are now on my track. Marguerite, good-bye."

In a dazed manner, she turned her heavy eyes upon him as he ceased speaking, and went toward the window.

"Where would you go?" she asked, faintly.

"Back to the hotel—let them take me there. I shall give myself up."

"No, no; let me think—let me think!" she panted. "Wait—wait! I have it—the safe; go in there if they come. Ah, thank God I thought of it!"

"And you would save me—you still love me?" he exclaimed, in joyous tones.

"Now and forever," was the solemn reply, as she clung to him; and, at that moment, the door-bell clanged loudly through the silent house.

"All is over," said Victor, folding his arms. "I will not hide now; but God bless you, dearest! I can meet anything, if I still possess your love."

"I beg of you to go in here—here!" she pleaded, breathlessly, opening the safe-door. "This admits the air over the door. Victor, unless you hate me—for my sake! for my sake!"

One moment their eyes met; then, impelled by something stronger than his will, and for the sake of the woman who loved him so well if not too wisely, he stepped within, and Marguerite closed the safe, turning, as the library-door opened, and two men confronted her. With dishevelled hair, ghastly face, and breathless from agitation, Marguerite bowed slightly, saying:

"What is your business, at so late an hour?"

"Beg your pardon, Miss Allesford," said the shorter of the two men; "our business is with Victor Durant—he is here."

"Here?" echoed the girl. "He was here earlier, but intended taking the seven-thirty train for New York," which had really been his intention. "And now, as it is so late, I will beg to be excused." But she did not move, only stood looking fixedly at them.

"Not so fast, Miss Allesford," exclaimed the other man: "we are officers of the law, and have a warrant for the arrest of Victor Durant. He came here, and we believe he is still in this house; if you do not tell us where, we shall be under the necessity of searching the premises."

"You may believe what you like," said Marguerite, haughtily, seating herself and taking up her book. Her returning self-possession surprised her. "And you may search the house if you wish; then please leave, for the hour is late. James," to the butler, "when these gentlemen have concluded their business, show them out."

"Wait a moment," said Thorpe. "Ask Mr. Gerald Royston to step here."

A moment later, Marguerite raised her eyes and saw Gerald standing before her. He started forward, exclaiming impulsively:

"Believe me, I was compelled to come."

But she waved him back, replying coldly: "It doesn't matter," and a shadow crossed his face.

"Mr. Royston," said Thorpe, "we shall ask you to assist us in our search. You are familiar with this house. Is there any particular place where Victor Durant is likely to be hiding?"

There was a deep silence. A shudder passed over Marguerite, for her eyes had met those of the man she had jilted, and like a flash came the thought that he knew. He alone had any knowledge of the safe in the wall, and she felt that her secret was in his possession. What would he say? Her face grew rigid. She put her shaking hand up to her throat, then looked at Gerald Royston.

For several moments deep silence had reigned, and was broken now by Royston's voice.

"I cannot tell you of any particular place," he replied. "But I will go with you on your search, as you consider it my duty. Marguerite," turning to her, "I beg that you will pardon the liberty we take at this hour."

They examined the library carefully, and finally passed out into the hall. Marguerite drew a long breath. She could have fallen at Gerald's feet.

She preserved her silence while she heard the footsteps overhead, and at length the exchange of a few words in the hall, and soon

the sound of wagon-wheels and the horses' feet as the men drove away. But, before he left, Gerald went alone into the library, came to where she sat, and, taking her hand, said:

"Good-night, Marguerite; we are going, and those men take the one A.M. train for New York."

What happened after that, Marguerite scarcely knew. She felt Victor's arms about her, and his warm kisses on her lips. She heard her own voice begging him to be cautious—to go far, far away, but in some manner to let her know where he went. Nothing was said about a future meeting; both felt that this farewell was for ever. Victor Durant could not now ask her to marry him; and she knew that, should she become the wife of one bearing such an insignia of disgrace, it would break her old father's heart.

So she watched Victor go, feeling that life in its fullest sense was over for her.

When Mr. Allesford returned, a few moments later, Marguerite went to him as he entered the room, saying sadly:

"I have no one but you now, papa; be

patient with me, and love me," and then fell unconscious at his feet.

\* \* \* \* \*

From England, Victor sent her a message. It ran thus:

"MISS ALLESFORD:

Victor Durant asked me to inform you that his last thought was of you, to give you his love, and tell you not to grieve—it is better so. He was injured while rescuing people from a burning building, and died this morning.

Very respectfully yours,

J. P. DIXON, M.D."

Years have passed since then. Gerald Royston is happily married, and Marguerite—whose father is dead—devotes a large portion of her life to nursing the sick and afflicted.

One would scarcely recognize the once brilliantly beautiful Marguerite Allesford in the sweet-faced woman with snowy hair—the woman who will ever be true, until her heart ceases to beat, to the one great love of her life.

## MEMORIES.

BY SARA BURNS.

WITH my knitting, I sit by the window  
And look on the soft-falling rain,  
While the wind comes moaning, sighing,  
Through a break in the window-pane.

And my thoughts wander back to a spring-time  
'Mid seasons long since flown,  
When, sitting beside a window,  
I heard the same weird tone.

Then the future was like a sealed casket,  
Brimful with its hopes and its fears;

Now, the past like a book lies before me,  
With its gladness, its sorrow, and tears.

As, turning through memory's pages,  
There are shadows of hopes that are fled,  
There are visions of dear loving faces  
That long have lain silent and dead.

And my heart echoes back the sad moaning,  
As I turn to my knitting again;  
While the wind, through the break in the window,  
Keeps time with the low sobbing rain.

## THANKSGIVING.

BY LETITIA VIRGINIA DOUGLAS.

THANKS be to God for life and health,  
His various beauties to enjoy—  
The earth, the skies, all nature's wealth;  
And for each pleasant hour's employ.

Thanks be to God for Christian peace  
In this beloved land of mine!

May its prosperity increase—  
Its sun of fortune ever shine!

Thanks be to God for blessings past,  
So numerous, we forget their sum;  
Oh, may His favor toward us last  
Until the end of time shall come!

## BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

BY MISS KENT.

### CHAPTER I.

#### CAMP-FIRE CONFIDENCES.



IN my opinion, there is no earthly existence so much to be envied as that of a young man blessed with health and a reasonable amount of spending-money.

Most of us entertain our blessings unawares; yet I think that some appreciation of their absolute liberty, independence, and dominion over nature formed the undercurrent of content which kept a certain couple of young men camping in the Adirondacks longer, one summer, than they had originally intended.

They were only summer friends—that is, their acquaintance had begun early in that season at Newport; but they were very good friends now, Charles Darrell, the elder of the two, having quietly but constantly sought Frank Rockfern's society from the time that he first heard Tunis, Missouri, mentioned as the latter's place of residence.

Darrell was rich—at least, he possessed all the appurtenances of wealth; but Rockfern was no man of leisure; his holiday and his means were alike limited; and, as he and Darrell lay in camp one evening, watching the moon rise and tip with silver all the pine-tree tops, he announced that he must return to Missouri.

"I must get to work," he said; "I have been idle longer, this summer, than in all my life up to this time."

"Then you've earned your holiday," said Darrell. "What is your profession?"

"The law. It's my profession, literally," he added, laughing, "for I've never practiced it. I have only just obtained my license. That's rather damaging testimony against myself, when one considers the fact that I'm thirtytwo years old; but I don't feel that I've wasted my time. My father was a Union man, and, after the war, he found his old friends so cold that he left his

native State, Kentucky, and went out West. He bought Government land in Missouri, and undertook to farm—a business which he had never followed before, as he was a lawyer by profession. Of course, he got into debt, mortgaged the farm, had various reverses, and finally determined to sell; but, mother and my sisters not being willing, I persuaded father to keep the place, promising to leave school and to give him all the help possible. I was twenty then. I went to work; I taught school in the winter, and worked on the farm in the summer; did odd jobs as clerk, deputy, et cetera, whenever I could; and so, finally, we pulled through. Now we are comfortably off. Then an uncle left me several hundreds, so I took the regular course in the Louisville Law School, got my license, and, having some cash left, came up here to recuperate my exhausted energies."

Darrell took his cigar from his lips and said emphatically:

"You are to be envied, Rockfern. Heaven knows, I envy you. If my debts and my father's debts were paid, we both would be beggared, for it would take every stick of property that we own—and we couldn't either of us earn a farthing to save our lives. Haven't you suspected, Rockfern, that I was not American?"

"Yes," said Rockfern; "I thought you must be English."

"I am," said Darrell. "My father is an earl—Lord Brackenburn—and I am his eldest son. Darrell is a name in my family. Perhaps you think it strange that I have dropped my title while traveling, over here."

"Not at all," said Rockfern. "The painful predilection of our women for peers is so notorious that any modest nobleman must wish to travel incognito."

Darrell laughed.

"Women are women," he said, cynically. "But you are not altogether wrong. I wish to recommend myself only to one American woman, and she lives in your part of the country. By the way, do you know your county—Agate County—pretty well?"



"I ought to; I've lived there twenty years."

"Do you know a family there by the name of Warfield?"

"Yes. That is, I am well acquainted with John Warfield—not with his family."

"Tell me what you know about John Warfield, will you?"

"He is a Kentuckian, like myself," said Rockfern, "and, like myself again, he is poor but honest; in fact, he goes by the name of 'Honest John.'"

"Is he very poor?"

"As poor as Job's turkey. At least, he was when I saw him last. I haven't seen him for some time; he may be doing better now."

"Well," said Darrell, slowly and in a tone of irrepressible disgust, "his daughter is the girl whom I am to marry."

"You don't say so! Has the old man struck lead, or what?"

"I'll tell you the whole story, Rockfern," said Darrell. "Years ago, my father, while traveling on the Continent, met Richard Warfield, John Warfield's younger brother, and got to be rather intimate with him. Richard had made a fortune suddenly, and was trying to get rid of it in the same length of time. He gambled away all that he had, and pledged his word for a sum which he was not able to pay; then he was on the point of committing suicide. My father discovered his intention, and, to dissuade him from fulfilling it, offered to lend him the money if he would promise to quit gambling. Warfield took him at his word; he left the tables, went to work over here, and in a few years paid my father every penny that the latter had lent him—paid it with interest. But he was not content with that: when he died, he left me five million dollars, provided I marry his niece, John Warfield's daughter, and five millions to her if she become my wife."

"I knew," said Rockfern, much astonished and interested, "that Dick Warfield, the railroad-king, was some kin to John; but I didn't know they were own brothers."

"Yes, but they had some quarrel which was never settled; and that, you know, complicates the worry that I'm in, as it's another idiotic condition of this will that I in person must inform the girl and her father of its purport. Why that couldn't have been done by the executors, I don't see."

"The testator wanted to give you a chance to back out gracefully," said Rockfern. "You can see Miss Warfield, and, if she does not suit you, you need never mention the will to her. What becomes of this money if you and Miss Warfield don't marry each other?"

"It goes to the building and endowment of a college," said Darrell.

"That beats the Jews!" exclaimed Rockfern.

Darrell laughed. "But," he continued, "what I am anxious to know is: are these people wholly uneducated?"

"John Warfield is sufficiently well educated," said Rockfern. "His children, I fear, have had a poor chance."

"Well, I must go down there," said Darrell; "and, if you will let me go with you, Rockfern, and will introduce me to Mr. Warfield, I shall be infinitely obliged to you. Helps, a lawyer there who has furnished us with what information we needed respecting the Warfields, could introduce me, but he's not personally acquainted with them. I'll show you my letters and so on, to assure you that I am not quite the adventurer which this tiresome business makes me seem."

"All right," said the young Kentuckian, cordially. "You may rely upon me for any service that I can do you, and you must make my home your head-quarters."

"Thanks, very much," answered Darrell.

Presently Rockfern asked another question: "What if Miss Warfield is already engaged?"

"In that case, I get all the money," said Darrell. "But I should have to have her testimony to the effect that she was engaged before ever I paid her my addresses, and I'm to make her my offer within a certain time. And that," he added, "is why I should like to learn something about her before making myself known."

"It's strange that I've never seen that girl," Rockfern said, musingly. "Our respective neighborhoods are at opposite ends of the county, but her father was in town often; she must stay close at home. What's her name, anyhow?"

After an excusable effort of memory, Darrell pronounced the following collection of Christian names:

"Joyce Jane Pamela Ann Sarah Douglas Carr Elizabeth Gentry Warfield."

"You invented it," cried Rockfern.

"I've got it down in black and white, just as it is in the will," said Darrell; and, with mutual laughter, the young men betook themselves to bed.

## CHAPTER II.

### COTTAGE CHARACTERS.

It was a delightful day in September, when Frank Rockfern and Charles Darrell got off the afternoon train at Eads, the station nearest to Squire Warfield's home. His house was two or three miles southwest of this village, but the young men were not disposed to grumble at the walk before them.

A week had been spent in Rockfern's home, but, at Darrell's request, no hint of the latter's real errand had been allowed to escape; hunting was supposed to be the attraction which had brought him to Agate; and so, this afternoon, the two had guns and a dog with them, though Rockfern had demurred to Darrell's proposition that they should take them.

They went across the fields, and, as they drew near the Warfield place, Rockfern remarked that things had improved greatly since he had last seen it.

"I think that's the house," he said, indicating a white cottage nestled among poplar-trees.

"There's a fellow ploughing in that field yonder; we can ask him for direction if you are uncertain as to the locality," remarked Darrell.

They walked on, and, when they were near enough for Rockfern to get a good look at the ploughman, he said:

"That fellow is Lewis Warfield—your brother-in-law that is to be."

"Ah!" said Darrell.

Young Warfield wore a blue check shirt, a pair of blue overalls, a ragged straw hat, and was barefoot.

"How are you?" said Rockfern.

"How are you?" responded the ploughman.

"You are Lewis Warfield, if I'm not mistaken," said Rockfern.

Young Warfield gravely inclined his head.

Rockfern introduced himself.

"I am well acquainted with your father," he said.

"I've heard him speak of you often,"

Lewis replied. "Wusn't you the orator of the day at Tunis, last Fourth?"

Rockfern assented.

"I thought I had seen you before," said Lewis. "You made us a boss speech."

"I didn't see the Squire in town that day," Rockfern remarked.

"No, he wusn't there. Me 'n' Joy—that's my sister—went in on the train."

"Is the Squire at home?" asked Rockfern.

"No; he's out huntin' hands to help thrash to-morrow. There are two machines in the neighborhood, and hands are scarce."

"That's your house, with the two poplars in front of it, isn't it?" asked Rockfern.

"That's our house. Did you want to see my father, Mr. Rockfern?"

"Yes."

"He will be back pretty soon, I guess. You all better go on to the house and wait for him. I'd go with you, but these blamed mules won't stand a minute unless I'm hangin' on to the lines, 'n', if I quit before I finish this land out, dad 'll be after me with a fence-stake."

This was merely a polite way of informing the two gentlemen that he did not choose to interrupt his work on their account. They laughingly accepted his excuses and proceeded toward the house.

Darrell's face was full of gloom; for the first time since their acquaintance, Rockfern saw him look the lord—cold, contemptuous, haughty.

The yard of the Warfield cottage was full of flowers; pink oleanders in tubs stood on each side of the front door, over which was trained a sweet honeysuckle, making a mass of dark-green foliage; scarlet geraniums, phloxes, petunias, nasturtiums, made a dazzling display in beds, and hedges of sweet peas perfumed the air.

"Whoever tends these flowers has taste," Rockfern remarked.

"Yes," said Darrell, and looked a little comforted.

"Let's go to the well and get a drink before we knock," said Rockfern, and they followed a narrow walk which led around the house. As they did so, they heard a voice singing, or rather chanting—not a loud or strong voice, but a clear one, and one too soft and light to be mistaken for any but a woman's voice. "Welcome! Jim Sanders, welcome!" it sang.

"Darrell, you lucky dog, the lady bids you welcome," murmured Rockfern.

Darrell made no reply; he was pale, and now betrayed a nervousness which was natural enough, considering that he heard for the first time a voice whose "Yes" was worth ten millions to him.

The well was very close to the house, and, as the two men reached it, the singer stepped out of the kitchen-door, with a water-bucket in her hand.

She greeted the two politely and without a trace of embarrassment, and, setting her pail upon the platform of the well, began to lower the well-bucket.

Rockfern and Darrell had stood staring—yes, staring—though politeness was so much a second nature with both of them that they had managed to lift their hats mechanically. For the girl before them was simply the prettiest they had ever seen.

Her features were perfect; her eyes large, violet, and shaded by uncommonly long lashes; her complexion fair and fine; her hair of the loveliest golden-brown, clustering in short curls around her forehead, but braided behind.

Rockfern was first to recover. Seeing that the dumfounded Darrell did not intend to make any advances, he stepped up on the platform and took the well-rope out of the girl's hands.

"Allow me," he said, and the young girl gave place smilingly. "You are Miss Warfield, I suppose?" said Rockfern.

"Yes," was the answer; and Joy added, after a good look at her interrogator: "And you are Mr. Rockfern. I heard you make a speech last Fourth."

"Your father and I are old friends," said Rockfern, "and I've just made the acquaintance of your brother Lewis."

Joy made a gracious though inarticulate assent to this explanation, and, Rockfern having drawn the water, she took a glass mug from a peg on the well-curb, and gave it to him to drink from.

He filled it and offered it to her. She declined, and he turned to Darrell.

"Have a drink?" he said; and, as the Englishman stepped forward, Rockfern, looking tolerably innocent, added: "Miss Warfield, will you allow me to present my friend, Mr. Charles Darrell?"

The unsuspecting Joy, as she returned

Darrell's bow, mentally set him down as a man more bashful than his beard seemed to warrant.

Rockfern hastened to make conversation.

"Is that the machine which is going to thresh for you?" he inquired, referring to one at work on the farm just east of the Warfield place.

"Yes," said Joy. "It will get here to-night, though pa did not expect it until morning. There's the whistle now; they have finished over there."

"They won't get here in time to thresh any to-night," said Rockfern.

"No," said Joy, "but they will be here to supper; that's what's interesting me. Will you gentlemen come into the house, or would you prefer to sit in the grape-arbor? It is cooler there."

Rockfern looked at Darrell, who said: "It is very pleasant out here," and they moved toward the grape-arbor, which was very near the house and well supplied with rustic chairs gayly cushioned.

"I keep thinking that I smell grape-blossoms," said Rockfern to Joy, "though I know grape-vines don't commonly bloom in September."

"It is the mignonette," she replied, smiling. "It does smell like grape-blossoms."

"You have the prettiest flower-garden that I've seen, Miss Warfield," said Darrell.

"Thank you; I feel that to be quite a compliment, for you look as if you'd seen a good many flower-gardens," said Joy.

Rockfern laughed, and Darrell exclaimed:

"Upon my word, you speak very equivocally, Miss Warfield. As if you took me to be a florist or a gardener, don't you know."

Joy laughed and colored a little. "I meant," she said, "that I should take you for one qualified to be a judge in matters of taste."

Darrell bowed in acknowledgment of this, but allowed Rockfern to carry the bucket of water into the house.

The two young men moved the chairs further down the arbor, and, as they seated themselves, exchanged looks of amazement. Darrell's face was flushed, his expression radiant.

"The lies, the unconscionable lies, that you did tell," he murmured to Rockfern.

"I told you fifty times that all had probably changed here since my first visit," said

Rockfern. "Things don't stand still, in America."

"Her face was so dazzling that I couldn't see whether or not she was barefoot," said Darrell.

"She's divine, and a goddess can afford to go barefoot," said Rockfern, impatiently, whereupon Darrell raised his eyebrows as if to hint that he did not wish to sing Miss Warfield's praises.

Rockfern took no notice of this superciliousness.

"I am sorry that we came down this evening," he said, thoughtfully. "She has to get supper for the machine-hands and her own men; it looks like an imposition, for us to stay too."

Darrell did not seem troubled by this view.

"For my part, I am delighted that we came," he said. "I shall lose no time in speaking to her father. It won't be my fault if the marriage be not speedily arranged."

Rockfern was silent awhile.

"She may be already engaged," he suggested, presently. "It's more than probable, pretty as she is."

Darrell's face fell; and Rockfern, laughing, reminded him that the money was all his if Miss Warfield were engaged.

"Yes," said Darrell, "that will be no small consolation; but, to tell the truth, I never saw a prettier girl, and—perhaps because I expected something so different—her manners seem charming. And she is clever, too."

"Oh," said Rockfern, "all our girls are clever—'too clever to make good wives,' I've heard."

Darrell reddened and looked uncomfortable.

"I say, Rockfern," he exclaimed, cautiously, "you can give me away completely, if you choose to do so; but you know I wouldn't have said so much, if it hadn't been for your gloomy pictures."

"Didn't I offer to bet that she was a match for you?" said Rockfern. "But no! you would have it that she was a vulgar country-girl—"

"Pray, hush!" said Darrell, angrily; he glanced uneasily toward the house, though there was no chance that Rockfern's low words could reach thither.

Rockfern laughed maliciously.

"The American girl is no slouch," he said,

"whether she lives in the country or in the town."

Just then, Joy re-appeared, and the two gentlemen had an opportunity to note the character of her attire.

She wore a dress of blue calico, neatly fitted to her graceful figure and scrupulously clean, as was the long cheese-cloth apron; she was not barefoot—her small slippers and her stockings, though of the cheapest kind, were fresh and well-fitting; and her dress, though made as plainly as possible, had a white ruffle around the neck.

She came to an apple-tree near the arbor, and took up a hoe leaning there.

"What are you going to do, Miss Warfield?" asked Rockfern, rising and coming toward her.

"I am going to dig some potatoes," Joy replied. "Any objections?"

"I was afraid of that," said Rockfern. "I have objections—decided ones. You must let me dig the potatoes."

Joy looked doubtfully at him, in his urban attire; and he, divining her thought, said promptly: "I won't spoil my clothes. I never got a good suit on in my life, but what mother said: 'Frank, go dig me a mess of potatoes.'"

Joy laughed and yielded.

"I shall be much obliged," she said, "for I'm in a hurry, rather. There is the patch, just across the garden, and here's a basket to put them in."

When Rockfern came back with the potatoes, he insisted upon washing them, and then told Joy that she had better come out there, where it was cool, and let him help her to peel the vegetables.

Joy, amused by his unaffected ways, did bring out a pan; and, with this between them, she and Rockfern sat on the well-platform and began to pare the potatoes.

Darrell came up to the well, too—ostensibly to get another drink; he leaned on the curb and watched their manipulations.

"How many brothers have you, Miss Warfield?" Rockfern asked.

"Three—Lewis and Johnny and Theodore."

"And you have no sisters?"

"No; I am the only girl."

"That puts more work on you than is fitting, doesn't it?" spoke up Darrell.

"It puts more on me than I like," said Joy. "But the boys are good about helping me."

"You don't like to work, then?" said Darrell.

Joy, who was very far from guessing his train of thought, thought this an idle question.

"No, I don't," she said. "It sounds trifling to say so, but I hate work! Sometimes I wish that, since I have the work to do, I could like it as some women do. Why, one of my neighbors was utterly surprised because I said I didn't like to wash. There are a good many like her—without a taste for anything outside of the kitchen or the kitchen-garden. To make good bread and raise a good garden are the acme of their earthly ambition."

Her speech was rapid, the very opposite of her brother Lew's drawling utterance, and she had animation enough to bewitch a Byron.

Darrell seemed to find her fascinating.

"And what would you like?" he asked.

Joy blushed slightly, for his tone had in it an interest flattering even to her, as much accustomed to attention as she was.

"Oh, I should like to read and study; to acquire some accomplishments; to ride, walk, dance, and visit; and to travel. And I want to do these things now, while I'm young; for, when one is old, one can neither learn nor enjoy."

"You are quite right," said Darrell, with tender sympathy.

As for Rockfern, he tossed a huge potato into the pan so suddenly that the water was splashed up into Joy's face; and Rockfern, covered with confusion, begged her pardon.

"There is no harm done," Joy said, drying her face with her handkerchief.

"So honest poverty has no charms for you?" said Rockfern.

"It hasn't the charm of novelty for me," said Joy. "I just wish that some of these poets and novelists could try it awhile. They would be willing to sing of other things then, I fancy. There's Trollope, for instance: I have just been reading a book of his—about those Crawleys, who were so miserably poor. I do hate that kind of a book; as if one couldn't see all that every day, and live it too."

Darrell was delighted.

Rockfern said reproachfully:

"Why, I think Grace Crawley one of Trollope's most charming heroines; but I suppose that you would prefer a Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

"Well," said Joy, her eyes brightening with a defiant smile, "I always did think Lady Clara a slandered personage. How could she help having 'sweet eyes'? And, of course, she was brought up to make 'low replies.' I imagine that that young Laurence was one of these self-conceited youths for whom all looks lead to love."

This amused her hearers; and Joy, coloring, continued:

"That he was weak-minded was proved by his suicide."

"Ah," said Rockfern, "you argue Lady Clara's case with so much sympathy that one suspects you of a fellow-feeling for her ladyship—a sense of similar guilt."

Joy pursed her pretty lips and tossed her curl-wreathed head.

"Did you ever know an American who was snoozily enough to kill himself for love?" she asked. "I never did."

Darrell prevented Rockfern's reply by asking what Miss Warfield meant by "snoozily."

Joy, hastily inventing a definition for a word which was also of her invention, said that she meant "spiritless."

"Then you think that Englishmen have less spirit than Americans?" asked Darrell.

From the touch of pique in his tone, Joy readily divined that he was somehow concerned for the English reputation.

"I don't know," she said, demurely. "Perhaps they love more ardently than Americans."

"That is it!" said Darrell, but Rockfern protested indignantly.

"I think we have peeled potatoes enough," said Joy.

"Not half enough," said Rockfern; "I could eat all these myself."

"You must be hungry," Joy said. "You shall have my share; I don't like potatoes."

She took the pan in the kitchen, and returned with a towel for Rockfern to dry his hands on.

"The machine is coming," she said, looking across the prairie. The traction-engine was puffing its way along the road, accompanied by the heavy water-wagon and so on.

Joy hastened to her work, and could be seen flitting about, as swift and busy as a blue-bird in May.

Darrell and Rockfern remained at the well for some time; then the latter arose, saying:

"'A thing of beauty is a Joy forever.' Let's go see it."

"See what?" asked Darrell.

"The machine. It's pulling in; don't you hear it?"

"I've seen them before," said Darrell. "You Americans must be fond of machinery, if you can call a steam-engine a thing of beauty."

Rockfern laughed; he had long ago discovered that Darrell had no love of poetry, and therefore no particular knowledge of popular quotations.

"Come ahead," he said. "The Squire will be there; I expect you want to see him."

They met the Squire at the gate. He was a tall man, fine-looking in spite of his striking features; and, though his dress was coarse and common, it was worn without any of that slovenliness so usual among farmers.

He shook hands with Rockfern most cordially.

"Ah, Frank, how are you? I am glad to see you back."

Rockfern presented Darrell.

"A gentleman who has come a long way to see you, Squire," he said.

Squire Warfield looked hard at Darrell, as he shook hands with him.

"If I ever met you before, sir," he said, "the occasion has escaped my memory."

"You never have seen me before, Mr. Warfield," said Darrell, and then hesitated, as if not knowing how much of his errand to disclose just then; but Squire Warfield settled the difficulty by saying:

"I hope you gentlemen will take supper with us; after that, we can talk of business—if yours is not pressing, Mr. Darrell. I have several matters to attend to, at present."

"My business can well await your convenience, sir," Darrell replied; and the Squire, asking them to make themselves at home, went off to the other side of the way, where the thresher was.

"You were right about him," Darrell condescended, to Rockfern.

Rockfern did not reply; the interest and amusement which Darrell's romantic errand had hitherto afforded him seemed now to have suddenly subsided.

He too went off to the thresher; and Darrell, strolling back to the house, looked in at the kitchen-door and said to Joy:

"Miss Warfield, would you mind showing me where I can brush up a bit before dinner?"

He always called the evening meal "dinner," and Joy set him down as a fine gentleman indeed, from the moment she heard him thus designate supper.

His request was an inconsiderate interruption—Joy was very busy; but this did not occur to her mind—rather, she accused herself of neglect in her duties as hostess.

"Certainly not," she said. "Come this way, please."

She took him into the front room of the house. This was furnished as a bed-room, and Joy placed its wash-stand, well supplied with fresh soft water and towels fragrantly clean, at Darrell's service, with the other toilet-conveniences.

As she turned to go, Darrell said suddenly: "This is your room, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Joy, a little confused by the question.

"It is pretty," said Darrell, smiling.

Joy, who did not think her apartment at all remarkable, looked at Darrell rather coldly, and went back to her work with the mental remark: "That young man is determined to make some compliments."

Darrell took a good look at the room. It was small and narrow, but, being eleven feet in height, it could boast at least of airiness. Its two windows opened to the north, and its simple furnishing had been chosen with regard to this gloomy aspect. The wall-paper was palest pink, with a tiny gilt leaf sprinkled over it. The carpet was blue rag-carpet. Joy, in making it, had utilized all the old blue dresses, overalls, and warmuses that she could lay her hands on, having the warp old-gold. The bedstead was imitation oak, its furnishings all snowy white. There was a chest of drawers, of cherry, with brass handles, and on top of it an old-fashioned square mirror mounted on a mahogany box. The window-shades were rose and gilt; the curtains white cheese-cloth, long and plain. There were violets in bloom on the window-sills; and these, with the pink of the oleander-blossoms just outside, seemed to carry out the idea of the interior decorations, besides filling the room with fragrance.

There was a conspicuous lack of fancy-work, for Joy had neither time nor material for the manufacture of the dainty trifles



which usually distinguish a woman's own room; only upon the floor was a large hooked rug, representing a stag's head, done in natural colors on an oval of sky-blue, with a border of the richest hues imaginable.

In one corner were some shelves of carved walnut, filled with books, and there was a trio of pictures which brought a smile to Darrell's face. Two of these pictures were portraits of venerable men, both wearing the clerical robes of the last century; the third picture, though framed like the others in a narrow gilt frame, was a picture of Cupid, trying the sharpness of his arrow by pressing it against his own finger. "The laughing boy," lying in the shade of a vine-wreathed cavern, his head "sunning over with curls," his face full of arch mischief, formed a striking contrast to the solemn-visaged and black-gowned Puritans whose portraits were on either side of his. Just below Cupid was a small bracket holding a slender amber vase, full of purple pansies.

Out at the well, the machine-men—dusty, tired, sweaty, and hot—were making a liberal use of the water and coarse towels provided for their toilets; Rockfern was about to dip in with them, but Joy sent him off to her room, telling him that he would find Darrell there.

"Rockfern," Darrell broke out, as soon as the former entered, "you called me lucky, and so I am! That girl is a lady. Does not everything in this room show taste—refined taste?"

"I didn't need to see anything but herself, to know that she's a lady," said Rockfern, coldly. He too was struck by the pictures.

"Those are some of her ancestors, I suppose," said Darrell.

"I take it that one of them is her ally merely," said Rockfern. "Heart's-ease and Cupid!"

Darrell went out into the garden, first plucking a violet with the remark:

"English violets! and her hair-brush is marked 'London.'"

"Home-sick, love-sick idiot!" murmured Rockfern.

But, when his toilet was completed, Mr. Rockfern took the liberty of appropriating the pansies in the little vase, replacing them by a rich red rose from a bush by the window.

Around the stem of this rose, he twisted a leaf from his note-book, with the hastily-written lines:

"Is love-in-idlesse here? Oh, you are wrong,  
If you believe heart's-ease can linger long  
Where Joy is! So let me place, instead,  
Before her guide, a rose, like a heart all red  
With new-made wounds, and longing to be dead."

Supper was ready when he came out. It was a meal varied enough, in the number and character of its dishes, to deserve the name which Darrell had given it; for Squire Warfield, though content with a hoe-cake and glass of milk, so far as his own tastes were concerned, had the Kentucky passion for seeing his table bountifully supplied and invitingly furnished. The days of scantiness in food were happily over for him now, and his farm yielded a bountiful supply of creature-comforts.

There were nine men at table; Joy waited on them, or stood at a side-table to fill and refill the coffee-cups. She was evidently very popular; every knight of labor there had a merry word for her, and Darrell glanced with deep disgust at a sunburnt Hercules of twentyfive, who seated himself close by Joy in the grape-arbor, after supper, and held a confidential chat with her as long as he could persuade her to listen.

"Can it be that she is engaged to a fellow like that?" the suspicious aristocrat asked of Rockfern.

"I shouldn't take them to be engaged," said Rockfern; "but I want you to dry up about fellows like that. I expect to look exactly that way myself, about this time to-morrow."

The hands finally went to the granary, where they were to sleep, and the Squire signified to Darrell that he was now at leisure to hear him; they went into the lighted dining-room. Joy had cleared the table and was in the kitchen, washing dishes; Rockfern, sitting in the grape-arbor with Lew, could see into the kitchen, and did let his glance follow the fair young mistress of the house very frequently.

Squire Warfield read the letters of introduction and information which Darrell had brought, without exhibiting so much surprise as Rockfern had predicted, until he found the conditions upon which his daughter was included among her uncle's heirs; then the Squire cleared his throat and jerked his chair about and tossed his head in a manner suggestive of great impatience, but he did not speak until he had completed a careful reading of all the documents.

"Well, Mr. Darrell," he said, "or Lord Brookfield, whichever I must call you, I must say that my brother Richard has made about as awkward a disposition of his fortune as a sensible man could devise. It doesn't surprise me that he should want to leave you some money—that's a right and proper acknowledgment of the obligations which he was under to your father—and it seems natural that he should leave something to his niece, my daughter; but to hamper his legacies with conditions such as neither of you might wish or be able to comply with, that's taking away with one hand what he gives with the other."

Darrell ought to have said that the conditions of the will seemed to him its most pleasing feature since he had met Miss Warfield; what he did say was that he did not see why the conditions might not be complied with, unless there were a previous engagement upon Miss Warfield's part.

The Squire cleared his throat again; it was a habit of his, when irritated.

"My daughter is not engaged," he said, briefly; adding, after a pause: "Not that I know of."

"I never asked or expected anything of Dick," he said; "we never got along together, but I think that he might have consulted me, merely as a matter of courtesy, before willing away my only daughter."

"I beg your pardon," said Darrell, "but really I don't think that way of looking at it is quite just to Mr. Richard Warfield. He desired that his niece should have five millions in her own right, and, as for the marriage which he wished to arrange, he had seen enough of the world to know that a position such as mine is not exactly a disadvantage."

The Squire looked at him in silence for a moment.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "Dick saw a good deal of the world—poor fellow!"

Darrell stared, and caressed his mustache to conceal a smile. To him, there was something extremely ludicrous in the pitying tone which this coarsely-dressed laboring-man took on toward the brother who had lived with lords and died a millionaire.

But Richard Warfield's ways of making and spending money were diametrically opposed to the Squire's own, and had cost the elder brother many a pang of pious grief and blush of honorable shame.

"Your papers are all right, so far as I can see, sir," said the Squire, finally; "and, having satisfied myself on that point, I don't see that I'm concerned any further in this matter. My daughter is of age, and must decide for herself."

"Then I have your permission to speak to her?" said Darrell, looking calmly radiant.

The Squire looked at him again, as if he would fain read the very heart of this man who had come to lay claim to his innocent daughter.

"Yes," he said, "but I must speak to her myself first, of course, and I shan't have an opportunity to do so immediately; I shall be very busy to-morrow, and so will she. If it suits you, Mr. Darrell, if you have made no other arrangements, perhaps you will stay with us until the day after to-morrow? Mr. Rockfern is going to stay, and I shall then be at leisure to—to attend to this business—ahem!"

"Thanks. It will suit me perfectly," said Darrell.

The Squire then called Rockfern, and showed the two young men to the room they were to occupy.

Roused by the clatter of the cooking-stove, in which Lew was building a fire, Joy opened her eyes, next morning, and looked about her room, recalling Darrell's complimentary criticism upon it. The rose in the vase caught her eye; she gazed at it vacantly for a while, until its look of strangeness was accounted for by the remembrance that she had filled that vase with pansies the day before. She now looked at it harder than ever; but, true to its traditions, the rose betrayed nothing, and Joy would still have been puzzled, had she not detected a corner of paper around the flower's stem. She got out of bed and took the paper off, becoming as red as the rose itself when she had perused the lines within.

"It must have taken them both to compose this brilliant effusion," she thought.

She studied the handwriting; it was free and firm, and not at all stereotyped.

"I'll find out who wrote it, or break a piece of binding-twine!" Joy resolved. She took extra pains with her toilet, and then hurried out to get breakfast.

Rockfern was already up and pensively singing "Yestreen I gaed a wae fu' gate," in defiance of the fact that he who sings

before breakfast will weep before supper. His host came and took him off for a bit of private conversation.

"Frank," the Squire said, "what sort of a man is this that you've brought me for a son-in-law?"

"Don't say that I brought him, Squire," said Rockfern. "If I might have brought you a son-in-law, he would have come from nearer home—though he would be a good deal worse off, too."

"Ah, Frank," said the Squire, "I should have made the same choice. To one like you, whom I've known for twenty years, I could give my daughter without a single fear for her happiness or for the treatment she might receive when I am gone. But home-folks and home-ways never were good enough for Dick. He must ape after the aristocracy, and send some 'my lord' over here to give his niece 'position.' Position is pretty dear at ten millions a title, I think. And, if I wanted to grab a good husband for a girl, I wouldn't go to any European gambling-house."

The Squire spoke as if the nobility of England were born and brought up in gambling-houses; and Rockfern, disturbed by the implication as to Darrell's character, proceeded to tell the Squire all that he knew about the former. "I think he's a gentleman," he said; "else, of course, I should not have come here with him."

Darrell lay dreaming the happy hours away until about nine o'clock; then he arose and dressed, and, not finding any toilet-conveniences in his bed-room, was obliged to appear in a rather unfinished condition before his young hostess, who, secretly amused by his helplessness and inability to adapt himself to circumstances, once more gave him the freedom of her room, though she had vowed that neither he nor Rockfern should set foot therein again.

And, when Darrell re-appeared, quite his languid supercilious self, Joy had to stop her work to serve his breakfast; but she did so very good-naturedly, and the break-

fast was delicious. She had broiled the quails which he had shot; the corn-muffins were as new as pleasing to his palate; the coffee was nectar, compared with that furnished at the hotels; in a word, Charles Darrell, well served by a lovely girl, enjoyed himself: the resentment which he had felt the evening before, because his nation, his rank, and his person were not properly regarded, vanished under Joy's thoughtful attention. He did not talk to her, but his complacency was obvious; he lingered at table as long as he could, while Joy, wanting to clear away, wished him down at the mines which she believed had attracted him to Eads.

Nevertheless, she was interested in him; he was a new type to her, and she tried to determine from his looks whether it was he or Rockfern who had "dropped into poetry" over her. She thought that Darrell looked like one who had never known a harder task than that of rhyming in a boudoir, but she strongly suspected Rockfern; he had a guilty look, to her experienced eye.

Fortunately, she was enabled to settle the important matter right there. Her brother Johnny came in, saying that he was about to go to the station; did Joy have any commissions?

"I want a lot of things," said Joy. "Oh, Mr. Darrell, may I trouble you to write out a list for me?"

"I am entirely at your service," said Darrell, taking out a gold pencil.

Joy named various articles, and Darrell wrote them down.

"Goodness!" said Johnny, in an aside to his sister, "I can't bring all them things on a horse!"

Joy, thanking Darrell, took the list and looked at it; it was written in a large clear hand, as different as possible from the rather fine and flowing chirography of her unknown poet, and Joy did not seem at all disappointed.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

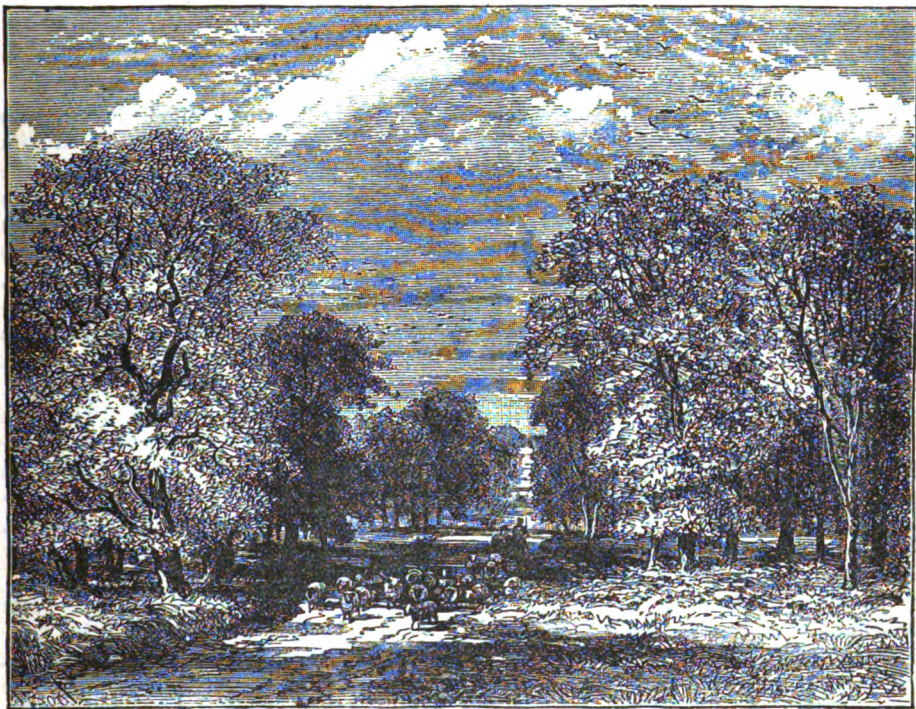
## A C R E E D .

BE thine own soul's law; learn to live;  
And, if men thwart thee, take no heed;  
And, if men hate thee, have no care.

Sing thou thy song and do thy deed;  
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,  
And claim no crown they will not give.

# ALONG SOUTHAMPTON ROAD

BY MINNA IRVING.



TAKE, take these jeweled gauds away!  
The rose-wreathed lattices unclose;  
My heart is sick for home to-day.  
See how the west with color glows!  
Far off, those rays of glory shine  
On sheep with fleeces snowy-white,  
And shepherds tall, and dappled kine  
That set the dust afloat to-night  
Along Southampton Road.

I seem to catch the fragrance blown  
From dewy fields beneath the stars,  
And emerald meadows, newly mown  
I hear the falling pasture-bars,  
The plashing at the wayside well.  
The whispers of the mighty trees,  
Co-Bossie's tinkling silver bell,  
And all the sounds that filled the breeze  
Along Southampton Road.

'Tis twenty years or more ago  
Since I, in simple muslin dressed,  
Beneath the oaks, kept tryst with John  
And found my heaven upon his breast.

Until one day—alas, the day!  
There came a coach with velvet lined,  
And prancing steeds, and harness gay,  
And powdered footmen on behind,  
Along Southampton Road.

My lord, he thought me more than fair:  
"Oh, come," he said, "and let me deck  
Thy graceful form with fabrics rare,  
With diamonds clasp thy lily neck!"  
And so I rode away with him.  
The faint new moon was in the sky,  
And, through the twilight dewy-dim,  
The crickets piped a last good-by  
Along Southampton Road.

The wayside well has ceased to form,  
The oaks are felled, and John is dead;  
But still I know the cows go home  
At dusk of day, with measured tread.  
Oh, vanished youth of long ago!  
Amid my splendors, still I grieve  
To be the girl in calico,  
And drive the dappled kine at eve  
Along Southampton Road!

## HOUSE-PLANTS.

BY RAY JOYCE.

### ABUTILONS.

THE Abutilon is one of the most satisfactory house-plants we have, being of good free growth and bloom, pretty foliage, seldom troubled with any kind of insect-pest, and of the easiest culture. It ranks next to the geranium, for the living-room. The Abutilon does not want a stiff heavy soil like clay, but prefers one of light loam and turfy matter; a little leaf-mold added is of benefit. Of course, good drainage is indispensable with this, as with all other plants.

Watering should be thoroughly done by giving enough each time to wet entirely the ball of earth. Although the soil should be kept moderately moist, be careful not to give water too often, so as to keep the soil soggy or sodden, as earth that is not allowed to dry out occasionally will soon become sour, which will disease the plants. It is well to wait until the top soil shall appear dry, before giving any more water; and this depends greatly on the temperature of the room—a plant in a hot dry atmosphere needing water every day, while those in a cooler temperature will not require it so often.

No plant looks well, or is well, when the foliage is covered with dust, and the Abutilon is no exception. So be sure to give the foliage a shower-bath every day or two, and you will be rewarded by clear bright foliage. The flowers are bell-shaped, pendulous, and grow on long slender stalks, which give them a very graceful appearance, making them doubly effective. The colors are varied and pleasing: red, reddish-orange, yellows of different shades, rose-color, and white. Of course, some varieties are more profuse in bloom than others, yet all are quite satisfactory in that respect. Because the leaves resemble our well-known maple, the Abutilon is often called the flowering maple, while from the shape of its blossoms it is also called fairy-bell.

Plants two and three years old become large beautiful shrubs from five to six feet

in height and correspondingly broad; such a plant is a lovely object when dotted with its lovely pendulous blossoms, amidst the shining green of the foliage. If you wish a short bushy plant, pinch off the top when it has reached the height you desire. This will cause laterals to grow; and these, pinched back in turn, will bring more side-branches. If you prefer your plant to take the form of a small tree, allow but one stalk to grow until it is three feet in height. Then pinch out the top of this, when the branches will form; proceed with the pinching process until you have all the branches you wish—being careful, however, to preserve a graceful shape to your small tree, and allowing no branches to grow below two feet from the earth.

Among the best varieties of Abutilon, we find the following: *Boule de Neige* is a comparatively dwarf but strong grower and a very free bloomer; the blossoms are pure white. *Eclipse* has scarlet flowers in yellow calyx; it is a trailing variety, especially suited to baskets and vases. *Hibiscus* resembles an *hibiscus* in form, its flowers canary-yellow marked with rosy violet. *Golden Fleece* is quite new and a valuable addition to the genus; it is a bright golden-yellow, of strong vigorous habit, and very floriferous. *Duc de Malakoff* is an old and well-favored variety; its leaves are beautifully marbled with cream.

The only double Abutilon known is *Tompsonii Plena*; with its green-and-gold foliage, beautifully variegated, and its double reddish-orange flowers, it is still quite scarce. There is another Abutilon exactly like the one described above, with the sole exception that its flowers are single; it is called *Tompsonii* and is very lovely, many preferring it to the double variety. *Le Rhone* has yellowish-red blossoms, with maroon markings; it is a strong grower and very free in bloom. *Snow-storm* is of dwarf habit, with flowers pure white; a very profuse bloomer. *Firefly*, the

brightest of all, is nearly scarlet and a persistent bloomer. A. Besson has long blooms of light orange-red, with lighter veinings.

In keeping Abutilons over for winter bloom, it is best to put them in a cool shady

place, leaving them in their jars during the heat of summer and not allowing them to blossom, as they will then have more strength for the long winter blooming so much desired.

### FEVERFEW, LITTLE GEM.

This is a comparatively new dwarf variety of the old-fashioned tall-growing feverfew or pyrethrum. It is one of the best plants for bedding and cut flowers out-of-doors in summer, and is equally desirable in the house during the winter. It differs from the old-fashioned kind in being of dwarf compact growth, growing only from eight to twelve inches high, with flowers twice as large, very double, and it is a much more profuse and persistent bloomer. It will readily adapt itself to almost any situation, and is of very easy culture, requiring only good ordinary garden-soil. Water only when the top of the soil begins to look quite dry, and then water thoroughly.

The plant does not require much heat, as it will stand quite a low temperature, yet it does well in any ordinary living-room. But it is very susceptible to the red spider, and particular care should be taken to give the leaves and branches a good sprinkling every day, to keep them safe from the attacks of this pest. The under side of the leaves should also be sprinkled, as that is where the red spider principally works.

When flowers are beginning to fade, cut them off for the good of your plant, as it exhausts any plant to allow flowers to stay

on too long. When all the buds on a branch have developed, cut back the branch, as this will cause other blooming branches to start. Old plants cut well back can be bedded out in the spring, and they will bloom constantly until frost; but young plants are the best for the house. As they slip easily, it is well to put down a number of cuttings in the spring or early summer, taking up as many as you care to keep in the house as soon as they are well started in growth, leaving the others for summer flowers, as they bloom when quite small. Those intended for winter bloom should not be allowed to exhaust themselves by blooming all summer, but should have the buds pinched off.

The young plants that were left out in the bed should be covered with straw or leaves, as with protection they will live out-of-doors all winter, being quite hardy. But the old plants that were cut back and bedded out in the spring will not often live, as they lose their extreme hardiness when a year or more old.

The Little Gem makes a very fine cemetery-plant, blooming as it does from spring until frost. The cut flowers, when placed in water, keep fresh a long time.

### ACHANIA MALVARISCUS.

Another plant extremely fine for ordinary house-culture is the Achania Malvariscus, sometimes called crystal maple or red bud. It is sometimes thought to belong to the Abutilon class, from its resemblance to that plant; but it is entirely distinct from it, although very like it in flowers, foliage, and general growth. The flowers are upright instead of drooping, and of a brilliant scarlet which contrasts beautifully with the bright clear green of the foliage; they do not expand, but the petals keep folded about the stamens. It is a true ever-bloomer, a large plant being seldom without some flowers during the entire year—although, like other plants, it will bloom more profusely at certain times.

The Achania will do well in any ordinary

sitting-room, not seeming to mind changes in temperature, and it requires no coaxing or petting to make it grow and bloom. It is never troubled with insects, unless it should be allowed to get very dry, when the red spider might attack it.

In getting a young plant, be particular about training it into a stocky shrub, by pinching out the top when it is about nine inches high; this will cause side-branches to grow. If left to its own devices, the plant would grow up tall and slender. As the flowers are produced on new wood, it is best to prune back each branch frequently, so as to have plenty of fresh growth. Pruning will not hurt the Achania, and, besides giving blossoming branches, it keeps the plant in a symmetrical shape.



Any good soil, like that given to geraniums or other ordinary plants, will suit the Achania. By rule, it may be two parts garden or common loam, two parts leaf-mold, and one part sand. Give water enough to keep moist but not wet, and shower the foliage occasionally, so as to keep it fresh and green and free from dust.

This plant can be allowed to rest by being wintered in a dry frost-proof cellar, where it

will shed its leaves, coming out bright and green again when brought to the light in the spring. It does not appear to be particular about the rest, however, as it seems to do just as well when kept constantly growing for years. The Achania is also fine for bedding-out, keeping up a pretty show of red blossoms all summer long. By all means, try one of these most satisfactory plants.

## IN THE SHADOW BY THE GATE.

BY WILLIAM F. HARDING.

We were young and ardent and knew no guile,  
In the golden long-ago,  
When we kissed and quarreled and sang the while,  
And old Time was never slow.  
How your father raved and your mother frowned!  
But we mocked grim-visaged fate;  
You were always there when I stole around  
In the shadow by the gate.

It was years ago, but it seems to me  
That it happened yesterday;  
When we lived on love and our lives were free,  
And the skies were never gray.  
But the day is past and the dream has flown,  
With the girl who used to wait  
For the lad who worshiped the eyes that shone  
In the shadow by the gate.

I recall each kiss and each warm embrace,  
And they bring the old-time thrill;  
I can see the glow of your piquant face,  
And your smile is with me still.  
And again I hear that low mournful sigh,  
As the fleeting hours grew late,  
When we wondered what made the moments fly,  
In the shadow by the gate.

I can see the shadow your father cast  
When he came in search of you;  
While we shrank and trembled and stood aghast,  
With each face of ashen hue.  
But he found us not, in those days of yore,  
And we fear no dreadful strait;  
For the lad and lassie are seen no more  
In the shadow by the gate.

For there came a time when we said good-bye,  
And our eyes were wet with tears,  
And we pledged ourselves by the stars on high  
To be true through all the years.  
Then I left you there in your misery,  
With a burden new and great,  
And your sad sweet features were lost to me,  
In the shadow by the gate.

But the childish dream, like a fragile plant,  
Could not live in winter's frost;  
And the lonely years served to disenchant,  
Till the old-time love was lost.  
Yet I turn anon to those halcyon days,  
As I sit and meditate,  
And I stand again where the rose-vine strays  
In the shadow by the gate.



## HIS THANKSGIVING.

BY ROBERT B. GRAHAM.



THERE was a great crush at Mrs. Darlington's day reception. Mrs. Liston had spoken to everybody she knew, and was beginning to grow impatient, when her nieces were announced.

The two Miss Ericksons looked very handsome, the aunt thought, and she smiled brightly on the pair. After exchanging greetings with the hostess and various friends—including, of course, their relative—Alice, the elder, was carried off by an old lady with whom she was an especial pet, while her sister remained beside Mrs. Liston.

"How well you look to-day, Aunt Sarah," remarked Rose. "Is it your new bonnet?"

"I think not; I fancy it is the near prospect of Edward's return. I have had no telegram, but he will surely be here on Friday at the very latest."

"I am so glad for you, aunt!"

"Thank you, dear," answered Mrs. Liston.

She was a tall fine-looking woman, with a very determined face; but it wore a wonderfully softened expression now. Her son was her idol.

"Do you think you will recognize him, Rose?" she went on, presently.

"I don't know," the young lady rejoined, smilingly. "Three years is a long while and may make great changes."

"Oh, Edward is not altered, he writes me, except that he looks a little older and browner."

"I dare say he won't be changed beyond your recognition, Aunt Sarah," was the laughing reply, "and that will be of more interest to him than anybody else's."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Liston, with quiet significance; but Rose, taking no notice of the remark, continued gayly:

"He will be the chief society-lion this winter, unless Stanley should come over. A man who has spent three years in the wilds of Africa is not to be seen in a New York drawing-room every day."

"No, happily for the mothers," sighed Mrs. Liston. "Small wonder his uncle was vexed."

"Do you think it was because Edward went to Africa that uncle was vexed with him?" asked Rose, suddenly, her face growing thoughtful, almost grave.

"I know of no other reason," her aunt said, decidedly; "but then, your uncle was

not any too fond of me. I knew nothing of his purposes or wishes. Sometimes I think he turned against Edward at the last just because he was my son," she concluded, with some bitterness.

"Surely not," murmured Rose. "I could bear less than ever the taking of our half of the money, if I thought that. You know I would infinitely rather Edward had it all—I would give the world if a will could be found!"

"There was none," said Mrs. Liston, almost sternly; "and, if there had been one, the money might have all been left to you."

"Oh, never!" cried Rose. "Uncle was too fond of Edward!"

"Nothing matters now, dear, that my boy is coming home," whispered the mother, laying her hand on her niece's arm.

At this moment, some friends approached, and there was no opportunity for further conversation between the relatives.

Rose had just turned away to speak to a new-comer, when a servant came quietly up to Mrs. Liston and said something to her in a very low tone. The lady's face changed instantly, and, with a murmured "Excuse me" to her friends and not a word to her niece, she hurried out of the room.

Ten minutes later, Rose glanced about and saw her aunt standing close beside her, looking strangely excited. Then she felt herself drawn aside from the rest of the guests, into a sort of anteroom. There stood a young man whom she instantly recognized. The young persons looked at each other.

Mrs. Liston laid her hand on her niece's arm.

"Surely, Rose," she said, eagerly, "you have not forgotten Edward—he looks exactly the same as when he went away."

Rose put out her hand a little timidly—it almost seemed as if he had forgotten her.

"How do you do, Cousin Edward?" she said, in her clear musical voice. "I am very glad to see you again."

"How do you do, Cousin Rose?" And the young man took the proffered hand.

It was a very commonplace greeting; Mrs. Liston felt intensely disappointed. Was it for this she had schemed and waited? Nobody had seen Edward Liston clench the hand he afterward held out; nobody noticed, under the bronze, how pale he had

grown, and his voice only sounded cold and indifferent.

Rose was quite self-possessed. She smiled graciously at her cousin and said pleasant things to him in her sweetest tones. She must find Alice, she said: Alice would be so pleased to see him. And soon the four were together, introducing the new-comer to the hostess and making their adieux.

The young ladies sent their own carriage away and were driven home by their aunt. The elder Miss Erickson was delighted to see her cousin, and Edward showed equal pleasure on his side.

"Of course, you will come to see mamma early to-morrow," Alice said, with great cordiality, as the young man helped her out of the carriage before her own door. "You know, poor mamma is too much of an invalid to go anywhere."

"Certainly," was the eager response, as Mr. Liston gave his hand to Rose. "I will be sure to come."

Then good-byes were exchanged, the two sisters entered the house, and mother and son drove away toward home.

"What do you think of Rose?" was Mrs. Liston's first question.

"She is more beautiful than ever."

"She is indeed; and now, my dear Edward, if you will only settle down and marry her!"

"Perhaps she would not thank you for disposing of her so summarily," the young man said, a little sarcastically.

"Well, she doesn't love anyone else; so the field is clear."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," answered Mrs. Liston, with a very positive expression on her handsome face. She would probably have said more, but her son asked abruptly:

"How is Cousin Harold? I believe I haven't inquired about him."

"Harold is very well. He has been to me more like a son than a nephew; I can never forget his kindness."

Edward Liston drew a deep breath.

"I must thank him, mother," he said, gently.

"Oh, he has been rewarded for his goodness," laughed Mrs. Liston. "You see, being so much at my house, they were as constantly thrown together as if they had been real cousins, and—"

"Whom do you mean, mother?" interrupted Edward, with sudden excitement.

"Why, Alice, of course," she answered. "Surely you did not think—"

"I did not know." And a long sigh of relief escaped the young man.

"It was always Alice, my dear boy."

"I did not think so."

"Was that the reason of your coldness to Rose to-day? Why, I never dreamed of such a thing," said Mrs. Liston.

"I'm sure I'm very glad if what you say is true, mother; but you may be mistaken."

"Oh, no; they are engaged, I believe—everybody will tell you the same." And, seeing that her son was disinclined to pursue the subject, the lady began to talk about other matters.

The week that followed was a halcyon one to Edward Liston, and scarcely less so to his devoted mother. She saw all her cherished hopes approaching fruition. Edward was constantly with his cousins, and soon perceived the likelihood, if not truth, of his mother's assertion. Rose was kind to him—nothing more; but then he believed he had no rival, for she seemed to care for none of her many admirers. Hope grew strong within his breast. He was the lion of the hour; the women petted him. Alice, he fancied, divined his desire and tried to encourage him. Surely he had a good chance!

It was just the week before Thanksgiving. Edward Liston sat at his uncle's writing-desk, which had been given him by the dying man's request. He felt in unusually buoyant spirits, for Rose had proved especially kind on the preceding evening, and he was contrasting this Thanksgiving season with the one three winters previous, when he had gone away not caring what became of him. The years that had rolled between had been dreary enough, but now happiness seemed near and the world looked all sunshine.

"Poor Uncle Edward!" he thought, presently. He had forgotten the old man, in his joy; and, after all, how kind he had always been until they quarreled! Such a useless quarrel, too, Edward felt sure now; and how much sorrow they both might have been spared! On his own account, it did not matter—everything would be made up if Rose loved him; but it was too late, so far as his uncle was concerned.

In a regretful fashion, Edward opened the

desk and carefully examined its contents. His uncle had died after his departure on the African exploring-expedition, and he had been too busy and happy to pay much attention to anything since his return. There was nothing of any consequence in the desk; he had hoped his uncle might have left a few last lines for him. He had not wanted all old Mr. Liston's money; he was satisfied that Rose and Alice should have their share, but he would like to be sure his uncle had not thought of him unkindly.

Suddenly he remembered a secret drawer—no one else had been told of it; and he recollected how proud he was, at the time, to think of such confidence being placed in him. He touched the hidden spring; the drawer flew open, and a letter was revealed to his view. It was from his uncle. Eagerly he broke the seal and began to read. The first few lines were words of kindness; the next struck him with wonderment, and, when he had finished, his face had changed terribly. He read the letter twice, and then began to search mechanically through the desk again; but, after turning over all the papers, he shook his head in a hopeless sort of way.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," he said, and his mother entered.

"What is the matter, Edward? Has anything happened?" she asked, as his gaze met hers. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"So I have," he answered, holding the letter toward her.

Mrs. Liston took it in astonishment, and ran her eyes slowly along the page. She grew deadly pale after she had read a little, even paler than her son. A low smothered exclamation burst from her as she reached the end.

"Mother, do you know anything about the will uncle speaks of?" Edward asked.

The question was abrupt, so abrupt as to startle Mrs. Liston almost more than the contents of the letter had done.

"I? What should I know about it?" she rejoined, in a sharp voice, glancing almost angrily at her son as she spoke.

"Mother! mother! Answer my question!" cried Edward, horror and a host of mingled feelings in his tones.

Mrs. Liston's face was ghastly; she looked



ten years older than when she had entered the room. She met the young man's stern reproachful gaze for an instant, and then her eyes fell.

"Of what do you suspect me, my son?" she asked, in a harsh, difficult voice.

"You were there when he died—had charge of everything at first—and he speaks

arm. "I did it for your sake—for your sake only."

"For my sake?" Edward repeated the words mechanically.

"Yes, for your sake. You told me you loved Rose, but would never marry her while she was rich. Then I found the will; it left all to her—to you, nothing. I knew



so positively of making the will in Rose's favor—" Edward stopped suddenly.

Minutes passed before Mrs. Liston answered; she stood white and rigid, facing her son. Then, with a despairing gesture, she flung herself on her knees.

"Forgive me, my boy! forgive me!" she wailed, laying her hand entreatingly on his

you would not marry her in that case. I loved you so, I could not bear it. Forgive me, Edward! forgive me!" And the unfortunate woman bowed her head in silence.

The young man lifted his mother and placed her in a chair.

"In destroying this will," he said, "you have destroyed all my hopes of happiness."



"My son!"

"Yes, forever. I was not quite frank with you when I went away, mother. It was not because Rose was richer than I, but for another reason—I thought she loved Harold Ransom. My uncle told me he wanted us to marry, and, when I hinted that she might not care for me, he grew terribly angry and declared he would disinherit whichever of us should dare to thwart his wishes. Then I told him I would not marry her; I felt so sure she cared for Harold, and I could not be base enough to bring his displeasure on the woman I loved. So we parted in anger, and I told you I would not try to win Rose until I had wealth or fame to offer her. I dared not let you suspect the truth, for I knew you would not hesitate to sacrifice her for me. Since I came back and found out my mistake, I have hoped she might learn to love me: now all that is over."

Mrs. Liston had sat in perfect silence, with bent head, while her son was speaking; but, when he finished, she looked up.

"Do not say that!" she cried. "Do not say that!"

"It is true, mother," he replied. "I am in a thousand times worse position than I was three years ago. I am poor, and Rose is rich, and I have wronged her besides; you have raised an insurmountable barrier between us."

"I will go to her—I will tell her, Edward!" cried Mrs. Liston.

"You will do nothing of the kind, mother. I will go to her—tell her all that is necessary—after I have thought a little. If you want me to forgive you, you must remain passive now—do nothing. Promise me you will."





"I promise," said Mrs. Liston, faintly; and, rising to leave the room, she fell to the floor in a swoon.

For the next few hours, Edward could do nothing but wait on his mother. He sent at once for the doctor, who looked very grave as he made his examination.

"Your mother has heart-disease," he said. "She must have received some shock, to bring on this attack; do you know of any?"

"Yes," Edward answered, sadly: "a letter."

The physician did not inquire further.

"Be careful to spare her any fresh excitement," he remarked, "or I will not answer for the consequences."

The next few days dragged wearily along until the morning preceding Thanksgiving. A family dinner at the Erickson mansion had been planned, the mistress of the house being sufficiently recovered to preside; but, of course, all thought of this was given up. The sisters were terribly disappointed and very anxious about their aunt. Both girls offered their services in the sick-room; but Edward refused, gently though firmly. He went about, looking like a shadow, but always composed and helpful.

"Don't worry yourself to death, Cousin Edward," the sisters entreated, and Rose was almost tender in her distress; and this seemed more than he could bear.

Mrs. Liston was conscious at times, but very weak; and she did not say much, nor did her son, beyond a few soothing words. The day before Thanksgiving, however, there was a change. She seemed excited, and begged him to send the nurse out of the room. Edward did so, very unwillingly.

"You know the doctor has forbidden you to talk any more than is necessary," he urged; "it is not safe."

"I will not," his mother said; "but I must speak! I cannot die without telling you about the will—"

Edward laid a beseeching hand on her arm, but she paid no heed.

"I did not destroy it, Edward—I was afraid to; it is there—there, locked up in my private desk. The key is in my rosewood box—you know; get it, my son."

Young Liston followed his mother's directions, and soon held the long-hidden will in his trembling fingers. He had faced danger and death in the African wilderness;

but, after all, the most terrible ordeal had been left for him to meet in his native land.

Yes, there it was! In plain and unmistakable terms, his Uncle Edward's property was all devised to his "beloved niece, Rosamond Erickson." Edward looked up at last, remembering his mother.

"I will send for Mr. Lynde," he said, "and put the will in the secret drawer in my desk; no one knew of that drawer but me."

His mother divined at once that he meant to screen her. She shook her head.

"I am willing to bear all the blame; it will not be for long."

In reply, Edward rang the bell to summon the nurse, and, stooping to kiss his mother's forehead, left the room. He put the document away as he had intended, and sent for Mr. Lynde.

Two hours later came the elderly lawyer who had been the deceased Mr. Liston's man-of-business for years, though in the matter of his testamentary intentions the eccentric old bachelor had not seen fit to consult him.

When Mr. Lynde was announced, Edward was in the drawing-room with Alice Erickson and Harold Ransom. He made his excuses to his cousins, and, begging them to wait till his return, hurried off to meet his guest.

Edward took the lawyer into his writing-room, and, briefly explaining that the existence of the secret drawer was unknown to his mother, touched the spring. There within lay the document which had destroyed the young man's brightest hopes. In amazement, Mr. Lynde took out the paper and examined it carefully.

"I am very sorry," was all he could say, at which Edward made a dissenting gesture.

"I am glad Rose has the money," he declared, gravely.

Then he remembered Alice, and, with sudden resolve, rang the bell and told the servant to ask Miss Erickson and Mr. Ransom to go into the library. A moment later, he joined them there, with Mr. Lynde.

The explanation took but two or three minutes, and scarcely was it ended when, with a woman's quick instinct, Alice divined something of her cousin's feelings, and, springing hastily forward, laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder.



"You won't let this make any difference between you and Rose, will you, Edward?" she asked, in eager beseeching tones.

The young man took her other hand tenderly in both of his, and was about to speak, when there came a hesitating knock at the door, Rose herself entered.

Pale and tearful, but with eyes shining through their tears, she hurried toward her cousin, and, taking his hand, whispered:

"Edward, I have been with your mother; I know the whole."

"No, not the whole, my dear young lady," spoke up Mr. Lynde, whose quick ear had caught her words. "In a crack in that same

secret drawer, I have found a holograph will, of later date than this. Your eyes were not sharp, Master Edward! The last will leaves everything to you."

As he spoke, the old lawyer drew from his pocket a sheet of paper, which he held before Edward's bewildered unbelieving eyes.

"Then it is we who have been defrauding you!" cried Alice; but Rose could not speak.

So it was a happy Thanksgiving, after all, for the doctors pronounced Mrs. Liston out of danger; and, a year later, there was a double wedding, which the two young couples decided might be appropriately celebrated on Thanksgiving Day.

## THAT AKERS GIRL.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



MISS CABELL had just finished breakfast. A tall mulatto in a turban brought in a pan of hot water and a supply of white towels, and Miss Cabell proceeded, after the custom of housewives in Delaware, to wash the dainty cups and spoons with which she and her brother had sipped their coffee. The sun shone brightly into the little breakfast-room, though the fields stretching down to the bay were white with frost, and a keen wind twisted and writhed the leafless branches of the trees upon the lawn.

It was an octagon room: six of its sides were lined with books, a fire burned in its low grate in the seventh, and in the last a wide window opened; beyond were the frost, the driving wind, and the bay, which stretched out desolate and stormy as the sea.

Anybody with penetration could know at a glance that this cozy exquisitely-neat room belonged to middle-aged single people. No boys had ever tramped over the great skin of the California grizzly which lay before the fire—Miss Cabell always sat with her feet at one side of it; no baby fingers dimmed the gloss upon the old mahogany tables, or disturbed the even piles of papers on the Doctor's desk. Miss Cabell herself had that air of leisurely uninterested calm, which is impossible to a matron. She was a woman of forty, with a plump, erect, tightly-laced figure, and a coil of fair colorless hair above a fair and colorless face. She finished her task, washed her white fingers, and watched Zoar brush half a dozen crumbs from the floor.

"Miss Cecilia Blynn is coming to spend a few days with me, brother," she said. "I suppose you will not allow her to take her meals in this sanctum?"

"No. Lay the table in the dining-room, Zoar. You can bring me something on a tray here."

Miss Cabell laughed. "Poor Cecilia! There are worse people in Kent County. I really felt we ought to ask her. She has

been twice round visiting, this year. The Hartmans had her in preserving-time, and the Foulkes when they were making Janey's clothes for the wedding, and I really must get my quilts out of the frame. Besides, you are bidden to entertain the widow and orphan."

"Entertain anybody you choose, Jane. But Miss Cecilia is such a palpable fraud that she irritates me like rouged faces or sham jewelry. Why need she keep up this farce of being a homeless orphan visiting her friends? Why can't she take money for her work, like any honest woman?"

Miss Cabell was provoked, for she foresaw Cecilia's stay would be short, and how should she finish the quilting? She was silent a moment, watching the Doctor's back and iron-gray hair as he bent over his writing.

"Well," she said, judiciously, "I suppose Cecilia is a humbug; anybody can see that. But there are other frauds in this village, which your eyes are not keen enough to discover."

The Doctor gave the inarticulate grunt, half assenting and half patient, with which he usually replied to his sister's flood of talk. His pen went on—scratch, scratch. She hesitated, not sure that he heard her. He must hear her! This was a more important matter than Janey Foulke's wedding or Zoar's shortcomings, which usually formed the staple of her conversation.

"You seem perfectly blind, brother, to the fact that Johnny is completely infatuated with that Akers girl."

The Doctor directed his letter, sealed it, and laid it aside. As he drew up the paper to begin another, he said absently:

"Johnny infatuated again? He has been madly in love since he was nine years old."

"Very likely; but it was always with his equals. Now, these Akerses—I really think, Gilbert, that, as you promised poor brother William, on his death-bed, to be a father to his son, you should concern yourself in some degree about his interests."

Doctor Cabell gathered up his letters and

rose. His sister saw that there was a little heat on his usually pale quiet face.

"It is for John to decide whether I have filled his father's place, Jane," he said; "not for you or me."

"But this Akers girl—"

"You know I will not listen to village gossip. Mrs. Akers was a woman whom every man of right feeling would respect and honor. Now that she is dead, and her daughter is left alone and unprotected in the world, with no fault but her youth and beauty, no man would throw stones at her. What women would do—"

He shrugged his shoulders and paused significantly.

The angry tears rose to Jane's light eyes. "Very well, Gilbert! If you choose to encourage Johnny to marry that girl, you may bring her home to be mistress here. I have spent six years in this stupid town, solely to make you comfortable. I had a delightful home at the Gurney House, in Wilmington, and I should be only too glad to go back there, heaven knows. Bring her here as soon as you like."

The Doctor laughed, the quizzical twinkle coming back to his eyes.

"Well, well, Janey, it will be some time before you go back to the Gurney House. You have threatened it every week for six years, you know." He put on his fur cap, buttoned his coat, and went out. But, as he waited in the hall until his horse was brought round, he glanced about him with sparkling eyes, as eager and impatient as when he was a boy.

"Bring her home"? "To be mistress here"? he said, half aloud. Then his face lowered, as if he suddenly recognized his own folly, and, mounting his horse, he rode quickly away.

Meanwhile, Miss Cecilia Blynn had arrived, and in a few minutes she and her hostess were seated before the quilting-frame—thread, needles, and wax in readiness. She was a little woman, with long black spiral ringlets at either side of her face, and she had black eyes that had grown keen computing in each house how many days she could extend her "visit," and whether the board and old gowns given to her would pay for her work. She was a notable worker: her fingers moved as fast as her tongue.

"Oh, there can be no doubt," she was

saying, "that your nephew is engaged to Antonia Akers. Every day, a bouquet of fine hot-house flowers is sent up there, with Mr. John Cabell's card; and three times last week he serenaded her with his guitar."

"If Johnny Cabell marries her, it will be against the consent of his family," said Jane, sharply. "I authorize you to say so, Ceely. A pretty how-dy-do! The Cabells are the oldest family in this Hundred; and the Akerses—who are the Akerses?"

"Goodness knows!—the chalk, please, Miss Jane. I remember when Mrs. Akers come to town with this girl, a lank creature of fourteen. The widow was dressed in deep mourning. She took Halston's house, and lived there till she died, last year. Very quiet—too quiet. There's always a mystery about people that hold themselves aloof; and, where there's a mystery, there's something shameful, you may depend. Why should the girl stay alone in the house now? Nobody there but that old negro woman. She was advised by the rector—and everybody, in fact—to take boarding at Mrs. Rice's. I'm sure I told her to do it. But no: she must have her own way. 'Tisn't safe nor proper."

"Well, Ceely, I don't know," said Miss Jane, who was not malicious at the bottom of her cool selfish heart. "The girl is probably attached to the house where she lived with her mother, naturally—and to the old servant. A woman couldn't live alone in that way, in a city like Wilmington; but, in this village, it's different. By the way, I'm thinking of going back to Wilmington—the Gurney House is a most fashionable resort now. I do so long for society!"

"Indeed and you must, Miss Jane—you who adorned it so! Oh, I've heard! Mrs. Foulke told me about Major Carter and plenty of others, who—" etc., etc.

While Miss Jane was being thus patted and flattered into good humor, her nephew, John Cabell, was walking down the road which led to the Akers house, with its owner. He was a tall and perfectly well-dressed man, with Greek features, dazzling teeth, and sparkling blue eyes. Nobody ever saw him without being impressed by his singular beauty and faultless dress: nobody was ever impressed by him any further. If you knew him for twenty years, you would still only think of his wonderful eyes

or the fit of his gloves. An odd effect of the flaccid nature of the man was that the whole village called him Johnny—never John nor Jack.

The small slight girl, clad in deep black, who walked beside him, on the contrary, would make at first sight a sudden deep mark on your mind. You must love or hate her; you could not be indifferent to her.

"There, now!" said Johnny, petulantly, gloom settling on his noble features, "there's your house, and I have told you nothing of all I wanted to say. I suppose you won't ask me to come in?"

"No, Johnny; I receive no visitors, since my mother's death."

"It's very hard on me. I never can speak a word to you, unless I catch you going home like this; and walking in the rain or shivering cold, as it is to-day, one appears to such disadvantage!"

"You never do that, Johnny," she said, with a furtive smile.

"Nonsense! I never could see my good looks that people talk of," said the young fellow, anxiously. "I get so tired of the same face in the glass. But never mind me, Antonia. If I could only have time to talk to you, I could explain—"

"Explain what?"

"What I want you to do. I know you don't care for me, but you might come to it in time. I've seen lots of couples who cared nothing for each other at first, that, by dint of sitting at the same table and consulting about their clothes and the butcher's bills and such like for years, come to be very fond and comfortable together. No! stop—don't speak yet, Antonia. It seems this way to me: You're pretty lonely now; you refuse to visit any of the young folks, and discourage them from coming to your house; and you live there alone with Sinty; and it's queer, you know—and folks think it's queer, and they—they—"

"They are talking of me?" cried Antonia, stopping short in the road. Her dark eyes dilated with a sudden terror, and she caught her breath sharply. She looked so small and childish and forlorn, that Johnny's voice grew hoarse with his excitement.

"You know what tongues some scandal-mongers here have. But what need it matter? I love you. Great heavens, I wish

I could tell you how I love you! I haven't words, Antonia. And I'm my own master: I can marry when I choose. My father left me a good income. The Cabells have connections in the best society in Wilmington. We'll live there, and you shall be like a queen in the house. Nobody would dare to suspect you there."

She held out both hands to him.

"You're a good soul, Johnny," she said.

"Then you will come?" But his countenance fell a little, for what young fellow with the form of Hercules and the features of Antinous likes to be called "a good soul"?

She looked at him without speaking, for a minute, and then shook her head slowly.

"No, I could not wrong you so much. But, Johnny—"

"What is it?" He tried to draw her nearer. His own eyes were full of tears; his heart was torn with her distress. "What is wrong? Let me help you. I'll give my life to you. You think, because I've been a little fickle— But I'll never look at another girl now—"

"Yes, you will. You'll love some nice girl—some woman that has no shame upon her—and be happy. But never suspect me, Johnny—that's all I ask. Do you stand my friend, no matter what you hear, nor what the proof is against me!"

She wrung her hands, sobbing, as she spoke, and then, turning, ran swiftly into the garden before her house, and disappeared in the thick shrubbery.

Johnny stood irresolute a few minutes, then he struck across the fields, in the direction to intercept Doctor Cabell on his rounds. Had he not always carried his troubles to his uncle?

"I'll tell him the whole story," he thought. "He'll straighten it out and make her marry me!"

The Akers house, as it was called in the village, lay a mile beyond the suburbs, in a secluded valley. A garden and orchard, with a couple of fields, belonged to the house. It was a solitary place, but, in this quiet neighborhood, it was regarded as a perfectly safe abode for the young girl and her old nurse, until her anxiety to prevent visits from any of her mother's old friends had aroused suspicion and the storm of gossip which swept through the village. These people were not, at heart, unkind



folk; but, like most small communities, they suffered from a famine of ideas, and, when a subject for conversation came in their way, they tore and worried it as hungry dogs would a bone.

Antonia, who before her mother's death had been a frank friendly little girl, had, in the two years that had elapsed, grown silent and reticent. She had long ceased to enter a house in the village. She had been mysteriously absent twice, with Sinty, giving no account of herself on her return. All this, with Johnny's hopeless passion for her, was a savory dish of gossip for the village.

About sunset of the day on which Johnny had met Antonia, Doctor Cabell passed down the same road and pushed open the little gate leading into the garden. The Doctor, with his compact figure closely buttoned in a gray frieze coat, his resolute step, his homely features lighted by kindly quizzical eyes, was an odd contrast to that magnificent flower of youth, Johnny. He crossed the porch, and, tapping at the door, pushed it open, as he had been in the habit of doing during the years of his attendance on Mrs. Akers.

Antonia was seated on a low chair before the fire, her sewing in her hand. The Doctor had often found her there at work, for she was an industrious little girl. But now her hands had fallen on her lap, and her face was wet with tears. He came up to her quietly and laid his hand on the back of her chair.

"What is wrong, my child?"

She started up, glancing quickly, as he noticed, at a door into an inner room, which stood ajar. The old negro—Sinty—from within, closed it hastily. Antonia held out her hand, drew it back, assured him that she "was quite well, quite well! would he sit down? it was long since he had been there, and she was very glad"—growing paler with every word, with furtive terrified glances at the closed door. She broke down at last, in the middle of a sentence, and stood looking at him helplessly. He silently led her to a chair and seated himself beside her.

"You forget, Antonia, that I promised your mother to help her little girl, if ever she should call on me for help."

"I have asked for none," she said, in a whisper.

The Doctor did not hear her. He continued hurriedly, as if reciting a task:

"I came, to-day, not because you needed me. It is my nephew who asked my aid. He thinks I have influence with you, and—"

He stopped abruptly. Her eyes were raised slowly, and met his. Neither spoke. Then she said, as though the words were drawn from her by force:

"You have influence with me, Doctor Cabell."

"That is very natural," he interrupted, hastily. "I understand that. I was your mother's friend. You regard me as a guardian, an old fatherly protector; that is natural. I do not mistake you."

His gray eyes, full of a wordless pain, were fixed upon the childish pleading face upturned to his. She half rose and drew away from him, as if shaking off some hold upon her.

"And so you come as my guardian, to ask me to marry John Cabell?"

The Doctor rose, walked across the room, and then, coming back, leaned against the mantel.

"John has told me," he said, in a measured voice, "that he believes you love him; that you refuse to marry him because you fancy that you would bring some trouble or injury upon him. He thinks you are lonely and morbid, and—"

"He thinks that I am the victim of the village slander, and he wants to shelter me from it," she cried. "It is good—it is noble in Johnny!"

"He is a good honest fellow," said the elder man, deliberately, after a moment's silence. "He will be a kind husband. If you love him, Antonia—"

"Well? If I love him—"

"You should not fear to bring trouble to him. What is trouble, to the man whom you love?"

"I do not love John Cabell," she said. "But I will never bring disgrace to any man. Oh, what have I said?"

For the Doctor was beside her, his eyes on fire, his voice hoarse and broken.

"You do not love him?" he cried. "Antonia, is there any hope that— I am mad! I might almost be your father! Gray hairs—and you, soft and white and sweet as a little lamb! I have told her at last! I am a fool—a fool!"



He dropped into a seat and covered his face.

Antonia's little figure, as she stood before him, thrilled and dilated. This was not the child he knew, but a woman—airy, coquettish, triumphant.

She put out one finger and touched his head lightly.

"I see no gray hairs," she said, simply.

He raised his head and looked at her, the question of his life on his face.

"I always have thought of you as a child," he said, "and of myself as an old man. And yet"—he stretched out his arms to her—"you are the woman I love! I did not marry in my youth, because I never cared for any woman. My life has been so long and bare! God sent you into it. Must a few years separate us?"

"I know nothing of years," she said, with a soft little laugh.

It was not Johnny's limp arms that clasped her, nor Johnny's uncertain lips that met her own. For one minute, the world was full of a strong rapturous love that shut her out from all trouble. She sobbed a little, and the tears came.

"I have been so lonely since mother died," she said. "Sometimes I hoped you cared for me, and then I was not sure."

"You shall never be lonely again."

The closed door creaked. Antonia pushed him from her, and stood, dazed, looking at him and then at the door.

"Oh, I had forgotten!" she said, in a hoarse whisper. "You must never speak to me again as you have done. I never can marry. I can be nothing to you—nothing!"

Doctor Cabell was a physician, as well as a lover.

"Sit down, Antonia," he said, soothingly. "You do not know what you say. The nervous strain of these last months has been more than you could bear. Do not think nor worry any more; you are mine now."

She stood, listening intently to him, but keeping her eyes on the door. It moved slightly.

"Go!" she cried. "Never come back—never think of me again!"

"What do you mean? What bar is there between us?" As he said this, he came gently closer, in doubt whether the girl's reason were not actually shaken.

"There is a bar as strong as death."

"You have said you loved me. After that, nothing will force me to give you up, unless"—a sudden startled doubt in his eyes—"another man has a prior claim on you."

Her childish features grew rigid as she stared at him, nodding assent.

"Is this true, Antonia?"

"It is true."

"There is someone in that room, besides Sindy. Who is it?"

"It is a man to whom I owe love and care. I try to give it to him—God knows I do! Now go—only go!"

More than once, in Doctor Cabell's experience, he had known girls as innocent and young as Antonia to yield to some mad infatuation and marry men who afterward became their tyrants. Could the child have fallen into such a trap?

"Tell me the truth," he said. "Let me know what I have to face."

"No—you can do nothing; I am bound for life. Every minute you stay will only add to my load. Oh, go—go!"

She almost forced him to the door, and, without a word of farewell, closed it behind him.

Doctor Cabell's usual prompt decision forsook him. He paced aimlessly up and down the road. Should he force the door and discover who and what it was that had mastered the girl? A man to whom she owed love? There had been unexplained absences since her mother's death. Could any villain—

He came toward the house, resolved on forcing an entrance, when the shadow of a man crossed the curtain—a tall thin form, walking with tottering steps. Antonia's little figure passed across the curtain, too. She came up to him, put her arm in his to support him: he stooped, and their lips met.

Doctor Cabell, dumb to his heart, turned into the road and walked slowly homeward.

Miss Cabell's breakfast was late, the next morning. The Doctor had made his round of early visits and returned to his study before she seated herself at the urn in the dining-room. Johnny, who lived in the village, came in for a cup of coffee, and Miss Cecilia Blynn presented herself, the tip of her nose blushing scarlet from the morning wind.

"I knew you would be late, dear Miss Jane," she said, "and so I took a run to Emma Wood's, to borrow her pattern of Paradise: you must have a quilt made by it. But such news! The village is done with the Akerses at last."

"What has happened?" asked Miss Cabell, with a warning glance at Johnny, whose white hand shook as he dropped the sugar into his cup.

"Gone—bag and baggage! Antonia and old Sinty drove, early this morning, over to Canterbury, to take the train for Philadelphia. And with them—hear to this, Johnny!—with them was a man whom nobody in the town ever saw before. Ike Purly, who drove them over, says that he has no doubt that Antonia is engaged or married to him, from the care she gave him. The man was evidently recovering from the effects of a prolonged debauch."

"Poor girl!" said Miss Jane, who felt she could now afford to be merciful. "Even she does not deserve to be united to an intemperate man."

"Even she?" thundered Johnny, rising in hot wrath. "She is one of the purest and sweetest of God's creatures!" He banged the door after him, as he went out.

Before the day was over, however, he found the storm of gossip unpleasant to face, and determined to run up to Dover, for a ball to which he had been invited. There he met Miss Gibson, whose waltzing was so famous. He married her after a week's courtship, and they were undoubtedly the handsomest couple in Kent County.

The winter was dull for Miss Cabell. She wrote to her old friends in Wilmington that Gilbert, who had always been taciturn, had become almost dumb: that he was now wholly absorbed in his profession. "Kind enough, but totally unsympathetic." She could not resist their entreaties to come up to the Gurney House and patronize a church bazaar, at which all the beauty and fashion of the city would appear.

Two weeks after she had gone, Doctor Cabell met Miss Blynn, one day, on the street.

"Did you know Antonia had returned?" she said. "And old Sinty? And the man? He was so weak. Ike told me he had to be carried into the house. But he cursed Antonia all the way. Gracious! what an escape Johnny made!"

VOL. XCVIII.—24.

Doctor Cabell sat over his fire late, that night. He knew that Antonia was in need of him and would send for him. The summons came, near morning. He entered the house just before dawn. She met him at the door, pale from long loss of sleep.

"It is too late," was her greeting. "He is dying. No doctors have been able to help him, but you can perhaps save him pain."

Doctor Cabell worked with his patient for hours. He was the wreck of a strong handsome man, of more than middle age. He fought death step by step with an impotent fury, cursing the Doctor, the old negress, and Antonia more than all. Once only, with a gleam of sanity, he said to her, quietly: "Poor Nony! You've done your duty to me, little woman!"

When at last he was dead, and Antonia's long task was done, old Sinty carried her out and laid her unconscious in her own old room.

An hour later, Doctor Cabell went to her.

"Who was this man, Antonia?" he said. "I must answer the questions that will be asked."

"He was my father—George Akers. He deserted my mother. She heard of his death in California. After she was gone, he came to me. He had served out a term of fifteen years in prison for manslaughter. You understand now why I—I—"

"Why you could not 'bring disgrace on me,' I think you said. Why, child, you brought misery worse than death: I thought you were his wife. I will go now and silence the village; afterward—"

The village was too proud and fond of Doctor Cabell to disobey his edicts. "That Akers girl" became a heroine. As to what happened afterward, Miss Cabell is the best authority:

"When I read Gilbert's letter telling me that he was about to bring a new mistress into the house, and that mistress Antonia, I felt as if I had received a mortal blow. He assured me my home was always open to me. My home! under the rule of that Akers girl! I have visited them once, upon the most formal footing; but I am homeless. As for the Gurney House, the society there is becoming very mixed indeed, and the soups are atrocious. But it is by trials and humiliations that we reach perfection in this vale of tears!"

## A MUSIC-MAD LOVER.

BY M. WARREN HALE.



HE crimson glory of a winter's sunset was reflected in lingering leave-taking over mountain and sky, as Ethel Vane sat at the window, reading. The rays faded as she finished the last words of the novel and closed the book with a faint sigh.

Otto, at the other side of the room, half turned toward her at the sound, but did not raise his hands from the piano or cease his dreamy playing. The long slender fingers touched the keys lovingly and tenderly. The hands were the natural inheritance with his music-loving temperament, from his German ancestors, but it had been many generations since one of the Von Arnheims had made music his best-beloved. Surely not from the calm phlegmatic merchant, his father, did he receive the dreamy impracticability, the almost womanish tenderness, the absent-mindedness and imperfect knowledge of his surroundings. It may have been this that caused the slight shadow that lay on Ethel's face, as she glanced toward him. Otto had often wondered whether he would rather part with his music, his power of interpretation, or his betrothed. At these times, he called himself selfish and wicked; but he never answered the question, even to his own mind.

"Novels—even the most real novels—are poor teachers for human beings," said Ethel, impatiently.

She was sitting on a low stool at her mother's feet, and leaning against her knee. "They tell of all kind of troubles and temptations, except our own—of benefits that will apply to every other case but ours. And yet, I suppose, people often seek in them for answers and solutions of their especial trouble or temptation."

"But, my darling," said Mrs. Vane, stroking her hair with a loving hand, "what troubles or tempts you? You talk as if you meant yourself."

(450)

"What nonsense, mother mine!" said Ethel, stooping to kiss her mother's hand. "Can I not speak in generalities? You know I look at a subject all around, and see it with others' eyes, if I can."

She looked in a dreamy questioning way at her lover's profile, as the servant entered with lights; and a smile, half sad, half scornful, changed the beauty of her face.

"Oh, Otto!" she said, "do stop that dreary tum-tum! If there were only an end to it, I could stand it, sustained by the hope that it would cease sometime."

"Why, Ethel!" exclaimed her mother, in amazement. What was the matter with the child to-night? "Isn't that rather unkind? I am afraid you have hurt Otto's feelings. Go and speak to him, my darling."

But, though Ethel did not move toward her lover, she watched him curiously.

Otto had flushed painfully, as Ethel spoke; and, as a sure means of escaping temptation and the risk of offending her again, had left the piano. Seating himself at the table, he took up the book Ethel had lately finished.

"You would not care for that story at all," she said, hastily. "I advise you not to read it."

"But, if it held your attention, at the risk of endangering your eye-sight," he said, smiling, "it ought to be worth reading a chapter or two."

Ethel frowned and bit her lip, but made no reply. Her mother was again urging her to say something kind to Otto, when the servant announced Mr. Arundal; and, as the gentleman closely followed the announcement, there was the sound of mingled greetings.

Ethel's exclamation of surprise—and was it delight?—had not escaped Otto's attention, blind and deaf as he usually was to such trivialities of manner. He glanced in astonishment at her sweet blushing face, while he was greeting the visitor.

What was it to her, he asked himself, that his friend had anxiously sought and found him, on his return from a three

months' trip? Why were her eyes so bright, shining like stars, as if she were supremely happy? Why were the dimpled cheeks so sweetly flushed, that had been so pale a short while before? Why were the rosy lips, that had uttered several unkind speeches to him—her lover—now smilingly voicing the daintiest thoughts and gayest wit and fancy?

Had George Arundal's return anything to do with this sudden change?

True, they had met frequently, during the last year. True, he had not before noticed whether they were unusually friendly or not. His music, his heart's idol, had engrossed every thought. If it were so! A pang of keenest pain passed through his heart, and, in that moment, he knew that, dearly as he prized one love, the other was infinitely more dear. And now, for the first time, he realized it, when he had perhaps lost her.

The wonderful power of the dual brain enabled these and many other thoughts to trouble him, while the gay laughter and repartee were going on about him. And, between every sentence, one sad refrain kept ringing: "Is it too late?"

George Arundal might well have caused any lover a pang of jealousy. The dark-blue eyes, with long lashes almost black, gave to his face a look of pleading love, which was impartially directed at the tiniest little tot or oldest grandmother. But, as neither the baby, the grandmother, nor anybody else knew that there was an impartial distribution of the glances from the dark eyes, they did more harm than their owner was perhaps aware of.

Poor Otto, beside the table, sat rather pale and still, as he held the book before him, although he did not read a word.

George was wonderfully handsome, he acknowledged. Why had he never noticed it before? Why had he not told Ethel and her mother some of his friend's story, when he had first brought him to their quiet home?

He knew little of the rights and wrongs in Arundal's case, except the fact that his wife had procured a divorce, but that, a strong Catholic, he never recognized the divorce, and held himself still a married man: that legally he could easily break the chain was also true.

George's laughing voice aroused him:

"Why so sad and pale, fond lover?"

"You might finish the quotation," said Otto, smiling.

"The fond lover," said Ethel, saucily, although she had blushed, "is regretting his lady-love, who is absent." She turned to Arundal and explained: "I begged him to stop playing for a while. You know, whatever I may be, I am not music-mad."

"There are other kinds," interrupted Otto.

"I haven't found my kind," she insisted; "and I cannot, if it were to save my life, find any of the exquisite enjoyment over discord and harmony that people claim to feel. Of course, some music I do like, and don't like other; but I cannot imagine that I hear gurgling brooks and purling streams, and see mountains, and hear thunder, and believe the birds twitter, the people laugh or cry. Yes, I know I have not the poetic or artistic temperament, and I don't believe many of the crowd at Thomas's or the Philharmonic, that 'oh!' and 'ah!' all the time, have the slightest idea why they do so. They don't imagine any such things, either. They 'oh!' because the programme says it is time to 'oh!' and they 'ah!' when it says so too."

They all laughed at the excited little beauty, as she delivered her opinion, and Otto even suggested that she would make a good music-critic; but the raillery and laughter did not hide the pain in his heart, nor blind him to the fact of Ethel's feverish gayety and sudden silences. Never had she looked so beautiful, he thought, and never had she seemed so far from him. What could her emphatic denunciation mean, but dislike for him and antipathy for his work and pleasure? Never, since the days when, a little child on his mother's knee, he had tried to "make music," had he regretted that he had been given the ability to make it, till now. If it should be the means of driving Ethel away from him, he would curse it.

The two friends walked away together, in the clear starry night. All rivalry, envy, hatred, and uncharitableness must fade under the pure soft light of the winter moon. Its rays seemed, to Otto's fancy, more blinding than the sun. He felt as if his heart were being searched, as he walked beside his friend. The night, it is said, "has a thousand eyes." To him, it seemed as if each star read the newly-born thoughts and suspicions in his mind.

He bade Arundal good-night, and passed to his room in the large hotel which had been his home since his father's death.

Otto did not know how long he sat before the glowing fire, living over the life of the past year, with the usual unavailing regret that something done had been undone. Too clearly he now saw himself as he must have appeared to Ethel—Ethel, young, bright, beautiful, with the happy dancing eyes always looking for the bright side of life, and somehow always finding it. Her happy disposition had seemed ever on the alert for amusement, and there had been times when, in a dreamy surprise at some action, he had half despised her easily-pleased nature; while he, the "music-mad lover," as she had called him, had sat before the piano, and neither looked nor cared how the world moved on about him.

Yet Ethel had loved him. He could have sworn to that fact, as he recalled her looks and words of a year ago. Had he blighted that love by his unconcern? He realized now, when perhaps it was too late, that to this happy nature the coming of George might have been a fascinating change.

As he leaned back in his chair and absently thrust his hand in his coat-pocket, he drew from it the novel Ethel had advised him not to read, and opened it. The story was not much more than a sketch, after all; but it was well written, and, for many reasons, proved very interesting. It was the story of an artist, an enthusiast, devoted to his art, to the exclusion of everything else; oblivious to the love and suffering of his devoted wife, who, with a painful incurable disease, bore herself calm as a martyr at the stake. Daily she sacrificed something, making her chance for life so much less, that he might, undisturbed, endeavor to reach the fame that always seemed just a little way ahead. Living in his land of dreams, he woke only when his wife lay dying, and realized her devotion, her sacrifice.

The heavy shadows on Otto's face were lightened as he read, and he finished the book, sad as the story was, with a glow of

hope. Why had Ethel not wished him to read it? Was it because the dreamy artist was like himself—the neglected love like her own? Ah, if he could but hope so!

An hour of sleep, with torturing dreams, was all the rest the night afforded him; and the earliest hour that propriety would allow found him at Ethel's house.

At the gate, he hesitated for a moment. The door had opened, and George Arundal came toward him. Early as he was, Arundal had considered himself privileged to come earlier.

Without any preface or polite phrase, George said:

"Otto, I have been a scoundrel. Knowing that you were engaged to her, I have allowed myself to love her, and have tried to make her love me."

"And she?" said Otto, hoarsely.

The other hesitated for a few moments, and then said bitterly:

"It may be my punishment to repeat what she said: That she would rather kiss your lips, even if you were dead, than to touch my hand."

He turned abruptly and walked away, as Otto hurried forward.

The drawing-room was deserted, as he entered to await Ethel's coming; and, true to his instinct, he went to the piano.

Surely, never had Ethel heard such music! She knew she was no interpreter of the marvels of sound—that music did not appeal to her as it did to others; but this pathetic air, that made the tears spring to her eyes—these stately solemn chords of consolation—this melody, that was like the beauty of an April day—seemed more than music: words that her own heart could interpret.

She stood outside the door until the last sounds had died away, before she entered.

She spoke with hesitation:

"And what is this new improvisation, Otto?"

He sprang up quickly and took her in his arms.

"It shall be our wedding-march," he said.

## WHAT MATTER?

WHAT matter, I or they,  
Mine or another's day,

So the right word be said  
And life the sweeter made?

## KNICK-KNACKS AND NECESSARIES.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

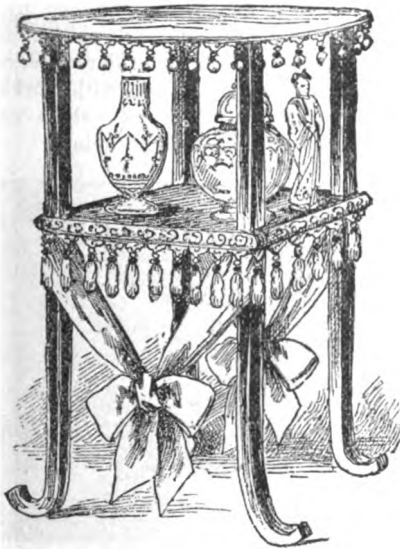


TABLE.

**E**VERY woman loves pretty things, and in these days they are more necessary than ever, because feminine taste generally has been educated to a point where ugly or inartistic surroundings become an actual pain to endure.

But the trouble is, that, in spite of tempting advertisements and lavish promises on the part of dealers, really handsome and artistic decorations are costly, as a rule. Now, it is precisely on those things which would once have been considered superfluities that the housekeeper must depend to give her rooms a picturesque and æsthetic appearance; no amount of mere useful and necessary furniture, such as chairs, sofas, tables, and the like, can do this unaided.

So it behooves women of moderate means to learn to make ornamental things, and, as there is nothing so unsatisfactory as a home-made look to one's decorations, a certain apprenticeship ought to be served, unless perhaps by the favored few who possess a genius in that line. This apprenticeship is not so difficult as one might suppose, nor does it require much time.

With the knowledge gained by a dozen lessons from some person connected with an upholsterer's establishment, a woman of ingenuity can learn how to provide herself with adjuncts and knick-knacks as finished and dainty as those which can be bought, and frequently at an almost nominal price, if she lives where she can pick up "bargains" in the way of brocades, plushes, gimp, and other upholstery necessities.

Take, for instance, the table represented on this page. The article itself may be made of the cheapest and thinnest pine. The two shelves must be covered with embroidery or brocade, and edged with a pretty fringe which will harmonize with the material. Now this very illustration is from a table covered and trimmed by its owner, and I defy the best shop in any of our great cities to show one that looks less like the attempt of an amateur.

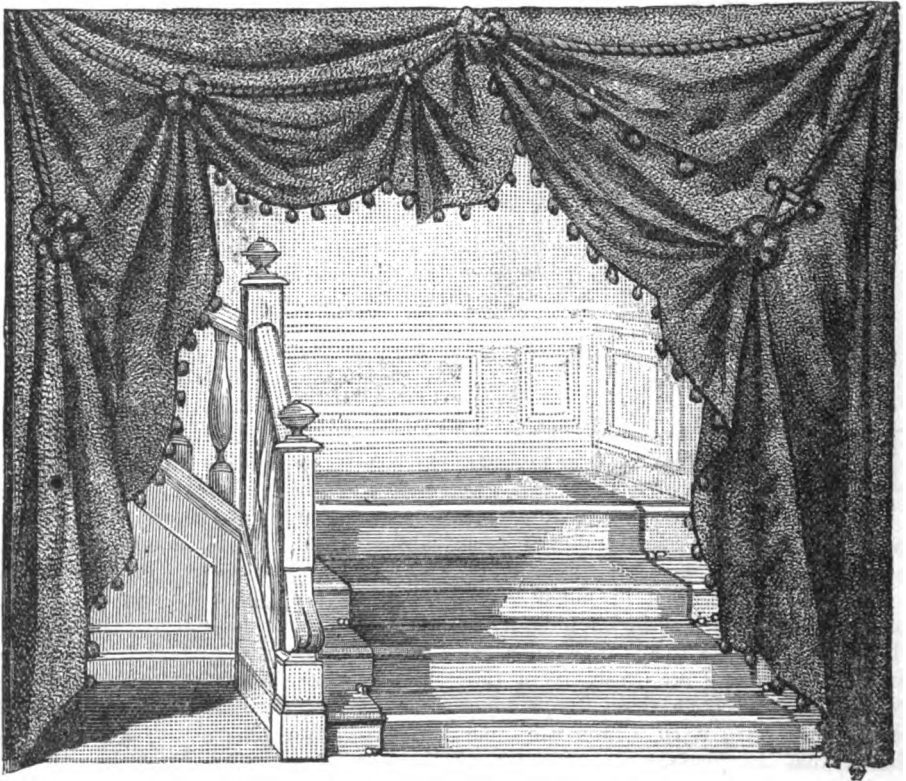
Curtain-drapery does wonders toward giving comfort and elegance to halls and staircases, as the illustration provided very gracefully exemplifies. The same sort of arrangement can easily be adapted to folding-doors or bay-windows. This model was composed of red granite-cloth, lined with old-gold satinette. It is artistically lifted in easy folds by means of a thick upholstery-cord, the stitches which loop it being hidden under cabbage-bows that may be either of silk or granite-cloth. On the left side, a triangular cord-loop is added to the bow and attached to a bobbin-like fastener in walnut. The edges have a handsome pompon fringe.

Nothing could be prettier than the Japanese table. It is high and square, having two shelves in plain wood, covered with plush, brocade, and galloon, and conveniently provided with a pointed bag in figured silk, caught up round the mouth in flutings by two cords in mixed chenille. It is attached to a square panel displaying a large embroidered flower, which can be padded and used as a pincushion, or serve as a flap, sheltering the scissors, needles, and various implements of the worker.



Now, all these illustrations and descriptions may look discouraging to the beginner; but I can assure her that, if she will learn the rudiments of the trade—a task which, I must repeat, is more easily accomplished than many are prepared to believe—she may by perseverance and practice look forward to turning out, unaided, ornamental tables and draperies which shall possess as trained-workman-like an appearance as these models. But, even if one does not go to so much trouble, or ever attain such

sitting-room there was an empty space two feet and a half wide between the windows, which I determined to utilize. I procured an egg-box—you know how one is made. It was four feet long by over two wide. I took such of the partitions as I needed for shelves. I had these trimmed by a “handy” boy into different widths, and then nailed them in at irregular distances. I lined and draped the whole with Turkey-red art-muslin, and had not only a very useful, but passable-looking, cabinet.



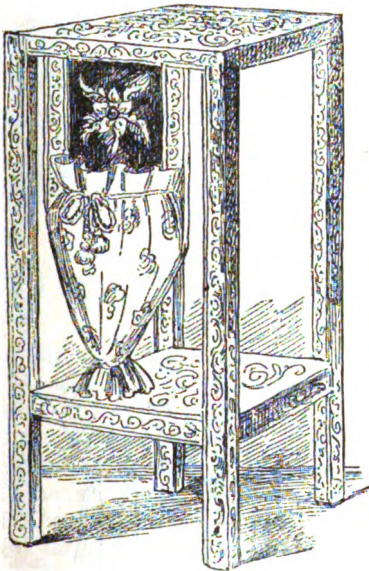
CURTAIN-DRAPERY FOR HALLS AND STAIRCASES.

skill, it is well, especially for a lady who lives in the country on moderate means, to be able to turn her hand to supplying the deficiencies of worn-out furniture or scant necessities.

For instance, the cabinet represented further on was invented in this wise: We had taken a sea-side cottage for the summer, in which, as is usually the case in such dwellings, there was a great lack of “conveniences.” Cabinets, even brackets or shelves, were dolefully needed, and in the

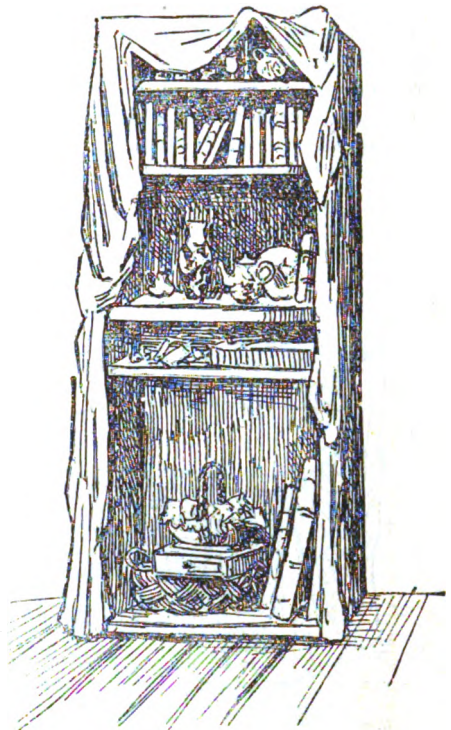
Then I needed a writing-table for my own special behoof, and this is the way I managed: I procured from the grocer three sugar-boxes and a foreign-fruit box. These sugar-boxes are good material to work with, as they are always of the same size—intended to hold half a hundred-weight—and are well made, being twentythree inches in length, fifteen wide, and eighteen deep. I stood two of these on end, having first screwed firmly on two flat casters—the kind in which the wheel is fixed to a round plate.

Then I knocked the third box to pieces and used the two ends to make shelves in the boxes set on end. A few nails soon secured these shelves firmly and gave me a couple of cupboards for stowing away manuscripts and magazines. Next, I took the two ends of the fruit-box, which were eighteen inches by fourteen, and with these I joined the cupboards, placing one about three inches from the floor, to serve as a



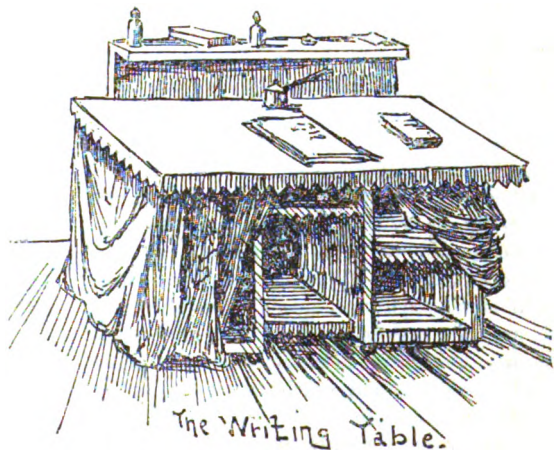
JAPANESE WORK-TABLE.

foot-rest, and the other about four inches below the top, to form an additional shelf. With the best of the fruit-box boards, I made the top of the table, taking care that they should meet exactly and be securely nailed. This gave a surface fortyseven inches by twenty-three, projecting over the cupboards a few inches at each end and in front, but even with them at the back. Then I nailed a wider board against the back, and a narrower one along the top of that, and so formed a commodious shelf. When finished, the table was light enough to wheel easily from one corner to another, and so steady that I could use my type-writer on it. Then I procured two yards of pretty stamped muslin with a gray ground set off by an Oriental pattern in gold and



CABINET.

red, and with this I covered the top shelf and foot-rest, first laying on sheets of newspaper to make a surface like a blotting-pad. At the back, from the top of the shelf to the floor, I nailed a big sheet of brown paper, and over that fastened two pretty Japanese banners. I draped the cupboards in order to keep the dust from my manu-



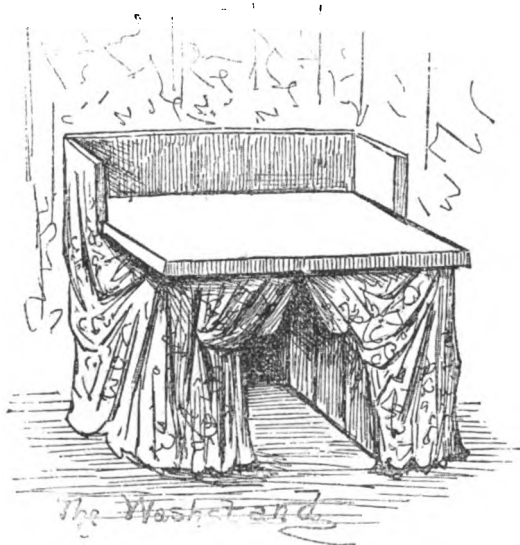
The Writing Table.

scripts, carrying the drapery round to form a frame for the banners, and my table was complete.

In very much the same way, I built a wash-stand for a bed-room which we wanted to fit up unexpectedly. I set on end two boxes, each two feet by one foot five inches

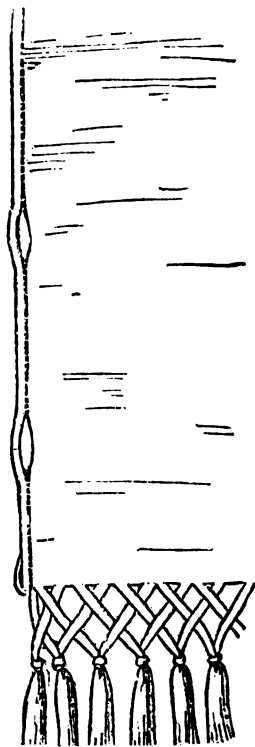
previously been covered with Turkey-red or any serviceable material; then lace up the two sides with heavy white cotton cord.

This is effective, serviceable, as easily



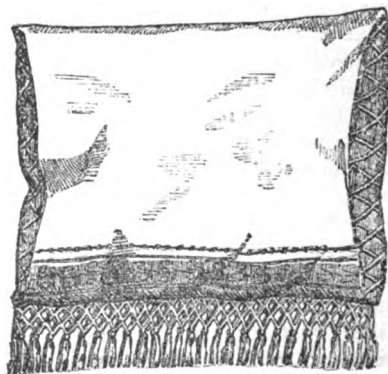
in width and ten inches in depth, putting them far enough apart to give a surface a little over three feet wide when I had nailed on the boards which I had for that purpose. These boards were from the sides and lid of a fruit-box, of which the back and ends—not taken apart—just fitted on the table-part of the wash-stand. The top and back I covered with gray-and-white oil-cloth; the ends and front with muslin.

I have only space for one more specimen of ingenuity, on which I rather pride myself as a novel cover for a sofa: Take an ordinary towel of extra length and sew a white cotton cord firmly along each edge, as in Fig. 1, sewing it down the distance of two inches, then leaving half an inch open to form the eyelet for the cord to pass through when lacing up the sides of the cover, and be sure that the eyelets are made so they will come opposite to each when the case is on the cushion. Next, fold the towel across the centre, bringing the two fringed ends together, and stitch the ends on the sewing-machine, just above the fringe. Slip the cover on the sofa-cushion, which has



EDGE OF COVER.

washed as any towel, and to make it only requires a few moments. If desired, a design



CUSHION IN COVER.

can be worked on the towel in outline, or any short appropriate quotation made in decorative lettering.

## AN UNFORESEEN CRISIS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 361.

### CHAPTER III.



O night so dreary had ever fallen to Carleton Pembroke's lot, as that which succeeded the return from his pleasant journey.

Perhaps the final thrust seemed the sharpest, though it was not because his heart suffered from Lilian Fane's treachery. He admitted on the instant a fact which in his chivalrous delicacy

he had hitherto refused to recognize: he had given his betrothed tenderness and affection, but love—no. What hurt him so terribly was to find the young creature, whom he had believed pure and lofty-minded, capable of such meanness. Then, too, he found her conduct hard to pardon, because he feared it might incline him to suspect that, since she could prove so unworthy, no exterior of youth and innocence was to be trusted.

Of Mrs. Richmond, he could not venture to think; the recollection of her sympathy and generosity unmanned him as all his troubles lacked the power to do. That she cared for him in any but a friendly way never crossed his mind, and he regarded the proposition into which her unfinished sentence might be construed as one that only an heroic nature could have contemplated, even in a moment of intense excitement.

He rose early, breakfasted in his rooms, and was ready to take the express which halted at the station before eight o'clock. As he reached the veranda, he saw Mrs. Richmond coming up from the garden. It would have been difficult to devise a harder ordeal for the proud woman than this meeting, but she had determined to see him before his departure.

"I was afraid I must go without saying good-bye," he said, his weary face lighting up at the sight of her.

"Of course, I could not let you do that," she replied; "but it is not good-bye, as I shall be in New York for a while sometime within the next fortnight."

The carriage was waiting, so the pair had only space for a few moments' conversation. When they parted, Mrs. Richmond could feel an additional sense of security that her secret was not even suspected, and Pembroke showed plainly that, in leaving her, he considered himself losing the society of the friend he most highly prized.

"I tell you everything," he said, as he put Lilian Fane's letter in her hand at the last moment, "so I want you to read this; send it to me, please, but we will never talk about it again."

Before the week ended, he sent Mrs. Richmond intelligence of his sister's death—it was of some heart-disease; he found comfort in the fact that illness had prevented her becoming aware of the disasters which had overtaken him.

Pembroke passed through a deep sea of trouble within the next three weeks; but, at their expiration, matters looked less hopeless, and, though he should be obliged to make great sacrifice of property, he hoped to be able to weather the tempest. Then some most unexpected news reached him: the newly-risen heirs to the Western lands, instead of proceeding with the threatened suit, offered an amicable settlement through his lawyers—one by which he could pay off their claims gradually, without being hindered from turning the property to instant use.

This proposal relieved his embarrassment; he could, by a mortgage on the lots, raise a large sum of money, and, as the nascent city in which they were situated had lately received an upward boom, he could confidently expect soon to see the way out of his strait.

The day this news arrived, Mrs. Richmond sent him word that she was in town, and he hastened to tell his story and listen to her congratulations. The public press was still busy with his name; but the current had begun to veer round in his favor, and he lost neither courage nor patience, certain that in time he should be able so completely to exonerate himself that neither malice nor stupidity could keep any vitality in the evil reports. Indeed, the frank statement which had been openly made by the president of the North Orton Company had already cleared him, in the minds of all unprejudiced reasoning persons who took the trouble to study and understand the matter.

Mrs. Richmond remained for some days; he saw her often, and her companionship grew always more delightful and necessary.

During his farewell visit, he said to her:

"I am asked on every hand what I mean to do about that attack in Grantley's newspaper. I have decided to pay no attention to it; don't you agree with me that silence will be best?"

"I am sure of it," she replied. "The man was too scurrilous—too venomous; he defeated his own end. Then mark my word, he will live to retract and apologize."

"I believe I shall not require his retraction," Pembroke said, "and I don't want his apologies."

When he had gone, Mrs. Richmond took some papers out of her desk and looked them over with a satisfied smile.

"Pembroke would not use these," she thought. "I am less scrupulous. They cost me a good deal of money, but it was well spent. That creature shall apologize within this month! No, better yet—he shall be the one to sweep aside the last possible shadow of suspicion. He shall say, too, how happy he is to do it! This will be the hardest punishment that could be devised for the wretch, and he shall suffer it. He can't help himself: these papers would ruin him socially, and he goes in now for respectability; but he shall only have them at my price."

Before the month ended, the great daily newspaper which had been the first to attack was loudest in Carleton Pembroke's defense, and so the wave of slander swept by and left his name unstained.

During the winter, Mrs. Richmond and

Pembroke met frequently, though he was absent from New York a good deal. The pair remained on terms of frank comradeship, and she filled the blank left by his sister's death.

Lilian Fane's name was never mentioned between the two friends; but Mrs. Richmond believed that he loved the girl, and that the wound in his heart would be slow to heal. On his side, Pembroke discovered, as time went on, that this woman, whom he had deemed so cold, might not only waken a passionate love, but be able to offer love strong and enduring in return. The prize, though, could not be for his winning. He had not the vanity to think she cared for him, and he could take no step to teach her. She was the last woman in the world to whom he could have explained how he had felt toward Lilian Fane. To let it be seen that he had offered his hand after apparent though unconscious encouragement, assisted by his sister's indiscreet declarations, would, he knew, appear unpardonable in Magdalen Richmond's eyes. He was equally sure that the idea of receiving a transferred affection would be insupportable to her pride, and to talk to her of love, while she supposed that he had only lately indulged in similar language to another, would rouse her to hot wrath.

Of Lilian, he only heard that she had left New York and gone South for the winter—having, it was said, disappointed her relatives' effort to bring about an engagement between her and Mr. Grantley. For the girl's sake, Pembroke felt heartily glad that she had wisdom or delicacy enough to refuse the attentions of a man whose character and habits must inevitably ruin the happiness of any woman who trusted it to his guardianship. Glad for the girl's sake, but that was the only feeling in Pembroke's mind; the episode of his engagement already began to look very far off. His brother-in-law had sailed for Europe soon after the death of his wife, and Pembroke seldom met anyone who had been aware of his engagement or was even likely to mention Miss Fane's name.

Fate was smiling on him again, apparently eager to atone for her temporary fit of ill temper, and the world was ready to chant his praises more loudly than before. Perhaps existence could never look just the

same as it had done before the dark experience which had taught him how cruel fate and the world can be, but he was too broad and high-minded to indulge in misanthropy.

Life was full of occupation and interest, and, best of all, Magdalen Richmond was his friend. Well, her friendship was a guerdon to be proud of winning, and with that he must rest content.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the golden September days again came round, Mrs. Richmond halted at St. Clair, in Michigan, after a trip among the Western lakes.

During the past three weeks, she had been the centre of a gay party, and a sudden longing for solitude had, as was often the case, taken such strong possession of her that she speedily discovered a plausible reason for deserting her companions.

She had made sure that she should meet no acquaintances at St. Clair, and it was with a delicious sensation of freedom and repose that she took possession of the pleasant rooms which her faithful Gervais had secured in the hotel.

Mrs. Richmond spent the greater part of the day indoors; but, toward sunset, she wandered away beyond the village, along the river-side, which for a mile or two widens out till it looks fairly like a lake.

Her dog Ponto walked sedately beside her till they reached the edge of a grove, where his mistress sat down to rest, then, seized with an unwonted attack of friskiness, the elderly spaniel dashed off headlong in vain pursuit of a squirrel. Presently, Mrs. Richmond was roused by a little feminine cry, followed by exultant barks. She hurried on, calling to her dog, and, rounding a thicket, came in sight of a lady whom Ponto had evidently startled by an unexpected onslaught.

"Don't be afraid," Mrs. Richmond cried. "He only wanted to play—he wouldn't hurt a fly. Come here, sir! Come here, you bad fellow!" The dog obeyed at once, with drooping ears and tail, while the young lady picked up a book and satchel she had dropped, and turned her face just as Mrs. Richmond got close enough to perceive that it was one of the prettiest she had ever set eyes on. "I am very sorry," she continued, with the bright smile which always made

sunshine on her sombre face. "I don't know what came over Ponto, to behave in that disgraceful fashion."

"So silly of me to be startled," the young lady said, with a merry laugh. "I was so busy reading, that he took me by surprise. Poor old fellow! let us make friends; too bad, that I should have got him a scolding."

Ponto went cringing forward at his mistress's bidding, but soon recovered his spirits, and began a dance of delight about the two ladies as they walked along the bank in the direction of the village, talking of him, of the sunset and the loveliness of the view, in the interested manner in which two strangers can, when a mutually favorable impression has inclined both to be gracious and communicative.

Then the young lady dropped her book, which Mrs. Richmond picked up, and, as it was a much-discussed novel that she had herself just finished, an interchange of opinions in regard to its merit occupied them so agreeably that they reached the hotel grounds before the subject was exhausted. The pretty girl said, with the tinkling little laugh which sounded so sweet to her companion:

"Here we are back already—the walk has seemed so short. How glad I am to have met you! I am so much obliged to Ponto for making me behave in that silly way; if I had not screamed, you might have passed me without speaking."

"I should probably have spoken in any case; I don't believe I could have helped it," Mrs. Richmond replied, with a glance and smile which made the sentence as much a tribute of admiration as if it had been put into words.

"It is so nice of you to say that," her listener declared, with a little blush of satisfaction. "I heard, a couple of days ago, that you were coming—you see, I know it is Mrs. Richmond. I do hope you have come to stay."

"At least, for a week or ten days. And you?"

"Oh, for some time yet. I am here with an invalid friend whom the waters always help; I think you have met her—Mrs. Oakley, from Albany."

"Yes, I recollect seeing her in Washington; a very charming old lady she is, too."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that,"



the girl exclaimed, eagerly, with another laugh and a brighter blush. "Then you will sit with her now and then—she admires you so much."

"I hope her young friend will follow her example," Mrs. Richmond said, with the manner which rendered her irresistible when she saw fit to exercise it.

"Oh, when I saw you get out of the carriage this morning, I knew I should like you," was the response, so naturally and gracefully uttered that the severest censor could not have ridiculed the speaker for indulging in gush or enthusiasm.

"That is very nice to hear," Mrs. Richmond replied; "and, since you are good enough to say it, you must tell me your name, if you please."

They were near the house by this time; the young lady paused and said:

"How stupid of me! I quite forgot. My name is Lilian Fane."

The smile on her lips faded and a look of bewildered wonder spread over her face, as she met Mrs. Richmond's eyes—admiring and interested an instant before, but which now flashed on her so black and stern that the unexpected change was positively startling.

At this moment, Gervais came down the veranda-steps and approached his mistress, saying:

"I beg madam's pardon, but here is a letter that has just come, which is marked 'immediate.'"

Mrs. Richmond took the letter and passed Lilian with a ceremonious salutation, saying coldly:

"I will bid you good-evening, Miss Fane."

#### CHAPTER V.

IF Lilian Fane had tried to hope she might be mistaken in supposing that hearing her name had caused the singular change in the lady's manner, she was undeceived the next morning. As Lilian and Mrs. Oakley were returning from the spring, they encountered her, and, though Mrs. Richmond paused for a few instants and spoke kindly with the invalid, she vouchsafed Miss Fane no attention beyond a cavalier bow, harder to endure than a deliberate cut would have been.

The second evening brought a fresh arrival of guests, and among them came several per-

sons with whom both ladies were acquainted. Joining the party in the parlors or verandas of course brought the two frequently in contact, but Mrs. Richmond remained blind and deaf to the girl's various nervous attempts to attract her notice.

The real reason for this humiliating disregard did not occur to Miss Fane, though a possible solution of the mystery at length struck her. She was aware that Mrs. Richmond detested Mr. Grantley, and she knew that other persons had conceived a prejudice against her from the report of her engagement to him. His companionship had been forced on her while she was with her relatives in New York; but she had never liked the man, and the desire to escape his unwelcome attentions and her relations' interposition in his favor had formed one strong reason for her leaving them.

She longed to set herself right in Mrs. Richmond's estimation, having conceived a girl's enthusiastic admiration for the older woman. She knew her to be highly cultivated and gifted, and yearned for such companionship, because thereby she could improve and grow mentally; and, butterfly as people in general considered her, that was what Lilian ardently desired to do.

She put by her pride, and, on two or three occasions when an opportunity offered, addressed some remark to the lady; but, though she received elaborately-courteous answers, the dark eyes regarded her with such stern disapproval that each time Lilian thought she could never find courage to meet them again.

One evening, a dance was got up; in a pause of a waltz, Lilian found herself close to Mrs. Richmond, who was standing conversing with a little group of friends.

"I smell lemon-verbena," Lilian heard her say; "it is my favorite odor, and I have not seen a leaf since I came here. Who is the happy possessor?"

"It must be in Miss Fane's lovely bouquet," somebody observed; and Mrs. Richmond glanced round, for the first time aware that the girl was near.

"Let me give you a sprig—I have quite a quantity," Lilian said, with a pleading smile, before the lady could avert her head, and began nervously pulling at a long stem.

"Thanks—not on any account; it would thin your bouquet," Mrs. Richmond said,

politely, but in a tone of such decision that insistence was out of the question.

Lilian regarded her with a look like that which a grieved child might have given, while the tears started into her eyes; but Magdalen steeled her heart against the winning creature and moved away.

After that rebuff, Miss Fane kept aloof from her for a couple of days; but she was hurt, not angered. Her admiration for the woman whom she found so unapproachable increased instead of diminishing, and she felt genuinely unhappy at the thought that they must separate without her having an opportunity to discover whether or not she were right in her supposition as to the cause of that unyielding condemnation.

But fate favored Lilian's purpose. One afternoon, as she was taking a solitary walk, she came out on the river-bank at the spot where she had first encountered Mrs. Richmond, and she stopped to recall that meeting and sigh over her disappointment. She was going, the next morning, to Detroit, with her chaperon; they expected to be absent four or five days, and Lilian feared that Mrs. Richmond would be gone before they returned.

As she stood there, she heard Ponto bark, glanced round, and saw the dog's mistress approaching—an abrupt turn in the path had brought her quite near. She looked up and recognized the girl, and made a little halt as if her intention were to turn back; but she had no time to do so, for Lilian, seized by an uncontrollable impulse, started forward and actually caught the other's dress before she knew what she was doing.

"Don't go—please don't!" she exclaimed. "Oh, do tell me why you took such a sudden dislike to me! I thought at first you meant to let me know you, and I was so gratified! Won't you tell me what made you change your mind? Perhaps, if you would, only give me a chance, I could explain—"

She broke down in her passionate appeal, under the icy coldness of Mrs. Richmond's glance.

"Explain?" that lady repeated, in a tone of chill sarcasm.

"Yes," persisted Lilian, choking back a sob. "Surely you would be willing to let me try; you are too generous to—"

"Excuse me," came the unyielding answer; "I am too old and too worldly to believe in generosity—I am satisfied to be just."

"Well, it is not just to condemn anybody unheard," cried Lilian, desperately, "and you have me! Oh, you can't imagine how the change in your manner hurt me! For a while, I could think of no possible reason; but, later, one did occur to me, and, if it was really that which prejudiced you, I think, if you would only listen, I could right myself in your opinion."

Mrs. Richmond grew very angry. The girl seemed to her a detestable little actress, bent on trying to cajole and deceive her. She understood the reason, too: Carleton Pembroke was again on the high-road to triumph, and this miserable creature, recognizing her mistake, had begun to cast about for some means to excuse her meanness in his eyes. Magdalen rushed at the belief that the young schemer hoped to do this through her, doubtless being cognizant of the warm friendship between Pembroke and herself.

"I—I beg your pardon," Lilian said, turning cold and white. She was too deeply wounded now even for tears, but more thoroughly convinced than ever it was the hearing her name connected with Herbert Grantley's which caused Mrs. Richmond to treat her so harshly. She could not allow the interview to end until she had cleared up the matter, for the knowledge she had gained during the past months in regard to the man's reputation—a knowledge carefully kept from her by her relatives while she was with them—rendered it her duty to free herself from such erroneous judgment. In her agitation, she could find no words with which to begin her explanation, and hurried on tremulously: "I have one excuse for my persistence: I was so greatly attracted toward you—I wanted so much that you should like me."

Mrs. Richmond grew positively savage at the girl's supposing this inane affectation could delude her; and, in such a mood, she became merciless.

"Do not waste any time trying to make me," she said, with cutting irony. "In order to save you from doing so, I may as well tell you frankly that I consider you an utterly detestable, unscrupulous, treacherous young person! Why, you are not worth getting angry with. You are not even a wasp—you are just a butterfly with a sting!"

"You can't know that of your own

knowledge," cried Lilian, "so you have no right to say it. You ought to be willing to hear both sides of a story, before you make up your mind so firmly, especially about a girl—"

"Who tried to break a great man's heart," Mrs. Richmond broke in. "That you failed is no merit of yours, though perhaps I am wrong to say you tried. No; you only thought of yourself—your own miserable ambition. And you made a mistake, you poor short-sighted doll! Why did you suppose that a man like Carleton Pembroke could be crushed—stopped short in his career? Really, you are even more to be pitied than despised! And, after all, anybody who appreciates the man at his rightful value ought to be thankful to you that for any reason you freed him from the millstone about his neck which a woman like you would have proved."

She poured out this passionate tirade with terrible intensity; before she finished, Lilian had sunk on the ground and hidden her face in her hands. When the cruel voice ceased, she looked up, tearless and white, and said in a bewildered way:

"Did he believe this of me?"

"I only know that your letter breaking your engagement was dated the day on which your friend Mr. Grantley learned that the North Orton Company must fail," came the cold reply.

"But I had not heard a whisper," Lilian said, slowly. "Wait; I don't ask you to take my word. I have proof to offer, which will convince you: When his sister died, her diary was sent to me to keep; there is a letter of mine copied into it, that will tell why I broke my engagement."

"She was satisfied?" Mrs. Richmond asked, regarding the speaker suspiciously.

"Yes; you shall read what she wrote. I set him free because I found that he did not love me; he felt tenderly, affectionately, toward me, but it was not love," Lilian said, still seated on the ground and looking up at Magdalen with eyes so full of truth that, even if she had not offered proof of her innocence, Mrs. Richmond felt she must have believed her.

"How did you discover this?" Magdalen asked.

"From a letter he wrote to his sister; it fell into my hands by accident," Lilian

said. "Then I heard there was some lady at Rockland Springs in whom he was greatly interested. His sister admitted this, though she did not tell me the lady's name. I saw my duty clearly; how could I help it?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Richmond gasped; but Lilian did not hear, and hurried on in her confession.

"Mrs. Montagu made no attempt to dissuade me; she was too conscientious—too proud—not to understand what I felt. I don't think I am proud: I wanted him to be happy. He is so good, so great, and I am only what you called me just now—a butterfly. But indeed, indeed I would not willingly harm anybody, especially the man I honor with my whole soul!"

Mrs. Richmond dropped on her knees beside the girl and threw both arms about her, crying:

"I beg your pardon! Oh, can you ever forgive me?"

Lilian bent forward and kissed her forehead with a sudden burst of weeping, and then the two kept silence for many minutes.

## CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE Mrs. Richmond slept that night, she had read the portions of the dead woman's diary which not only fully corroborated Lilian's assertions, but proved the girl capable of unwavering resolution and self-sacrifice.

Magdalen felt no doubt that Lilian Fane had loved and still loved the man whom she had relinquished because her own intuition and Mrs. Montagu's injudicious revelations convinced her that he would never have dreamed of asking her to become his wife, if her dependence during her convalescence and his sister's freely-expressed credence had not persuaded him that Lilian had made him the hero of her girlish dreams.

But, before the engagement was a year old, Mrs. Montagu perceived that Pembroke's sense of chivalry, rather than his heart, was touched; and when, only a few weeks previous to her death, she discovered that Lilian shared this certainty and had decided to set him free, she approved of the girl's action.

Although Mrs. Richmond found no mention of her own name in the journal, she was evidently referred to, for in one place were these words: "I could not learn the name of the lady at Rockland to whom

Carleton is so devoted; he has never mentioned any person specially in his letters. I fear that I committed a great error in helping to bring him and my dear little Lillian together; I grow more and more convinced that his affection for her is such as he might have for a ward or a younger sister—not the love which can fill the heart and life of a man like him. As for Lillian, I begin to think it was hero-worship, rather than any deeper feeling, which drew her to him."

Mrs. Richmond marveled at the writer's blindness; she felt certain that Lillian had made a great sacrifice in breaking the engagement. Mrs. Richmond was convinced, too, that Pembroke had loved the girl dearly, and that her desertion had been the hardest thing to bear in the list of catastrophes which overtook him so unexpectedly. She smiled bitterly at the idea that he had ever been attracted toward herself in other than a friendly fashion.

"Why," she thought, "I believe he never thinks of me as a woman—I am his intimate, his chum! That I had a heart to add to the offer I made him of my money—with myself for an incumbrance, if there were no other way—has never crossed his mind. Oh, Magdalen Richmond, you have borne a good deal, first and last, but I think you would have gone mad if that had been added to the rest!"

It was a genuine grief, both to Mrs. Richmond and Lillian, that, the morning after their long conversation, the latter had been obliged to leave St. Clair for a while. The fourth day since her departure had come, but, beyond a hurried note, Mrs. Richmond had received no news, though she had promised to write again, as her invalid friend had decided to prolong their stay into the coming week.

Magdalen had written at once to Mr. Pembroke, telling him that, so far from deserving reproach, Lillian Fane had shown a courage and decision of which few girls of her age would have been capable. The epistle did not satisfy her after it had gone, and she took advantage of the next post to follow it by another with some added explanations, exercising great care to avoid wearisome repetitions.

So she sat thinking of her letters, and wondering if she could bear to remain till

he came on—as come he would, at the earliest opportunity, she felt assured.

"Why should I run away?" she thought. "I am glad to have them happy; if, in my miserable selfishness, it hurts me all the same, why, the sooner I live that down, the better for my own self-respect. I will not be a coward!"

There came a knock at the door; a servant brought in a card, saying that the gentleman had just arrived and wished to see her. Magdalen's heart gave one fierce bound, which left her breathless as she took the bit of pasteboard, expecting to read Carleton Pembroke's name; but instead she saw that of a distant cousin, to whom she was warmly attached.

Presently the door opened again, and in dashed the handsome young fellow, in a state of such pleasurable excitement that he nearly shook her two hands off, while he began half a dozen sentences without finishing any.

"Rafe Vincent!" Mrs. Richmond exclaimed. "Why, I can hardly believe my eyes! I never was more surprised to see anybody."

"And glad? Now do say you are glad!" he cried.

"Of course I am. But stop trying to pull my arms out of their sockets, and sit down and tell me where you come from and what brought you."

"Why, I came to see you—partly," he said, with a laugh. "I was so delighted when I found you were here. Oh, I have so much to tell you, I don't know where to begin."

"Sit down first."

"No, I can't. Oh, Cousin Magdalen, I am just the happiest fellow in the world!" he continued, with increased eagerness, and would have caught her hands again, but Mrs. Pembroke wisely put them behind her.

"Of course I know what that means," she said, gayly: "you are in love—"

"Oh, and better yet!"

"Engaged?"

"And to the dearest, sweetest, grandest girl!"

"And you have come to tell me about it. Now I shall begin to believe you genuinely like me, even if I am such a crabbed cross creature that most people want to keep out of my way."

"You are the warmest-hearted woman in the world, and the most generous and—"

"Stop! stop!" Mrs. Richmond broke in, laughing. "You will steal the adjectives that belong to that dearest of girls. Well, you may be certain nobody can congratulate you more heartily than I."

"I knew you would—you are always so good to me."

"Nonsense! Never was good to anybody in my life, except Ponto," she averred. "I can safely congratulate the young lady too, Rafe, for you are about the best boy I know—don't let the dignity of your five-and-twenty years be hurt by the word."

"Oh, I am not half good enough for her—not a quarter—not a thousandth part; but then, no fellow could be!" Vincent cried, coming to a halt for an instant, to bring his hands energetically together.

"Be sure you always remain so modest; you will make all the more agreeable husband. But how long have you known the lady? Where did you meet her? I want all the particulars, so try to give them lucidly."

"Oh, I have been wild about her for a year—ever since the first time I set eyes on her," Vincent said, beginning his march again up and down the room; "but it seemed of no use whatever. I wouldn't give in, though—I mean, I couldn't; and now it's all right. It seems too heavenly to be true, but it is."

"What stood in the way for so long?" Mrs. Richmond asked.

"Well, she was engaged once," Vincent said, more slowly, as he again made a little halt. "Yes—but to a man ever so much older than herself. I don't know his name—don't want to; I hate all such confessions. Well, that business had been broken off just before I saw her first."

"By the lady?"

"Now, don't be prejudiced, you darling woman," pleaded Vincent. "You know, if you have a fault, it is that you are sometimes hasty in your judgment of people."

"I won't be this time, at all events," Mrs. Richmond promised. "I am sure she had a good reason; tell me what it was."

"Why, it was just a case of hero-worship, you know; luckily, she discovered it in time. She found out, too, that he did not really love her. Oh, he must have been one of your stately iceberg fellows—looked on her as a child to be petted and humored and—"

"Stop!" Mrs. Richmond broke in. "Tell me her name!"

Vincent was prevented answering by a knock at the door, which he opened in obedience to an impatient sign from his cousin.

"A telegram, ma'am," announced the servant on the threshold.

"I'll be back in a minute," Vincent said, and dashed out of the room, followed at a more dignified pace by the domestic.

Mrs. Richmond tore open the envelope and read the following sentence, written without punctuation of any sort:

Your letter followed me Just  
received Will be at St Clair  
this evening

The dispatch was signed "Carleton Pembroke" and dated "Buffalo."

The door opened without ceremony, and Rafe Vincent appeared anew, accompanied by Lilian Fane.

"Here she is," he cried; "now congratulate us both!"

"Lilian—engaged—you—I—"

Then Mrs. Richmond broke down.

"Will you have me for a relation?" she heard the girl ask.

Then Lilian's arms were about her neck, and Rafe had possession of her hands once more, while she sat staring dumbly at the telegram, which lay on the floor at her feet.

Carleton Pembroke would arrive in a few hours! She, Magdalen Richmond, had professed the assurance that happiness was awaiting him, and he would come to find Lilian engaged to another man!

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## MY SONG.

THERE are songs enough for the lovers  
Who share love's tender pain;  
I sing for the one whose passion  
Is given, and in vain.

For the hearts that break in silence  
With a sorrow all unknown;  
For those who need companions,  
And walk their ways alone.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

### CURTAINS, HOME-MADE.

BY BELFAIR.

WHILE we all desire to improve the appearance of our living-rooms, many of us are unfortunately deterred from doing so by considerations of a pecuniary nature. Carpets, furniture, pictures, even bric-a-brac, may already be provided; but we still miss the drapery that would so effectually conceal the bareness of our window-frames and doors.

Curtains are what we want—every woman of taste knows that; but those of limited means utter the word hesitatingly—it suggests beauty, coziness, and graceful outlines, but at the same time it opens up a vista that only those with full purses may enter.

Yet this is a mistake; curtains, even handsome ones, lie within easy reach, and the satisfaction that they yield, year after year, will well repay the slight outlay that they require. Of course, there is scarcely a limit to the expense they may involve, yet it is not the present purpose to speak of such as are costly, whether because of workmanship, artistic treatment, or texture.

At certain windows, heavy drapery may not be desired. In such cases, it is advisable to hang Madras muslin next the glass, because, while no more expensive than white lace, and often less so, it has a prettier and softer effect—the sunlight that filters through the gently-toned colors suggesting the softness and beauty of stained glass.

The curtains of cottage-drapery or of Nottingham lace are so low-priced that one finds them in nearly every household, yet often their owners yearn for the heavy drapery which, while toning their whiteness, would at the same time produce that cozy shut-in effect so dear to the heart of the home-lover. Yet, though this longed-for drapery seems hopelessly distant, it is obtainable for a small outlay of money, if the equivalents of the latter—labor and ingenuity—be liberally supplied. One need only turn for help to that liberal never-failing auxiliary to every economically-conducted household—the rag-bag. What! the rag-bag for curtains? And pray, dear

madam, why not? Has not that everlasting resource provided the impecunious, since “ye olden tyme,” with neat and durable carpets? Has it not given us rugs, quilts, and comfortables innumerable, not to mention the endless fabrications, often fearfully as well as wonderfully constructed, rightly termed “crazy-work”?

But it is not our purpose to turn to “crazy-work,” to accomplish our ends. No; our work is similar in kind to that done by our mothers and grandmothers in the good old days when their neighbors came in to spend the afternoon, and, cheered in their labors by tea and Johnny-cake, amid chatter and friendly gossip, completed a tableful of “balls” which the weaver transformed into a goodly carpet.

For the curtain-drapery, a large supply of rags will be needed, and it may require time to gather them. But Rome was not built in a day, and, consoling one's self with the grand result that after many days crowned the seven hills, one must be satisfied with slow progress, unless indeed one can afford to purchase a few pounds from neighboring cotton and woolen mills.

Before beginning work, it is well to decide upon the style or styles required; because, to produce certain effects, the colors must be combined and arranged accordingly. All cotton and soft woolen rags are to be cut into strips as for carpet, and those that are thin and worn discarded. Very heavy cloth is undesirable, because the curtain must be pliable enough to fall in graceful folds. Unless a great number of silk and velvet rags are on hand, they will be lost among the others, and had best be laid aside and reserved for another purpose, to be mentioned later.

The easiest curtain to produce is at the same time the prettiest, for it closely imitates the handsome chenille curtains that one sees in the shops, and will harmonize with any pattern or shade of wall-paper, carpet, or furniture-covering. This is made in “hit-



or-miss" style, either through its entire length or ending in a dado of solid color.

The curtain made of different-colored horizontal stripes, à la bayadère, and the one which is of solid color with a "hit-or-miss" dado, or one of contrasting shade, require more care in dyeing the rags.

The curtain intended to be of one color is rarely satisfactory, because goods that vary in tint and quality, when plunged into the same dye, rarely emerge of one shade.

Rags must be clean and free from dust, or they will make a dingy curtain which will soon prove a breeding-place for moths.

Those inexperienced in the cutting and sewing of carpet-rags must remember that the loom pushes thin goods closer together than thick ones, and, in order to procure a curtain of smooth and even texture, the rags must be systematically cut. Cambric and soft cottons, cashmeres and flannels, being of varying thickness, must be cut of varying widths. That is to say, if your strips are to measure half an inch across—which is about right—cut the flannel of that width, cashmeres one inch, and thin cottons two inches wide.

When sewing the strips to each other, the seams must be firm enough to stand tension, but not so clumsy as to appear knotty; the wider ones must be folded lengthwise and basted together until as narrow as the narrowest. A ball that weighs a pound and a half—it is of course understood that the strips, after being joined, are rolled into balls—will make one yard of material one yard wide. With this as a basis, it is easy to compute the amount required to make the whole curtain or any part of it.

The "hit-or-miss" pattern above referred to is the easiest, because one can utilize every sound rag in one's possession, even to the darkest and most unsatisfactory odds-and-ends, or the hideously glaring reds and aggressive yellows, and the sickly faded blues or greens. For this pattern, cut them into rather short lengths and join them apparently helter-skelter, but really with discriminating eye for a pleasant effect. Always place a dark color between two inharmonious ones, and two or three neutral tints between any particularly aggressive ones. It is best to tag the balls as soon as completed. These tags must bear the name and address of the

owner, and a number indicating the order in which the balls are to be woven. Any special instructions to the weaver must be plainly written out, as even a slight blunder may mar the beauty of the work.

For a bayadère curtain, the stripes being of equal width, the balls must be of equal weight.

The cheap and excellent dyes that are now on the market enable one to utilize every strip of white muslin or light calico that the rag-bag affords, and one can thus produce very good effects.

To prevent raveling, the weaver must be instructed to leave a two-inch strip of warp at the top and bottom of each curtain; this is afterward to be turned over and hemmed. The warp is usually one yard in width, and answers very well for curtains or portières in narrow door-ways. Where wider ones are desired, they must be specially ordered; or a lengthwise border can be afterward applied to one or both sides of the curtain. This can be of plush, sateen, or double-faced canton flannel, and can be ornamented with a border of cross-stitches in Gobelin design, worked through canvas, the threads of which are afterward drawn out, or with a running vine. This ornamentation can also be made from the scraps of silk and velvet mentioned above. These can be cut into leaves and bunches of cherries, then applied to the material of the border, and veined and outlined with Japanese gold, bright worsted, or crewels. Arrasene and chenille have a good effect, but are apt to be expensive. A similar border would look well, if applied to the solid-colored dado of a "hit-or-miss" curtain.

A person who has never seen draperies manufactured of such materials, can form no idea of the lovely effects which may be produced by an artistic selection of colors and careful work on the part of the weaver.

Curtains can be utilized in many ways, and they are often indispensable when one desires to hide some discrepancy or to cover an economical make-shift.

Deftness and ingenuity can accomplish much when combined with good taste and a knowledge of the capabilities of ordinary things, and ideas such as have here been only suggested may be beautifully and artistically elaborated without exceeding the limits of a narrow income.

# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a handsome street or traveling gown. It is made of gray cashmere or

the waist to give a slight fullness. The back of the skirt is very full. The trimming for this gown is of gray plush or fur, as the individual taste may decide. A waistband of velvet, with buckle in oxydized



No. 1.

camel's-hair. The petticoat, of two tints of gray in stripes, is kilt-plaited on the left side, up to the waist. The overdress is the newest style of redingote polonaise, the front of which has a few plaits near



No. 2.

silver, completes the costume. Hat of gray felt, with a band of plush around the inside

of the brim. A light-gray ostrich-plume is all the trimming. Six to eight yards of fortysix-inch material for polonaise, three



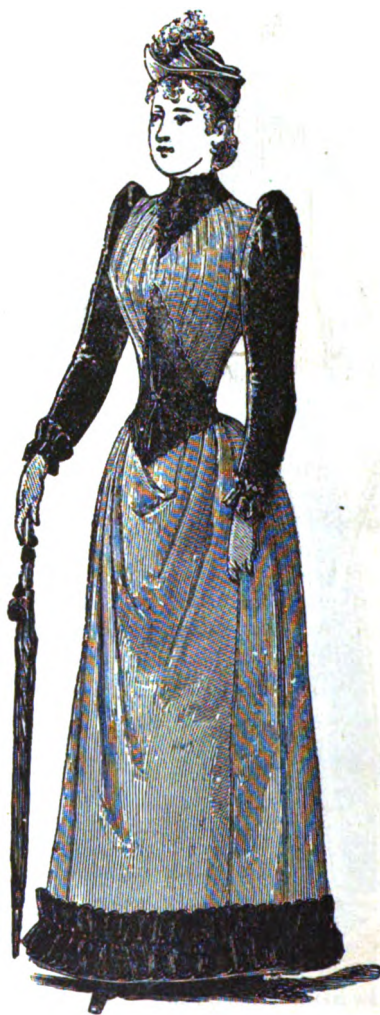
No. 3.

and three-quarters yards of stripe for petticoat, will be required.

No. 2—Is a stylish promenade-gown, of pheasant-brown cheviot tweed, set off with waistcoat, skirt, facings, and cuffs of Macleod tartan. The jacket-bodice and side-panels are of the tweed; back of the skirt, front, the under-vest, revers, cuffs, are all of the plaid. Hat of brown felt, trimmed with plaid ribbon to match, and ostrich-tips in brown, or pheasant-wings, as the taste may

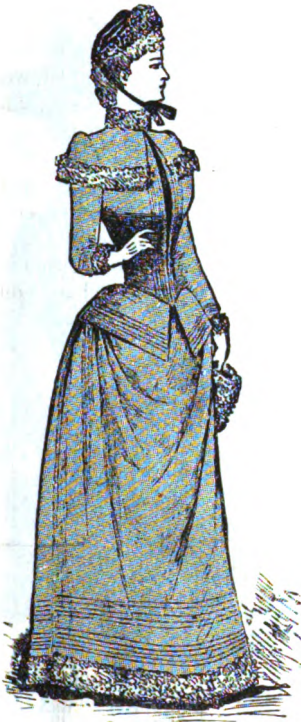
decide. Five yards of double-fold tweed, with six yards of tartan plaid, will be required.

No. 3—Is a stylish tea-gown, in Gobelin-blue cashmere or silk, trimmed with white or gray fur. The gown opens on a full front of pale-rose satin merveilleux, gathered at the throat and waist. Full sleeves, gathered to a band at the wrist, which is bordered with fur. A full ruching of lace may be used for trimming, instead of the fur, or a pinked-out ruching of silk, either white or pale-gray. The style being pretty and



No. 4.

simple, almost any kind of trimming will look well on the gown. Six yards of cashmere and three yards of satin for the front



No. 5.

will be required. The quantity of trimming will have to be measured for when the gown is finished.

No. 4—Is a gown suitable for either visiting or house wear. It is made of any self-colored cashmere or Henrietta-cloth—with sleeves, waistband, collar, and ruching on



No. 6.

skirt, of black or velvet to match, as preferred. The ruching for the skirt is lined with thin silk and then plaited. The deep-pointed waistband fastens at the left side, over the full bodice. Full gigot sleeves. Small felt hat, trimmed with ostrich-tips to correspond. Eight yards of fortytwo-inch material, from three to four yards of



No. 7.

velvet for sleeves and trimming. A plain band of velvet on the edge of the skirt may be substituted for the ruching, if desired.

No. 5—Is a walking-costume, of vionia cloth, trimmed with gray fur. The skirt has, besides the fur trimming, two groups of narrow worsted braid, forming a border above the fur. The skirt of the bodice



is trimmed to match. The shoulder-cape, which is adjustable, is simply edged with fur. This gown may be made in any of the new self-colored vigonia or lady's-cloths. Small velvet toque, edged with fur, is worn with this costume.

No. 6—Is a stylish and useful jacket for a young girl, made of diagonal cloth and trimmed with a border of narrow galloon and braid, of either silver or gold. Buttons



No. 8.

to match. The triple collar is braided in a feather-stitch pattern with the gold or silver braid.

No. 7—Is a novelty in style for a coat for a girl of six years. The material is a large Scotch-plaid tweed. The coat has side-plaits forming the front; large box-plaits at the back. The stylish cape fastens at the shoulder, on the left side. Passementerie ornaments are put on the front, below the



No. 9.

waist-line; also corresponding ones on the back plaits. Full hat of velvet, with soft



No. 10.



No. 11.

cream surah gathered inside the brim completes the costume. The hat must match the prevailing color of the plaid, or else be of black velvet.

No. 8.—Coat, of checked Scotch tweed, with cape, for boy of four to six years. Scotch cap, ornamented with two standing quills.

No. 9.—Pelisse, of cloth—cream, gray, or dark-blue—braided with worsted braid in a simple pattern for front, cuffs, collar, and waistband. Felt hat, trimmed with ostrich-tips.

No. 10.—This is a very pretty model for a pale pink or blue cashmere frock for a baby of two or three years old. The yoke is in white English embroidery. Sash of soft surah.

No. 11.—Almond-brown beige cashmere or silk alpaca arranged on the bodice in deep vandykes, over a straight full bodice in brown cashmere striped with blue, gold, and red. Plaitings round the throat, and cuffs to match. Sash and folds to be of pongee silk.

## LAMP-LIGHTERS.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

It is impossible to represent the beauty of the little lamp-lighters given in the front of this number, as the combination of bright and delicate colors and shapely leaves makes them an ornament for any sitting-room mantel. They are quickly made, only requiring a little taste in selecting the colors. The stems should be cut in strips ten inches long and three-fourths of an inch wide, of rather stiff pale-green paper, and rolled in the ordinary way of making the common lighters. The leaves are cut according to the diagrams, and some

still smaller, in all the delicate shades of tissue-paper. Double the leaves along the dotted line, and crimp them on a stout hair-pin or knitting-needle. A few lumps of gum arabic, barely dissolved in water, will hold the leaves on the stems better than anything else, as the mucilages are too thin to answer the purpose. Put two or three leaves on each stem, by clasping the square ends around it after the gum arabic has been put on them. When finished, tie them with narrow ribbon or stand them in a vase.

## DESIGN FOR A BOOK-COVER.

We give, on the Supplement, a design of wheat-ears in embroidery, for a book-cover. It may be done in outline, Kensington, or satin stitch, and will look best if worked in gold or wheat-colored silk, with the leaves of a delicate green; or the whole may be

done in the green of new wheat. The color of the cover should be selected with a view to the color of the embroidery. Initials can be placed in the centre. The same design is pretty for a photograph-case either painted or embroidered in natural colors.



## LOUIS XVI COAT, WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, the latest style of coat, which is the Louis XVI. Our pattern consists of eight pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.
5. SLEEVE.
6. SKIRT OF COAT.
7. COLLAR.
8. CUFF.

The letters show how the pieces join. The vest is a simple pointed waist, which may be made separate, or sewed into the side-seams, using only the front. The vest is of white piqué, corduroy, or white or cream cloth. The coat is of cloth. Collar and cuffs of velvet. One button confines the coat. The vest is closed either by tiny buttons or concealed hooks and eyes.



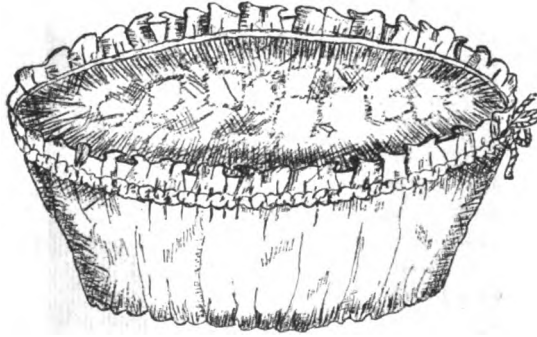
## EMBROIDERY FOR END OF TABLE-SCARF: COLORED PATTERN.

For our colored plate, this month, we give the handsome design of columbine, with leaves and stems, to be worked in browns and yellow, on linen, momie-cloth, Bolton sheeting, or huckaback toweling. For those who can paint even a little in water-colors, we would suggest that, after the outlining of the design is transferred, the inside or solid parts of the leaves, stems, and flowers should be tinted with the brush and water-colors, thus giving a very fine effect with but little work; then the outlining is to be

done with rope silk or linen. The outside border in the same way. If worked on huckaback toweling, simply outline the design, and darn in the background with a pretty contrasting color—say, pale-blue or very pale-green. The darning shows well on the huckaback, the needle being taken through each little raised spot of the toweling. Darn the background in linen floss, and do the outlining in rope silk or rope linen. Heavy outlining of short and long stitches, in filoselle, may be preferred by some.

## DISH-COVER.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.



We do not always have a silver dish to bake our bread-pudding, mashed potatoes, or macaroni in, and we are sometimes compelled to wrap a napkin around the unsightly one we use, before it is brought on the table.

In the front of this number will be found a pretty design for a cover which will not only screen the dish, but keep the contents warm. The one in question is made of white linen, lined with red cashmere. For a dish four inches deep and thirtytwo in circumference, the strips should be forty inches long and nine inches wide. The two edges are sewed evenly together at the top, turned over, and a casing run in for a cord, which, when drawn, should form a ruffle around the top of the dish. The bottom is simply hemmed for a similar cord. Close the ends and draw the cords, to fit closely around the dish.

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## SCREEN.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

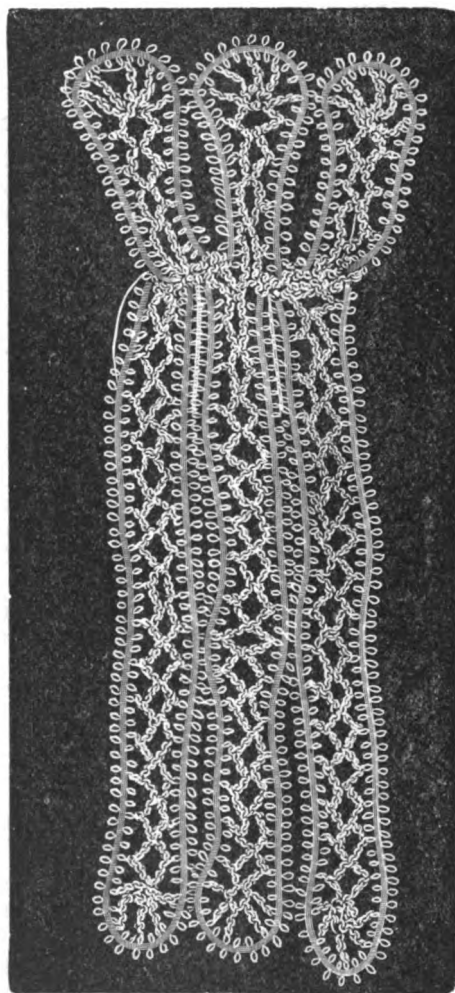
A design for an inexpensive screen is given in the front of this number. After a carpenter has made the frame of some light wood, stain it black or any other desirable color, and well varnish it. It should be thirtyeight inches high, independent of the feet or top ornament, and have a second cross-piece near the bottom, leaving an intervening space of four inches, which should be filled in with a plaiting of silk or sateen, of any fancied color. The panels are filled in with plain black silk or sateen, with a spray of morning-glories on one, wild roses on the other. An inner frame should be made to fit in the back, on which the silk is stretched before it is embroidered. Any pretty design of flowers or foliage can be either painted or embroidered. Line the back with cretonne. If the panels become injured or faded, they can easily be replaced by slipping the light frame from the back, and tacking the new material on.

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## WATER-LILY DESIGN FOR CUSHION, ETC.

On the Supplement, we give a beautiful design of water-lilies, suitable for a cushion, centre-piece for a table, or a pillow-sham, to be worked in outline or in Kensington-stitch; washing-silk or embroidery-cotton may be used.

## COLLAR, OF FEATHER-EDGE BRAID.



**Materials:** Braid No. 2, thread No. 40.

**First point:** Make a ch. of five, sc. in third loop, chain five, sc. in next third loop. Repeat fifteen times; tr. c. in every third loop, catch in first stitch—this forms the star; ch. two, sc. in third loop from last tr. c., ch. two, sc. in centre of ch. five. Repeat to top, ch. one, draw needle through two loops at back; double-braid, and, with needle and thread, sew nine loops together.

**Second point:** Ch. five, one sc. in third loop. Repeat fifteen times, joining the ninth

and tenth holes to those in the first point; also the first tr. c. to last one in first star. Repeat from beginning till long enough to go round the neck.

For the top part, make five loops, joining only two stars together, sew on to wide piece made, and run ribbon through the upper opening.

For cuffs, make narrow edge the same, and the wide with twelve loops and star crocheted together, making them just large enough to slip over the hand easily.

## CASE FOR CLOTHES-BRUSH.

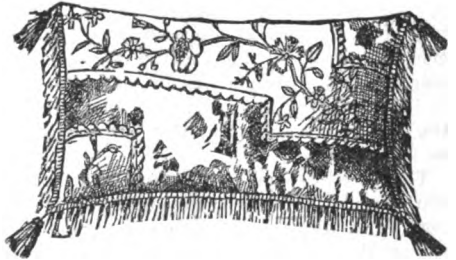


This useful and pretty fantaisie is for the bed-room, to be suspended on the wall in a convenient place; or it will serve equally well as an envelope for the brush, upon a voyage. The size and shape must be determined by the brush or brushes. Make a foundation for the back, of stiff card-board or canvas, and cover half-way from the top with a piece of old brocade, the lower half with satin or cretonne, same as the back. The pocket, which is also of the brocade

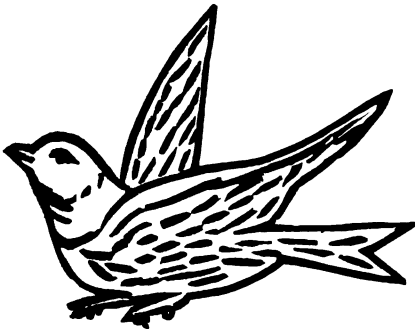
and large enough to allow for the brush, is also mounted upon the canvas and lined. The two pieces are put together and edged with a narrow silk fringe or cord. This case may be made of ticking ornamented with fancy stitches in colored silks, or of Java canvas done in cross-stitch. In fact, any sort of ornamentation and material can be used with good effect, so that the coloring be in good taste and in tone with the furnishing of the room.

## SPANISH CUSHION.

Long square in plush or satin, crossed with irregular pieces of silk embroidery on satin in a contrasting color, or these pieces may be of antique brocade. Edge the pieces with gold lace, and finish the pillow with a multicolor fringe in silk and tinsel and four tassels to match. A very pretty design.



## EMBROIDERED BIRD.



This design is to be outlined in red silk, contrasting with the long stitches speckling the body, in blue and tinsel threads. Little birds of this kind, powdered in between flowers, etc., are very effective on embroidered quilts, scarfs, table-covers, etc. Even larger birds, or butterflies, bees, dragon-flies, etc., may be used.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR JUBILEE YEAR.—In 1891, "Peterson" will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, and we propose to make it memorable in our history, knowing in how many thousands of households the era will be looked forward to with eager interest and unstinted good wishes. We shall put forth fresh efforts to distance all competitors as completely as we have done in the past, and, while keeping the place we have so long held as the head of the ladies' periodicals, we shall strengthen our claim to the title now so generally bestowed on us by the press as the "model family magazine of the day."

There will be an increase of pages, in order to afford still further variety in the different departments. A finer quality of paper will be employed, and the illustrations will be more abundant and varied, as, besides handsome steel and wood engravings, we shall be able to give half-tone photographs of exquisite delicacy and finish.

Each number will contain articles by popular authors, and fresh names will be added to our contributors. The lovers of fiction, biography, travels, and miscellaneous reading generally, will all find matter to suit their special tastes. We give the list of novelets on the last page of the cover, and the names of the writers are a warrant that our serials will be unsurpassed.

The excellence of our Fashion and Needlework departments has for decades made "Peterson" an infallible authority on dress, and they will continue to combine elegance and novelty with economy, usefulness, and common sense. "Things Worth Knowing" will be made a still more important feature, and the Superintendent of the Newport Hospital will furnish a fresh series of papers on matters that concern the care of the sick and the preservation of health. The Household department will embrace an even wider range than heretofore, and we shall give illustrated articles on furnishing and decoration that will prove invaluable to all home-makers.

The list of our improvements is by no means exhausted, but we need not enter into further details, as our hosts of friends know that "Peterson" is always better than its word, and so will feel assured that, from first to last, our Jubilee Year will prove a festival which no lover of beauty, instruction, and good cheer can afford to miss.

CASES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—Handsome cases for photographs are gradually superseding the old-time album, and they are so much easier to handle, and so pretty to look at, that the change is very welcome. These cases may be made even by the amateur in decorative art, and they admit of so much originality in color and fabric combinations, and also in decoration, that there is a possibility of something new being achieved, in effects at least. One's individuality may shine out resplendently in these pretty cases. And who does not admire individuality, even if it be somewhat grotesque? The photograph-case is a beautiful ornament for the table, and may combine any two preferred colors. For instance, the velvet forming the outside may be a bright-olive, and the quilted silk lining pale-gold. The lining and outside are sewed together at all their edges, and the ends are folded over to form pockets. A row of thick silk cord borders all the edges, and the fancy stitching is done with gold embroidery-silk. Ribbons of the same shade as the velvet are fastened to the ends, and tied to close the case. The word "Photographs" is embroidered in outline-stitch with gold silk on both sides of the case. The embroidery-stitches are of the simplest order, and by their very simplicity are effective. Any preferred colors may be as tastefully combined in this way, and plush, Ottoman, or any other silk may be used instead of velvet. Silk, surah, or satin may be employed for the quilted lining.

ATTEMPTED LITERARY THEFT appears to be a positive mania in our day. Some years since, a woman in Herefordshire, England, announced that there was no such person as Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and asserted that it was a "nom de plume" under which she had herself written the various popular novels bearing that signature. At the time, Mrs. Hoey was actually the assistant literary editor of "The Spectator," and personally well known in London. Lately, some person in California has claimed to be the author of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's "Self-Made; or, Out of the Depths," a book first published over twenty years ago by T. B. Peterson & Bros. Only insanity can account for such absurd efforts to gain notoriety.

HIGH ATTAINMENTS.—Those who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.

**MORE ABOUT OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1891.**—The announcement that we should again offer a large variety of books has proved eminently satisfactory to old and new friends who propose getting up clubs. We have retained the cream of last year's collection, and have added to it many choice works by the most popular American and English authors. The list includes so wide a range of fiction, biography, travels, poetry, and volumes for the young people, that there will be food for every taste. The new books are very handsomely bound, and we can confidently assert that they are the best any periodical has ever offered.

The engraving "Driving a Pair" has been pronounced a gem by the most competent judges. It represents an old man wheeling two children in a barrow, and is exquisite in design and workmanship.

An entirely new premium will be a Rochester extension piano-lamp, which, besides being useful, will make one of the prettiest possible parlor-ornaments.

A set of a half-dozen d'oylies, stamped for embroidery, is another premium, which will appeal to every housekeeper who loves dainty table-napery.

Our stone porcelain tea-set was in such demand last season that we are induced to give it place again. It is handsome enough to render its possessor the envy of all her neighbors.

We shall renew the Common-Sense Binder, as scores of subscribers have written us that they find it invaluable for temporarily preserving their magazines from injury.

There will be also a year's subscription to "Peterson"—always the most coveted and the choicest of our prizes.

See pages 488 and 489 for a complete list and description, together with the number of subscribers requisite in a club in order to gain the various premiums.

We want the year 1891 to be memorable, both in the additional attractiveness of the magazine and the increase of our large subscription-list. "Peterson" will be so much handsomer and better than ever, that every lady who fails to secure it will heartily regret her mistake. Begin at once to get up a club.

"HOW CAN A LADY GET ALONG WITHOUT IT?"—The Lexington (Miss.) Bulletin says of "Peterson": "Its fashion-plates are superb, and its reading-matter is of the very best. We don't know very well how a lady can get along without 'Peterson.'"

**PLEASANT PEOPLE.**—It is not the people who shine in society, but the people who brighten up the back parlor; not the people who are charming when they are out, but the people who are charming when they are in, that are good to live with.

## NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*Two Modern Women.* By Kate Gannett Willis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—An out-of-the-common and well-written novel by a clever and painstaking writer. The heroine is a minister; and it is still a novelty for the leading female personage in a book to belong to one of the so-called learned professions, which till our day were considered the special walk of the male portion of humanity. This heroine is a very charming woman, and wins the love of several men whose affection was worth possessing. The characters are all clearly drawn, the dialogue is effective, and, though a novel "with a purpose," it is an interesting love-story all the same.

"O Thou, My Austria." Translated from the German of Ossip Schubin by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Someone lately said of Mrs. Wister that "she possesses an unflinching tact for only selecting such German novels as are well adapted to please the American taste." We can cordially endorse this opinion, and the present book is an additional proof of its truth. It is certain, too, that the rare excellence of her translations and her power of imparting to every story she undertakes a distinctive individuality and charm have given her a position among writers which few translators have ever attained.

*Sifting Matrimony.* By the author of "Society Rapids." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a pleasing story of society-life in Washington and New York. The plot is original, and, as the hero and heroine are in the beginning both opposed to matrimony, there is room for much spirited dialogue. The minor characters are sketched in a very life-like fashion, and the author has been especially happy in delineating the Southern negroes. The volume has been included in the publishers' twenty-five-cent list.

*India, Pearl of Pearl River.* By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This excellent novel has been issued in the publishers' cheap edition. Mrs. Southworth's works are long past the stage where their merits require any special mention, and their wide popularity steadily increases. "Fair Play" has also just been added to the list of capital twenty-five cent novels, and stands among the foremost of Mrs. Southworth's novels, for strength of plot and interest of the narrative.

*Catherine's Coquetries.* By Camille Debans. Translated by Leon Mead. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a dramatic story of French country-life, which will hold the reader's attention to the very close. The translation has been carefully and skillfully done by a well-known author and journalist. The volume is daintily bound and contains several capital illustrations.

*Two Masters.* By B. M. Croker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The book has an exciting plot, and is at times almost painfully realistic.



It is written in the form of an autobiography, which adds greatly to its force and dramatic interest. It is, in various ways, one of the most individual and strongly-marked novels of the season.

*Disenchantment.* By F. Mabel Robinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The numerous admirers of "Mr. Butler's Ward" will give the author's present novel a cordial welcome. It is in some respects an advance on that book, and will doubtless increase the favorable impression of the author's talent produced by her previous effort.

*Vanity Fair.* By W. M. Thackeray. New York: John W. Lovell Co.—This standard novel has been added to the Oxford Series, which the publishers commenced a few years since. The books are prettily bound, printed on fairly good paper in large type, and present an attractive appearance.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

#### NO. XXI—HEREDITARY DISEASES, ETC., CONCLUDED.

Unfortunately, scrofulous inflammation—spoken of in a previous number—is not confined to the small glands of the neck, but similar tumors and abscesses are met with in the thyroid, thymus, submaxillary, and parotid glands beneath the chin, jaw, and ear respectively, as well as over the sternum (breast-bone), in the ham, the elbow, and the groin.

In fact, when the blood becomes so deteriorated, these abscesses may appear in any part of the body. And thus the poor child or adult becomes exhausted by the discharges, constitutional irritation, diarrhœa, hectic fever, etc., etc.

When the glands of the mesentery (caul or apron) become attacked, a long train of symptoms follow, which give rise to the disease called marasmus. This condition is denoted by languor, paleness, irregular bowels with a varying diarrhœa, a foul tongue becoming red and sore with aphthæ, a febrile condition, and thirst. The emaciation is remarkable—the flesh soft and flabby, while the abdomen becomes large, tumid, resonant on percussion, and often quite tender on percussion.

The skin, later on, is hot and dry, clammy and relaxed, giving off an unpleasant odor. The breath is fetid, the food passes unchanged, the strength declines, and the little patient passes quietly away into the calm repose of death. The hereditary transmission of such diseases cannot at once be obviated. But the causes which lead to the impairment of appetite, the proper digestion and assimilation of food,

through which the blood is rendered poor in quality, are measurably under the control of parents. Dampness and cold, confinement to illy-ventilated apartments of all kinds month after month, the impure air of crowded manufactories or the hovels of the poor, and non-ventilated bed-chambers have a most unfavorable influence upon the health, and these conditions can with proper spirit and determination be largely obviated.

We have deemed it our duty to set forth these facts for the consideration and general information of mothers, explanatory of various diseased conditions which arise in families, sometimes without obvious cause, and are puzzling to mothers, who naturally wish to learn the source from which they spring. Sometimes the causes are self-evident if we look round about us, sometimes we have to look back a generation or two.

As to treatment, not much can be expected here. Suffice it to say, that, after purgation, a good fluid-extract of yellow dock has been found very useful in diseases of the skin, eyes and eyelids, sore noses, etc. So also Ayer's Sarsaparilla is an admirable combination, containing yellow dock, etc., and, with good nutritious diet, proper regimen, etc., will often prove very satisfactory. In marasmus, I have seen wonderful results from the use of syrup iodide of iron—five to twenty drops, thrice daily—and then as adjuvants come "foods": Lactopeptine, Bovinine, Carnrick's preparations of beef, etc., Lactated, Mellin's, etc. The judgment and advice, however, of a good educated physician are required in the management of all the above diseases.

## HINTS UPON GARDENING, FOR AMATEURS.

### NOVEMBER.

Especial care to be taken this month in giving air to all plants housed for the winter. Where there is only the dwelling-house shelter, the window should be closed at night, and open all day from eleven till three o'clock; no water given till the soil feels dry. The earth is sufficiently wet if it is a little damp. The window not to be opened at all on frosty days, excepting frost disappears quickly; then only in the middle of the day. Geraniums, fuchsias, cacti, and India-rubber trees do well by this method; the latter only if they have been standing out in the garden all the summer, a place which they thoroughly thrive in and enjoy. Moreover, let the water just have the chill off it when watering.

Cacti do best with hot water, if not put on the leaves, but close to the roots. They require scarcely any water during the winter, and are better kept in a somewhat dark place. All plants to be kept out of draughts.

Rose trees and bushes to be planted, and, if required, then transplant, giving a good bed of manure mixed with fibrous loam to the roots, and pressing them hard into the earth above "the fork" of the stem; a good covering of manure and soil over the roots.

Clear the borders from dead annuals. Transplant all flowering shrubs and rooted suckers. Shelter all choice bulbs. Prepare compost, by raking together dead leaves, soil, sand, and road-manure; stir in a little salt, but in proportion to the quantity of soil. Grass to be mowed and rolled, remove daisies and dandelions. When grass is not in good order, mix a small quantity of bone-dust and add three parts of earth and sift the whole; then roll the grass well and scatter the mixture broadcast; the grass will soon turn green, and the objectionable brown earth-spots vanish. Several plants now in the ground can be kept alive through the winter by covering the roots with finely-sifted coal-ashes: African and French marigolds, some of the salvias, and fuchsias live through the winter by this treatment. Fuchsias, if standing against a wall, etc., also securely matted, without cutting the shoots down; if treated thus, when other fuchsias are just green sprouts at the roots, the matted fuchsias will show a splendor of scarlet blooms.

Gladioli, early flowering sorts, to be planted the first week in November, others in December.

In the first week in November, if the weather be open and mild, bulbs of any kind may be planted. They will not make a show so very early in the spring, but will decorate the beds later on.

#### GOSSIP.

The word "gossip" meant, in olden times, "a sponsor in baptism," the words "gossib" and "godsib" literally meaning "related in God." Now the word is used to express what is often most harmless, but far oftener most harmful.

Persons are often said to gossip when they are speaking of others, and those who condemn them in a sweeping fashion declare that it is best never to speak of people, and add: "Talk of places, things, traveling, science, etc., instead." It cannot be denied that, when it is found that talking of others leads to evil speaking, it is best to avoid talking of them at all.

But there is the golden mean between the extreme of silence about acquaintances, and that of talking scandal. Placed in the world as we are, coming into frequent contact with our fellow-creatures, it is natural that, in a measure, their interests should become ours, and that all affecting their lives should touch our own. Were it not so, each human being would be living to

himself, existing in an egotistical spirit and cultivating the ugly weed of selfishness.

So it is a matter of necessity, for the welfare of the community and for the outflow of love, to speak of others, and this is done constantly by many who, in spite of the difficulties of doing so, avoid all that makes their conversation dangerous.

Gossip which does harm, however, both to speaker and listener, is another question altogether.

There are occasions when to speak of the fault, even the sin, of another, is imperative. It may become a duty to warn a friend. But these occasions are rare—extremely rare, compared with the frequency with which the faults of others are spoken of in society and at home.

Sometimes persons who are, as a rule, charitable in talking of their neighbors and friends, think it no harm to speak evil of their own family, when it is only between themselves. Why there should be a distinction, one fails to see. Whether in society or at home, to speak of the sin of friends or strangers is detraction, and the dictionary defines that word as meaning "the act of taking away from the reputation or worth of another."

To take away, then, from the reputation of another is theft of a most serious nature, and the plea that it is a truth in no way mitigates the evil. Truth it may be, but are you obliged, as a duty, to speak of it? If not, then you are committing the sin of detraction. An old rule may be quoted here, as being a safe guide: Ask yourself, before speaking—

Is it true?

Is it kind?

Is it necessary?

Gossip can prove a most dangerous element in the home, and every effort should be made to keep it out. The innuendo whispered by one member of the family to a second, about the faults of a third, may alienate brother from sister, parent from child, girl from her lover. Even listening to detraction should be avoided. You can show by your manner that it does not interest you, and, if you fail to turn the conversation, then silence is a good reproof, and one at which your companion cannot possibly take offense.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**BUTTERMILK.**—Few of the many ways of using buttermilk are so delicious as hung buttermilk. Fill a jelly-bag—or cloth quite free from holes—with buttermilk, which is better if it has been churned two or three days; let it hang all night, when the water will have strained out. Turn the curd that remains into a bowl, and mix

by degrees as much sweet milk or cream as will make it of the consistency of thick cream, blending it well to remove all lumps. When it is quite smooth, sweeten to taste, and add the juice of any preserve to flavor it. Whisk for five or six minutes, and pour it into a glass dish.

Another way is to hang the buttermilk all night, as before. Then blend the curds very smoothly with thick cream, and sweeten. Dissolve in milk a quarter-ounce of isinglass which has been melted over the fire, stir this into the cream, and whisk for a few minutes, then pour the mixture into a mold. When stiff, turn it out and serve. Preserve is an improvement. These are country recipes, where cream is plentiful.

Buttermilk cakes are made as follows: To one pound of sifted flour, add two teaspoonfuls of dissolved carbonate of ammonia; add as much buttermilk as will make it into a stiff dough, roll it out, and cut into cakes any shape you like. Bake in a moderately hot oven. Another way is: Mix about forty grains of carbonate of soda with a spoonful of caster-sugar, and rub these well into rather more than one pound of sifted flour; add a little salt, mix all well together, and add as much buttermilk as will make it all into a stiff dough; roll it out rather thick and form it into cakes, and put these at once into a well-heated oven. All cakes made of buttermilk should be put immediately into a well-heated oven, otherwise they will be sodden and unwholesome.

**USES FOR OLD PAPERS.**—Most housekeepers know how invaluable newspapers are for packing away the winter clothing, the printing-ink acting as a defiance to the stoutest moth, some housewives think, as successfully as camphor or tar-paper. For this reason, newspapers are invaluable under the carpet, laid over the regular carpet-paper. The most valuable quality of newspapers in the kitchen, however, is their ability to keep out the air. It is well known that ice, completely enveloped in newspapers so that all air is shut out, will keep a longer time than under other conditions; and that a pitcher of ice-water wrapped in a newspaper, with the ends of the paper twisted together to exclude the air, will remain all night in any room, in mid-summer, with scarcely any perceptible melting of the ice. These facts should be utilized oftener than they are in the care of the sick at night. In freezing ice-cream, when the ice is scarce, pack the freezer only three-quarters full of ice and salt, and finish with newspapers, and the difference in the time of freezing and quality of the cream is not perceptible from the result where the freezer is packed full of ice. After removing the dasher, it is better to cork up the cream and cover it tightly with a packing of newspapers than to use more ice. The newspapers retain the cold already in the ice better

than a packing of cracked ice and salt, which must have crevices to admit the air.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Test Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### RECEIPTS FOR THANKSGIVING.

**To Roast a Turkey.**—Pluck, singe, draw, wipe thoroughly, and truss a fine turkey, stuff it with plain forcemeat, pack it up in some thin slices of fat bacon, and over that a sheet of buttered paper, roast before a clear fire, basting frequently with butter. A quarter of an hour before it is done, remove the paper and slices of bacon. Sprinkle with salt just before serving. Garnish with pork sausages, and serve with a boat of gravy. Time of roasting, two to three hours.

**Forcemeat.**—Take one part of finely-shredded suet and two parts of breadcrumb, season with pepper, salt, powdered spices, sweet herbs, and finely-minced parsley; mix all well together, then add as many eggs as will bind the ingredients together into a stiff paste.

**Boiled Turkey.**—Wash the turkey in tepid water, and rub it all over with lemon-juice; then put it into a saucepan full of boiling water, with a large piece of butter, a couple of onions, a head of celery, some sliced carrots, a bunch of parsley and sweet herbs, whole pepper, mace, cloves, and salt to taste. Let it boil slowly, and remove carefully any scum that may rise. Serve with oyster sauce or a purée of celery.

**Plum-Pudding.**—Two pounds of flour, two pounds of breadcrumb, suet weighing two pounds after being finely chopped, two pounds of well-washed and picked clean Sultana raisins, two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped, one pound of moist sugar, one pound of molasses, half a nutmeg grated; no currants, no eggs; one pound of orange and lemon peel, minced fine; enough milk to be blended with the molasses to mix the whole together rather firm and stiff, which should make several small puddings and two of large size. Cook the large ones in boiling water four hours; the smaller puddings two hours each. Do not remove the pudding-cloths from the puddings not wanted for the day's consumption.

**Oyster Sauce.**—Parboil about two dozen oysters in their own liquor, beard them, and reserve all the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a little flour, the oyster liquor, and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay-leaf tied together, pepper and salt to taste, and the least bit of cayenne. Let the sauce come to the boil, add the oysters, and, as soon as they are quite hot, remove the mace and bay-leaf. Stir in a few drops of lemon-juice and serve.

**Purée of Celery.**—Boil two or three heads of celery in salted water, with a bunch of sweet herbs and some whole pepper and salt to taste;

when thoroughly done, pass them through a hair sieve. Melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, mix a tablespoonful of flour with it, then add the celery-pulp, stir, and dilute to the proper consistency with milk or cream.

The phenomenal success of Durkee's Salad-Dressing as an article of food is abundant proof of its intrinsic merit. No disappointment follows the use of this unrivaled preparation; and, as it will keep in good condition for years, we are sure all good housekeepers will save themselves labor, time, money, and patience by providing themselves with this economical luxury.

### FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE SERGE. The front of the skirt has a band at the bottom, trimmed with several rows of white military braid. The back falls in straight plaits and is untrimmed. The bodice is slightly full at the waist, and has a Zouave jacket ornamented with several rows of the braid. There are two sets of sleeves—the upper one rather loose and reaching to just below the elbow, the lower one being braided to where it meets the upper sleeve. Gilt braid might be substituted for the white, adding much to the dressy effect of the costume.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE CLOTH. The skirt is faced on either side of the front with steel-blue cloth, and the petticoat is of the steel-blue, trimmed with a passementerie of the color of the dress. Dark-red Polish jacket, ornamented with braiding and having a narrow band of gray Astrakhan placed just inside of the edge of the jacket. Toque of steel-blue cloth, trimmed with feather to match and dark-red velvet.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE CASHMERE. The skirt is slightly draped in front, and edged with a band of dark-red cashmere. The bodice is composed of silk of a very large plaid. The full sleeves have cuffs of the dark-red cashmere.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF SERPENT-GREEN CLOTH. It opens on the left side over a white cloth, striped with shades of green. The vest is of the same material. The bodice crosses in front, and, like the skirt, is trimmed with green passementerie of the color of the cloth. Long boa, of mink fur. Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with a long curling ostrich-plume and a bird.

FIG. V.—COAT, OF LARGE PLAID TWEED. It is long, and buttons down the front. It has two capes, which may be buttoned to the coat and removed at pleasure. Short fur boa. Hat of fawn-colored felt, trimmed with a large bird.

FIG. VI.—COAT, OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED. It is rather close-fitting at the back, loose and double-breasted in front. Cuffs, pockets, collar,

and straps finished with machine-stitching. Felt hat, trimmed with plaid ribbon.

FIG. VII.—BODICE FOR THE HOUSE, OF DARK-RED MOUSSELINE DE LAINE, ornamented with black velvet threaded through the red. The bows on the shoulders and sleeves are of black velvet. The bottom of the jacket and the sleeves are trimmed with black lace.

FIG. VIII.—JACKET, OF GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with black braid. The back, lappels, Medici collar, and sleeves are of gray Astrakhan.

FIG. IX.—HAT, OF DARK-BROWN VELVET, embroidered around the crown in gold. The brim is fluted, and it is trimmed with brown velvet ribbon.

FIG. X.—NEW-STYLE BODICE. Both skirt and bodice are of dark-green delaine. The bodice is full, back and front, from the neck to the waist. The sleeves are full, and trimmed—like the collar—with gold-braid passementerie. Waistband of green satin.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF DARK-BLUE LADY'S-CLOTH. The plain skirt is trimmed with several rows of narrow braid. The jacket is cut in a point in front, and has a long skirt attached below the waist. It is double-breasted, has a deep collar and lappels, and opens over a cream-colored foulard shirt-front. Loose sleeves. Hat of dark-blue velvet, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DARK-RED STRIPED CASHMERE. The skirt is made bias—quite plain in front, and full at the back. It is ornamented on the left side with flat bows of black velvet. The bodice is cut bias—plain on the left side, and draped on the right—and has a small plastron and half-collar of écaré embroidery. The full sleeves have very deep cuffs of the embroidery.

FIG. XIII.—JACKET, MADE CLOSE-FITTING, OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH, edged with brown cord. The lining of the high collar, the plastron, cuffs, and lower part of the basque are all braided with brown-and-gold cord. The sleeves and upper vest are of dark-brown velvet. Figured material can be used in place of the braiding.

FIG. XIV.—SLEEVE, COMPOSED OF CASHMERE, the velvet extending down the back of the arm. A key-pattern trimming of velvet is placed near either edge of the cashmere.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, OF CREAM-COLORED CLOTH, embroidered in gold and trimmed with loops of golden-brown velvet ribbon and a white bird.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE FOR HOUSE-DRESS, OF STRAWBERRY-COLORED BENGALINE. It has plaited black lace inserted on the back of the sleeve, and black lace ruffle at the hand. A silver cord or pipings outline the black lace and run down the side-seam. Large enameled button.

FIG. XVII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE FOULARD, figured with lilac sprays. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with several rows of

lilac satin ribbon, and slightly draped on the left side. The bodice is full and crossed under a sash-belt of lilac satin, and large loops of lilac satin ribbon escape on each side from underneath the raised box-plait of the elbow sleeve.

FIG. XVIII.—CLOAK, OF SMOKE-GRAY CLOTH, made double-breasted. The wide sleeves and revers are faced with gray silk. Cords and tassels ornament the cloak.

FIG. XIX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DULL TERRA-COTTA WOOLEN. It opens at the left side over black silk, and is edged with a very narrow gimp of the same color. The bodice, sleeves, and two capes are trimmed with the narrow gimp. Jabot of cream-colored Spanish lace. Hat of black felt, trimmed with a terra-cotta feather.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is impossible to say that any one color is more fashionable than another, for each woman selects that which is the most becoming—or should do so—or which strikes her fancy most. Dahlia and shades of violet are popular, as are dull-reds, while blue and green always keep their places. Plaids are much worn; but short persons should be careful to employ them only as trimmings, and that sparingly. Then of course are all the grades of grays and of browns, from delicate fawn to the darkest shade.

*Rough woolens* are still fashionable, though many new smooth-faced cloths have appeared. These have a more dressy appearance than the rougher material.

But *slight changes* have taken place in the make of dresses. The back-breadths still fall plain and straight, but are made quite full. The small pad or cushion, which was generally abandoned last spring, has been revived so as to throw the skirt out slightly at the back, and in front a little drapery is often seen—very little, but enough to give an easier and more graceful fit to the skirt.

*Little trimming* is seen as yet on skirts: rows of velvet, ribbon, braid, or passementerie being generally used; though, for thin materials, one or two flounces, put on in wavy lines or festoons, and dotted with roses or bows of ribbon at the top, have appeared in evening-dresses for young women.

*Braiding* is a popular ornament for woolen dresses, especially for out-of-door wear. In some of the imported dresses and wraps, the sleeves are covered with braiding, giving the appearance of warmth to the garment. If braiding the garment will take too much time, passementerie may be applied in its place. Gold and silver braids are popular.

*Bodices* are cut so as to give a slender effect to the figure, and look long-waisted even when worn with a belt or sash. The tailor-made ones fit closely, but are frequently trimmed with braid or passementerie, while others have some fullness at shoulders or waist or both. Many

bodices are composed of two materials; some are open over a chemisette, or are trimmed with fichus.

*Round waists*, pointed waists cut in either sharp or dull points, habit-skirts, and jacket-skirts are all worn on the winter bodices.

*Sleeves* are all rather high and loose at the arm-hole, but generally rather tight on the lower arm, and quite long. Epaulettes, bows of ribbon, and many other devices are used to give the desired largeness to the top of sleeves, and are admirable in helping to renew old dresses. Cuffs on the sleeves are not as much worn as formerly, though they are not abandoned, and serve to lengthen old sleeves. Velvet sleeves are much used in silk or woolen gowns; and the collar, cuffs, and plastron are of velvet also.

*Velvet jackets* are also used to smarten up old gowns, and are usually round and cut away from the front.

*Jackets* show more changes than gowns, as they are growing longer and have straight fronts and skirts, though the jaunty shorter jacket is still liked more by many persons, as the longer jacket is unbecoming to all figures.

*Long coats*, which quite envelop the figure, will not be abandoned; they are too comfortable and useful. They usually fit the figure, though loosely, and may have capes to be removed at pleasure.

*Mantles and capes* are also made longer, cut high on the shoulders, and some have long ends in front.

*Bonnets* are usually small, while the style of hats is left to the discretion of the wearer, as they are equally fashionable whether large or small.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF FOREST-GREEN CLOTH, with beaver collar and cuffs. Belt of Russia leather. The knickerbocker trousers are loose, for tricycling. Dark-green felt hat.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF GRAY WOOLEN. The skirt is trimmed with five rows of machine-stitching around the bottom, and with a row of gray horn buttons down the left side. The plain bodice laces at the back. Jacket of gray velvet, of a darker shade than the frock, and the revers are faced with gray silk. Gray felt hat, trimmed with dark-gray velvet ribbon.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S COSTUME. The coat is of fawn-colored lady's-cloth, with three capes, each one outlined with two or three rows of gold braid or machine-stitching. The turned-down collar, lappels, and cuffs are of either black velvet or fur to match the muff. Hat of fawn-colored felt, with dark-brown feather.

FIG. IV.—POLISH CAP, OF BLACK ASTRAKHAN AND GREEN CLOTH, for a boy.

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Beautiful Bessie  
Be gone dull care  
Bell Brandon  
Ben Bolt  
Bessy's mistake  
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Bowwow  
Birds in the night  
Blue-eyed Mary  
Blue-eyed Milly  
Blue-eyed Susan  
Blue tail fly  
Bold privateer  
Bonnie doon  
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Broke old oak  
Broken yoke  
Brose and butter  
Bruce's address  
Bryan O'Ryan  
Buy a broom  
Callie Herring  
Castilian maid  
Castles in the air  
Charity  
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY, I WAIT FOR

Chevalier's lament  
Clare de kitchen  
Coal black rose  
Colleen Bawn  
Come back to Erin  
Concealment  
Dorothy the blast  
Dearest Mae  
Departed days  
Deserted Astore  
Ding-dong, bell  
Don't come late  
Dream is past  
Emerald Isle  
Far of thee  
Fairy tempter  
Farwell ladies  
Farmer's boy  
Finigan's wake  
Flies as a bird  
Flying trapeze  
Garibaldi hymn  
Ginger's wedding  
Girls and boys  
Give a kiss to me  
Green sleeves  
Gumbo chaff  
Hail Columbia  
Happy thought  
Highland Mary  
KATIE, I WAIT FOR

600  
MULTUM IN PARVO  
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In the starlight  
I wish you well  
I won't be a nun  
Jim along Josey  
Jim Brown  
Jim crick corn  
Jim Crow  
Johnny Cope  
Johnny Sands  
Jolly daisy  
Jolly miniature  
Jonny Baker  
Juanita  
Kathleen Aroon  
Katie's letter  
Killarney  
Kitty of Coleraine  
Knight errant  
Lancashire lass  
Lanigan's ball  
Law  
Life let us cherish  
Little barefoot  
Little bo-peep  
Little boy blue  
Little sunbeam  
Long tail blue  
Long, weary day  
Louisiana belle

Love's ritornella  
Lubly Dine  
Maggie Lauder  
Maggie's secret  
Maiden's prayer  
Mary Morrison  
Mary of Argyle  
Medical student  
Mellow horn  
Men of Harlech  
Minstrel  
Minstrel boy  
Minstrel's return  
Miss Lucy Long  
Miss Winkle  
Modest bachelor  
Molly Bawn  
Molly Malone  
Murmuring sea  
Mush, mush  
Musical wife  
My ain country  
My country  
My heart is true  
My Nannie, O!  
My pretty pearl  
National debt  
No one to love  
Not married yet  
O baby mine  
KATIE, I WAIT FOR

Old Ian Tucker  
Old Grimes  
Old Ireland for'er  
Old Joe  
Old King Cole  
Old King Crow  
Old kitchen clock  
Old maid's ball  
Old oaken bucket  
Old Tubal Cain  
Ole gray goose  
Ole pec de  
O Mr. Coon!  
Origin of the harp  
Our little queen  
Over there  
Past  
Pilot  
Poachers  
Polly  
Poor old maids  
Queer little man  
Quitting party  
Reel o' Bogie  
Red, red rose  
Resolve  
Robin Adair  
Robinson Crusoe  
Rock-a-bye baby  
Rollicking rama  
Rural felicity  
Seaside cottage  
Settin' on a rail  
Shabby gentiel  
Shule agh  
Solomon's temple  
Squeak the fife  
Standard-bearer  
Stannie watch  
Stoppa knocking  
Sweet Kitty May  
Sweet long ago  
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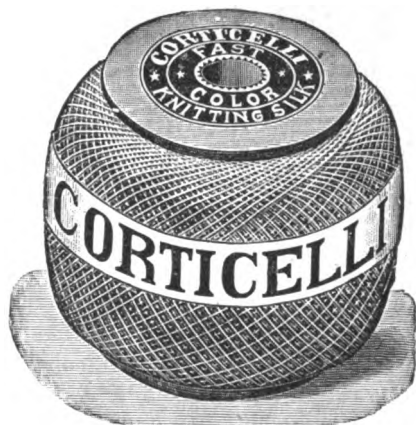
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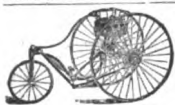
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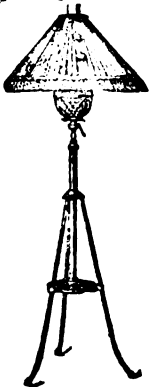
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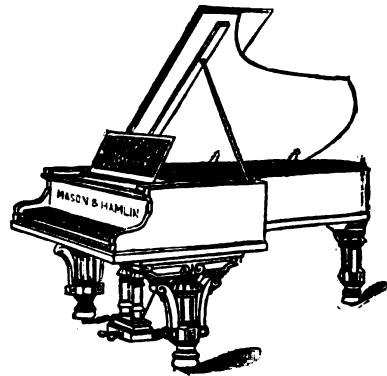
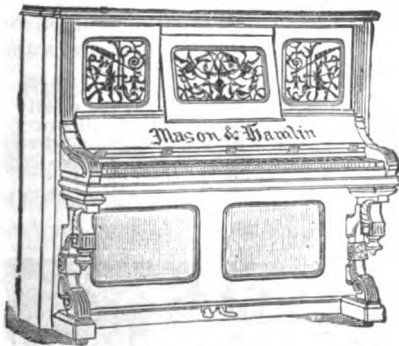
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## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1890.

Some Ice-Carnival Sketches. By Harriet Latham (Illustrated), . . . . .	519	Along Lake Como. By Olney Towne (Illustrated), . . . . .	559
Life's Web—A Poem. By Mrs. A. A. Simmons, . . . . .	524	The Captive King of the Forest—A Poem. By Letitia Virginia Douglas, . . . .	563
A Diverting Acquaintance. By Dorothy Ridgewood, . . . . .	525	A Problem Never Solved. By Edgar Fawcett, . . . . .	564
Immortality—A Poem, . . . . .	531	Hope and Trust—A Poem, . . . . .	569
Between Two Fires. By Miss Kent, . .	532	Harmony in Furnishing. By L. E. Chittenden, . . . . .	570
"Some Fun with Mehitable." By Elva J. Smith, . . . . .	542	Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc., etc. By Emily H. May (Illustrated), . .	572
On Christmas Eve—A Poem. By Arthur Lewis Tubbs, . . . . .	544	Editorial Chit-Chat, . . . . .	581
From Christmas to Christmas. By E. C. Creighton (Illustrated), . . . . .	545	Notices of New Books, . . . . .	582
Keep Faith!—A Poem. By Lucien Arnold, .	551	Our Arm-Chair, . . . . .	583
Never Despair—A Poem. By Mrs. Pidsley, .	551	Our New Cook-Book, . . . . .	583
An Unforeseen Crisis. By Frank Lee Benedict, . . . . .	552	Fashions for December (Illustrated), .	584
		Our Paris Letter. By Lucy H. Hooper, .	586
		Children's Fashions (Illustrated), . . .	586



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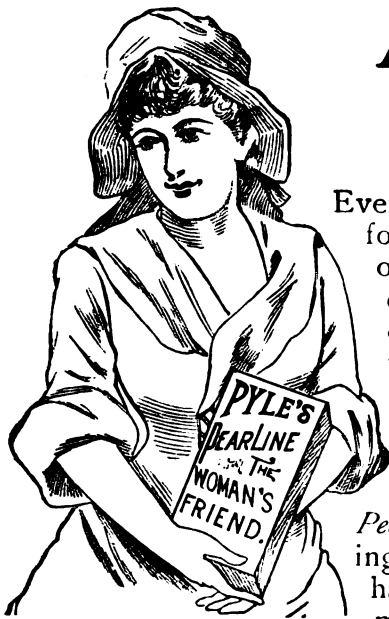
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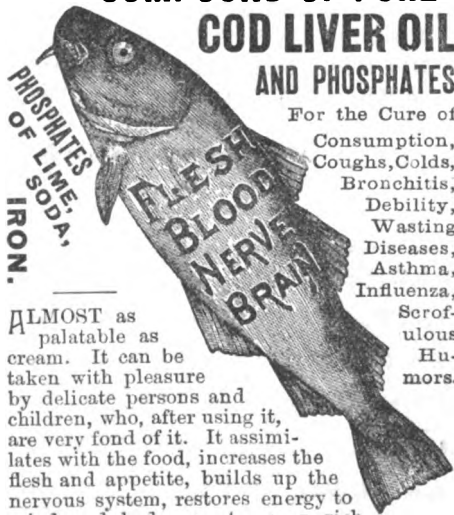
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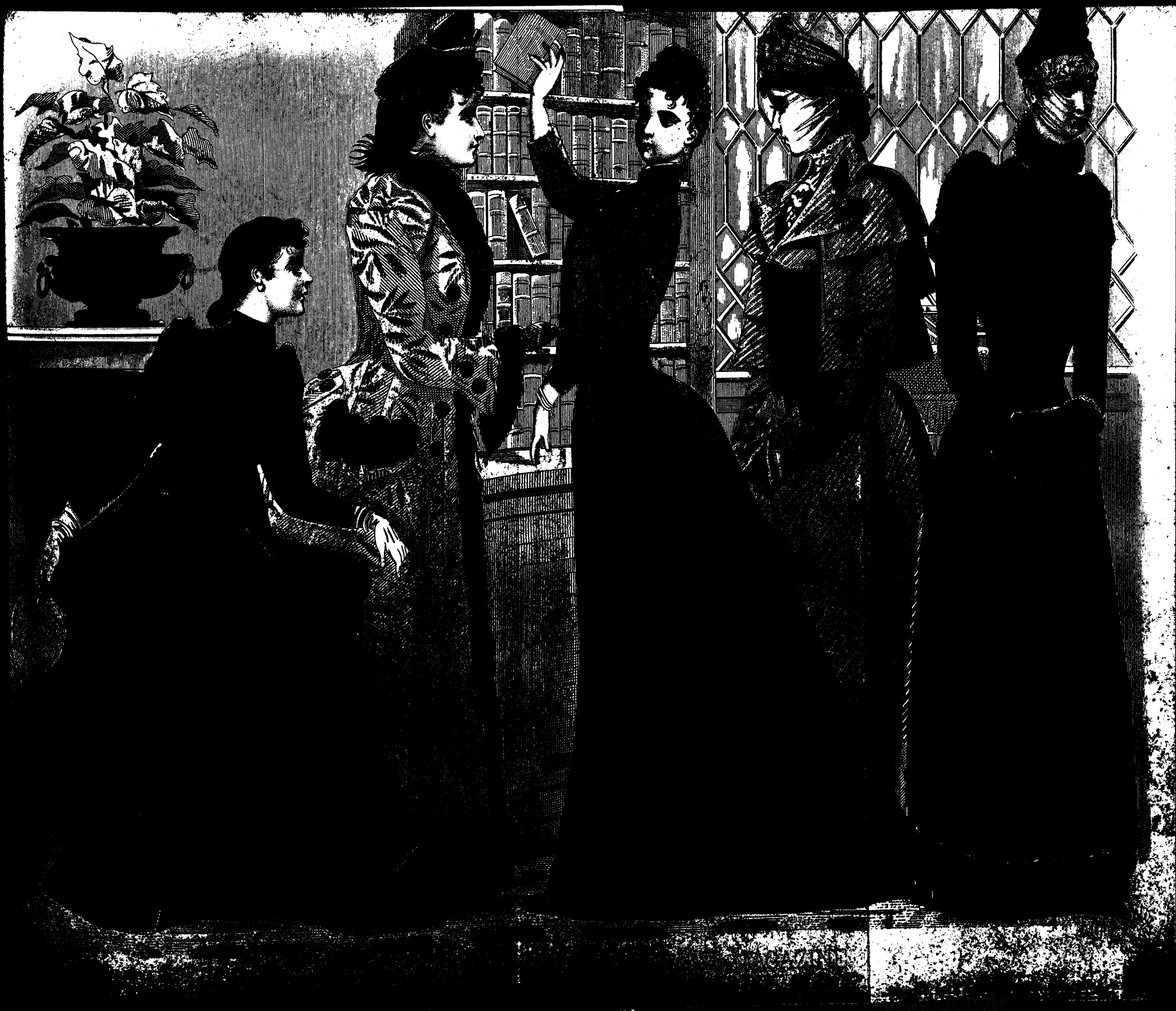


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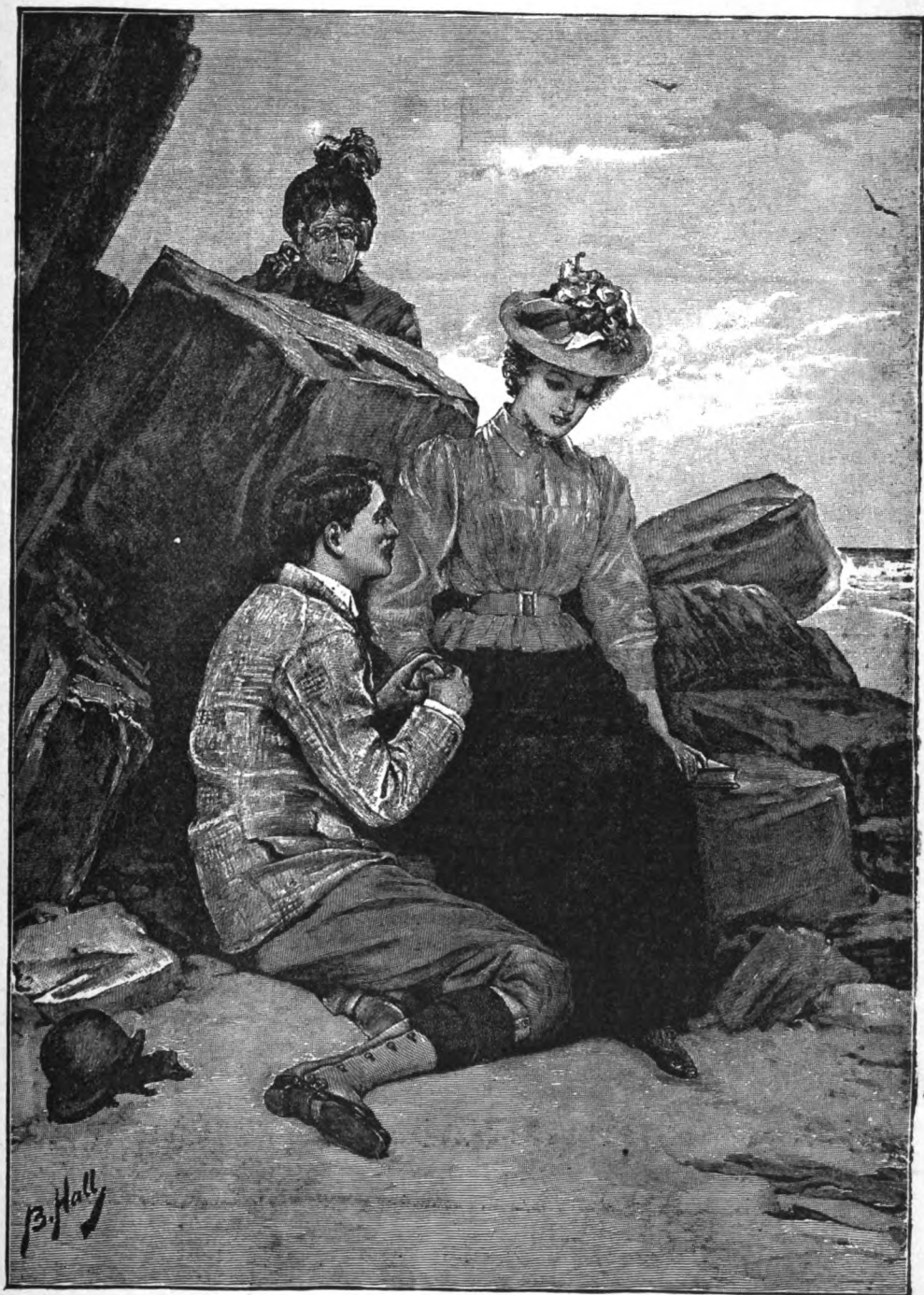




DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY FOR A TIDY OR CUSHION FOR A BAMBOO







AN IMPENDING STORM.



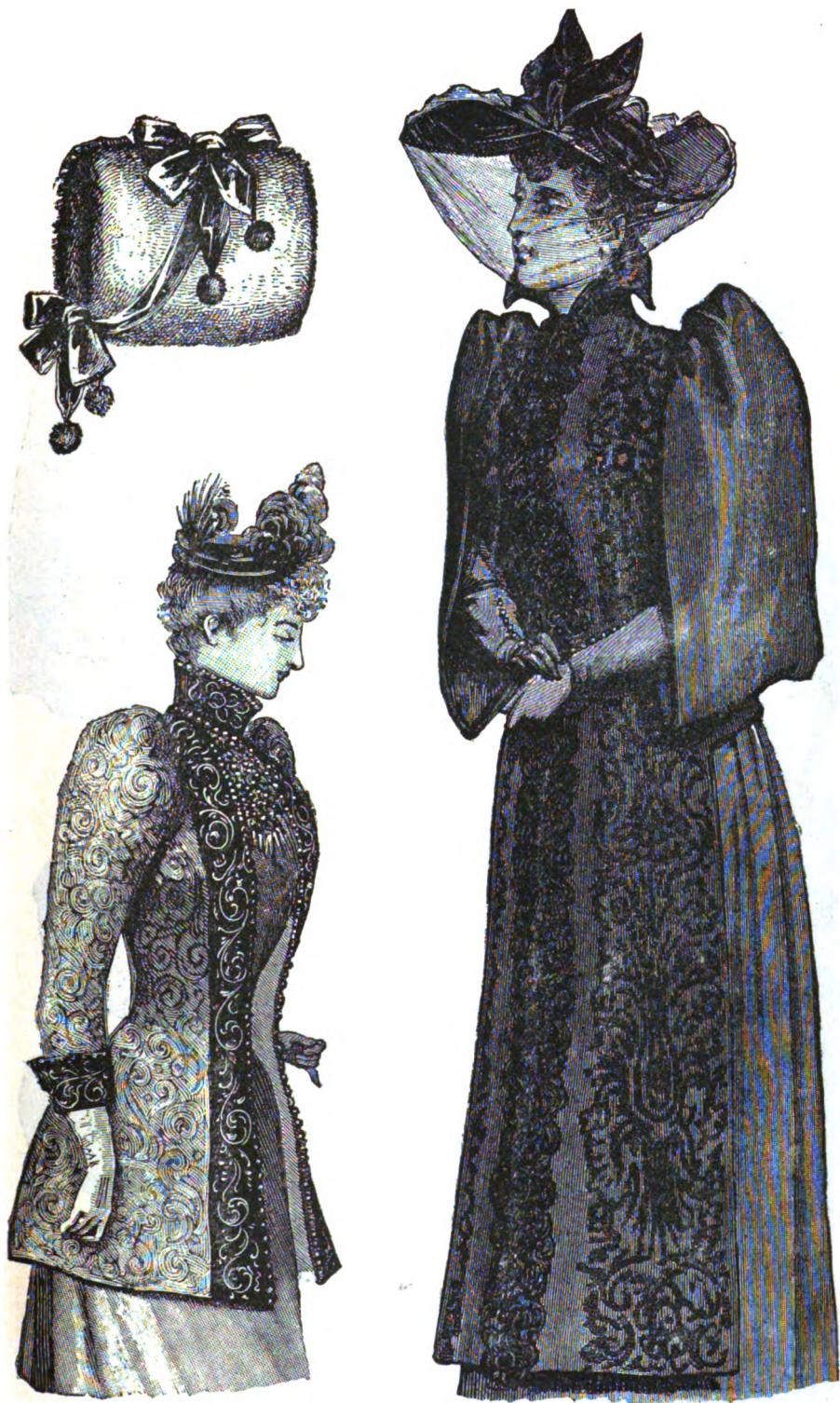


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.





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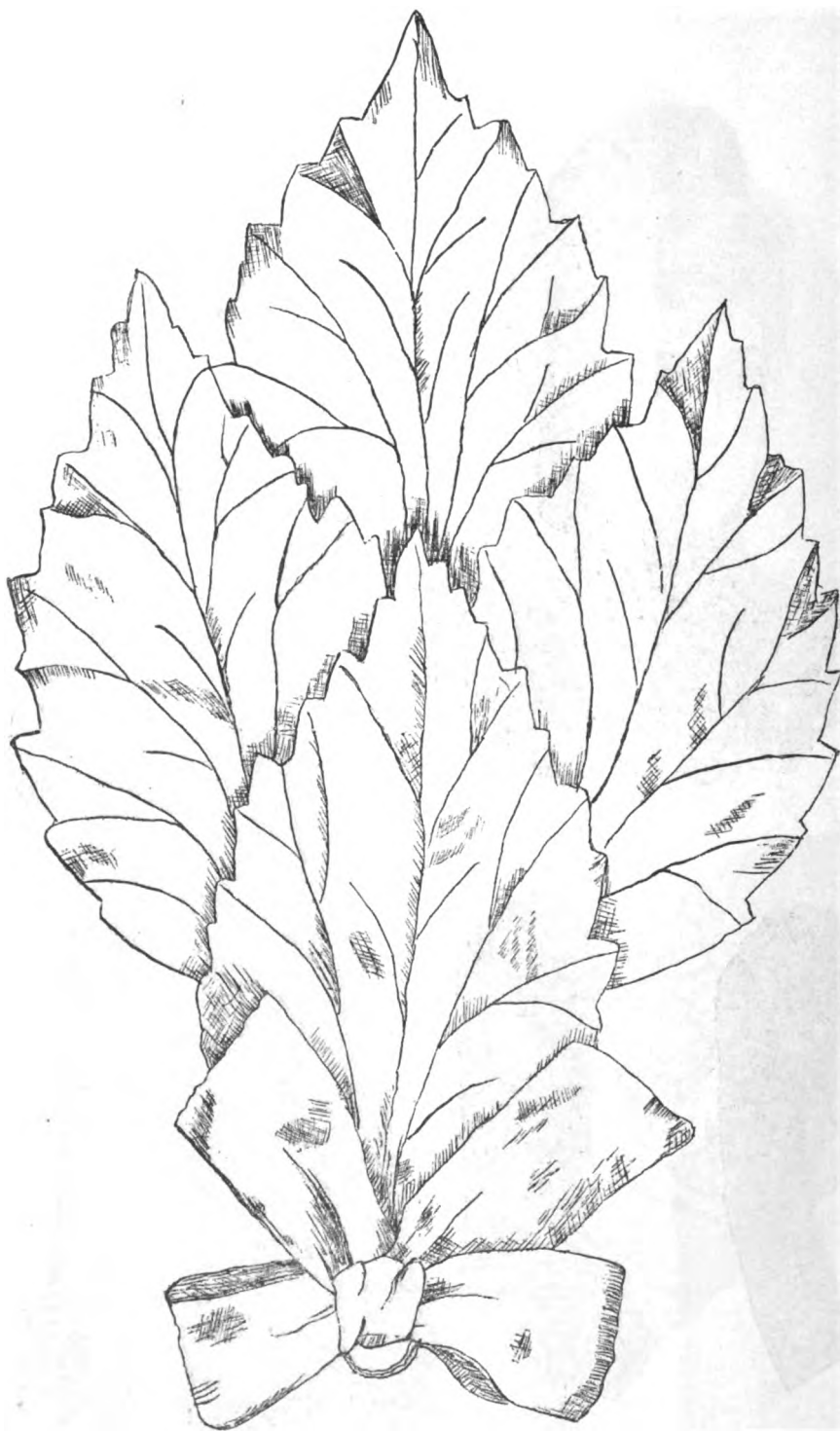




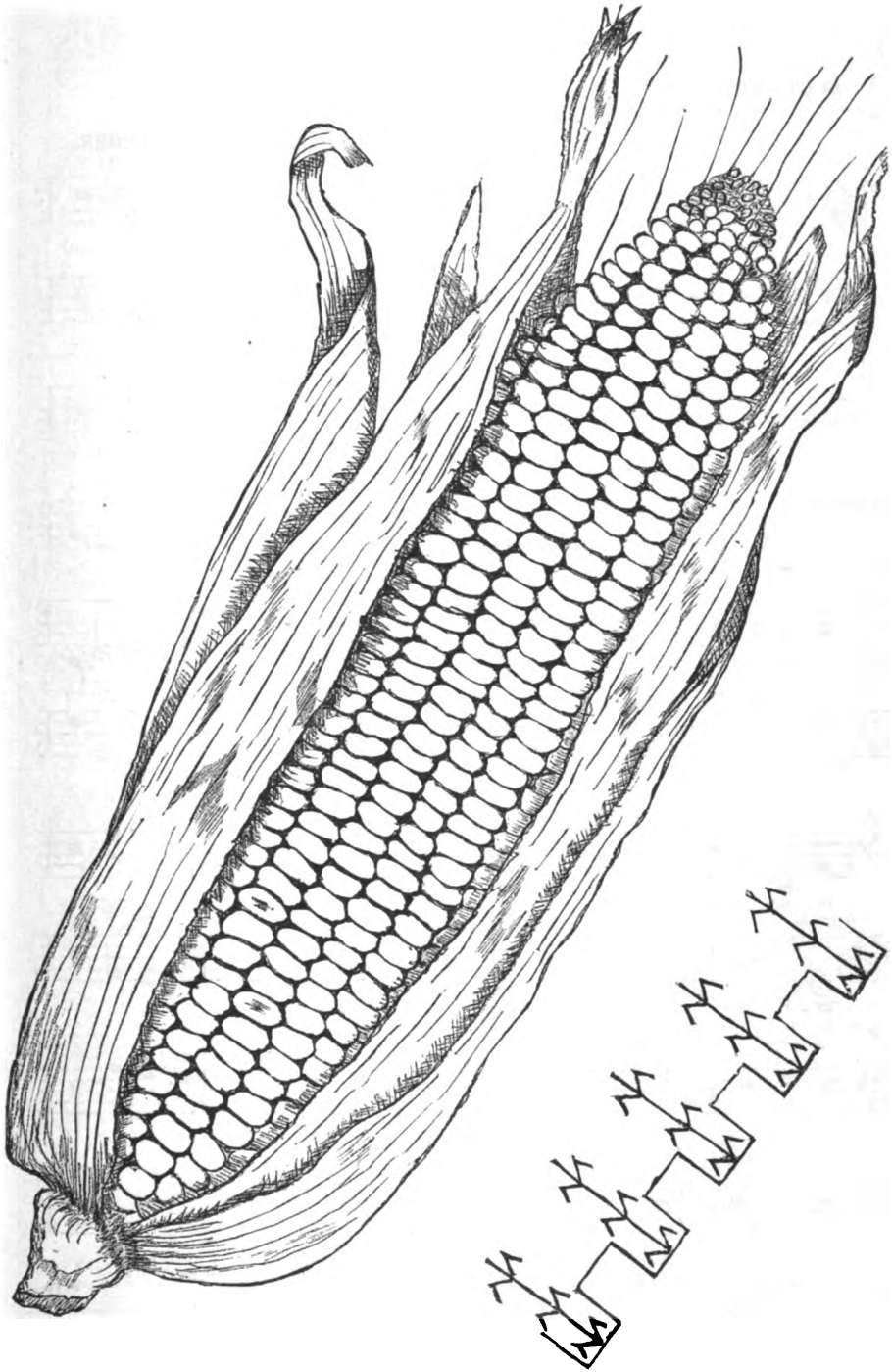
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DESIGN FOR A CORN-NAPKIN.

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FOR SOPRANO OR TENOR.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

By I. E. KOCHERSPERGER.

*Lento.*

Voice. 

Thou Ho - ly! Thou Ho - ly, and



mer - ci - ful bless - ing; O hear us! O hear us! and lead us to



Je - sus. Thou Ho - ly! Thou Ho - ly, and mer - ci - ful bless - ing, pro -



tect us, pro - tect us, pro - tect us all from sin. Love o - ver -

# CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

cast - ing, Faith ev - er - last - ing, Thou hast all for

The first system of the musical score for 'CHRISTMAS PRAYER.' It features a vocal line in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The vocal line has lyrics: 'cast - ing, Faith ev - er - last - ing, Thou hast all for'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

us when we love thee. Love o - ver - cast - ing, Faith ev - er -

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'us when we love thee. Love o - ver - cast - ing, Faith ev - er -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

last - ing, O hear us, hear us when we plead to Thee!

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics: 'last - ing, O hear us, hear us when we plead to Thee!'. The piano accompaniment features more active movement in the right hand towards the end of the system.

We plead to Thee! We plead to Thee!

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line repeats the phrase 'We plead to Thee! We plead to Thee!'. The piano accompaniment concludes with sustained chords in the right hand and moving lines in the left hand.





ON A FROZEN LAKE IN HOLLAND.

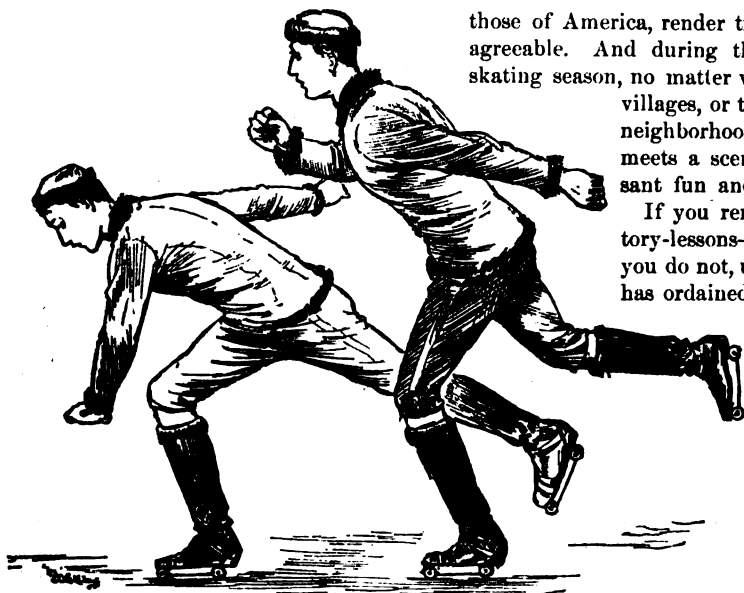
# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 6.

## SOME ICE-CARNIVAL SKETCHES.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



SKATING-MATCH.

those of America, render traveling easy and agreeable. And during the sleighing and skating season, no matter whether in towns, villages, or the most secluded neighborhoods, the wanderer meets a scene of fairly incessant fun and jollity.

If you remember your history-lessons—which of course you do not, unless unkind fate has ordained you a teacher or a scribbler of general miscellany—you know that, ever since the middle of the fifteenth century, each successive generation of Dutchmen has been kept busy draining the countless lakes which stua

THE outside world is given to regarding the inhabitants of Holland as a slow sombre nation, with little taste for amusement, and that of a sort as dull and leaden as their skies.

Slaves to excessive neatness the women may be, and the men rendered heavy by over-indulgence in tobacco and schnapps; but one has only to visit this quaintest of countries during the winter, as I did a few years since, to discover that, at least while snow and ice hold their reign, no carnival-loving Southern land could be gayer.

In these days, even in Holland, one may go everywhere by railways, which, though they make slow progress compared with

the land, and converting them into rich pasture-fields. Mynheer's most wonderful achievement in that line was the drainage of the vast lake of Haarlem, by which fifty thousand acres were rendered available for tillage.

Having displayed my knowledge—derived from the guide-book—let me add from personal observation that there are still scores of those pretty meers left untouched; and for weeks and weeks, during a favorable winter, each of these sheets becomes a great skating-rink.

The illustration on the opposite page gives a capital representation of a festivity on one of the frozen lakes, the like of which I wit-



nessed over and over, in my wanderings during the two memorable months I spent in that dyke-defended region, than which no more wonderful monument of human perseverance and skill can be found in the length and breadth of our planet.

A favorite amusement is the skating in a line, holding to each other's dress or coat, after the manner of a party descending a Swiss glacier. The quaintness of the cos-

ups of the beverage "which cheers but not inebriates." Tea, schnapps, beer, delicious pastry, and marvelous cakes are drunk and eaten in abundance. Besides the refreshment-tents, there are always numerous booths for the sale of all manner of fancy and household articles, which give the place the appearance of a fair.

On a moonlight night, the fun waxes so fast and furious as to defy description.



CANADIAN WINTER COSTUMES.

tumes, the prevailing appearance of robust health among all ages and classes, and the extreme prettiness of the youthful maidens render the scene as delightful as it is novel to the foreign traveler. The young gentleman, as well as the peasants, mingle freely in the sport, while the elderly dames sit about in gayly-decorated sledges, each lady attended by a cavalier or a servant, and indulge in decorous gossip and unnumbered

There is only one country I have visited which can offer an exhibition of the sort, and that is Canada. The ice-carnival of Montreal has become so celebrated that everybody has either shared in its diversions or read so much about them that any attempt at an account thereof would be—well, a "twice-told tale" or a "chestnut," according to whether you prefer a poetical quotation or a bit of modern slang.



THE BABIES OF THE SHOW.

To me, next to a horse-race, a skating-match is the most exciting sight imaginable. I shall never forget the trial of skill between two young fellows which the sketch given me by an artist friend helps to keep vivid in my memory. They were splendid specimens of physical development, and looked handsome enough, in their short coats, breeches, high boots, and fur caps, to have served a sculptor as models for a couple of youthful Scandinavian gods.

They seemed the very incarnation of strength and agility, as they skimmed along; now one in advance, now the other getting a little the advantage—every muscle strained, every nerve quivering. No two wild horses out on the steppes of Tartary could have more thoroughly enjoyed a mad race than they evidently did theirs.

I open my book of drawings and photographs and select sketches at random, each picture calling up memories of some gay scene and some knot of agreeable acquaintances.

Nothing could be more appropriate and effective than the costumes so generally worn by men, women, and children while participating in the ice-frolics. The group presented here was in many respects a typical one, though perhaps rather more than ordinarily striking. The man—a colonel in a crack regiment—looked born to wear a tunic, clocked stockings, and a cap with a long red tassel, and he sped about on his snow-shoes with an ease and lightness which roused the admiration even of the initiated, and filled ignorant strangers like myself with unbounded wonder. His wife was a noticeably graceful creature, and she never looked better than in her short skirts and rich fur-lined cloak. Their trio of pretty children, in the most

effective of costumes, completed a picture as attractive as the imagination of a great painter could have devised.

A snow-shoe race between children is a spectacle worth a long journey to witness. I have forgotten whether the rival little racers in my sketch were boys or girls, and there is nothing distinctive about their dress by which to tell. The babies in the sledge were the sweetest, merriest pair of tots I ever met, and they belonged to a lady so charming that she deserved to possess two such treasures.

Next, I come on a picture of a snow-shoe walking-match, which brings up one of the very brightest of my Canadian souvenirs. By the way, I suppose most persons nowadays know how these snow-shoes are manufactured; still, there must be those who do not, and would be glad of some brief information, and, anyway, I want to air my own on the subject—I mean, my borrowed knowledge, for I am going to quote a description that is much clearer than any I could give:

"A snow-shoe is made of an ash bow, anywhere from fiftysix to sixtyeight inches in length and an inch wide. It is bent into an oval and braced by two wooden slats, and then woven over with a net-work of strips of rawhide that are about three-eighths of



CHILDREN'S SNOW-SHOE RACE.

an inch thick. On this are two straps suggestive of the old-fashioned heel-and-toe skate-straps, but different in that they serve to secure the toe alone to the shoe."

The skill attained by the wearers of this remarkable species of foot-gear is fairly incredible to a person unfamiliar with their use. Not only will an adept tramp for leagues on his snow-shoes, go shooting, run races, but he can dance, apparently with no more effort than if he were clad

I thought this a tolerable strain on my power of belief; but, before I had exhausted my wondering exclamations, he began to make light of the performance, as something scarcely worth mentioning—which indeed it was not, compared with the anecdote he next recalled for my benefit: a brother of his had once walked forty miles in ten hours, and danced all night at a ball after reaching his journey's end.

But, though the exercise looks so easy,



WALKING-MATCH WITH SNOW-SHOES.

in pumps and waltzing over a waxed floor. Indeed, after watching the exploits of an expert, one is ready to believe the most astounding stories related of feats performed, though some of the tales vouched for by persons of undoubted veracity sound really worthy of Baron Munchausen himself.

One of these chroniclers assured me that, on a certain occasion, being obliged to summon a physician for some member of his family, he accomplished the trip—somewhat over nine miles—in less than an hour.

as one watches big and little skimming away with the speed and grace of a herd of antelopes, I can certify that nothing will so effectually crush the conceit out of woman or man as attempting to acquire the art of snow-shoe locomotion. However, I do not care to dwell on my personal efforts in that line, and will only counsel the novice to make his first essay unaided and safely out of sight even of a stray rabbit.

But, if snow-shoe races must remain unattainable to the stranger, the ice-carnivals



ICE-CARNIVAL, AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.





afford numerous amusements in which the uninitiated may share. Chief among these is tobogganing. One's initial experience on a toboggan-slide can never be forgotten. The sensation of being carried a quarter of a mile in less than nine seconds is not easy to describe, and it requires nerve and courage to undertake. My own opinion was that nothing short of a ride on a streak of lightning could compare with it.

The passion for ice-carnivals has grown rapidly in our era. During the last few years, the festivals in St. Paul have fairly rivaled those of Montreal. I am told that there are at least fifty tobogganing clubs in the city, with a membership exceeding seven thousand, and that in every town and village there are from one to four similar organizations.

A friend sent me a printed list of rules for the guidance and protection of tobogganers, which was worthy of the lamented Artemus Ward. Among them were the following directions:

"If your wife accompanies you, she can be of great service in drawing the toboggan back up the slide. Always leave the slide where you found it, as it belongs to the carnival association. Always stand at the top of the slide; by doing so, you will avoid confusion and broken limbs. Never dispute the right of way with an approaching toboggan, if you are standing on the slide."

The closing bit of counsel would seem superfluous to any young lady who happens to possess that doubtful blessing—a brother. It runs in this wise: "Never take your sister for an evening's tobogganing; take some other fellow's sister."

Even conservative London, last season, indulged in what it somewhat grandiloquently termed "an international ice-carnival." It took place at Albert Hall, in aid of one of the West End hospitals, and proved a very pretty fête, though of course the snow was conspicuous by its absence. The stalls for the sale of refreshments and fancy articles were in the shape of cabins, on the roofs of which hung thick masses of artificial snow, and many of the ladies in charge were attired in Polish and Russian costumes. The great building was gayly decorated with the flags of all nations, and the walls covered with effective winter scenes. The conservatory was set apart for skating, snow-shoe matches, and similar sports. It is true, the snow was composed of saw-dust; but nevertheless the racing and sleighing were carried on with pronounced success. The snow-shoe race over hurdles was described as especially diverting, and, to judge from the illustration, it must have been as odd and laughter-provoking a spectacle as any real ice-carnival ever managed to produce.

## LIFE'S WEB.

BY MRS. A. A. SIMMONS

I stood by the sad-eyed weaver old,  
While a pitiful story of life he told;  
Watching the shuttle go and come,  
And the mottled web as it grew in the loom.

'Twas a checkered life of joys and tears,  
Of toil and want in declining years,  
Of blighted hopes, of crosses and care,  
With touches of sunlight here and there.

And, watching, I mused in thoughtful way  
At the sporting colors, like elves at play;  
And feared the markings of lively hue  
Would not be as plenty, the whole piece through.

My carpet, I said, is a symbol of life,  
With its fitful markings of joy and strife.  
A thread of sorrow, a thread of bliss,  
Make up "life's web" of hit and miss.

Constant and silent, as hours go by,  
Life's loom is at work, and its shuttles fly;  
We are spinners all, both day and night,  
And the thread we are spinning is dull or bright.

Like a journal of life, the fabric will read;  
And happy the excellent spinner indeed,  
When his piece is unrolled, if he find therein  
He has furnished the weaver more good than sin.

For we're told the kind old weaver grieves  
O'er the careless spinning of thread he weaves  
In the fateful web of our destiny,  
That will last through the years of eternity.

The web is not finished nor cut from the loom  
Till the spinning-wheel stops at the gates of the tomb;  
And well for the life that has evenly run,  
And the pretty bright colors hold out till done.

## A DIVERTING ACQUAINTANCE.

BY DOROTHY RIDGEWOOD.



THE long green-kirtled summer is drawing to its close in stifling heat. All the season through, it has not been so sultry as are these few last days of the waning August. The hot air is heavy with the exhalations of a thousand drooping blossoms; and the ancient sun-dial, standing in the midst of a little forgotten wilderness of royal tiger-lilies, hidden from prying eyes by rows and rows of tall trimly-clipped yew hedges, marks the sunlit flight of time in sleepy golden silence.

It is a tiny three-cornered space of velvety turf and gaudy flowers, where the old ivy-twined sun-dial suavely fronts Apollo; "a box where sweets compacted lie," where winds woo one softly and happy fancies brood, and where a languid noontide hush steepens all one's drowsy senses. It is a delicious little dream of a spot, tucked in the heart of a quaint old garden, reached by an ivied gate; the birthplace of innumerable jewel-winged butterflies, haunted by honey-hunting bees, and dearly beloved of its latest invader—Faustine McAllister.

The young lady is there now, lying at ease, staring up at Old Sol through a screen of stately hollyhocks, with blinking dreamful eyes. She is just on the charmed verge of slumber-land—a second more, and she will have slipped into the softly encompassing arms of sleep; but she is roused by the sound of voices. They are distant—they are vague; but they approach nearer. The speakers themselves are concealed by the intervening hedge-rows; but a whiff of cigar-smoke proclaims their gender, though the voices are quite unknown to the girl. She does not stir. She idly hopes, whoever the intruders on her solitude may be, they will have the decency to move along and not disturb her blissful siesta. It does not occur to her to reveal her presence, nor does she consciously listen to their conversation; their words come to her clearly, distinctly, through the intense stillness of the noontide

quiet, piercing even to her half-somnolent brain.

"She is as pretty as a picture, Dennie Forrester told me, but an out-and-out little rowdy," says a strange man's voice, calmly. "He met her somewhere early in the season. Her name is Faustine—Faustine McAllister. I confess, I'm immoderately curious to see her—indeed, to see her is my chief reason for accepting Lady Banker's invitation: Low-mead is generally an awfully slow place to visit."

The girl, lazily supine among the spicy clove-pinks and mignonette, starts, colors, and pillows her warm cheek on her arm. Then, as it is forced upon her that she, and none other, is the subject of these unflattering remarks, an expression of mingled astonishment and amusement creeps into her sleepy brown eyes. She listens with languid interest for what may come next.

"But why rowdy?" queries a second voice, mildly curious, slow, drawling, and musical.

"Oh, she goes such a pace, you know," vaguely, albeit comprehensively, for the other seems to understand his friend's meaning perfectly, and acquiesces with an indolent "Ah, yes."

"She rides and shoots and swims tremendously, and cares for little else. Fairly lives in the saddle, Dennie said, and doesn't possess a decent gown to her back, unless it is riding-habits. Smokes like a drum-major, too." At this awful statement, the unseen listener struggles to a sitting posture and looks the personification of indignant horror. "She plays cards for high stakes," continues the calm voice, "and handles a cue like a professional—regularly cleaned Dennie out at billiards, don't you know, and he thinks himself rather smart at that game, you remember."

The invisible auditor curls her crimson lips and murmurs, sotto voce: "A nice player, he!" She is half reclining now, supported on her elbows, with her white babyish chin comfortably cupped in her little pink palms. Her ears burn, but—

"In short, Bertie, she is the sort of girl who is infinitely diverting as an acquaintance, but utterly impossible as one's wife—you understand?"

Apparently, Bertie does. He laughs facetiously. "Exactly, my dear fellow," he drawls; "and you see that you don't fall fathoms deep in love with her, in your usual impulsive heart-breaking style—eh, Richie?"

"Better take heed to yourself, lest you fall," retorts the man called Richie, familiarly.

"Oh, you forget—I'm spoken for, and consequently safe. That is one comfort in being engaged," with a satirical laugh, in which the other joins. Then they pass out of hearing, leaving the girl decumbent beneath the yellow hollyhocks, in a violently denunciatory mood.

Faustine is very wide awake indeed, now. Her slumberous brown eyes flash tiny flecks of golden light, and her small white teeth are clenched behind her red scornful lips. There is a vivid disk of rose-color flaming in either oval cheek. She is very angry. She would like to annihilate somebody—presumably Dennie Forrester.

"The wretch, the perfidious stupid little beast!" she ejaculates, irefully, under her breath, yet, with characteristic indolence, resuming her former lazy position. "And to think he literally crawled around this very garden, on his knees, weeping—Phœbus Apollo, you were witness of his tears!—and swearing that he loved me better than his life. Oh," breathing deeply, "the preposterously revengeful little fiend—to tell such abominable tales of me! I—I just wish I could see him for about two minutes. Yes, two minutes would satisfy me!" an ominous frown puckering her pretty arched brows. It, however, soon smooths itself away, as a baby-smile shows in the corners of her lovely mouth. "What a fool he did look!" referring, of course, to the lately quoted inforrant—Dennie Forrester. "How could I help laughing? An owl would have laughed to have seen him—he was so funny! I suppose it was my luckless mirth that rendered him so vindictively furious. Oh, dear! really, I ought not to have given way to such unseemly merriment; but he was so absurd!" struggling even now with an irresistible inclination to audible hilarity at some ridiculous scene born of memory.

Presently she grows more thoughtful—even pensive.

"A diverting acquaintance, am I?" she softly cogitates. "Well, well, it's a comfort to be desirable, even as an acquaintance. I know some people"—viciously, for Dennie Forrester is evidently in her mind—"who are not to be so much as tolerated in that capacity—the hateful creatures! And I'm utterly impossible as a wife, eh? Yes, for you, Dennie, my dear—faith, and you're right!" laughing softly.

Then Miss McAllister, vowing vengeance—not on the miserable Dennie alone, but also on the new arrivals, her fellow-guests—tranquilly renews her study of the sun, until, in a remarkably short space of time, when one considers the personal nature of her late mental disquietude, she sleeps as placidly as an infant, lulled by the droning bees among the butterflies and the flowers.

It is eight o'clock, and all the guests at Lowmead Abbey are assembled in the long drawing-room. And yet not quite all, either; for Lady Banker, the amiable and rather untidy hostess, idly swinging her big fan and keeping her eyes expectantly on the door, makes no signal to the impatient butler, who, hovering in the hall, is obviously anxious to announce dinner.

"I'm waiting for Miss McAllister," says her ladyship to Captain Bertie Bayne, with whom she is carrying on a desultory chat. "She is seldom so late."

The captain raises his blond eyebrows and bows.

"I am not acquainted with the young lady," he says, in his soft drawl. A peculiarly soft voice has the captain, for so very large a man. He is quite a blond Hercules and remarkably handsome.

"No? Well, you soon will be. You are to take her down to dinner," with the benign air of one conferring a tremendous favor.

"I shall be delighted," murmurs the captain, as in duty bound.

At ten minutes past eight, an extraordinarily beautiful girl, with a lithe and lissome figure, appears in the curtained doorway.

"Ah, here she comes," cries Lady Banker. "Faustine, my dear, you are shockingly tardy; everyone is starving. Come here, please."

The girl obeys, walking across the room

with an unhurried undulating languor, and brings up at her ladyship's elbow. In the brief time it takes her to reach them, Captain Bayne decides she is the best-dressed girl in the room.

"This is Captain Bayne. Bertie—Miss McAllister," says Lady Banker, smiling. "Faustine, the captain is your escort to-night," and then her ladyship, who is fair, fat, and undoubtedly forty, having rattled off this succinct introduction, waddles away.

Thus deserted, the captain murmurs some conventional greeting over the five listless outstretched fingers of Miss McAllister, and looks curiously down upon the girl whom he has heard so villainously described—looks, and, meeting two uplifted, magnetic golden-brown eyes, half laughing, half sombre, is straightway undone!

It is all over in the twentieth part of a second. He stands as if transfixed, and stares at her; and, as he stares—swiftly, absolutely, without let or hindrance—she walks demurely into his heart.

She wears a gown like June with all its roses, and in her left hand she holds a huge fan of downy white feathers. Her head, with its mass of short bronze-brown curls, is tilted a trifle to one side, as she regards him steadily from beneath her long lashes. The suggestion of a smile curves her lips. She is slightly withdrawn from him, and there is something in her attitude, half defiant, half indifferent, that he fails to comprehend, though he notices how it brings out the exquisite contour of her waist and shoulders and full fair throat.

"You are to take me to dinner, Lady Banker said; shall we go?" she asks, with indolent politeness, carelessly withdrawing her fingers from his unconsciously detaining clasp. "Everybody is gone, nearly."

Captain Bayne casts a quick glance around. The room is, indeed, emptied of its fan-fluttering, idly-chatting crush. He starts—great heavens, he has been lost to everything, staring at her! He flushes an unusual red, bows, offers her his arm; they follow the others to the dining-room in silence—a confused silence on the man's part, absolute tranquillity on the maiden's.

Captain Bayne is inwardly setting Dennie Forrester down as an animal with very long ears, if he calls this girl ill-dressed and rowdy. The very thought is sacrilege.

Again he meets her magnetic eyes—they are smiling innocently like a child's—and an electrical thrill sweeps through his veins.

Once the soup is served, they fall to talking naturally and pleasantly.

Miss McAllister's voice is slow, low, lazy, sweet; her words well chosen, graphic, picturesque; her intonations like an andante in music, dreamily prolonged.

At the end of the evening, the Honorable Richard Besant, intrepidly calm and extremely comely, encounters his friend, Captain Bertie Bayne, in the smoking-room. They drift into adjacent easy-chairs and proceed to smoke their night-cap cigars together.

The memory of a pair of magnetic brown eyes, and of a slow, dragging, sweet voice, haunts them both.

It is Captain Bayne who presently alludes to their late surprise and discomfiture.

"By Jove, Richie—how about that pretty Miss McAllister?" he queries, slightly malicious. "I think you called her a rowdy little thing."

Besant having completely monopolized the young lady ever since dinner, to the utter exclusion of the captain, naturally the latter is jeeringly virulent.

But the Honorable Richard is artlessly impermeable to his companion's irony.

"I'd like to punch that fool Dennie Forrester's head," he murmurs, calmly. "The girl is a beauty. Her eyes are wonderful. Never was so nearly in love with anyone before in my life. She was gowned divinely, too—did you notice?"

"Rather; I'm not a fool, if Dennie Forrester is," retorts the captain.

"Her manners are charming," continues Richie, meditatively. "A rowdy! Why, the girl has a fine-lady air, if anything. She told me she hated slang, and tip-tilted her sweet nose when I mentioned some society-girls whom she relegated to the ultima thule of 'fast.' Deuce take it! I can't conceive how Dennie blundered so outrageously. He didn't hit her off at all, and he is generally vastly discerning."

Two days later, this mystery is apparently explained; Miss McAllister carelessly yet unmistakably asserting, when questioned dexterously by the nonplused Richie, that she does not know a person yeclaped Dennie Forrester.

In the course of time, it also transpires

that Miss McAllister rides extremely well, though her conversation is never horsey; and furthermore, she casually acknowledges to having been shooting now and again, on her father's place in Ireland. When urged, she will make up a game at cards, languidly but positively declining to play for money—intimating with supreme contempt, and thereby exasperating the less particular damsels, that she considers it unfeminine and rapid. Billiards she lazily declares she can't manage—they bore her to extinction, this hot weather. In fact, the exemplary demeanor of this beautiful young woman daily proves Dennie Forrester to be a liar of the deepest dye.

The Honorable Richard has done the very thing his friend laughingly warned him against, and is head over ears in love with the fascinating Faustine. His infatuation, poor fellow, is obvious—the whole household observes it and smiles. Everybody sympathizes with him and helps him along in his love-making—everybody, that is, but his own particular friend and confidant, Captain Bayne. And it must be authentically stated that, if it were not an open secret that the gallant soldier is soon to marry a charming heiress somewhere in the north country, one might easily imagine he is trying to cut the Hon. Richie out, in the running for Miss McAllister's heart and hand—so easily is one misled, and so deceitful are appearances.

It is September—a fervid voluptuous September, “girdled and sandaled and plumed with flowers”—and most of the guests have departed from Lowmead Abbey.

The hour is noon—a most sultry noon; and the languid air in the tiny garden, where Miss McAllister has come to take leave of the sun-dial—probably, since it alone is visible—is filled with the distilled fumes from carnations and mignonette, late roses and flaming geraniums, until to breathe the mingled fragrance is a delirious joy.

The faint odor of a cigarette mixes with the heavy perfume of the flowers, yet Miss McAllister is alone. A slight, erect, graceful figure, seeming taller than usual, either by reason of her clinging riding-habit, that is wont to lend height, or because of her peculiar attitude. She is sitting on the edge of the sun-dial: one foot, in its natty Wellington boot, resting on the ground; the other, free of either skirt or earth,

swings lazily to and fro, giving a charming glimpse of a high instep, a slender ankle, and an indecorous length of boot-top. A smart chimney-pot hat, set at a rakish angle, crushes her soft curls, and the gold-brown eyes beneath its narrow stiff rim are dancing with audacious fun.

On the sun-dial beside her are carelessly grouped her riding-whip and gauntlet gloves and a leather cigarette-case with a pretty monogram in silver on its lower corner.

She is waiting for the Honorable Richard Besant. She is smoking as she waits, and in some occult fashion she conveys the impression that she is wholly amused and blissfully contented the while.

There is a sudden rush of hurrying feet among the yews, and then the young man, absurdly heated but expectantly happy, appears.

The girl does not move, except to take the half-smoked cigarette from her red smiling lips.

“Ah, I am first at the tryst—oh, most impatient of lovers!” she cries, in her soft and mocking voice.

Her brown eyes are brilliant with golden flecks, there are two seductive dimples sporting in either flushed cheek, and the outer edges of her softly ruffled curls gleam with gold-tinged threads as the hot sun searches them through. It is Faustine, and yet not Faustine. It is Faustine with a difference—a plainly tangible difference—and yet no whit less beautiful.

The young man takes in these facts at a glance. He stands dumb a few yards distant from her. He has not removed his astonished gaze from the charming apparition on the sun-dial since his precipitous entrance into the garden.

“Well, don't you know me by sunlight? I assure you, I'm the very same ‘she’ to whom you proposed by moonlight and slow music last night,” lazily, blowing some rings of smoke airily from her rounded lips. Then, holding her cigarette between her first and third fingers, she says indolently: “Of course, you are impatient for my answer, mon cher. Listen, then, old fellow—I'll not keep you in suspense: Since last evening, when you did me the compliment to beg me to become the Honorable Mrs. Richard Besant, I have weighed the mighty subject *pro et con*, and I have come to a decision which nothing”—

impressively nodding her curly head—"will alter. It is, emphatically, no."

The young man starts and pales.

"You see, dear boy," continues Miss McAllister, blandly, "you are the sort of fellow whom one finds infinitely diverting as an acquaintance," slowly, "but utterly impossible as a husband," concluding serenely with a markedly perceptible pause between the words. Then she placidly resumes her smoking, as if there is no more to be said.

The Honorable Richard leans against a decrepit garden-chair, bereft of speech. He is—as he would express it himself, could he find breath—"knocked into a cocked hat." The silence is intense.

Miss McAllister swings her little foot back and forth with saucy nonchalance, and smokes with enviable composure. She is mistress of the situation, and she knows it. That she revels in her triumph, Richard does not for a moment doubt.

"Did Bayne have the hardihood to tell—" he begins and ends with equal abruptness.

"Tell what?" interrogates the young lady, innocently curious. "Captain Bayne told me nothing about you; we have had other matters to discuss, which—pardon me—were vastly more interesting," with a shrug of her shapely shoulders, "to us."

The Honorable Richie is immediately furiously jealous, and, after the manner of men in that woful state, his veracity is not entirely to be depended upon.

"Perhaps Captain Bayne has told you of his engagement and the young lady whom he is to marry," he says, sneeringly, his usual calm utterly deserting him. "He does not, as a rule, talk about his felicity, but to you he might."

The girl turns her face from him before she replies.

"You mean because I am such a good friend of the captain's? Thanks awfully," she says, lazily. "Well, since you have jumped at a conclusion, I will own it—yes, I've heard of Bertie's engagement, from his lips. I hope the—they," correcting herself slowly, "may be happy."

If the Honorable Richie had been in his habitual cool and collected frame of mind, he would instantly have observed the faint tremor of the girl's drooping eyelids and the momentary shadow that flits over her lovely face; but he is by far too excited to notice so trivial a thing.

Bertie! By Jove, they must be very good friends! He eyes her with increasing wrath. How distractingly lovely she is, leaning against the old sun-dial, the warm sunlight streaming caressingly down upon the graceful curves of her languid figure and making golden the smoke that half veils the delicate mobility of her face. As he looks, his anger vanishes: love, that mighty god, prevails.

"Faustine—darling!" he cries, getting himself hastily out of the crumbling chair and making a bee-line toward her.

She waves him back with a lazy sweep of her bare hand.

"Take care—you are walking all over the geraniums; don't you see how you are crushing them?" she remonstrates, idly. Then, as he stops short, she continues in an irrelevant way, the lazy sweetness of her slow intonation modifying, in a measure, the startling effrontery of the words she utters. "Poor things! they have scarcely had a chance to flourish again since Dennie Forrester felled them. He rolled all over them, one might say, when I refused to marry him. He's such a fool!" scornfully, with a low laugh.

Again the Honorable Richard glances helplessly about for a support. None being at hand, he braces up as best he can, gasping:

"But—but—you told me you did not know Dennie Forrester."

"Yes," placidly, "and I don't—now. He was too absurd to remember. I've crossed him off the list of even casual acquaintances, and—forgive me—he won't be missed; he won't be missed," slowly letting her slumberous magnetic eyes dwell on the Honorable Richard until she seems sleepily to absorb his comely person in their liquid gleaming depth. "I never change my mind," she adds; "I will never be your darling Faustine," with a mocking soft little laugh. "And now, if you please, I would like to be alone: Captain Bayne is to meet me here at one o'clock."

Captain Bayne! The Honorable Richard Besant feels outraged.

"Let him go to the devil," he mutters, bewildered, perplexed, thoroughly incensed.

"Oh, no, please," gently; "I would much prefer letting you go—" a significant pause, then: "Please go," laconically civil.

Probably the young man would have



declined to go—would have staid to argue the matter fiercely; but, ere he recovers from the tongue-palsy caused by sheer amazement, there is the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Go!" cries Miss McAllister, with a swift change of tone. "Go!" imperatively, with a graceful movement of her hand. And, without a word, he goes—at least, he leaves the garden.

"Well," says the captain's musical drawl, "here I am." Then, as his friend has done before him, he stands immovable, his handsome blue eyes roving wonderingly over the young lady he has now known for a little more than a month.

Miss McAllister is perfectly conscious of his scrutiny, though she does not show it by so much as the flicker of an eyelash. She is still perched on the sun-dial, and is lighting a cigarette from the glowing stump of the burned one. This done, she tosses the latter away, to fizz itself out among the ruddy carnations, and, taking a lazy puff or two from the new one, courteously offers her open case to the man, who now walks slowly toward her.

As one in a dream, he accepts the proffered weed, bows, and fingers it a little uncertainly; evidently it does not occur to him to smoke it. The girl laughs, faintly amused, though a delicate rose steals into her face.

"It's a very good brand; you may light it from mine," she says, quietly, yet with a pretty graciousness.

The man hesitates, then the light of a stern purpose suffuses his blue eyes.

"Thanks—no. I—I seldom smoke in the presence of a lady," he drawls, yet having the grace to turn his blond face slightly from her as he speaks.

The rose-red deepens on the girl's cheek; it sweeps from brow to milk-white chin, then leaves her intensely pale. This too passes, and, by the time the captain has heartily repented his rude rebuke, her customary color has come back.

"Ah, yes—I forgot. But, as usual, the exception proves the rule. I'm only that pretty little rowdy Faustine, you know," a soft prolonged laugh, full of childish levity and mirth, escaping her.

The captain starts as if he had been shot. Instantly his thoughts revert, even as the Honorable Richard's did, to his boon companion, with suspicious haste.

"Has that wretched Richie dared—" he begins, and, even like unto that wretched Richie, as lamely halts.

"He has just left me; didn't you meet him?" asks the girl, composedly. "He was so trying!" pathetically. "I was obliged to send him to the deuce." Soft and low, and clear as a chime of bells, fall the startling words from the rose-sweet girlish lips. The brown eyes are fixed on the captain's astonished Saxon face, with a savor of laughing diablerie in their limpid deepness.

"Faustine!" cries the man, half believing his ears are playing him false.

"Oh, don't be alarmed. I doubt if he went—further than the house," as if it is anxiety for his friend's well-being that disturbs the handsome soldier. "You will see him again," reassuringly, "but me you will not see. I leave Lownead in less than an hour. Captain Bayne, this is good-bye."

The surprised expression on the captain's face quickly changes to one of incredulous dismay.

The girl is swift to note it. She looks at him from under her white eyelids, and then, with the subdued half-defiance that has so frequently puzzled him before, lifts her brown head and her curling lashes. Slowly an almost imperceptible change passes over her clear-cut features; her eyes dilate and grow tender and beguiling; her lovely face breaks into a radiant flush of warmth and light; her lips part in a caressing smile; and, as if swayed by an irresistible impulse, she bends unmistakably toward him.

Shocking to relate, Captain Bertie Bayne seems suddenly lost to all sense of propriety.

"Good-bye?" echoes he, in a sharp tone. "Pouf! What nonsense—darling!" adroitly slipping one arm about her waist.

A sweet ecstasy for an instant illumines Miss McAllister's whole face—eyes and lips and dancing dimples—then it passes away. She lowers her long lashes and places a detaining hand on his intruding arm.

"Don't, please," she whispers at last, without looking up, but apparently addressing the adventurous arm. "I—I—it is not right, I know; and I want you always to be able to think well of me," faltering slightly.

She has thrown her cigarette away, yet the smoke in her breath and hair comes to him faintly as she leans toward him. It pro-

duces a singular sensation in the man, at once irritating and delicious.

"Think well of you, silly child! Why, Faustine, sweet one, surely you know that I—love you," he confesses, huskily, and his blue eyes flash a sudden passionate glance over her downcast quiet face.

"Oh," she cries, breathing as one suffocating, "no, no—don't say that," pushing him from her, yet responsive as a magnetic needle to his light touch.

"But, Faustine, my own, I—"

"Don't, I say," she exclaims, in protest. "You hurt me! You are worse than any of them. I cannot bear it. I smoked, and I—I was dreadful to Richie Besant. It was what he expected," with fine scorn; "I could not have him disappointed, after a whole month's waiting. He came down here for nothing else, you know, than to see the rowdy beauty, Faustine McAllister. But you—I tried to be friendly," with a sob quickly stifled. "I did my best, but you would make love to me; and, even when I knew you had no right to—that it was dishonor to me, a betrayal of faith to another—I did not stop you, because—because—" She pauses a moment, then resumes in a cold restrained tone: "You say that you love me. I do not know—I cannot tell; I only know," distractedly, "that I love you—dearly, dearly—and you belong to another girl. Oh, it is dreadful!" breaking down completely and burying her face in her slim outspread hands.

Now that the resisting little hand is no longer on guard, Captain Bayne promptly puts his other arm about the pliant waist.

"Listen, dearest love," he says, a joyous exultation quickening his lazy drawl: "it has all been a confounded blunder about—about your being—that is, your not being— Oh, hang it!" shamefacedly incoherent, "it was that deuced little Dennie Forrester's inanities. As for the rest—darling, hear me—I am not engaged, unless, as I hope, you will have me. The girl up north is the fiancée of my cousin; he is with his regiment in India, so I do the civil, now and

then, for him—sort of proxy business, darling, don't you see?" a trifle anxiously. Good heavens! what if she doesn't see?

"But," murmurs Miss McAllister, resolutely avoiding her lover's devouring eyes, "I—I heard you say you were safe from me, because—because you were bespoken."

"Oh, yes, it has been a standing joke with some of my friends, and, I confess, an 'on dit' in town this season—my engagement to the north-country heiress."

He draws her blushing tearful face near his own; he would kiss her, but, with a tremulous little laugh, she pushes his mouth quickly aside.

"Did Richie Besant know what sort of an arrangement it was with that girl?" she questions, slowly.

"Oh, yes," stooping again for the coveted caress; again she draws away.

"You are absolutely sure?" her eyes flashing under their dark lashes.

"Very; he used often to chaff me about it. Now," a bit impatiently, "may I kiss you?"

"No, not yet—wait," holding him still from her with one pretty but potent hand. "Captain Bayne," slowly, shyly, and with a visible effort she speaks, "little rowdy though I may be, no man's lips, save my father's, have ever met mine; and no man's shall, except my promised husband's—" She stops in painful confusion, a sweet carnation color rushing to the roots of her silken curls.

"Darling, do you think I do not understand?" cries the man, with glad tenderness, bending his fair head swiftly toward her, to be again repulsed.

"Wait; you don't understand—all," she whispers, though she carefully refuses to meet his adoring eyes. "As an acquaintance, I may be infinitely amusing; but—but—"

"That infernal Richie!" breaks forth the over-tried captain.

"Has gone to the—where I sent him, I hope," with a wicked little smile. "Yes, you may!" And, at last, Miss McAllister, her final doubt set at rest, yields her lips to his.

## IMMORTALITY.

WHAT though we perish unknown to fame,  
Our tomb forgotten, and lost our name,

Since nothing is wasted in heaven or earth,  
And nothing dies to which God gives birth?

## BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

BY MISS KENT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 432.

### CHAPTER III.

#### CUPID'S COURT.



WHILE still sitting in the dining-room, Darrell was surprised by the entrance of two women. They came in without knocking, and, both being barefoot,

seemed to have "crep' up quite unbeknown." They stared at Darrell and went into the kitchen, where Joy was. Three others arrived presently; they too seemed much struck by the sight of a man sitting in white-shirted ease on such a day.

They were neighbors, kindly intent upon helping Joy with her "thrashin'" dinner. All of them were barefoot, but they were far from being unintelligent or coarse; and Darrell, after listening to their conversation for a while, went out to smoke and to muse upon the astonishing contradictions of American life.

At last, the long, hot, dusty job of threshing was over; the twentyfive or thirty men who had swarmed around the grain-stacks all day departed before supper; the women, too, took leave; and Rockfern, sitting on the well-platform, remarked to Lew that he wished the creek were nearer.

"So you could go in swimmin'?" asked Johnny.

Johnny talked fast, like Joy; it was his ambition to become a lawyer, and he hung upon Rockfern's lips.

"If anybody wants to take a bath," he went on, delicately, "there's water and towels over in that old house. We use it for a bath-room, you know, and Joy had me carry a lot of water and towels over there—two candy-bucketsful."

"Two candy-bucketsful of towels?" said Lew, affecting amazement.

"I'll certainly profit by Miss Joy's thoughtfulness," said Rockfern. "Lew, can't you lend me a change of linen?"

"Johnny, you slip into the house and tell Joy to give you one of my white shirts," said Lew.

Johnny obeyed, and returned with the desired article; it was beautifully laundered, and was rose-scented too; for many a damask leaf had dried in the drawer where Joy kept the Sunday shirts.

"Lew," said Rockfern, "that sister of yours is a splendid housekeeper."

"I'll tell her you said so," replied Lew, "and she'll do my shirts up better than ever. But she does beat lots of old married women, keeping house."

"She has us to help her an awful sight, though," remarked Johnny, in a casual tone.

"Yes," said Lew, ironically, "John does all the washin' and ironin' and cookin'; you never see him idle."

"Well, Darrell," inquired Rockfern, as the two sat in the grape-arbor after supper, "how are you progressing? Does the Squire seem to approve of you?"

"Oh, I believe that he and I will arrange an alliance," said Darrell.

"He is not the principal one to be consulted," said Rockfern.

"As I've already said, I consider Miss Warfield already on my side. She hates work, and longs for the pleasures which only money can give. And she's much too sensible not to know that the chance which I shall offer her won't come twice to a girl in her position."

Rockfern was silent for some time.

"I don't see why she should refuse you, indeed," he said, at length. "And why aren't you in there, talking to her?"

"Her father is away, as you know," said Darrell, "and she is alone."

Rockfern stared and then he laughed.

"Oh," he said, "that's nothing. How often must I tell you that the chaperon is an unfelt want, in my happy land?"

"Then I'll go in," said Darrell, throwing away his cigar.

"So will I," said Rockfern, "for I must bid Miss Warfield good-bye."

It was very pleasant in the little sitting-room, where Joy was; the wind came in softly, laden with breaths of tropical fragrance from a night-blooming jasmine at the door. Joy was dressed in white, which gave her slight figure more apparent size, while her flowing draperies and many snowy flounces seemed to transform her from country beauty to bewitching belle. She had a violin in her lap, and immediately begged Rockfern to play for her; she had heard his fiddling praised by the Squire. Rockfern took the instrument and played several pieces. Joy thought his playing delightful, and was much annoyed by Darrell's talking; he was telling her of famous singers and musicians whom he had heard.

"I've heard Bud Rose sing that song that you're playin'," said Johnny to Rockfern, who was touching the violin-strings very softly, as if playing to himself.

"That's 'Believe me what I say,'" said Rockfern.

"Sing it," suggested Johnny. "Joy never heard it."

"Please do sing it," said Joy, as Rockfern glanced at her. Rockfern obeyed, putting a great deal of expression into the words.

As he ended, Johnny, who was an amateur physiologist, remarked:

"A common man's heart wouldn't be big enough to hold your name, Joy—do you guess it would?"

Joy looked at Rockfern, and he being so imprudent as to look at Darrell, they all burst into laughter simultaneously. Joy little guessed how well able the two gentlemen were to appreciate the joke.

"I think a 'common man's heart' wouldn't be kept under glass with a southern exposure," she said to Johnny, and she had a great mind to add that "a heart all red with new-made wounds" and labeled in letters of gold would be a gorgeous sight.

Perhaps Rockfern anticipated her raillery; for he arose, and, glancing at the clock, said that he must go.

"You are not going to-night?" said Joy.

"Yes, I must, Miss Warfield; I only came in to say good-bye."

Joy told him that her father would be vexed if he did not stay until morning;

but Rockfern replied that he was obliged to go, and would have to risk the Squire's displeasure.

"Well, John," said Joy, "you run and put the horses in the hack, and you and I will take Mr. Rockfern to the station, if Mr. Darrell will excuse me."

Rockfern protested, rather faintly, against Joy's taking so much trouble, and Darrell was obliged to urge her not to pay any attention to him.

Joy went to put on her hat, secretly congratulating herself upon this means of escape from an evening with Mr. Darrell. She came back looking prettier than ever, with a white shawl on and a sailor-hat of black straw set jauntily upon her sunny curls.

What Joy called a hack was a little spring-wagon with one spring seat. Johnny put some straw in the wagon-bed, lay down on it, covered himself with a lap-robe, and went to sleep.

Rockfern drove, and discovered that there was no hurry. Joy was asking him about his sisters; she had become slightly acquainted with one of them at Drury, where she had spent one term, while her father's sister took charge of his family. This aunt being obliged to go to her own home in the West, Joy's college-course had never been completed. Rockfern remembered having heard his sister speak enthusiastically of a Miss Warfield, he said.

"She was under the impression that you lived there," he added.

"I boarded there," said Joy; "but perhaps your sister knew someone else by the name of Warfield."

"No; it was you whom she spoke of. Didn't you write an essay which vastly amused your classmates—something about country school-life?"

Joy admitted that she had been guilty of some such satire.

"Rena thought it immensely clever," said Rockfern. "When she hears that you are living near, she will be sure to come out and renew the acquaintance."

"I should so much like to see her again," said Joy.

They passed a new house, and Rockfern inquired whose it was.

"Mr. Sayres's—Cell Sayres's," said Joy.

"He is that young widower who was so devoted to you at dinner?"

"Mr. Sayres is a young widower," Joy admitted.

"As for his being devoted, you didn't notice that, because you're used to it. He has a nice house; what a pity that he put it so close to the road! Don't you hate a house built on the very edge of the highway?"

"Yes, I do," said Joy, emphatically. "So many houses around here are built that way. My ideal house is always secluded in lawns and parks, according to the English style."

"Ha!" said Rockfern, with a change of manner, as if disagreeably impressed by Joy's taste. "Then you would be charmed with Darrell's place," he said. "Darrell is English, and the heir to an earldom; a lord, you know. And his place, judging from the photographs which he has showed me, is a beautiful one."

It greatly amazed Joy to learn that Darrell was a lord.

"What brought him to this savage locality?" she said.

"Oh," said Rockfern, evasively, "he has the time and the money to travel all over the world. He is one of these lucky fellows to whom the world brings its best gifts, without a thought or care on his part."

"You seem to envy him," said Joy, smiling; "and yet I took you to be the advocate of honest poverty."

"Day before yesterday, I envied no man upon earth," said Rockfern; "but I confess that I envy Darrell now."

"I don't understand that," said Joy, coldly.

"I envy him because he can offer the lady whom he loves everything that makes life pleasant," said Rockfern.

Joy had no answer to this, and for a while both were silent.

"Well," said Joy, at length, "that is no particular advantage to him, unless she is a mercenary creature."

"When a girl has already had more than her share of hard work, no one can blame her if she doesn't want to be a poor man's wife," said Rockfern.

"If she cared anything for him, that would make no difference," said Joy, ambiguously. "Girls are less mercenary than men."

"Well, that's comforting doctrine to one as poor as I am," said Rockfern, "and I mean to believe it, Miss Warfield."

Joy blushed at these significant words,

and neither spoke again until the station was reached; they were barely in time for the train, and parted with a hurried handshake.

Next day, the Squire told his daughter of her uncle's will, and informed her carefully of all its conditions. Poor Joy was almost stupefied. To have five millions of dollars and a good-looking young nobleman thrown upon her hands so unexpectedly is enough to destroy any girl's composure.

As soon as she could, she stole away to the orchard, where, hidden by the trees, she lay upon the grass and tried to view the situation calmly. Her first thought was of Rockfern. She understood him now; and understood, too, why Darrell had seemed so pleased when she professed to hate work. And now, what should she do? Rockfern would come again, and she had encouraged him to hope. And now, did she want him to propose? Was she ready, for his sake, to turn away from the dazzling future offered her?

She thought it all over: the care-free life, the novel pleasures, the delights of giving—all these things which she had longed for so often, and which were now within reach. She thought of her father; how she would love to know that he need never work hard again—need never come in, as she had so often seen him, bent with toil and weariness. And the boys—how nice to see them elegantly dressed and to send them to college! Joy mentally bestowed one million of her money on her father, one on each of her brothers, and kept one for herself.

"I am going on just as if I meant to accept Mr. Darrell," she thought, suddenly.

And what hindered her from resolving to accept him?

A rose in her pocket, all the sweeter for its "longing to be dead," a bold and foolish bit of verse, "a mere song," the "touch of a vanished hand." Great things these, to weigh against ten millions of dollars in cash.

"And perhaps he was only amusing himself," thought Joy. "Perhaps he 'thought to break a country heart, for pastime ere he went to town.'"

That this was nonsense, she felt quite comfortably sure; but her intuitive knowledge of Rockfern's intentions did not clear up her perplexity. She was between two fires: one so ardent that the mere thought

of it made her glow; the other, alas! with its "dainty dreamy dance of rose-lights," also exquisitely enticing.

"What a thousand pities that Mr. Rock-fern is so poor!" thought Joy, and then she added, sternly, to herself: "You like him—you know you do; and you don't care a straw for this Englishman."

She sat up flushing, and resolved upon a plan of campaign against the foreign foe to her tranquillity. She determined that she would appear at the house barefoot; that she would not dress for Mr. Darrell, nor make the smallest effort to please him.

"Then perhaps he will be so disgusted that he won't condescend to propose," she thought. "Anyhow, unless he comes right down to my level and does some irresistible courting, I'll send him back to his island home as poor a peer as ever!"

This plan required courage, but Joy proceeded to put it into execution immediately.

When Darrell returned from his morning walk, he found his possible bride padding noiselessly about, unencumbered by any shape of the "prison-cells of pride," and arrayed in a faded calico whose sole merit was its cleanness.

Darrell was embarrassed; not so Miss Warfield. She seemed unconscious that she lacked anything needful in the way of attire. Then Darrell considerably avoided her, as if to give her an opportunity to amend her costume; but Joy donned no slippers, and at dinner Darrell was forced to brave the shocking sight. None of the family noticed Joy's sudden return to primitive modes of dress. Her father did not like it, she knew; but he would not say anything, and, from this, Joy inferred that he was not anxious to have her please Mr. Darrell.

After dinner, the men went to the field, leaving Darrell alone. Joy cleared up the dishes, and then, coming into the sitting-room, took a chair by the window. Darrell was standing in the door, and for some time was unaware of her presence; when he turned and perceived her, he looked surprised.

"Why, I did not hear you come in," he said.

"Cinderella slippers don't creak," answered Joy.

Darrell looked at her seriously.

"It's a shame that you have to go barefoot," he said.

Joy was furious.

"I don't have to," she said. "I go barefoot by choice, sir; not from necessity."

"Ah," said Darrell, "don't you think that shoes and stockings look nicer?"

The impertinence of this question, from a male acquaintance of three days' standing, nearly took Joy's breath away.

"Yes," she said, meekly, "I do think that they look nicer."

"It looks very odd to me—women going barefoot," said Darrell. "In England they don't, you know."

"How I should hate to live there!" said Joy, pensively.

Darrell looked nonplused for a moment, then he said reassuringly: "Oh, you would soon get used to it."

Joy's affected simplicity had quite deceived him, and, though he had affirmed that she was a lady, his manner toward her was certainly not that which he would have assumed toward a girl of his own rank. Probably his meaning had been that Joy had the elements of ladyhood within her.

Joy rose, saying cheerfully: "Well, since the sight of barefoot women shocks you, I'll keep out of your sight, if possible," and she vanished noiselessly as she had come.

In vain, Darrell waited for her to return; she had gone off to a neighbor's, and there she staid until after supper, which was a picnic at the Squire's—a gander party, Lew called it.

When Joy did return, she was accompanied by a young man, who sat out in the yard with her and talked and laughed an hour or two; she went to the gate with him to bid him good-bye, and then took sanctuary in her own room. There she laughed with secret glee at the thought of Lord Brookfield's discomfiture. She knew he had intended, in the fullness of his self-conceit, to make an offer that very day, and she felt sure that he was enraged by her postponement of the important question. She would have liked to put it off for a month.

She looked up at Cupid thoughtfully, and then shook her small fist at that dimpled deity.

"You miserable little smiling villain," she said, "why must you put my Psyche between two fires? But I believe one is



a sham fire—a kind of fashionable arrangement, good for nothing but to make a show in a drawing-room.”

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CHOICE.

NEXT morning, she staid in the kitchen and made Theodore wait on Lord Brookfield, to the violent displeasure of both.

“Aw, Joy,” said Theo, tearfully, “can’t you wait on that old Mr. Darrell? He eats and eats!”

Joy shook her fist at the weeping boy more sternly than she had shaken it at the laughing one, and threatened him with the Squire’s displeasure.

“Look here,” said Darrell to Theo: “Ask your sister if I may see her for a moment.”

“Tell him I’m barefoot,” said Joy.

“Lots of fellows see you when you’re barefoot,” said Theo, indignantly; but he delivered the message.

Then Darrell wrote her a note:

“I did not mean to offend you. I regret that I expressed, or rather suggested, an opinion which displeased you. Pray excuse me, and allow me an opportunity to speak to you alone.  
BROOKFIELD.”

On the other side of this perfumed billet, Joy wrote:

“I am not accustomed to having my dress criticized to my face by gentlemen acquaintances. So long as a woman dresses decently, any remarks upon her dress are impertinent from a man, especially in her own house. And, as you say nothing agreeable to me, why should I grant you the interview which you request?  
WARFIELD.”

Never was a more perplexed peer than Lord Brookfield, as he read and re-read this note. Joy wrote beautifully, and the general style of her missive should have told his lordship that the simplicity which he had presumed upon was of a surface kind. He frowned and flushed as if he did not at all enjoy this correspondence with a barefoot kitchen-maid who was only a few feet distant and who served him with humble-pie.

Rockfern would have laughed—would have kissed the note, and then have walked boldly into the kitchen to plead guilty; only, he would not have been guilty, to begin with, of treading on a lady’s toes. But Lord

Brookfield only wrote another note, of such elaborate apology that Joy was constrained to accept it and to signify that she would see him after dinner.

When she came out under the trees, he joined her immediately; he had the photographs of his place, and invited her to inspect them. Joy did so, but without comment or question.

“Do you like them?” asked Darrell.

“I think it must be a beautiful place,” replied Joy, reservedly.

“It is,” said Darrell. He grew rather eloquent in describing his ancestral home. “You would like it there, I’m sure,” he went on, fixing his eyes on Joy’s face.

“Looks as if one might go barefoot there without hurting one’s feet,” said Joy, gazing at the pictured velvet of the lawns and the smoothly graveled walks.

Darrell smiled rather feebly.

“You wrote me a most crushing note,” he said. “Now, I think you might let my unfortunate candor drop.”

“I don’t want it to drop on my toes,” said Joy.

A pause followed; Darrell was obviously annoyed, almost angry. The coolness of this barefoot girl was more than he was prepared for. But his resentment seemed to cool when he got to studying Joy’s face—fair enough it was, to blind most masculine eyes to any lack of adornment; the sunbeams turned her hair to richest gold and showed the rare purity of her complexion, and the expression of her face was sweet and gentle.

“I want you to take an interest in those pictures,” said Darrell, “but not so much as quite to exclude me from your attention.”

“I wasn’t thinking of the pictures,” said Joy, looking up. “I was thinking of something that Bud Rose said last night.”

“It was he who came home with you, and prolonged his stay to such an unusual hour?”

“Why, he went away quite early. They usually stay much later. It’s a bore when one is tired, but Bud is so amusing that I always enjoy his visits.”

“You are making fun, I think. Like Frank Rockfern, you enjoy making fun of everyone.”

Joy blushed; the lightest breath could stir that fire to flame.

"You've made an impromptu rhyme," she said; "now I shall have unexpected company."

"I hope not," said Darrell. "Is this Bud Rose an old acquaintance of yours?"

"Yes; we were schoolmates."

"Perhaps he is something more than a friend?" said Darrell, and Joy thought he seemed displeased; though, if she were engaged, he would gain ten millions.

"No; he is engaged to Sarah Youngblood."

"What queer names!" laughed Darrell. "By the way, Miss Warfield, what a singular custom you American ladies have of signing your surnames without any prefix."

Joy laughed; she mentally resolved to waste no more jokes upon Mr. Darrell.

"Have you and Mr. Rockfern been long acquainted?" she asked.

"For several months. I spent a week at his place."

"They have a nice home, haven't they?"

"Quite a tidy little farm," said Darrell.

"How much do you own?"

"Ten hundred acres."

"I don't see what you want with more than that."

"You must not suspect me of cupidity. You don't know what an enormous expense such a place requires. Agriculture doesn't pay nowadays."

His low melodious English voice, his unconquerable assurance, his good looks and elegant dress, would have made a favorable impression upon a girl less independent than Joy. Even she weakened a little; what if Rockfern did not come back? Then she would not care whom she took, comparatively speaking, and money was certainly a good thing.

The sound of wheels made her look up; Rockfern and his sister were stopping at the gate. Joy was in full view. There was no help for it—she had to go forward at once to welcome the visitors. She felt as if she would faint, as she thought of her bare feet and "slimpsey" dress. Mrs. Raines's faultless and fresh costume was all that was needed to make Joy's mortification complete. Rockfern, too, was dressed with that especial care which a man uses when he expects to run the gauntlet of the loved one's glances. Now Joy could have braved his criticism; but for his sister to see her looking so was dreadful to poor Joy. Not that she deserved

pity: the girl who deliberately neglects her personal appearance is sure to suffer for it, sooner or later, and ought to suffer.

Joy learned a lesson on that occasion. As soon as she could, she took Mrs. Raines aside. "Come upstairs with me," she said, "while I make myself look a little more presentable."

In the attic, Mrs. Raines could not fail to see how nice all Joy's things were, and how carefully kept the small apartment was.

"You won't believe me, I know," said Joy, "when I tell you that I dressed as you found me on Mr. Darrell's account."

"That makes imagination ache, so don't repeat it," said Mrs. Raines; but Joy then told the whole story, to the great surprise of her guest. Mrs. Raines thought it a very serious matter—too serious to trifle over.

"Joy, I advise you—"

"Oh, don't, please. I never take advice, anyhow."

"Ah, but I must advise you. Somebody's heart will be broken; but don't you do anything which you might afterward regret. Consider well, Joy."

Joy sighed. "That poor old cow," she said. "I feel for her."

"What do you mean, you little lunatic?" said Mrs. Raines.

"Don't you know that a cow once died of the tune 'Consider'?" said Joy.

Meanwhile, Rockfern was interviewing Darrell:

"You seem quite at home here."

"Yes. The Squire is so hospitable, you know; and Joy's cooking is so good that I can't tear myself away, though I ought to take lodgings somewhere else."

Rockfern turned away and began trying the peaches upon a tree close by.

"Am I to congratulate you?" he asked.

"No. She's coquetting outrageously; she wouldn't give me a chance to speak until this afternoon, and you've come just as I was on the point of proposing."

Rockfern smiled and seated himself.

"You are rash," he said. "Better let her see a little more of you; you don't suppose she will take a complete stranger?"

"Oh, we are pretty well acquainted," was the reply. "It's awfully easy to get along with American girls; they are never bashful nor reserved."

Rockfern's reply was prevented by the

appearance of his sister and Joy. The latter was a vision of loveliness in her white dress, with a cluster of pink *Hermosa* roses pinned on her bosom.

"Mr. Darrell," she said, "you and Mrs. Raines are old friends, so I'll leave you to entertain each other while I bring some cider."

"And you want my help," said Rockfern, rising.

"Who told you so?" asked Joy; but Rockfern accompanied her.

The cider was down in a well at some distance from the house; Rockfern and Joy found it necessary to rest when they got there. They sat on the well-curb and drank cold sweet cider out of one mug, having forgotten to bring another.

"Darrell has been showing you his pictures," said Rockfern. "Wasn't I right in saying you would like his place?"

"Why, I like every nice place; but I have a soul above envy."

"You wouldn't have, if you loved someone desperately and longed to give her everything nice, but, because of your poverty, had to stand back and see another offering rich gifts."

Joy tried to fan away a blush.

"Don't you pity me?"

"Indeed," said Joy, laughing, "I think an envious mind is truly pitiable."

"Ah, you wouldn't laugh at me, if you knew how much in earnest I am. It's as if I had a fever and were aware of my own danger. There's a crisis approaching, and, if things don't take a favorable turn, it will kill me; but I can't lift a finger to help myself."

"You seem to rave," murmured Joy. "Take some of this cooling drink—though you will make the mug so hot that I can't drink from it."

Rockfern laughed, though evidently mortified by her ridicule; he looked at her reproachfully.

"I knew, as soon as I set eyes on you," he said, "that you were born to break my heart; but I didn't think you would take pleasure in seeing me suffer."

"I won't look at you, if you don't like it," said Joy. "You are different from Mr. Darrell; he wants me to pay strict attention to him all the time. Let's take the cider up."

Rockfern's face was very gloomy; but,

as they walked toward the house, he asked Joy for one of the roses which she wore.

"I can't spare one. There are just enough to make a nice bunch."

"As if you needed any! You know you can afford to dispense with ornament."

"You are a sad flatterer, Mr. Rockfern."

"That I'm sad, is your fault; but I am no flatterer."

Joy laughed and said there was nothing catching about sadness such as his.

When she had served the cider, cakes, and peaches, Joy brought the violin and asked Rockfern to play.

"Not if John's within hearing," said Rockfern.

Joy assured him, laughing, that Johnny had gone to mill. So Rockfern played; and Joy, listening, seemed to see—

"The sordid walls of life fall down  
Before that clarion clear."

Mrs. Raines said that she was going to look at Joy's flower-garden.

"You need not come, dear. I know how you love music, and I suppose Frank's fiddling is better than none; though I have always had my doubts about it," she said to Joy.

"You won't forbid me to accompany you, I hope," said Darrell. He wanted to smoke; a pleasure which he could not permit himself at Joy's side, but which he felt free to indulge in when with Mrs. Raines.

"Well, if that isn't cool!" thought Joy. "But I can stand it, if he can."

"I am glad that Mr. Darrell has gone off," she said to Rockfern; "for I want to ask you all about him. You know of my Uncle Richard's will, don't you, Mr. Rockfern?"

"Yes."

"And you've seen a good deal of Mr. Darrell; will you tell me what you think of him? Pa has so much confidence in you, I thought I would ask you."

Rockfern hesitated, growing pale with "the struggle to be just."

"I believe him to be a man of honor and a gentleman," he finally said.

"That's no faint praise," said Joy. "If he is a man of honor and a gentleman, as well as a nobleman and millionaire, what more could one ask?"

Rockfern did not reply. If Joy's deliberate design had been to make him too wretched for words, she had succeeded,

apparently. After some moments, she continued: "But I should always have to think that he wouldn't have asked me but for the money."

"He is neither blind nor a fool," said Rockfern, shortly; "so why shouldn't he fall in love with you?"

"Because I am not—that is, he might wish that he could have married a lady."

"Almost the first thing he said of you was: 'That girl is a lady.'"

"Hum!" said Joy. "And what did his fidus Achates say to that?"

"Fidus fiddle-sticks!" said Rockfern. "I told the blamed fool that was no news."

Joy laughed, but looked at him reprovingly.

"Can a man who is 'no fool' be 'blamed'?" said she.

"He regards me as his friend, and I have had his confidence from the first; but you know that I don't wish him success in his suit. You know why I say the best that I know of him."

Joy repented of her tormenting disposition.

"If you had all time at your command, as he has," she said, "I would get you to give me lessons on the violin—for nothing."

"I'll find time for anything that you want. I owe you lessons in something sweet."

"I thought you were indebted to me for a fever only."

"It's a fever unless one small particular hand draws the arrow—otherwise, it's 'a Joy forever.'"

Joy bit her lip hard, to nip a laugh in the bud.

"No use making that 'red lip redder still,' just out of pity for me," said Rockfern, ironically.

"What will you take to be quiet?" asked Joy.

"That rose, if you will pin it on."

Joy fastened the coveted flower upon his coat.

"Thank you. Now I may believe that you don't think me presumptuous, and that you'll forgive my selfishness."

"What a profound silence my rose has purchased!" said Joy. "Let's join the others; your sister will think that I don't appreciate her visit."

It was late when the visitors took leave. Joy sat on the stile-block and watched them as they drove away. Mrs. Raines looked

back and waved her handkerchief. Joy, putting her hand into her pocket for a handkerchief with which to return the salute, found a small American flag, a souvenir of the last Independence Day. She waved that; her fellow-citizens cheered enthusiastically in pantomime, and she felt sure that Rockfern would take it as a tacit allusion to the Fourth when she had first seen him.

"What does that mean?" asked Darrell, who was leaning on the gate close by.

Joy wondered if he thought it a custom of the country.

"Nothing," she said. "I was going to wave my handkerchief, but found a flag in my pocket; it has been there ever since last Fourth of July."

"You Americans are so awfully patriotic," said Darrell, with that half-contemptuous amusement which many Englishmen seem to feel at American patriotism.

Joy did not reply; her thoughts were with the parting guests—with one of them, at least. She did not observe the admiring gaze which Darrell had fixed upon her, noting with a connoisseur's glance the prettiness of her dress, the smallness of her low thin shoe.

"Miss Warfield," he said.

Joy looked at him inquiringly.

"I suppose that you know what the object of my visit here is?"

"Yes; my father told me that you had come because of my uncle's will."

"And he explained the conditions of the will to you?"

Darrell's manner seemed quite devoid of excitement; his voice was as even as usual.

"He doesn't care—he wants me to refuse him!" thought Joy, surprised, relieved, and not a little piqued.

"Yes," she said. "He told me that you and I would each have five millions, if we would marry each other; and, if not, the whole goes to a college. Uncle just wanted to tantalize us all, it seems; I never heard of anything so absurd."

"I beg your pardon—I do not understand. It seems to me that Mr. Richard Warfield made such conditions as would be for the best interests and for the happiness of all concerned."

"I don't agree with you," said Joy.

Darrell's serenity began to disappear.

"I have been hoping," he said, "that you would not object to the conditions of the will."

"If I have done anything to encourage you in that hope, I am very sorry," said Joy, coldly.

Darrell grew pale.

"You are not engaged?" he said. "Your father said so, at least."

"No; I'm not engaged."

"Has your father advised you to refuse me?"

"No; he always lets me decide for myself, in these matters."

"He or Rockfern has been talking against me to you," said Darrell, angrily, "else you would not be set against me from the beginning."

Joy looked at him most disdainfully.

"What an unworthy suspicion!" she said. "I have never heard either of them say a word about you that you would not like. My father doesn't privately abuse people while making them welcome as guests. As for Mr. Rockfern, he described you as a 'man of honor and a gentleman'; but I'm forced to think that he mistook your character."

"Seldom, sure, if e'er before," had Lord Brookfield's title to the name of gentleman been called in question. He flushed with a mortification which he could not quite conceal, but spoke with forced composure:

"You misunderstand me in a most distressing degree!"

Joy said nothing.

Darrell now spoke with more warmth, urging her uncle's wish, the advantages of wealth and position—everything that he thought might change her mind.

"Don't talk to me about uncle," said Joy. "He hadn't sense enough to bestow his money properly, much less me. Willing me away as if I were a piece of furniture!"

Darrell looked as if he thought a lack of sense peculiar to the Warfields.

"Most girls," he said, in ill-disguised rage, "would not find fault with a relative, merely for placing wealth and position within their reach."

Joy said nothing to this; she gazed at the evening star. The rosy sunset light glorified her soft curling hair and showed the deep clearness of her eyes.

"Why not be my wife, Joy?" said Dar-

rell. "You should have everything that you like; you know you would like to be rich."

"I should like to be rich, but I can't be your wife. You don't care for me, nor I for you. Oh, don't trouble yourself to speak of love now, the last thing! I didn't mean to prompt you."

Her face, with its red and white and starry blue, was like the "flower of liberty."

"But I do care for you," protested the laggard in love. "I never cared to marry at all, until I saw you."

"Because you couldn't find anyone rich enough to suit you."

"Really, Miss Warfield, you have no right to accuse me of being a fortune-hunter; but you insult me in every way. You are determined to get rid of me, I see."

Joy maintained a haughty silence.

"I'll go now; but I can't take this decision as final, Miss Warfield. I hope you will give me a different answer when you have considered my offer."

"My mind is quite made up, Mr. Darrell. You must not expect a different answer."

Darrell went to town next day, and, though loath to confess the complete collapse of his self-confidence, told his tale of woe to Rockfern, who listened with a face rather too radiant for the correct expression of condolence.

"She has all of her father's senseless indifference—or ignorance—with respect to the advantages of position and money," said Darrell.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Rockfern. "I'm going to ask her to be my wife."

Darrell regarded him with indignation unspeakable at first, then said slowly:

"So that was her reason for refusing me: you had been making love to her."

"Yes," answered Rockfern; "I hope that was her reason for refusing you."

"And yet you know that, if anyone but me marries her, she loses a fortune," said Darrell.

"She too knows that. 'Tis her own lookout, if she prefers me to millions."

"If you meant to try to cut me out, why didn't you say so sooner? Then I wouldn't have made an offer, and—"

"And might have got the money, at least," said Rockfern. "But it might have been said that you made a cat's-paw of me. You've no right to complain of me, Darrell."

I gave you the first chance at what I hold dearer than my own life, and you had everything to back you."

Darrell called early upon Joy, the next day.

"Miss Warfield," he said, "Frank Rockfern is going to ask you to marry him. He told me so."

Joy blushed and looked amazed.

"Well," she said, finally, "I can't help that."

"I imagine that you don't want to help it. But, if you care for him, pray tell me so now; you don't want me waiting here for nothing, do you?"

"Indeed, no. But I have told you all that you need to know, Mr. Darrell; you may as well not wait a moment."

Darrell regarded her steadfastly, as he said: "From the first, you preferred Rockfern."

Joy blushed hotly. Darrell smiled slightly.

"You are angry with me for saying so," he said; "what will you think, if I ask you to swear to such a thing?"

"Oh!" said Joy. "So that you can have the money?"

She looked at him indignantly.

"And do you think that I would go into court and swear that—that I—I—fell in love with a man at first sight?"

"No," said Darrell. "You would be engaged to him, you know; and there would be no need of going into court. Any justice—or Judge Rockfern—could take your affidavit at home. You would only need to state that your affections were engaged before I made you an offer."

"Well," said Joy, "if it can be managed without publicity, I'm very willing to help you get the money. It ought to have been left to you at first, without this bother; because, if it hadn't been for your father, uncle would not have lived to make any money."

Darrell smiled at this poetic justice, but he thanked Joy for her readiness to secure the fortune to him.

"Though I ought not to thank you," he said; "for, if you do enrich me with one hand, you will have robbed me with the other."

"Ah, you say that," said Joy; "but you will go home and marry some English lady, and feel that you made a glorious escape over here."

"I shall never marry," he declared.

"Promise to send me cards, if you ever do marry," laughed Joy.

Darrell went, and that afternoon Rockfern came out. He found Joy alone in the house, and, though that was just as he wished it should be, he seemed to find it hard to improve the opportunity.

"He is worse frightened than I thought possible for him," said Joy to herself. "Well he may be, rushing out here as if I were bound to take him, merely because I've refused Mr. Darrell!" Being herself forewarned, she was able to show complete tranquillity.

"I've brought that olive which Rena promised you," remarked Rockfern, finding at last something more than "yes" and "no" to say. "It is out on the stile-block; I forgot to bring it in. I will go and get it."

He brought the flower in and placed it upon the table.

Joy came to admire the gift; but, after one glance at it, she looked at Rockfern inquiringly.

"You don't call this an olive?"

"What is it? Have I made a mistake? Rena was not at home when I called to get the flower, so I went into her greenhouse and took what I supposed to be a fragrant olive."

"It's an orange-tree," said Joy, demurely.

Rockfern's face lighted up instantly.

"Oh, what a glorious omen! I went seeking peace, and got—Joy! Shan't it come true, dearest? Won't you wear orange-flowers for me, some day?"

"We have seen so little of each other," said Joy, blushing.

"Well, I got you by heart in an hour's time; and as for me, I'm no titled foreigner—you can investigate my character without much trouble. Ask the Squire about me."

It was all satisfactorily arranged; Lord Brookfield got the money, but he very generously made Joy an absolute gift of five millions; so that love-lorn damsel never had the slightest reason to quarrel with Cupid—being married to the man she loved, and possessed of all the money she wanted.

She had been Mrs. Rockfern for a year when she received Lord Brookfield's wedding-cards; there was a curl of his bride's hair enclosed, and it was almost the exact shade of Joy's own.



## “SOME FUN WITH MEHITABLE.”

BY ELVA J. SMITH.

MANNERS and customs undergo great changes in one or two generations. This is especially true in our rapidly developing Middle and Western States, where wealth and culture follow close upon the footsteps of the hardy pioneer. Thus the avocations and amusements of the first settlers often seem odd and uncouth, to their grandchildren. When a child, I was very fond of listening to my grandfather's tales of his boyhood, and I was especially amused at some of the olden methods of celebrating the world's great holiday—Christmas.

“Christmas shooting” was a favorite sport. For this purpose, a number of boys secretly assembled at a chosen spot, each being provided with some kind of shooting-iron. Arrangements having been perfected, the company silently repaired to a house whose occupants were supposed to be wrapped in slumber. The merry-makers proceeded to arouse the household by creating a commotion among the chickens, pigs, or other farm-yard stock. The owner, having been enticed out in search of the disturber, was greeted with a discharge of guns and a shower of jests, with whoops, halloos, and all the various noises a crowd of boys can invent. Having thus accomplished their mission, they departed to visit another and another unfortunate slumberer.

I have written as if only boys participated in this sport; but quite frequently their jocular elders put aside their dignity and joined in the hilarious pastime.

An instance of one good deacon's hilarity and his punishment, my grandfather was accustomed to relate with much mirth. The incident occurred in Southern Indiana, about three-quarters of a century ago, when the now well-tilled fields were yet covered with the “forest primeval,” and the inhabitants were a hardy jovial race of pioneers, rugged and free as their hills and woodlands. I will relate the incident in my grandfather's own words:

“The night was still and clear, the ground covered with some twelve inches of snow.

There was no moon; but the starlight, reflected by the snow, made a sort of glow, well suited to our purpose. About nine o'clock, a party of us—men and boys—started out on a ‘serenade,’ as we called it. Most of our number were young; but Deacon Comstock, a man of middle age, joined us—‘to keep ye stiddy,’ he informed us.

“After visiting several of the neighbors, with the usual success, and receiving some recruits from the awakened households, we crossed a forest from Mr. Graham's—where the minister now lives, my dears—over to miller Goodgain's, just where Mr. Whitcom's fine residence now stands. At the edge of the woods, stood a hewn-log hut, inhabited by Mehitable Biggs, a lone widow, whose tongue and temper were known and feared by all the mischief-loving urchins of the settlement. Nevertheless, Mehitable was a member of the church in which the deacon officiated, and was a very respectable, if somewhat crotchety, addition to society. Her husband had died some five years previous, since which event she had lived alone, with only her yellow cat, her brindled cow, her sorrel horse, and her beloved chicks for company. These last she set great store by, and woe unto the quadruped or the biped that dared invade the sacred precincts of her hennery.

“Well, when we came in sight of the widow's, all was silent about the little hut. We would have passed quietly by, had not the deacon called a halt.

“‘Let's hev some fun with Mehitable,’ he said.

“‘Oh, no,’ responded several voices; ‘she is a widdier woman. Let her alone.’

“‘It don't make no difference ef she is a widdier woman. We don't mean no harm, an' let's hev some fun with Mehitable.’

“‘It would be a mighty mean trick to git the pore woman up out'n the cold,’ argued one.

“‘I say it won't be mean, neither; an' I ain't a-goin' to miss the fun with Mehitable,’ persisted the deacon.

“I won't ketch the chickens,” Sam Wildnuff, who generally took that part, declared.

“Nor I, nor I,” chimed several voices.

“I'll ketch 'em myself,” said the deacon, stubbornly.

“There were some further attempts to dissuade him; but the deacon was, his neighbors said, ‘as contrary as a spotted pig, when he got sot once,’ and now he was ‘sot’ on having ‘some fun with Mehitable,’ and presently, despite our persuasions, he strode off toward the hen-house.

“The only means of ingress was through a small hole in the side of the building, which was closed by a broad board propped closely against it. The deacon, being a stout man, found some difficulty in squeezing his plump body through this orifice. However, after some time, he succeeded in getting inside, and, as his heels disappeared within, we outside watchers silently withdrew to the shadow of a stable near, in which ‘Brindle’ patiently ruminated.

“Suddenly the silence was broken by a shrill ‘squawk! squawk!’ that proceeded from the hen-house in prolonged and piercing accents. ‘Squawk! squawk!’ This time, the house-door opened, and the tall gaunt figure of the widow, arrayed in a scanty night-dress—a long hickory poker in hand—appeared in the doorway, betwixt the starlight and the firelight. Without a moment's hesitation, she sped toward the hennery, whence came the unceasing outcry of the captive hens. As she passed near the stable, we heard her mutter: ‘I'll fix that there ornery 'possum this time, or my name ain't Mehitable Biggs. The cantankerous brute!’ A moment later, her form was outlined at the opening.

“You pestiferous varmint!” she cried.

“Thwack! went the club, and the ‘varmint’ gave a doleful howl.

“I'll make ye howl, ye brute beast!” and again the club descended.

“Oh-oh-oh-oh!” came this time in unmistakably human accents.

“A man!” cried Mehitable, using her weapon with greater vigor. ‘A man!’ Thwack! thwack! ‘Ye ornery critter!’—thwack!—‘I'll larn ye’—thwack!—‘to come a-sneakin’’—thwack!—‘round my house’—thwack!—‘a-stealin’ my hens!’

“A shower of blows followed, sometimes striking the deacon, sometimes falling harm-

lessly on the ground; and we could hear the poor man begging for mercy.

“Mehitable! Sister Mehitable, it's me—Deacon Comstock! Don't kill me!”

“Deacon Comstock!” she echoed, disdainfully. ‘The deacon in my hen-house, a-stealin’ my chickens, an’ him a pillar of our meetin’-house!’ And, by an extra stretch of her long arm, Mrs. Biggs reached with her poker over into the very corner in which the discomfited deacon crouched.

“Thwack! thwack! ‘That's for stealin’ my hens, an’—thwack! thwack!—that's for lyin’ an’ slanderin’ the pore dear deacon.’

“It's all a mistake; it reely air, Sister Biggs,” the deacon began again.

“Ef ye air Deacon Comstock, what on airth air ye in my hen-house for?” she demanded.

“I—I wuz jist a-projeckin’,” faltered the deacon.

“I'll larn ye to project roun’ my premises. Now, tote over here, an’ stick your old ornery pate outen this hole, till I see ef it's the deacon—an’ I tell ye aforehan’, ye needn't calk'late on playin’ any o' yer tricks on me, a-gittin’ away, or I'll jist lay ye out with this here poker. I kin do it.”

“A moment later, in obedience to this command, the deacon's sad visage appeared at the opening.

“Widow Biggs threw up her hands and exclaimed in surprise, real or affected:

“Laws help us, ef it ain't the deacon! I want to know!”

“Oh, Sister Biggs, I warn't a-stealin’ yer chickens,” began the humbled deacon.

“Looks mighty like it,” interrupted Sister Biggs, grimly.

“But, Mehitable, I come with the boys, a-shootin’, an’ they sent me—they let me come a-ketchin’ the hens to wake ye, ye know.”

“That's a likely story! An’ whar's the rest of 'em, ef ye come a-shootin’?”

“I—I don't know whar they be. They've done played me a mighty mean trick. I'll call 'em.’ And he raised his voice: ‘Boys! Boys!’ But only echo answered.

“Ha!” sniffed the incredulous widow, ‘the long an’ short o' it air, deacon, ye air in a bad box, an’ I'll jist keep ye thar till mornin’, ef ye don't mind—a-roostin’ with the hens, as it were. Ye air mighty fond o' hens, ye know.’

"Upon this, the deacon renewed his entreaties and called again and again for his recent comrades. Mrs. Biggs remained firm, and, after some further conversation, she said very decidedly:

"'Jist duck yer old bullet head back thar now, or I'll crack it agin. I'm a-goin' to shut this here hole now, an' ye air not a-comin' out. I'm not a-goin' to stan' here a-freezin' any longer—so there!'

"Having conceived a great respect for the widow's club, the deacon slowly and sadly withdrew his head, still expostulating, and the inexorable woman put the board in place and propped it securely.

"'Hope you'll be comfor'ble, deacon;

them thare is mighty fine chickens,' was the parting shot fired by the nimble tongue.

"No sooner had the widow closed her cabin-door than we gave vent to our hardly restrained emotions in a deafening shout, simultaneously discharging our guns. We then released the agitated deacon from his not too agreeable prison, from which he emerged an angry but a wiser man.

"The parson, acting as mediator, succeeded in restoring amity between the deacon and Mrs. Biggs. It was weeks before the deacon's corpulent body lost all traces of his cudgeling, and never during his after-life was it quite safe to remark in the good man's presence: 'Let's hev some fun with Mehitable.'"



## ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

THE new moon, like a silver crest,  
In splendor gleams on evening's breast;  
The stars upon her garments shine,  
Than earthly jewels more divine.  
A night of glory paves the way  
For brighter dawn of Christmas Day,  
When hearts are full of joy and mirth  
And peace reigns over all the earth,  
When gladsome carols soar and rise  
In adoration to the skies.

In yonder valley, calm and still,  
Beneath the shadow of the hill,  
The convent rears its stately wall,  
With entrance dark and turrets tall.  
Four noble steeds with prancing feet,  
And bells that chime a chorus sweet,  
Far from the mountain over there  
The yule-log to the convent bear;  
Like Santa, whom the children know,  
An old monk rides, with beard of snow.

With head low-bowed and fervent air,  
As if he breathed to heaven a prayer,  
As though his slow unaltered tread  
Beat rhythm with the words he said,  
Another monk leads on the way  
To yonder convent, cold and gray,  
Where on the morrow all shall be  
A festival of mirth and glee  
As long as burns the yule-log bright,  
Until the embers die at night.

Come, poets, sing your sweetest rhyme,  
And, ringers, ring your gladdest chime!  
Let every heart be light and gay  
To greet the dawn of Christmas Day;  
With head low-bowed in fervent prayer  
The yule-log of devotion bear,  
And, on your bosom's altar, light  
The fire of love and praise to-night,  
And with its burning incense-flame  
Breathe honor to the Saviour's name.

## FROM CHRISTMAS TO CHRISTMAS.

BY E. C. CREIGHTON.



**I**T was Christmas Eve. Outside, the snowdrifts lay deep and the wind whistled wildly. Within, the fire burned brightly on the hearth, and the lamp cast a cheerful glow over everything. Yet to Gerald Chantrey the wind and snow without seemed more agreeable than the warmth of fire and lamp.

He had just turned his horse into the stable, hung his coat on the great walnut stand in the hall, and entered the library. His wife was sitting there; but she rose when he came in, and confronted him with a frown.

Isabel Chantrey was a tall dark-browed woman, somewhat older than her husband, and looking as if she might have been a beauty before the years had coarsened her. And that was just what she was when Gerald first met her.

Fifteen years had gone by since then, yet he remembered everything perfectly as he looked at her, and all the old bitter feelings rushed back with renewed force. Yes, she had spoiled his life; and for a moment Gerald thought longingly of the cold snowdrifts, and envied the dead lying so still beneath them. His reflections were cut short by his wife's voice saying harshly:

"Is it possible you are here?"

The emphasis on the last word was especially disagreeable, and there was a touch of sarcasm in Mrs. Chantrey's voice that was even more irritating to her husband than simple anger. He wondered what she meant; but, instead of replying, he crossed

over to the table, seated himself on it, and nonchalantly twirled his cane in his hand. At least, she should not see that she annoyed him.

"You are so seldom here, that it is quite a treat," Isabel went on, in the same tone.

"You make it so agreeable for me, I wonder I am not here all the time," Gerald could not refrain from saying.

"Certainly there are other places more agreeable—Chantrey Hall, for instance," sneered Isabel.

"You are quite right," Gerald agreed, in his most indifferent manner.

"Especially since the arrival there of Miss Arrington," added Mrs. Chantrey. Her husband's face darkened, but he refrained from making any reply. "Of course you have told her that you have the good fortune to be married," the speaker continued, an ugly expression creeping into her dark eyes as she received no answer.

"I cannot see that my private affairs are of any interest to Miss Arrington, nor can I see any need of your introducing her name into your remarks."

All Gerald Chantrey's nonchalance had vanished now; he spoke sternly enough.

"You seem to be wonderfully tender of her—not even allowing her name to be mentioned," and Mrs. Chantrey laughed disagreeably.

The frown on Gerald's face made it almost as unpleasant as his wife's; his expression was completely altered. He laid down his stick and moved to where Isabel stood, her





hand on the back of a chair. He grasped her by the shoulder, not roughly, but with terrible determination.

"I have often felt like killing you before; I swear I will do so now, if you breathe one more word about Miss Arrington. Never dare utter her name again."

Then, before Mrs. Chantrey could recover from the half-cowed astonishment into which her husband's unexpected conduct had thrown her, he was gone.

Out into the wintry night Gerald rushed, flung himself on his horse, and dashed madly away. Anywhere—it did not matter in the least, only to make his escape! Yet his wife had often taunted him about other women—

causelessly enough, heaven knew! for his one bitter experience had made him distrust and dislike the entire sex. Why, then, did the whole force of his nature rise in fierce indignation at the mere mention of Miss Arrington? Conscience asked "Why?" and he could not answer; for, in the searching illumination of the last few minutes' agony, Gerald Chantrey realized a truth he had not even dreamed of, and, urged on by this new pain, he rode wildly forward.

The snow had begun to fall again and drove fiercely into his face, almost blinding him. His horse struggled along in the direction which he had taken of late more frequently than any other—the direction of



Chantrey Hall. The road, not a good one at best, was unsafe in the rapidly increasing storm, and the madness of this latest misery seemed to have completely unnerved Gerald. They had reached a moor not far from the Hall, when the horse stumbled, and then, regaining his footing, sprang forward. The sudden jar shook Gerald from his loose hold in the saddle, and, before he could recover himself, flung him on the ground. His head struck the stones where the snow-drifts lay lightest, and, a moment later, he lost consciousness. The horse stood beside his fallen rider for an instant, and then galloped toward the Hall.

"John Ford was here again to-day," said Miss Dorothea Chantrey, looking up from her sewing.

"Yes," assented Miss Arrington, without removing her eyes from the pages of the book she was reading aloud.

For three years, Greta Arrington had served in the capacity of companion to

Gerald Chantrey's aunt, the owner of Chantrey Hall. The girl's gentleness and patience had won the grim spinster's heart, and a sincere attachment had sprung up between the two; but no softening ever showed itself in the elder woman's manner—she was always stern and imperious.

"He tells me you have refused him again," Miss Chantrey continued.

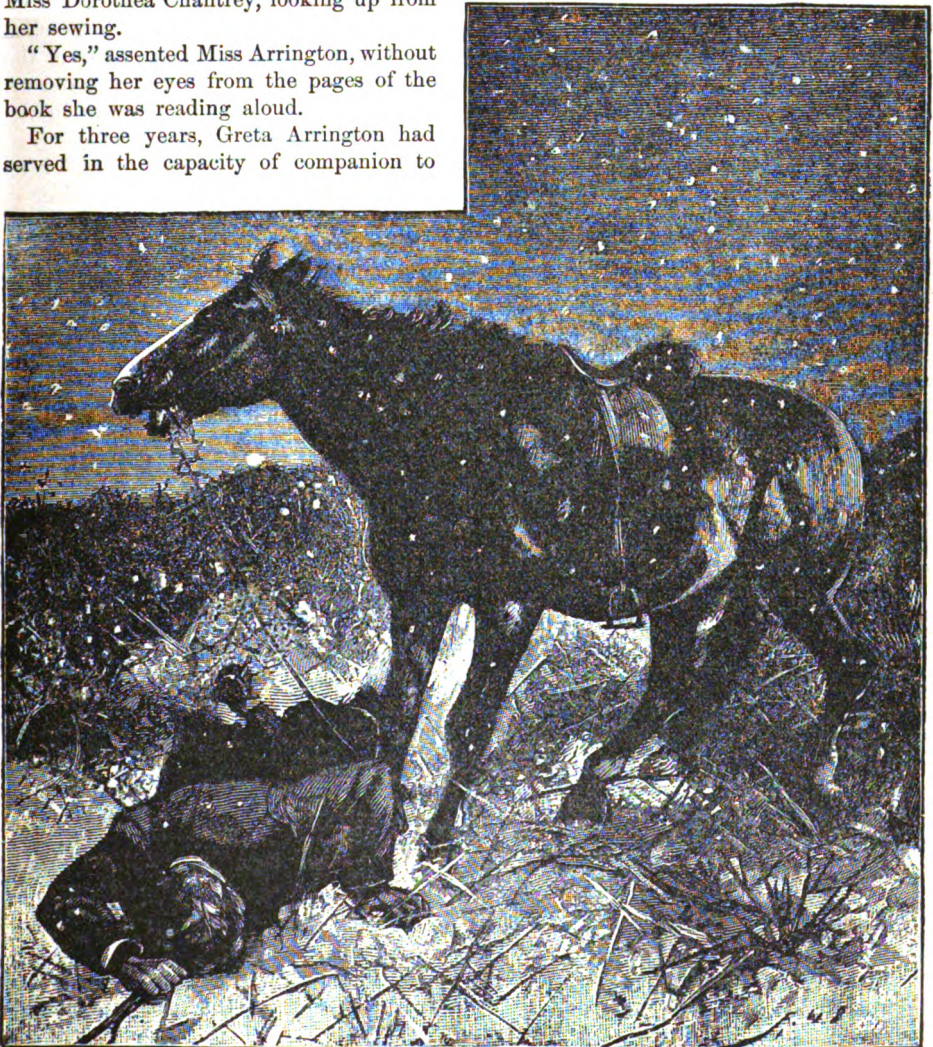
Miss Arrington again assented.

"Are you aware that you are a fool, my dear?" the old lady inquired.

Her companion's cheek flushed.

"A great many people would call me so, I suppose," remarked Miss Arrington, calmly.

"And call you rightly. Why, John is a





rich man and a nice fellow—a splendid fellow. He says your only reason is that you do not love him.”

“A very sufficient reason, it seems to me,” said Greta.

“A very nonsensical reason, unless you are in love with somebody else—are you?” Miss Chantrey added the question in her most abrupt way.

“No—certainly not.”

Greta spoke almost indignantly and with such haste that the other looked up suddenly and gave her a sharp scrutinizing glance; a new idea had entered Miss Chantrey’s brain. There was a little spot of bright color in the girl’s usually pale cheeks, and she met the spinster’s piercing gaze almost defiantly. A dread hitherto unthought of took possession of the latter’s mind and roused her almost to anger. Anxiety urged her on to unthinking cruelty.

“My nephew has not been making love to you, has he?” she asked.

Miss Arrington rose to her feet, answered haughtily “Certainly not,” and turned to go away.

“Stop, Greta,” said the old lady, sternly. “You must listen to me.”

“Well?”

“If my nephew were free to marry, I should be very glad; but, as it is, I thought I watched carefully and never saw the slightest attempt at any special attention on his part. You were so cold, too—otherwise, I should have felt it my duty to tell you the truth, painful as it would have been, when Gerald came home from abroad.” Miss Chantrey paused an instant, but Greta Arrington neither moved nor spoke, so she went on: “He was married years ago. It was a foolish entanglement, and he thought the only honorable thing for him to do was to marry her. But it was perfectly Quixotic; for he was a mere boy, and she a designing woman several years older. She entrapped him into it. He has lived with her two or three times, until he could bear it no longer. He brought her to England first when he came here six months ago, and they have remained in retirement ever since. I ought to have told you”—Miss Chantrey’s voice faltered—“but we Chantreys are very proud, and we have tried to hide our trouble as much as possible.”

The speaker’s voice died into a sob, and Miss Arrington at last spoke.

“It was quite unnecessary,” she said, calmly. “You are perfectly correct, Miss Dorothea: Mr. Chantrey never paid me any attention other than what was required by common courtesy, and your solicitude for me is entirely uncalled for. It is absurd for you to imagine that, because I do not love John Ford, I must care for your nephew. What can I do to disabuse your mind of that impression?”

The sharp old lady still had her doubts, but she did not express them.

“I am very glad, my dear, that my anxiety was needless, and beg your pardon if I have wounded your pride. It is just as well you should know the truth, at any rate.”

This apology was a great concession on the stern spinster’s part, and it touched Greta deeply. She bent and kissed the high wrinkled forehead, and, as she did so, the housekeeper’s figure loomed up in the doorway.

“There’s been a accident, mum,” Mrs. Brown announced, in a quivering voice.

“An accident?” cried Greta, while Miss Chantrey looked up in surprise.

“A while ago,” Mrs. Brown continued, “Mr. Chantrey’s horse dashed into the stable, with no one on him. I suspicioned somethin’ wrong at once, and sent the two men and the dogs out to look. Sure enough, they found the young master, and they’ve brought him in.”

“I will come immediately,” said Miss Arrington, quietly, though she was very pale; “and I will send Janet to you, Miss Dorothea,” she added, turning to the spinster, who was almost crippled with rheumatism.

A few moments later, Miss Arrington was bending over Gerald Chantrey’s motionless form, giving directions to everyone and assuming charge in her usual capable fashion. It was not long before consciousness returned; then Greta slipped out of the room and sent the housekeeper back—to meet Gerald’s eyes was more than she felt she could endure.

Mrs. Brown had neglected to leave a message with Janet; so, candle in hand, she started to return to the pantry, where she had just left the maid. She did not get beyond the hall, however; for there, by the staircase, lying just in her way, was Miss Arrington’s prostrate form—the double shock had been too much for the girl’s

strength. The housekeeper was terribly frightened, but only for a moment; then Miss Arrington opened her eyes and insisted on rising. With Mrs. Brown's assistance, she managed to get to a chair, and accepted eagerly the offer of a stimulant. The brandy revived her at once, and, in spite of remon-

had merely been stunned. Before either of the ladies had risen, he insisted on leaving, and, mounting his horse again, set out for home. This was the surprising news that greeted them at the breakfast-table; and both experienced, though neither expressed it, an intense relief. At Greta's request,



strances, she sought Miss Dorothea to make all necessary explanations.

Although Greta left Mr. Chantrey to the housekeeper's care and went to bed as usual, she did not sleep much. No doctor could be got until morning, and indeed the patient disclaimed any need of one, declaring he

Mrs. Brown had not mentioned her swooning to Miss Chantrey; but, when that shrewd observer saw the girl's heavy eyes and haggard face, she felt confident that her fears were not groundless.

The next day, Miss Dorothea heard from her nephew, that he was perfectly well;

and, a week later, another letter came. After reading it through, Miss Chantrey laid the sheet in her lap and looked at Greta.

"Gerald's wife has disappeared," she said, abruptly.

"Disappeared?" Miss Arrington's lips just formed the word.

"Yes; she has been missing for three days. He went to London immediately after leaving here, and, when he returned, he found her gone, and could gain no clue to her whereabouts. He is still hunting for her," said Miss Chantrey, her eyes running rapidly over the sheet.

"I am very sorry," answered Miss Arrington, although she hardly knew what she was saying.

"I am glad; I hope she will never come back," the old lady said, severely, whereat Greta looked intensely shocked.

The months dragged slowly along, with no news of Mrs. Chantrey. Her husband wrote to his aunt occasionally, telling her that he made no progress in his search. Twice he came to the Hall; but on neither occasion did Greta see him, save from behind closed blinds. She felt that she could not endure the strain on her courage. The one glimpse she had of Gerald shook her nerves; he looked pale and thin, and Miss Dorothea groaned over his wretched appearance. The girl herself went about looking like a shadow.

If she were dead—this woman who had spoiled Gerald Chantrey's life—how much better it would be for him! Then personal thoughts would intrude themselves, though she tried to drive them away. Sometimes she felt like a murderess, and then again only pity and agonized realization of what Gerald must be suffering filled her soul. For, with a woman's quick intuition, she was certain that he loved her.

It was Christmas Eve again, and just such a night as it had been a year previous. In the cheerful library at Chantrey Hall, the two ladies sat as usual—the one sewing, the other reading aloud. Suddenly Greta closed her book and laid it on the table.

"Forgive me, Miss Dorothea, but I must go away from here," she cried, almost as if the words were wrung from her.

"Go away, my child?"

There was real consternation as well as surprise in the elder woman's voice.

"The climate does not agree with me—I have an offer to go as governess to the south of France." Miss Arrington was once more mistress of herself, and she spoke in her ordinary tone, or something closely approaching it. "I have lost flesh lately," she continued, holding up an almost transparent hand, and Miss Chantrey could not deny the assertion.

A year ago, the stern spinster might have contradicted the girl; but, in that length of time, Miss Dorothea had greatly altered. Gazing into the pale proud face opposite her, she felt that it would be cruel to ask Greta to remain.

"I shall miss you terribly," was all she did say.

Miss Arrington crossed over to the old maid's side and took one of the wrinkled hands in both her own white ones.

"I have been thinking of this a long time, my friend, but I could not bear to leave you. To-day I heard of someone who would just suit you—though not so well as I do, of course," she added, with a pitiful little attempt at jocularity and a ghost of a smile.

"No one could ever do that," answered Miss Dorothea, and then there was silence between them.

Two weeks later, Greta departed, and Miss Dorothea was left with her new companion—a perfect treasure, she would have thought her before she knew Miss Arrington. The latter had been gone only a short time, when Gerald Chantrey presented himself before his aunt. He looked pale and worn and had a greatly subdued air.

"I have found my wife, Aunt Dorothea," he said, gravely, as he clasped his relative's hand; "or rather, I have found her grave."

"Her grave?" echoed the other, faintly, a sense of awe mingling with the intense relief which she could not help feeling in spite of herself.

"She went away in a fit of jealous rage," Gerald continued, "and started suddenly with a sick friend on a voyage up the Nile. As they were on their way back, she caught cold and died of pneumonia within a week; I have only just heard it."

They talked for a long while; but Gerald did not speak of Miss Arrington, until at last Miss Chantrey grew impatient and told him of her departure. He expressed his regret in a polite tone, and soon went away. Left alone, the old lady sat down at once

and wrote to Greta. There came a prompt reply to the letter, expressing sympathy but making no other mention of Mr. Chan'rey.

The weeks lengthened into months, and neither of the pair manifested any apparent interest in the other. At last, Miss Dorothea grew desperate, and, on one of her nephew's frequent visits, she burst forth:

"Are you going to let a scruple spoil your own life, as well as other people's?" Gerald looked at her in astonishment. "Oh, don't pretend you don't understand what I mean—I couldn't endure that!"

The young man smiled in an odd way and then grew deadly pale.

"Do you think I am not longing to see her?" he asked, in a low tense tone. "Longing with every fibre of my being? But I know her better than you—I am certain

she does not want to see me; she will give some sign when she does."

Gerald's voice was full of repressed feeling, and, looking into his face, Miss Chantrey realized the restraint he was putting on himself.

That night, she wrote to Greta:

"Gerald is going to take a run on the Continent—may he call on you?"

The answer came quickly:

"I have promised to remain here a year, and, during that time, I would rather not see any of my English friends. I know you will forgive me. At the end of the twelvemonth, I shall be free, and will come back to you if you wish it."

When Miss Dorothea read the letter to her nephew, he said softly: "I understand." Then he hurried away.

## KEEP FAITH!

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

HAVE you had dreams—ah! who has not?—

Of better fortune at some day,  
And found that day brought harder lot,  
And cast your dreams, bright dreams, away?

It was not hope was false to you;  
'Twas chance went wrong: hope still is true.

Trust yet your dreams and still believe,  
Some day your dream will not deceive!

HAVE you had friends—ah! who has not?—

Friends close and dear when skies were bright,  
Friends who, when trouble came, forgot  
And passed as strangers in your sight?

It was not friendship was untrue;  
Only false friends were false to you.

Trust friendship still, seek still dear friends;  
Keep faith, keep faith, until life ends!

HAVE you loved one—ah! who has not?—

Whose smile was dear, whose kiss was sweet,  
Who vowed fond vows too soon forgot,  
And paid your truth with sore deceit?

It was not love that was untrue;  
Only a false heart false to you.

Trust love, and still a true heart seek,  
Keep faith in words fond lovers speak!

Keep faith in hope and in your dreams,

Keep faith in friendship and in love,  
Keep faith in that which dearest seems;  
There's naught in earth or heaven above,  
Naught that's good and dear and true,  
That can be dear or true to you,  
Save you keep faith; keep faith alway,  
In friends, in words true lovers say!

## NEVER DESPAIR.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

THOUGH stormy the sky,  
The storm and the clouds  
Will pass by and by;  
So never despair.

Be patient, be true;  
Do the work bravely

Your hands find to do,  
And never despair—

But hope for the best;  
For, after the toil,  
The sweeter the rest:  
So never despair.

## AN UNFORESEEN CRISIS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 464.

### CHAPTER VII.



OME moments passed before Mrs. Richmond could collect her senses sufficiently even to listen. Fortunately she was not called on to speak, as Rafe Vincent was talking fast enough

for the three, though his face told the story of his happiness much more intelligibly than his broken sentences succeeded in doing.

Lilian seated herself, and, taking Magdalen's cold hands, softly stroked them with her delicate palms, while occasionally putting in a quiet word or two which rendered her lover's explanations somewhat more lucid than his unaided efforts would have proved.

Mrs. Richmond turned her aching eyes from one smiling face to the other, then glanced back at the telegram lying at her feet, oppressed by a sense of utter helplessness such as she had never in her life experienced. Her mind seemed absolutely dulled by the shock she had received; she heard her companions' voices through the confusion of a dozen scattered thoughts, all of which had Carleton Pembroke for their centre.

Presently Vincent was called out to see a friend who had been stopping at the hotel, but was to leave by the next train. As the door closed behind him, Lilian chanced to notice the paper; she picked it up, saying:

"Is this yours, or did Rafe drop it?"

Mrs. Richmond started, with an odd sensation as if coming back from a long distance. She took the telegram, laid her two hands on Lilian's shoulders, and exclaimed:

"Child, what have you done—what have you done?"

Lilian regarded her in troubled amazement.

"Oh," she cried, her lips beginning to quiver, "I hoped you would be glad!

(552)

Surely it does not displease you. I thought you knew me well enough now so that you would not be afraid for Rafe's happiness."

"I am not thinking about him," rejoined Magdalen; "you are so brave that I don't doubt your being able to go through any sacrifice you may undertake."

"Sacrifice?" Lilian echoed, wonderingly.

"Yes. Do you suppose I don't understand? You have let yourself be persuaded—you were afraid of making him unhappy. Oh, Lilian, Lilian! I don't fancy for an instant that you deceived him; I know you are incapable—"

"But why should I?"

"Wait; let me finish," Mrs. Richmond continued, now thoroughly possessed by an excitement so like one of Rafe Vincent's that Lilian noticed the family resemblance between the two, even in the midst of her anxiety. "Of course, you told him the whole truth; but a man is always over-confident, and believes he can win a woman's love if only she will marry him. Oh, I think more marriages have made shipwreck from such unions than in any other way."

She spoke rapidly; once she had begun, she could not check herself, though realizing all the while that to speak was worse than useless—that, indeed, she had no right. Then she saw Lilian gazing at her with a sudden smile and eyes so full of wonder that she stopped short.

"No doubt," the girl said. "But I am so disappointed; tell me outright why you are not pleased!"

"Haven't I tried to tell you?" demanded Magdalen. "How can I do it more plainly? Don't I say that a woman is mad, to let a man whom she does not love persuade her to marry him?"

"But that doesn't apply to me," Lilian answered, with a happy smile and a beautiful blush. "Surely you weren't talking for my benefit! Why, I love Rafe dearly—"



dearly! To you, I can speak out; you won't think me missish, silly: I love him with all my heart and soul."

"Oh!" Magdalen gasped, as the other turned her head away in a pleasant confusion. The astonished woman could articulate nothing further, between relief from anxiety on Lillian's and Rafe's account and a sharp pang of sympathetic grief for Carleton Pembroke.

"Does that satisfy you?" Lillian asked, looking bravely back at her.

"Yes," Mrs. Richmond managed at length to say; "for you—yes."

"And you will accept me for a relation, and try to love me a little?" Lillian persisted, in her coaxing voice.

"I do love you already," Mrs. Richmond replied, but could get no further for the moment.

She had no right to be angry with the girl, though she had reason to be with herself. She had rushed at conclusions in her usual headlong fashion—meddled with a matter in which she had no business to interfere—and heaven only knew what mischief she might have done, what fresh misery would be forced by her hand on the man whom to save from trouble she would cheerfully have suffered any torture. But she could indulge in remorse later; Lillian was speaking again.

"I knew from the first that I loved Rafe," the soft voice went on; "it was not romance—not a dream—but love, only I was ashamed to admit it. For a while, I had thought that my great admiration and respect for Mr. Pembroke would prove that—I mean, after he asked me to be his wife—don't you understand?"

"Yes," Mrs. Richmond answered, vaguely.

"I thought—oh, indeed it was not because I am vain," continued Lillian, "but I thought at first Mr. Pembroke loved me; it seemed such an honor! His dear sister helped each of us to blunder about the other; she deceived herself and us too. The truth was, Mr. Pembroke proposed to me because he thought he had won my heart, and I accepted him because I thought he loved me."

"Oh!" Magdalen again ejaculated.

"But, though I am not clever, I could not help gradually finding out. I was thinking of his happiness when I broke the engagement, yet it was well for my own sake that

I did so. Directly afterward, I met Rafe; he soon taught me the difference between hero-worship and love. But I was determined to be certain; then, too, it seemed dreadful to turn like that from one to another, so I would not own that I cared. Oh, you understand how I felt!"

"Yes," Magdalen said this time, and again had to pause.

"He persevered, though," Lillian said, with a little rippling laugh; "I—I thought he would. And I am happy, and I will do my best to make him so—don't you believe me?"

Mrs. Richmond could not resist the appealing eyes and voice; she felt herself worse than a savage, to have harbored an undercurrent of resentment against the speaker for what was no fault of hers.

"You are the dearest girl in the world," she exclaimed, "and Rafe Vincent is worth loving, and I am only too glad to have you for a cousin; only, I wonder that you can be willing to accept such a crotchety cross-grained creature as a relation."

Just here, Vincent returned, and presently Magdalen contrived a plausible pretext to get rid of them both for a while, feeling the need of solitude and reflection. But meditation was of little avail; she could only marvel and blame herself.

"I suppose it was natural that Lillian should care most for the young fellow," she thought; "and he is clever—full of brilliant possibilities. But why should a man like Carleton Pembroke set his heart on a mere girl? What an idiot I am! Of course, her very youth attracted him. Oh, what a series of muddles life is, anyway—and ever to try to clear up one is worse than wickedness! What have I done? How can I tell him? And he will be here to-night—to-night!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. RICHMOND had made important business correspondence a reason for shutting herself in her rooms. The letters lay on her table to be answered, it was true, but she could no more have managed to set down three coherent sentences in respectable English than she could have written a novel in Japanese. Her mind seemed fairly in a chaotic state, and she was tormented by so many conflicting emotions that she could not tell which held the mastery.

Through the open windows, she could hear



the piano that somebody was playing below-stairs; then she heard voices singing a duet, and recognized them as those of Lilian and Rafe Vincent. Presently the song ended; the music changed to a waltz, and went on almost without intermission for the next hour. Mrs. Richmond walked up and down, moved things out of place and pushed them back, unable to settle to anything, her restlessness growing positive torture as the hours dragged on.

Suddenly she remembered that she had not told Lilian she expected Mr. Pembroke; she must do so, and invent some reason for his coming—the convenient generality “business” would serve as well as anything. At least, she could spare him the humiliation of having the girl gain any idea of what was really bringing him: spare Lilian pain as well, for her sensitive nature would suffer terribly, were she to suspect the truth.

Mrs. Richmond wondered why she had not mentioned the fact while they were talking—it would have been easy enough then; now she must fling down the tidings in a bald abrupt fashion—she would be certain to do it awkwardly. Oh, she could do nothing right any more!

She rose to seek Lilian. She would not send for her; that would be giving an importance to the communication which she desired of all things to avoid. She must wait till she had gained more composure—she could not tell her news yet. She would go for a walk; she wanted a longer solitude. The evening train would not arrive till rather late; she should be forced to pass time enough, watching the young pair and trying to be a sympathetic listener to their hopes and plans. Then she grew quickly ashamed of this return of unreasonable resentment toward them; Carleton Pembroke would be the first to reproach her therefor. They had done no wrong; they had a right to their happiness. Nobody had done any wrong, save Magdalen Richmond—who, in her vanity and arrogance, must needs elect to do destiny's work, and had prepared a fresh thunderbolt to smite the man for whose sake she would have borne any pain, made any sacrifice.

And, in certain ways, this second blow would be harder for Pembroke to bear than Lilian's abrupt breaking of their engagement. Then reason and pride had come

to his aid, with their reminders that it would be worse than weak to regret a girl capable of such cold-hearted treachery, prompted by such sordid motives as evidence which looked indisputable laid to her charge. Now reaction of feeling would make him prize Lilian more highly than ever. His remorse that he had been able to doubt her, no matter how incontestable the proofs offered, would heighten the great love which during the past weary year he had striven vainly, with all the force of his iron will, to subdue—root out—kill. Magdalen told herself that she had seen what no other of his friends suspected. When fortune had begun to smile again, his burden had grown the heavier. How often, in the midst of their most absorbing conversations, she had noticed him change suddenly, grow troubled, absent-minded! How often the appeal in his eyes, the yearning sadness, the pathetic reproach, had been almost more than she could endure, though knowing they were not addressed to her, but only the irrepressible signs of heart-ache over the loss of that fair idol whose love alone could have made success worth the winning. And then unexpectedly to receive those two letters—to acquire a tenfold admiration and affection for the girl whom he had so wronged! Oh, there was nothing spared him—and she, Magdalen Richmond, had dealt this crowning stroke! Oh, she was not fit to be trusted by anybody. She had long ago learned that she could not expect or merit love; but she had deemed herself worthy to receive friendship, and henceforth the man whose opinion she valued more than the verdict of the entire world would, in spite of his generosity, his determination always to see only the best in others, be forced to admit that neither her judgment nor her intuition was to be relied on.

While she walked up and down among the shady alleys of the beautiful grove, she loaded herself with reproaches until her self-esteem, lamentably weak at all times, had fallen to zero, and the meeting with Pembroke became an ordeal so terrible to contemplate that she wondered where she was to find courage to go through with it.

It was pleasant to be roused by the eager barking of her dog; he had missed her, and, with his unerring instinct, had traced her steps.

"Here, Ponto!" she called. "This way, old friend!" then added mentally: "At all events, you can trust me—you need me, too. No human being does the last, and I have just proved that I am not worthy of confidence or friendship." With a smile at her own absurdity, she called louder than before: "This way, old friend!"

She heard a joyous whine, succeeded by a volley of good-natured barks. There was a crackling among the dried underbrush of the thicket, and around a bend in the path Ponto appeared, dancing and yelping in delight; but she had apparently no share in his greeting—he was bounding joyously to and fro in front of Carleton Pembroke, who had stopped and was gazing eagerly about.

Mrs. Richmond stood fairly rooted to the ground; no sharper pang had ever wrung her heart than that which crossed it when, catching sight of her, he hurried forward, his face aglow with pleasure. She knew what it meant; before seeking Lillian, he had come to her, that he might make quite sure the girl whom they had misjudged was ready to forgive him. And he must be told the truth—there could be no palliating, no softening it; the dreadful fact was there, and must be revealed.

With this swift rush of troubled thought coursing through her brain, Magdalen waited as he approached, saying:

"I don't believe the greeting was meant for me; but I may claim it, may I not?"

They were shaking hands; she was asking broken questions about his health, his journey, all the while oppressed by a sensation like that of a nightmare.

"I have taken you by surprise," she heard him say. "I did not think I could get here till the evening; but I managed to finish some business in time to catch an earlier train."

"I hope it was not a slow one," she heard herself answer, and then the utter imbecility of the speech struck her, and she nearly burst into hysterical laughter; but, confused as she was, she could see that he was too much excited to be critical.

"I met Gervais just as I got out of the omnibus," Pembroke continued. "He told me where to find you; I refused to have him for a guide, so he sent Ponto."

What a mercy that he had not met Lillian and Vincent! Yet his doing so would have

rendered her task easier. How could she begin? The sooner it could be got over, the better. But all she could manage to articulate—unable to resist, though the utterance increased her feeling that she should be an idiot in another moment—was a repetition of Pembroke's last words: "So he sent Ponto."

She glanced helplessly about, in search of the dog—to pat him would give an instant's occupation and respite; but Ponto had rushed off into the thicket, and could neither be seen nor heard. She looked back at Pembroke; there was a puzzled doubtful expression on his face. He seemed to be fighting against some sudden feeling of constraint, and said quickly:

"I hope you won't be annoyed—I know it does vex you to have your generous actions found out—but I have discovered what I owe you. I mean, about Grantley and—"

"I don't want to hear," she broke in.

"As well as the willingness of the heirs to give me time. You paid them a lot of money—so you made me your pecuniary debtor, after all," he went on. "Oh, don't fear that the sense of obligation weighs on me; I am not ashamed to have you for a creditor."

He was holding out his hand again; she put hers in it, drew it away, and exclaimed brusquely:

"Then don't say any more about the matter."

"I won't," he cried, gayly; "I have too much else to talk about, to remember my debts just now. I have so many questions to ask, so many things to tell, that I hardly know where to begin."

Mrs. Richmond uttered a little ejaculation; the crisis had come. He would mention Lillian's name in an instant, and then the dreadful truth must be told. She caught his eyes fixed inquiringly on her; he was waiting for her to speak. All she could say was:

"And I don't know where to begin."

"At the very beginning," he rejoined; "let us get at that, then we shall go on well enough. Well, you sent for me."

"Yes; I—you must have been surprised—my news—so unexpected—"

So far she got in her successive efforts to utter a connected sentence, and then stood dumb.

"But I want, first of all, to hear that news," he exclaimed; "you wrote so vaguely. How could you have supposed there was ever any doubt in my mind? that for an instant I could have misjudged anything? But what was it? what did you mean? Don't I tell you I was glad—proud—when I learned the truth? I might have known from the first; nobody else could be so noble."

"Yes, yes—noble—true, to the bottom of her soul!" Magdalen cried, again utterly despairing between her desire to do Lilian justice and the necessity of dealing him the cruel blow which could not be spared. "Oh, until you have read the whole of your sister's journal, you cannot understand."

"My sister's journal?" he echoed, staring at her.

"Yes; it is all there. If ever a girl behaved nobly, it was Lilian Fane! She broke her engagement only because she thought you wished it; she had no suspicion of the trouble which was falling on you."

A sound like a stifled groan stopped her; she saw Pembroke put up his hand in pleading remonstrance. He had fallen back a step; his face had grown terribly pale; his eyes met hers, blurred and dim with sudden pain.

"Stop! do stop!" he fairly gasped. "Did you send for me to tell me that she—she—cared—"

The question died unfinished. Magdalen knew that she must speak: he was so overcome by joy that he had grown fairly dizzy and faint, and she must crush it out by that terrible revelation.

"Oh, I tell it all so stupidly," she groaned. "Wait! I would rather die a thousand deaths than tell you, and my stupid meddling has brought the suffering on you. Lilian is engaged."

There was an instant's silence; she heard him give a deep breath. She could not lift her eyes; she had not the courage to face his agony. She turned her head away, leaning against a tree for support.

"Did you send for me to tell me this?" he asked, in a tone of mingled bitterness and reproach.

"Oh, I did not know, when I wrote," Magdalen hurried on. "Try to forgive me, though I don't deserve it. I had no business

to meddle; but, when I learned how nobly she had acted—and I thought she loved you still—I rushed at things in my headlong fashion, and, after my letters had gone, I discovered that she was engaged. Oh, you can't forgive me—I don't expect it!"

"I must understand first," he said, in a choked voice.

"Surely my two letters together made it plain," she urged.

"I only received one—a vague hurried message; here it is."

He took an envelope from the breast-pocket of his coat, unfolded the sheet of paper it contained, and held it up; she recognized her second.

"Oh! and, after all, you did not know! I had written you the whole story—that she and your sister believed you did not love her, that she set you free on that account, and—"

"She is engaged, you said?"

The strange eager tone made the inquiry sound like a bitter sarcasm to Mrs. Richmond.

"If I had only told you that first," she moaned. "Oh, I don't know how to explain now—clumsy idiot that I am! But you will not blame her when you hear; you—"

"Why should I blame her?" he asked.

"No, no; it is I who am to blame. I—"

She stopped again, her tongue paralyzed by the horrible disappointment which spoke in every lineament of his face; most of all, by the sad reproach which filled his eyes.

Ponto dashed barking out of the thicket; steps and voices sounded close by, and somebody called:

"Mrs. Richmond! Mrs. Richmond! Now, you are somewhere about; you may as well resign yourself, for we mean to find you."

"Please excuse me," Pembroke said, hurriedly. "I will go to the house; I shall see you later."

He hastened down the alley, just in time to avoid a little knot of persons whom Mrs. Richmond turned to meet with such attempt at composure as she could contrive to summon to her assistance.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE evening passed. A gay party assembled in the parlors; Mrs. Richmond and Pembroke were there, but they had no opportunity for private conversation. Indeed,

both carefully avoided being left alone together, even for a moment; yet, all the while, each felt hurt that the other did not attempt some effort for a quiet talk.

Lilian Fane was present, so lovely in her new happiness that it was a pleasure just to look at her; and, though their secret had not been acknowledged, it could only have been necessary, even for a stranger, to watch Rafe Vincent's face when near the girl, to understand the whole story. Mr. Pembroke was cordiality itself, with the pair; he had already known Vincent a little, and surprised and pleased the young man by the warmth of his greeting. His manner toward Lilian was such as it might have been toward a younger sister, and she responded thereto with a grace and satisfaction which rendered her more winning than ever.

Mrs. Richmond sat aloof and watched them in silent wonder.

"What endurance that man has," she thought. "Tender-hearted as a child, yet firm as adamant! And the little butterfly does not dream of the truth—has no idea that he suffers. Oh, how spiteful I am! I will never call her that name again. She is good—noble—worth twenty cynical, suspicious wretches like me."

Presently Lilian approached, leaning on Mr. Pembroke's arm, and seated herself by Magdalen.

"He says he is going away sometime to-morrow," she said, abruptly. "Please lay your commands on him! Nobody ever disputes Mrs. Richmond's fiat," she added, glancing up at Pembroke, with her bright smile.

There was an instant's silence, then the two began to talk at once, then each apologized to the other for interrupting: the manner of both so constrained and ill at ease that it sat oddly enough on persons trained by long practice to meet any possible social emergency without flinching.

Lilian's quick eyes noticed; she marveled a little, then leaped at the correct solution of the mystery as unerringly as if she had arrived at it by following out a mathematical rule. A single speech of Pembroke's, in his effort to sustain conversation, put Miss Fane on the right track.

"The grove near the hotel reminds me of Rockland," he said. "Had it occurred to you, Mrs. Richmond?"

"I had not thought; perhaps there is a resemblance," she replied, rather curtly, and asked Lilian some irrelevant question.

Mrs. Richmond had been at Rockland during the previous year! She was the woman to whom Pembroke had been so attentive—of whom Lilian had heard through his sister, though without any mention of her name! It all flashed lightning-like through Lilian's mind—the report had been true! Something had happened to estrange the two; neither was angry, but each feared that the other was hurt or displeased! What could have caused the state of affairs, the girl was unable to conceive; but she grasped the entire situation, and speedily understood them both far better than either understood the other.

When the party broke up, Mrs. Richmond accompanied Lilian to the door of her room; as they were separating, the latter demanded abruptly:

"Why didn't you ask Mr. Pembroke to stay?"

One of her hot waves of resentment swept over Magdalen. She checked her impetuosity just in time; an instant more, and, in her impulsive recklessness, she would have spoken words which could not have failed to startle Lilian by a perception of the truth.

"Do you want to torture him?" she had been near saying. "Do you want—me to be a nuisance?" was what she did say, with an awkward break in her sentence and an exasperated ring in her voice which she herself heard only too plainly.

"You could persuade him," Lilian continued, willfully blind and deaf to her friend's evident annoyance. "Do you know, you were fairly cold to him. And I find you are great friends. Oh, he told me—he is not so secretive as you. And he admires you so highly—oh, he appreciates you as you deserve, and his appreciation is worth while. But you were almost icy—yes, you were! Oh, don't be vexed; you told me I might warn you when you put on that freezing manner. And he saw it—oh, it really struck him dumb; I am sure he was hurt."

"Do—do stop!" Mrs. Richmond exclaimed. "You don't know what you are talking about. Now see here—this is just the state of the case: I could not ask him to stay—he does not want to; no matter how he behaves, he does not want to!"

"Why?" Lilian asked, with such apparent simplicity that the blunt question had to be answered.

"Well, then, if you will have it—I want him to go!" Mrs. Richmond said, desperately. "Now listen: you must not repeat this, even to Rafe; but I must stop your saying another word on the subject."

"Oh, you are not angry?" Lilian cried, in dismay.

"No—at least, only with myself," rejoined Magdalen. "The truth is, I tried to do Mr. Pembroke a service; I managed, instead, to wound him cruelly—stabbed him deeper than an enemy could have done. He is not angry, I know, but hurt—hurt! The very sight of me is a pain just now, and no wonder. Let him go; he is better away. Do not meddle, I tell you!"

She stopped, aghast at her violence; Lilian was regarding her with searching eyes which betrayed neither anger nor distress; she only said quietly:

"It is very good of you to explain; you know I did not mean to be impertinent or troublesome."

"Of course I do. There: never mind me or my dreadful ways; I warned you what an impossible creature I am. I wonder that anybody can tolerate me!"

"I love you," Lilian said, simply. "Good-night."

"You are the best, best child in the world! Good-night," Mrs. Richmond answered, and hurried down the corridor.

The next morning, Mr. Pembroke appeared, to pay his respects to Mrs. Oakley. The invalid had gone out to drive with a friend, so he and Lilian fell into talk as frank as any confidence in which brother and sister could have indulged.

"I am so glad, so thankful, for your happiness," he said, when she had told him the pretty story of her engagement.

"And I want you to be happy," she returned, quickly. "Oh, don't think me intrusive; but there is something I want to say—to ask, I mean."

"Surely you know you may. Ask me anything you like."

"Then—then, why do you go? Why do you avoid Mrs. Richmond?"

"It seems to me that I am the one avoided, if I may answer your last question first," he said, with a pained smile.

"No, no—you are not; or, if you are, it is only because— That is not what I wanted to say," cried Lilian, with the courage of desperation. "Oh, I think I could make some things clear, if only you will explain to me!"

"Why, I made a little mistake—that is all," he said, with an under-tone of dreary desolation in his voice. "She wrote a hurried letter asking me to come on here without delay—"

"Well?" Lilian inquired, as he paused.

"Well, I thought my letters had betrayed a truth which I had never ventured to put into words," he continued. "I knew how brave and frank she is; I dared to hope that— Oh, it was all a mistake on my part. She sent that she might tell me something which—something pleasant to hear, but not what I had been mad enough to hope."

"I understand," said Lilian. "She had discovered that I was engaged! She does not yet see that you never thought of me except as a child—a sister."

"To be dearly prized and cared for," he added.

The long apartment was separated by heavy curtains; the windows at one end opened like doors; they were ajar, and Lilian saw Mrs. Richmond enter from the piazza. Pembroke was seated so that he could not see her; in a flash, the means of settling matters struck Miss Fane.

"You love Magdalen Richmond!" she cried.

"With all my heart and soul," he answered; "the only woman I ever have loved or ever can. There: it is a comfort to say it, hopeless as that love is."

"I think not—I am sure not," Lilian said, softly.

She rose and pointed down the room. Before Mrs. Richmond could stir, Pembroke's eyes met hers.

In the instant's eloquent silence which followed, Lilian Fane stole softly out of the chamber. In the hall, she met Vincent.

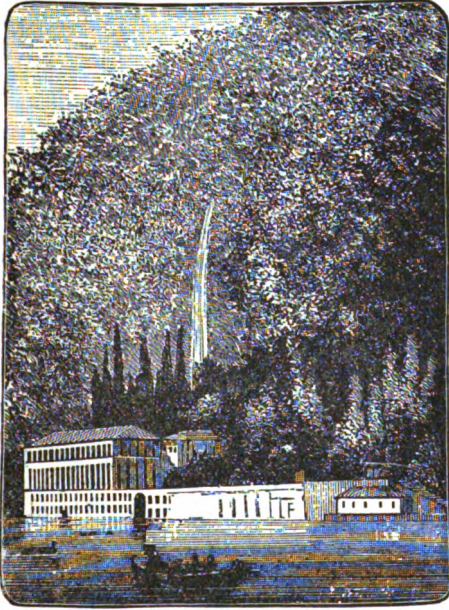
"You look more bewildering and beautiful than usual," he pronounced, ecstatically. "Something has happened—tell me what."

"An unforeseen crisis," she replied, with a joyous laugh; "and I helped it on—I, of all persons! Come, and let me tell you all about it."

[THE END.]

## A LONG LAKE COMO.

BY OLNEY TOWNE.



LA PLINIANA.

**I** NEVER visited this delightful spot without being reminded of Claude Melnotte's picture of the home to which he declared, "could love fulfill its prayers," he would have led his bride:

"A deep vale

Shut in by Alpine hills from the rude world,  
Near a clear lake margined by fruits of gold."

Perhaps the fact that to my mind the lower part of Como, lovely as it is, somehow suggests a carefully studied scenic effect, may be the reason for my invariably recalling the rather stilted verse of Bulwer's hero as I stand on its banks. At the same time, I have the grace to feel a little ashamed of my involuntary comparison; for, after all, it would be difficult to find a view which could more nearly realize one's ideal of Paradise than that unique landscape on a day in June.

If the traveler has arrived from Milan, he reaches the lake at the lower end, and finds himself in the interesting old town

which has given its name to the beautiful sheet of water. A Greek colony established itself here as far back as the days of the Scipios, and relics of its occupancy still exist. The place never attained any note until the reign of Julius Cæsar, but under him it rapidly increased in wealth and importance. It was then called Comum, and claims the honor of having been the birthplace of the two Plinys. Its right to enroll the elder among its famous citizens is vehemently disputed by several other districts in Italy; but there can be no doubt that his nephew was born and grew up there, and later became a landed proprietor in the neighborhood.

Several villas are pointed out which are said to stand on the sites of dwellings he built and made his home at different periods, but no actual proof can be found that these assertions are correct. A pretty villa called La Pliniana, further up the lake, possesses, however, a real association with the voluminous classical letter-writer. It is not asserted that he ever owned the land; but he gives in one of his lengthy epistles a minute description of the intermittent spring which rushes in a sheet of foam down the steep cliff, at the foot whereof is nestled the stretch of white walls, backed by funereal cypresses, which has been named in his honor.

The present town of Como is a very noteworthy place in the eyes of the antiquarian, on account of its Greek and Roman relics; and it retains, besides, signs of mediæval greatness more attractive to the ordinary traveler, in the shape of a fine cathedral, town hall, and sundry gloomy old churches and gloomier palaces, whose narrow grated windows look like so many discontented eyes frowning down at the progress and freedom of the present.

Como can boast, too, of having given birth to Piazzi, the astronomer, who discovered the planet Ceres, and to the still more distinguished Volta, whose discoveries seem to pervade the whole system of physical science.





THE ROCKS OF BELLAGIO.

But, in general, the pilgrim to this nook is apt to spend as little time recalling the memories of great men as he does in diving into dark corners in search of Greek or Roman inscriptions, or roaming about the chill churches or badly-ventilated palaces. After he has once wandered down to the port and caught sight of the blue lake, which lies like a crystal cup bordered with emeralds in the heart of the lofty hills, neither classical lore nor the legendary romance of the Middle Ages seems worth a moment's thought.

A steamboat carries the traveler only too quickly from end to end of the beautiful expanse; but he ought to make the town his halting-place for a day or so, in order to row about in one of the comfortable boats to be had for a moderate price, and so have an opportunity to visit the places of interest in the immediate neighborhood.

The shores are sprinkled thickly with charming villas, imbedded in an almost tropical vegetation, where wealthy Piedmontese and foreigners residing in Italy seek a delightful

refuge during the heat of the summer months. The villas which at various epochs during the last hundred years have been inhabited by celebrated people are fairly legion, from the immense pile called the Villa d'Este, associated with memories of the unlucky English Queen Caroline, to the lovely dwelling which bears the name of its builder, the famous dancer, Taglioni. It remained the dwelling-place of the marvelous disciple of Terpsichore until a decade back, and it is sad to record that, when she had reached old age, a sudden reverse of fortune forced her to exchange her elysian retreat for the noise and bustle of London; doomed, just when ease and rest were most needed, to become a not overly well paid mistress of a dancing-school.

The somewhat theatrical character of loveliness which I have said the environs of Como possess is lost as one proceeds up the lake. The hills



IN THE GARDEN OF VILLA PERBELLONI.

and higher till they reach an altitude of between three and four thousand feet.

The lake has two branches, which are called Bellano and Lecco, though united on the maps under the general name of Como. When one reaches Bellagio, one obtains a marvelous view of the three divisions, each of which possesses its distinctive attractions. The charm of Lake Como proper lies in its garden-like culture, where art has so wonderfully simulated nature that it is almost impossible to distinguish between the two. Bellano presents a rugged grandeur which looks all the sterner from its contrast to the

shores below, and Lecco displays a picturesque beauty which partakes of the attributes of the other two branches.

Bellagio is one of the most striking points in the entire panorama. In some places, great cliffs rise like vast buttresses from the water's edge, their sides clothed with blossoming thickets, and their tops crowned by stately trees; in others, the shores spread out as green and smooth as a carefully-shaven lawn, where one sees lovely villas nestled among olive-groves and great flower-gardens of fairly tropical luxuriance and variety.

Among these delightful haunts, the Villa Serbelloni is one of the largest and finest, and is especially noticeable for the extent and loveliness of its lawns and shrubberies. One could pass days in wandering about the magnificent gardens, with their broad alleys where one is lost in a forest of verdure till some unexpected curve in the path shows the turquoise blue of the lake, through the long aisles of stately trees, or one passes

under rock-hewn galleries where dusk reigns even at noonday, again suddenly to obtain a view of the laughing waters, with the mountains looming like giant sentinels behind.



GALLERY NEAR VILLA SERBELLONI.

On the boldest of Bellagio's jutting promontories stands a fine hotel, which forms one of the most delightful summer retreats that could be devised—offering, I verily believe, a different ramble or excursion for each separate day of the entire season.

An excellent road runs from the town of Como to that of Lecco, and any person who has the time to spend should not fail to travel it, as well as to make the circuit

of the lake in the busy little steamboat. A wonderful road it is, too—now winding along the shore, now plunging into dark defiles, then emerging on some dizzy height, and at every turn presenting a panorama finer than any which has gone before. There are queer old towns to visit, that look as if they had fallen asleep in the Middle Ages and could never waken again. Each possesses some noteworthy feature in the shape of a bell-tower, a ruined castle, a noble villa, a fine cascade, or some distinctive view to be obtained at no other point, always with the lake for the foreground, else lying like a polished shield miles and miles below, the green forests for a frame to the picture, and, above, the marvelous blue of the Italian sky casting its glory over the whole.

Bolder and bolder the scenery grows, the further one proceeds, and the sojourner at Bellagio can reach the highway by climbing for some sixteen miles up a fair country-road, the zigzag ascent shaded by broad-spreading chestnut-trees and freshened by the breath





ON THE PROMONTORY OF BELLAGIO.

of countless mountain rivulets. As he toils on, he is rewarded by entrancing peeps over the lake and its branches, till at last he reaches the point where the road joins the highway. Here stands a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and the scene from its steps is one to be remembered forever.

The valley lies thousands of feet beneath, and thousands of feet above tower the Alps of the Valtelline and Grisons; the lake a field of molten gold, the distant peaks dazzling white in their robes of eternal snow.

And, when he can tear himself away, the pilgrim journeys on and on till he reaches Varenna. Near this point, he passes under sundry marvels of human skill, in the form of galleries hewn through the solid rock to allow passage for the magnificent mountain-road which leads to the renowned Stelvio Pass—perhaps, taken as a whole, the grandest of the Alpine routes that conduct from Italy into Switzerland.

Leaving Varenna, he traverses the lovely Val Assina till he again emerges on the lake, this time to find himself in view of the Lecco branch. In some ways, the views are even more entrancing than those on Como proper, and, if the traveler has no more leisure to spare, he ungratefully regrets having spent so much time lower down, as he would be filled with equally strong regrets if the case had been reversed.

At the very end, where the river Adda emerges from the lake, is the town of Lecco, perched so close to the edge that not infrequently the waters inundate its streets. It lies in the shadow of a lofty mountain-range styled Resegone (the saw), from its serrated summit, which forms so picturesque a feature in the landscape of the whole region, at



GALLERY OF VARENNÀ.

every point where an extended view is to be obtained.

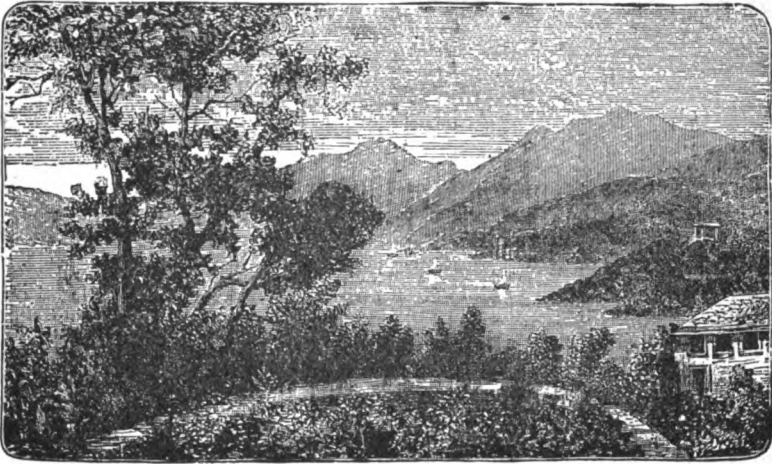
And so the varying panorama of our famous lake comes to an end, but only to give place to other beauties and other marvels, if one likes to forsake railways in favor of a journey by carriage.

The road descends toward the fertile plains of Lombardy, and for a long distance is singularly picturesque, being a continuation of the great military highway from the north, which has the Stelvio for its crowning wonder. As one descends, the larch, birch,

and chestnut trees become interspersed with walnut and mulberry; the pastures and fields broaden, vineyards and olive-groves show on every hand, and signs of peace and plenty give a home charm to the whole.

Leaving Lecco in another direction, the pilgrim passes into a land of still deeper enchantment. He turns his face toward stately Verona and learned Padua, till at last the broad lagoons of Venice spread before his sight, and then

"The path lies o'er the sea  
As to a floating city."



THE LAKE OF LECCO.

## THE CAPTIVE KING OF THE FOREST.

BY LETITIA VIRGINIA DOUGLAS.

THREE warriors bold have braved the cold  
And the winter's noisy glee:  
And, faring forth to the distant North,  
They have captured the Christmas Tree!

For years, he was king of the firs that spring  
In the forests of old Norway:  
But they hewed him down, and his lofty crown  
Decketh my home to-day.

And his piney breath breathes not of death,  
Though they slew his stout old heart;  
It creeps through the gloom that wraps the room,  
With a delicate subtle art—

And whispers of rain and the wind's refrain  
In caverns dark and deep,  
And the wild uproar of the storm before  
It is lull'd into sullen sleep.

Never in pride, in his forests wide,  
More haughty than this he reigned;  
For we let him cling to the name of king  
And the pomp in which he was trained.

Oh! he ought to be as happy as we,  
For I'm sure that we treat him well:  
He was never so gay in kingly array,  
Ere by the axe he fell!

King of the North! King of the hearth!  
We hail your majesty!  
We have done what we could to render your mood  
As happy as mood can be.

King of the earth! Emblem of mirth!  
Lighten your heart, I pray;  
Captive thou art only in part,  
Exile of old Norway!

## A PROBLEM NEVER SOLVED.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD,"  
"MIRIAM BALESTIER," "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN,"  
"SOCIAL SILHOUETTES," ETC.



LIVE DELANO was a girl with a good many male admirers, but now and then it would reach her ears that one of them had called her affected. She would merely shrug her trim shoulders at such

tidings, and curl rather scornfully her clean-cut lips.

"Men want women to be fools," she would say. "They're never so happy as when we, their wives and sisters, behave as if we had brains that are zeros. The moment we don't, they talk of us as 'masculine' and 'strong-minded' and 'affected.' There are times when I abhor the whole sex."

Nevertheless, she one day became engaged to a member of that sex—a young lawyer of promising talents, named Ogden Wray. Her mother approved the match, feeling that Wray was above mere worldly motives in seeking to wed her child; for Olive's fortune was large, and would be larger when death should deprive her of her only near living relative.

Olive adored her mother. "I'm so glad you're pleased," she said, as they stood together in their sumptuous drawing-room at the "Buckingham," on the morning after the engagement had been declared.

Mrs. Delano just stooped and kissed her daughter. She was one of those gentle creatures who seem created only to caress and be fondled, and who make time appear specially churlish when he at last puts wrinkles into their satin skins, dims their dove-like eyes, or silvers their curling locks. Olive had little of her mother's pliancy and sweetness. You needed only to look into the cool gray of her eyes and watch the decisive poise of her dark head, to perceive that here was a girl in whom the energy of character and intellect dwelt at all times predominant.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Delano. "I am very glad it's Ogden Wray. You know

I feared, at one time, that it might be his Cousin Laughton."

Olive shook her head. "There never was the least chance of that," she affirmed.

This was truth. Ogden Wray was the handsomer of the two cousins, but he was also the more winsome and satisfying. Both were gentlemen; but Laughton, with his pale face and dead-black eyes, gave one the impression that, despite all his wise or witty turns of phrase, he had too many mental reserves, too large a store of covert calculations and reflections. Ogden, on the other hand, had a personality rich in genial frankness. No one had ever dreamed of calling this blond, blue-eyed, stalwart young person clever; but then, nobody had ever dreamed of calling him stupid. He had not half the push and go of his cousin, who was also a lawyer and a considerably more successful one; but he had a power to win friends—which was the cause, alleged those who knew both men best, of secret rankling envy to Laughton.

Olive had rather forsworn the more flip-pant diversions of fashionable life. She belonged to several literary societies of a decidedly blue-stocking trend; and at one of these, on a certain afternoon when her engagement was hardly more than a week old, she caused a decided flutter by reading an essay on "Woman's Love." Thus far, our young Minerva had held that one subject in austere avoidance.

Her essay was transcendental in the extreme—"highfalutin," some of her auditors pronounced it, in whispers among themselves. These auditors were mostly damsels, with a sprinkling of young married women. Olive sat down with a demure smile after she had finished her reading, and tried to look as if she did not hear a note of the applause that rang, prettily decorous, on all sides.

Afterward came conversation, and the essay was its prevalent topic. A little circle gathered about Olive. Somebody said to her:

"Now, Olive Delano, really! you don't think love quite so spiritual an affair, do you?"

"I feel now," returned Olive, "that I didn't do its delicate psychical qualities half the justice they deserve."

"Oh, dear!" said another voice.

"Don't you think, honestly and truly," asked a plump little maid with dimples and a bang, "that love has more to do with the flesh than the spirit?"

"No—not the higher love," insisted Olive. "Never!"

"But, goodness gracious!" exclaimed a rather gaunt girl, noted for bluntness of speech, "do you mean to tell me that, if Ogden Wray's spirit came walking into this room without any body on, you could find yourself able to love it?"

During the general laugh that followed this appeal, Olive assumed a look of majestic patience. Then, when the mirth had quieted, she said, with a solemnity that perhaps amused some of her hearers more than she would have liked to know:

"If my own spirit recognized his, all would instantly be well between us. But possibly my mere mortal eyes might be frail in discerning that it was indeed his spirit. If I too, however, were freed from the trammels of sense, I should recognize it in a moment and spring toward it with my welcomes!"

"Then you admit," said a new voice, "that, as you yourself are now conditioned, you love your promised husband with an earthly, not a spiritual, love."

"No!" exclaimed Olive. "For I love the soul which I see shining behind its bodily covering—as yet, I admit, 'through a glass darkly,' but in the immortal future, as I trust, 'face to face.'"

This response was repeated to Ogden Wray by one of the ladies present, and it pleased while it failed to convince him. Like most lawyers, Ogden had a strong practical turn. "The truth is," he said, "this whole question of loving or not loving is a mighty mystery. But I'm afraid one point can't be contested: that what lies behind the human face and form has very little to do with our affections, pro or con."

His Cousin Laughton, who was in the same office with Ogden, and indeed his legal partner, now underwent great suffering.

He had a naturally jealous disposition, but added to this trait was his really ardent and fervid love for Olive. Meanwhile, Ogden suspected nothing; his own happiness wrought about him a bewildering golden haze, and through this he saw everything in tints ideally pleasant.

Olive was something of a tyrant, he found, though an enchanting one. She insisted upon seeing him twice each day, and imposed upon him as much punctuality in these appearances as though he were her clerk instead of her lover. When, one evening, he told her that he must soon go on to Chicago for the purpose of dealing with a troublesome suit there, she turned pale and declared that he should do nothing so heartless. Then, seeing her own absurdity, she broke into a nervous pathetic little laugh, which was soon followed by tears. Finally, when the day of departure came, she bore herself with charming fortitude.

"Even if we're separated longer than a week," she said, "I shall try to be very patient. One thing will nerve and buoy me wonderfully: I mean, the thought of how our two souls will constantly meet, defying absence."

"And each giving a full account," said Ogden, dryly, "of just how our bodies happen to be employed up to date."

Olive frowned a little at this; she thought it sacrilege. As if to change the subject, she said:

"I'm so glad your Cousin Laughton is going with you. If you should be taken ill or anything like that, he can write or telegraph."

"I should have to be very ill indeed," laughed Ogden, "if I didn't write you myself every day we're parted."

Not long after this, Olive had cause to recall her words about Laughton's companionship. She was seated with her mother, just after dinner, on the day succeeding Ogden's last tender good-bye. Mrs. Delano was ill, though not at all seriously, and Olive thought it her duty—she was always thinking so many things her duty!—to swallow her own griefs and appear even more devoutly filial than usual. Suddenly a telegram was handed to her: it bore the signature of Laughton Wray. She turned white and reeled a little as she read it. Then her mother besought her to read it aloud, and the poor girl made an



effort to do so, but failed. Mrs. Delano seized the paper, perused it herself, and sank back almost lifeless.

There had been a horrible accident on the train which Ogden and his cousin had taken, as these two afflicted ladies might have seen several hours earlier, if they had read the newspapers with more than that cursory glance that so many of their sex deem sufficient. It had been a frightful accident, smashing several cars into kindling-wood and slaughtering at least a score of people, besides injuring many others. Ogden was among the latter; so ran his cousin's telegram, all too suggestively terse.

In less than an hour, Olive had thoroughly made up her mind. She would start early on the following morning for the town of S—, near which the accident had occurred. She would take one servant—her old nurse, Hannah—and not let a friend know she had gone until after she had got to the end of her journey.

"I should go with you, my dear," protested her mother; "you know I should!"

"What, mamma! with that neuralgia of yours? I'll not hear of such a thing. No; you must stay at home." And Olive, with sad imperiousness, carried her point.

S—, the town near which the accident had happened, was a pretty place, encircled by low blue hills and containing not a few residences of stately proportions. The day was a perfect one in early June, when Olive alighted at the station. Laughton Wray was there waiting for her. She had sent him a telegram to the address given in his own message, telling him that she would at once join himself and her stricken lover.

"Is he far from here?" Olive asked, after Laughton had replied to her first eager question by saying that Ogden was neither better nor worse, and that the physicians were not yet sure as to his being out of danger.

"It's merely a step," he replied. "You see that little Queen Anne cottage just down the street? Well, he's there. Two old maiden ladies are his hostesses. All the people of S— have been very kind. Nearly every house you see holds at least one poor wounded guest. Just across the way from where he lies, there's a small hotel."

"Where Hannah and I can stay!" exclaimed Olive. "Oh, how fortunate!"

Her eyes were besieged with tears as she turned them toward the mild and kindly face of her old nurse. "Isn't it, Hannah? Poor thing, you look tired. No? you're not? I'm so glad." Here her gaze fell on Laughton again, and she observed that his left arm hung within a black silk sling.

"Oh, you're hurt!" she said, with a sweet sympathetic fall in her voice. "I hope, not badly."

"No, it's hardly anything," he said, "when one thinks of the horrors other people have had to put up with." And then, as they walked along toward the little hotel at which she was to lodge with Hannah, he told her something that set her ears tingling and her heart fluttering like a scared bird. He told it very gradually, but no skill of announcement could hide from her its ghastliness: The wounds which Ogden had sustained were almost wholly of a facial kind. His countenance was so horribly disfigured that it could not be recognized. He had become quite blind, and, it was feared, permanently so.

"When can I see him?" Olive at last managed to say. "For see him I must and will," she went on. "My place is at his bedside."

"I've secured a nurse—" began Laughton.

"Never mind," she broke in. "No hired nurse can be to him what I can be."

Within the hour, she had almost pushed her way to his bedside. The room was lit dimly, and at first she only saw the recumbent figure with very vague effect. Perhaps her tears were also to blame for this, though she struggled against them with pluckiest courage. Soon the familiar look of his blonde curls pierced her, though from brow to chin his face was jealously hidden. But, below that, she caught a glimpse of noble athletic shoulders lying there in such melancholy supineness, and then it seemed for a moment as if she would utterly break down.

"Would he know me if I spoke to him?" she presently asked of Laughton, in the faintest of whispers.

"I think not," came the reply. "His mind wanders a great deal, and now and then he talks to himself in a strange husky voice that you would not recognize as his." Here Laughton fixed his black eyes earnestly upon Olive's. "Would you like to have the cloth removed from his face?" he asked.

She started at the question, being wholly unprepared for it: this cousin of her betrothed had till now appeared so bent on sparing her any such experience. She felt a slight dizziness as she answered:

"Yes; I—I should like to see him—no matter how terrible his wounds are."

Laughton motioned to the nurse, who soon slowly withdrew the cloth. Olive peered forward. For an instant, she could barely keep back a shriek of horror. What fearful mutilation and havoc! It appalled her. Could this be her handsome clear-featured Ogden? Every lineament was distorted, parodied; the face had elements of a wild eerie comedy in its forlorn devastation and ravage.

Olive reeled backward; Laughton caught her just as she was sinking to the floor. She wholly lost consciousness for a few minutes, and, after regaining it, she was supported over to the hotel between Laughton and old Hannah, there to remain for the rest of that day in a state of piteous weakness.

Laughton, meanwhile, was the soul of deference and attention. He spent several hours beside her couch, and showed the keenest solicitude in her welfare. Toward evening, he came to see her for the third time, and found her much stronger, though very sad and thoughtful.

"The nurse has just told Hannah," she said, "that his life is now pronounced thoroughly out of danger."

"Yes," replied Laughton; "it has become certain that he will recover. And what tidings," he added, bitterly, "could now be more unfortunate?"

"Oh, don't say that!" exclaimed Olive.

He looked at her searchingly. "You do not think death a preferable fate for him?"

"Oh, no, no! Why should I think so?"

"Why? Because of the sufferings he must go through. And doubtless the greatest of these will be your own loss."

"What do you mean?" cried Olive, as if in rebuke. But, the next moment, she grew pale and sharply sighed. "He—he will not lose me," came her next words. "Can you think I would not remain faithful to the promise I made him?"

"But he would not hold you to it," said Laughton. "He could not possibly do so. Still, if by any chance he did, it would be

horribly unjust, and you would have a perfect right to claim your liberty."

"Ah, that would be terrible!" murmured Olive, and she bowed her troubled face, knotting her hands nervously together.

Laughton rose from his chair and went close to her side. "Should Ogden never look much different from the way you saw him this morning—and the doctors say that he never will—could you feel yourself able to go on loving him just as before?"

"Yes—in spirit."

"Ah, I see," fell from Laughton, but with what would appear an accent of involuntary irony. "In spirit only!"

Olive bridled. "I have always told myself," she said, "that love was either of that loftier sort, or that it was valueless. I have always believed so, and I believe so still."

Laughton smiled faintly. "You say that as if you were striving to convince yourself—not as if your conviction were deep-seated, genuine."

She looked at him reproachfully. "Do you think," she queried, "that a love like mine for Ogden could change in this little while?"

"It might change—yes. Pity is not love, after all. It might become pity, pure and simple."

She seemed to muse. "Can I visit him again to-night?" she suddenly asked. "I am quite well and strong enough now."

"As you please. He expects you."

"Ah!" she broke forth, excitedly. "Then he knows I've come to him?"

"Yes; we have told him. It will be best if you let him write all his replies to your spoken words. The doctors do not wish him to use his voice more than may be helped. There is a severe irritation of the throat, and complete vocal rest is prescribed."

Olive was quite calm when she next entered the sick-room. Laughton bent over the prostrate man and murmured something in his ear. He put out one hand gropingly. Olive seized it softly and lifted it to her lips, and then she spoke. Her words flowed forth, spontaneous, effortless; she said many affectionate commiserating things with eager and tremulous voice. Now and then, he would write her brief answers, and to these she would in turn respond, with a composure that did her credit, and a wistful earnestness that might have moved a heart of bronze.

Just before the invalid began to write, Laughton had whispered to Olive:

"You must not expect to see his old familiar hand. The cords of his right wrist have been injured, and he now forms his letters in almost a wholly new way."

The writing indeed looked strange to Olive, when her eyes fell upon it. By and by, Laughton made a movement to indicate that further exertion on his cousin's part would involve too great a fatigue. Olive pressed his hand to her lips and soon withdrew from the room. One of the written answers had been a question, and had run thus:

"Don't you intend, darling, never to desert me on account of this awful misfortune, and someday to be my wife?"

And Olive had replied, with excessive feeling: "Of course I will not desert you—of course I will be your wife."

That night, she slept wretchedly. Lying awake for hours, she asked herself if love, after all, were the ethereally spiritual emotion that she had been led to believe it. A miserable doubt had begun to cloud her soul, a dread and a desire for escape to haunt and bewilder it. She caught herself wondering whether Ogden, when he saw his own terribly altered face, would not shrink from holding her to their past matrimonial pact.

Laughton came to see her a little while after breakfast. She told him of her unhappy night, and he was all sympathy and kindness. Old Hannah, who had been seated at her mistress's side, soon quietly moved from the room—an occurrence which Olive's guest found by no means unwelcome. He had a great desire to be alone with Olive, and soon told her so.

"I—I felt," he said, speaking with some hesitancy, while he scanned the floor, "that it was best to let you learn how—how Ogden has recently expressed himself. I mean, Olive, in relation to you." Here he looked up at her quite fixedly. "I have been sitting with him this morning. He has every expectation of becoming your husband. He does not realize the obstacles to such a marriage, as they now exist. Now, would it not be wiser to look this affair promptly and unflinchingly in the face?"

"What do you mean?" faltered Olive; and she could feel a flush of shame dye her cheek. It seemed so cowardly for her not to resent such words as these, on the instant.

Where was her vaunted idealism, where her faith in the poetry and sanctity of love? Why did not these make an indignant defense, instead of the spiritless little protest she had just delivered?

"What do I mean?" Laughton softly echoed. "Ah, can't you guess? The longer Ogden goes on believing like this, that you will become his wife, the sterner will be his torment hereafter."

Olive bowed her head and gnawed her lips. Suddenly she tried to speak, but a burst of impetuous tears prevented her. Laughton drew his chair much closer to her own, leaning toward her with every sign of tenderness and pity.

"End this horrid uncertainty at once. There is a way by which you can do so, making it impossible for Ogden to claim you hereafter."

"A way?" she questioned, and raised her swimming eyes to his. "What way do you mean?"

His voice had notably lowered as he said:

"I think you must know—I think you must have seen—that I have loved you for months past—that I have suffered terribly since your engagement to Ogden."

Olive rose to her feet.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, and drew a deep breath. A light seemed to break upon her. "Well," she said, with a steadfast look straight into her companion's dark face, "in what way does this concern my breaking troth with him?"

"How coldly you speak!" he said. "I had fancied, Olive, that you might consent to a plan which would cut this Gordian knot of your relations with Ogden."

"A plan? What plan?"

"If—if you would only consent to marry me, at once. Here, I mean, in this very town, with old Hannah for the witness at our wedding. It would make a king of me, Olive; and as for yourself—"

"You need not go any further," she struck in, icily. "Let me be as frank as you are: I have never, I own, greatly liked you; but I never believed you would be capable of such treachery as this."

"Treachery?" he fumed, recoiling. "I—"

"One moment, please." As Olive now spoke, her eyes flashed with a new and lovely light. "I can't help thanking you, however; you've taught me my own duty.

I did waver, for a little while; but now I'm firm as iron. That poor wounded mutilated being I have dearly loved, and, after this first dreadful bewilderment clears from my brain, I shall doubtless go on dearly loving him still; but, even if this were not true, Laughton Wray, I should marry him, just the same. Even if I gave myself to him in sacrifice, I still should keep the promise that I swore. But I do not expect to give myself in sacrifice. I am hopeful that soon a great change will possess my heart, and that—"

Here Olive paused; for the door of the room had abruptly opened, and old Hannah, with one hand pressed against her side, and the other lifted in quaint jerky gestures, broke across the threshold.

"Oh, Miss Olive!" began the old woman, gaspingly, "who do you think I've just seen?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Hannah," came Olive's reply. "You look as if it had been somebody's ghost."

"And so I thought it was," cried the old woman, "till I'd run across the street and— and pinched him, to—to make sure he was real flesh and blood! Oh, Miss Olive, that gentleman at your side there—Mr. Laughton Wray—has been deceiving you horribly! See how pale he gets now, as I speak. I do so want to break the news gently, for folks sometimes go mad for joy, and—and sometimes, I've heard, they die of it."

"What do you mean, Hannah? Tell me more. How has Mr. Laughton Wray deceived me?" And, as these words leaped from Olive's lips, she clutched both the arms of her old nurse and ransacked with avid stare her wrinkled face.

"Oh, Miss Olive, that man over in the other house only looked like Mr. Ogden! I mean, he's got the same fine large frame and the same light curly hair. Mr. Ogden was only laid up a little while from the accident. He's pretty lame still, but it's nothing serious. He would go out for a walk to-day, but he was tired enough when I ran over to him, and now he's resting

downstairs just for a minute, before he— No—here he is now!" broke off Hannah; and, through the open doorway, Ogden Wray, quite sound and hale except for the lameness which made him lean upon a very stout stick, advanced to meet his sweetheart.

As he did so, his Cousin Laughton slipped past him and disappeared.

Clasped in her lover's arms, Olive felt as if the world stood still. She was so blissfully grateful to destiny that she could have forgiven Laughton, there and then.

But Ogden was less merciful. His cousin, as he presently told Olive, had sat next him in the same drawing-room car at the time of the accident. Laughton knew perfectly well that the injury to his kinsman had been slight. He had received from Ogden the message of cheer which was to have been telegraphed Olive. But he had never sent it; he had sent another, instead, and he had concocted this whole hideous deceit because of a temptation roused in him by the sight of a certain sufferer who had been strangely, phenomenally hurt. The idea of bribing this man to personate his cousin had been acted upon by one of those swift malign impulses born in sinister souls.

Ogden refused ever to forgive his cousin's villainy. Their partnership was dissolved, and their acquaintanceship forever ceased. Olive became his wife during that same year. The happiness which followed on her marriage often left her thoughtful and dubious regarding a certain question of "spirituality" as an element of love. But she always persisted in saying that she would have married Ogden, even if he had been afflicted threefold worse than the unfortunate creature whom she had mistaken for him.

Was her conviction true? At least, her abiding faith was beyond cavil. Who shall say what quiet splendors of sacrifice she might have achieved? Who shall say what new depths and heights of love she might have reached? Is it not all a problem never solved, because the solution was made most fortunately needless?

## HOPE AND TRUST.

Put thou hope and trust together,  
Never minding what the weather;

These the flowers that we know  
Ever surely thrive and grow.

## HARMONY IN FURNISHING.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

PERHAPS one reason why taste is so frequently lacking in homes where money is scarce, is the fact that there is a certain fixed law regarding the furniture purchased. Certain things must be bought because one's mother or neighbors have had them; and, as it is possible only to imitate the idea, not the quality, the result is far from satisfactory, and harmony often is painfully lacking.

In a certain home that the writer wots of, a caller, looking about her with an air of approval, said: "How restful everything is, my friend, in your home; there is not a jarring note—everything falls in with everything else."

"It is very cheap harmony, at all events," laughed the hostess. "Perhaps the harmony consists in my vow not to exceed fifteen dollars on my most costly piece of furniture."

"Is it possible?" asked the caller, in astonishment. "And I have just been calling at the home of a bride whose means were limited, but whose aspirations were high, and the interior effect put my teeth on edge, and I felt a sweet peace steal over my soul as I entered your tasteful hall. Let me tell you about it: On the floor of the parlor was a most ill-bred carpet—it stared so. Every color and figure was aggressive, and smote one's eye with pain. There was a plush and mahogany set of furniture, costly enough for a pretentious mansion, and looking wofully out of place in this tiny four-roomed cottage. A cheap marble-topped table held the Bible, in the centre of the room. A dressing-case was in one corner! Simply impossible chromos hung on the walls, and cheap cotton-lace curtains were at the windows. A decorated snow-shovel, butter-paddles, and chopping-bowls figured as bric-a-brac."

"It does seem strange that people do not pay more attention to the fitness of things to each other and their surroundings," said the hostess, thoughtfully.

"Is it not? But now, would you mind telling me all about your contrivances?"

For I shall be trying to furnish a home soon, and I am wild for ideas."

"I am sure I am only too delighted to have an audience," said the other, laughing. "The next pleasantest thing to contriving is the telling about it. Well, when we came into this house, it was so illy planned that my heart misgave me, and there was a most appalling lack of funds to work with. I gave my first attention to the floors. As the house was built before the war, and cheaply besides, you can imagine that the flooring was unfit for stain or oil. Carpets we will not have, and new hard-wood floors were out of the question. So I bought this new Japanese matting, which is like bamboo, so close and firm is the weave. With anything like decent care, it will easily outlast an ingrain carpet, and is so pretty and dainty. Besides, you can pound it with might and main, and not a grain of dust will rise. Once a week, the maid wipes it with a damp cloth, wrung from salt and water. In the centre of the matting, we put a rug made of the ravelings from moquette carpets. This cost thirteen dollars and a half, and is supplemented by two fur skins at two dollars and ten cents each. The paper on the walls was dark, flowered, and atrocious. We substituted plain gray ingrain paper, with a classic frieze in China blue, half on the wall, and half on the ceiling. We left the ceilings rough-cast in gray plaster, and we have taken infinite pleasure in these cool tones, which make such a good background for pictures. The paint was dull purple-gray—frightful to look at; this in China blue is much better, I think. Fortunately, we already had good pictures, bric-a-brac, and an upright piano, all of which help out amazingly. As we have no library or sitting-room, this has to be a combination affair, so I put my pretty sixteenth-century oak desk in here."

"It is lovely," said the friend, glancing at its highly polished surface, adorned by nothing but broad ornamental hinges. A bit of embroidery was on one corner, and a bust

of Milton stood on top—which looked like ivory, but was really a fifty-cent plaster, treated with melted wax.

"The book-shelves, in sixteenth-century oak, have a convenient cabinet top, to hold Wedgewood vases, a Royal Worcester jar, cathedral and Roman photographs, and the curtain in front is Persian curtain-stuff which I picked up at the remnant-counter, at a bargain. My chairs are most absurdly cheap, and so comfortable," continued my hostess; "I think none of them cost over three dollars each. I got them all of antique oak, but the one of cherry for a bit of color."

"I like the shapes," said the caller.

"Yes, I am fond of the high-backed effects, and one can hang pretty plush cushions on them, substituting linen ones in the summer. I am already embroidering mine in rope silk."

"Your couch is so pretty and comfortable-looking."

"That has for a foundation a cot with woven wire top; we sawed the legs off short, and tied it firmly so it will not slip. On its top, I put a cotton pad with a roll at one end. Over the whole, I draped a Bagdad curtain. I have seen a chenille portière draped on one, and chenille is cheap in odd lengths. One in plain old-rose, with lots of pillows in China-silk cover, is very pretty and comfortable, and costs about the same as one of those dreadful Brussels-carpet affairs."

"A veritable instrument of torture," said the friend. "I remember having an attack of neuralgia once, in a boarding-house; and I spent hours of exquisite anguish on one of these Juggernauts. It raised me up where I desired to be lowered, and let me down where I wished to be raised; and I wondered if it were possible to find a more fiendish accompaniment to neuralgia than that couch proved."

After laughing over this, the hostess went on:

"My windows were a source of anguish to me. I longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt in this respect. My desire was for a Moorish fretwork at the top, with white embroidered muslin inside, and Roman-striped China silk outside; but the total footed up so alarmingly that I contented myself with a tiny Japanese molding, and yellow crêpe inside, with the embroidered muslin outside."

"The effect is very pretty. How much did the crêpe cost?"

"Ten cents a yard; and it has stood the tests of sunshine and soap-suds for three years, with little or no change of color. It is the only colored cotton I ever saw, that will bear these tests."

"While on the subject, it is as well to say that a knowledge of the scale or keys of color will be found helpful. Every ground color is composed of two or more subordinate shades, either of which will harmonize when used alone. Thus red can be combined with warm brown tints to deep crimson, or, taking the yellow tone through yellow-brown to orange—" She stopped and began to laugh, then added: "How sententious and tiresome you must find me!"

"No, indeed—I am greatly interested; go on," the other replied.

"Well, I only want to add this: If one keep free from too striking contrasts, few mistakes will be made, and there will be no danger of garish effects that set one's teeth on edge. Strong contrasts should usually be left for minor decorations like piano and table scarfs."

"In short," rejoined the friend, "the safe rule to remember is 'the eye made quiet by the power of harmony.'"

"Just so!"

"Well, I am sure I am very grateful to you for telling me all these things, and I am coming again, if I may, to hear about the other rooms," said the caller, rising to go.

"Yes, do; I shall be only too glad to tell you of all of our little schemes. My shelves there in the chimney-nooks were made by a carpenter, and curtained, to hold music and bric-a-brac. My five-o'clock-tea table is pretty, I think, and holds my Wedgewood tea-set—and, if you will come next Wednesday afternoon, we will test the tea made in the samovar, and served in the Wedgewood. Then I will show you all the rest of the house."

"Have you ever estimated the cost of furnishing this room?"

"Yes; exclusive of bric-a-brac and piano, the cost was considerably inside one hundred dollars."

"Ah, is it not wonderful what a little money and lots of taste can do?" said the friend, as she took her leave.



# EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a street-gown and jacket, of pin-basque, with postillion back, high fulled striped serge, in dark-blue and black. The sleeves, and trimmed with passementerie, skirt hangs in straight folds at the back, and or with loops of worsted braid.



No. 1.



No. 2.

is slightly draped at the left side to show the underskirt. The bodice is a close-fitting The jacket, which is of the same material or a diagonal serge, as preferred, either in (572)

black or dark-blue, fits closely to the figure, and is ornamented on the left side by a revers cut in scallops and bound with silk



No. 3.

braided. Loops and frogs are added, as seen in the illustration. The garniture of the sleeves is made to correspond. A high collar and revers of black seal fur finishes the jacket. Eight yards of fortysix-inch material for the gown, and two and a half for the jacket, will be required. A small toque of blue felt, trimmed with black velvet, is worn with this costume.

No. 2—Shows an evening or dinner dress, of plain black velvet or silk, with an opera-wrap of white cloth or camel's-hair, trimmed with ostrich-feather ruching. The wrap is a simple cape-shape, full on the shoulders, with long ends. It is lined with white satin. An ostrich-tip and bow of narrow ribbon are worn in the hair.

No. 3—Is a stylish gown of pearl-gray cashmere or Henrietta-cloth, opening on the

left side of the skirt, over a panel of black velvet. The front is slightly draped and fastens at the side with five tabs, bound with black braid and finished with a button. The double-breasted pointed bodice opens over a vest and collar of black velvet. Puffs of the velvet are inserted in the sleeves. Eight to ten yards of cashmere, and two and a half yards of velvet, will be required for this gown.

No. 4—Is a house or evening gown for a young girl, of cream-white cashmere, trimmed



No. 4.

with moiré ribbon one inch wide. The front and sides of the skirt are plain, falling over an underskirt, which is edged with a pinked-



No. 5.

out ruching of silk. At the waist, the fullness is put into several rows of shirring. The back of the skirt is bordered with three rows of ribbon and shirred around the pointed belt, as seen in the illustration. The fullness of the bodice describes a V, both back and front. Sleeves fullled into deep cuffs, trimmed with two rows of the ribbon, and tied in a little bow-and-ends, make a pretty finish. Collar and pointed belt to

correspond. Long loops-and-ends of the ribbon fall from the pointed belt in front. Eight to ten yards of cashmere, and three pieces of moiré ribbon, will be required for this gown.

No. 5—Shows the newest style of make and material for the winter of 1890. The skirt and over-jacket are of a small-checked rough woolen. The Zouave jacket, with the epaulette sleeves of the same, is edged all around with a ball trimming in crocheted silk. The full vest and close under-sleeves are of soft corded silk, matching in color and tone with the plaid. Shades of gray woolens, with black for vest and sleeves, will be very fashionable. Gray felt capote, with plaited facing of black velvet, trimmed on the outside with large flat bow of velvet and narrow velvet strings, is worn with this costume. The small muff is made of velvet, lined and trimmed with gray to match the bonnet.



Nos. 6 and 7.

Nos. 6 and 7—Are winter costumes for boy and girl of three and four years. The boy's costume is of light-gray cloth, trimmed with black Astrakhan. Cap to match. The little girl's coat is of white basket-cloth, trimmed with white Astrakhan fur or cloth. Hood of the cloth, trimmed with a bow-and-ends of cream-white gros-grain ribbon.

No. 8.—For a girl of eight years, we give a skirt and draped bodice in Java-brown



No. 8.

camel's-hair. Collar, cuffs, and belt in corded silk, fastened with bone buttons. Long narrow sleeves and under-vest in seal-brown velvet.

No. 9—Is a paletot, with cape and Capuchin hood, for a boy of eight to ten years. It is made of rough plaid cloth, warm and light-weight. It is double-breasted in front, and fastens with two rows of bone buttons. The edges are simply stitched.

No. 10—Is a frock for a boy of four years,



No. 9.

of Scotch plaid, made on the bias. The



No. 10.



No. 11.

waist is double-breasted, fastening on the left side and trimmed with a fancy white worsted braid and tiny pearl buttons. Cuffs, collars, and waistband to match.

No. 11—Is a robe blouse for a girl of ten to twelve years. It is made of plaid woolens, cut on the bias and trimmed with a band of silk, also on the bias, in the palest color of the plaid. The plaited collarette, the deep cuffs, and waistband of the same. Small buttons ornament the cuffs. The skirt of this dress is kilt-plaited, back and front, as seen in the illustration. The blouse-waist is also plaited to correspond, and is arranged upon a lining. The high puffed sleeves have deep cuffs of the silk, which button on the inside seam of the arm. The waistband is finished with a rosette of the silk. The blouse fastens at the back. This style of dress, for a girl of ten to twelve years, is both simple and stylish, and can be carried out in self-colored camel's-hair or cashmere, and trimmed with bands of velvet, cut on the bias, or velvet ribbon. Plain material, trimmed with bias bands of plaid surah, will be very stylish. The plaid may be of woolens, if intended for a school-dress.

### DESIGN FOR PAINTING ON A PLAQUE OF RED TERRA-COTTA.

The design on the Supplement, for painting on a plate, consists of two leaves of the common polypody or many-footed fern, one leg showing its seeds, the other its plain side. This fern is found on old banks, on cut-off trunks of trees, old walls, and moist rocks. The flower is the single daffodil. The leaves of the fern are a shade of sap-green, the seeds yellow, the stripes of the leaves a brown-green. The daffodil should be painted in two shades of yellow in the cup, the interior darker than the outside; the calyx or outer leaves of the flower are of a paler tint than the cup; the stems and leaves of a blue-green; the buds, of yellow, are shaded off into the green stem.

If the plaque is of terra-cotta, two very slight lines of black should be done around the flowers. One of these lines is indicated; the other should be placed half an inch outside of it.

If the plaque is of white or cream china, the flowers and ferns are colored as already described. The ground should be of a shaded écu or pale-pink, and the rim inside the two lines of a deeper pink or écu, or it may be altogether white, with two pink lines for the rim.

The design may be done in embroidery, either in the colors indicated for painting, or in one color only, as pale-green or yellow.

### BRAIDING-PATTERN FOR SLIPPER.

We give, on the Supplement, a braiding-design for a slipper; both the front and heel are represented. It will look well, done in dark-red or golden-yellow braid on black cloth.



## GIRL'S COAT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a Girl's Coat. It consists of four pieces:

1. HALF OF LONG FRONT.
2. HALF OF OVER-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK, with fullness of skirt.
4. SLEEVE.

The lettering and notches show how the pieces join. The over-front should be sewed into the dart made by the perforated line on the long front. We give the number of

inches the pattern measures across the bust-front, the back, the length of back to waist, and the length of the side-seams under the arms, also the length of front; the back should be two inches longer than the front. This style of coat will be worn in a variety of material, such as cloth, velvet, plush, tweed. The fashionable plaid woolens will be very much worn, with the revers, cuffs, and collar of velvet. Brandebourgs ornament the front, or the ornaments may be made of braid and buttons to match.



## DESIGNS FOR THE WORK-TABLE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

### HANGING BELLOWS.



Enameled wood or plush, bordered with gold lace, a wider edging being used for the ruffle. The front and nozzle are trimmed with a trail of artificial flowers and smart bows; the sides are padded to serve as pincushions, or the sides may be arranged as pockets, being made of silk or satin and full in like the sides of a bellows.

### PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

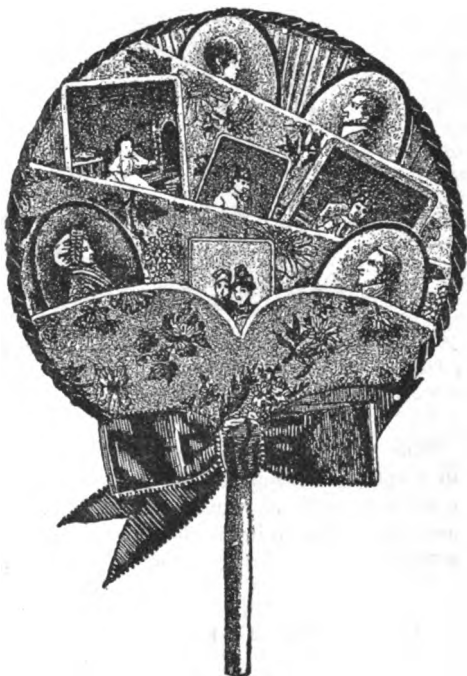
In the front of this number will be seen a design for a pen-wiper, to be hung on the wall beside the desk. It is formed of four leaves of soft felt or cloth, two shades of crimson, one of olive, and one of oak, with veins of shaded silk, gold and brown. The leaves are laid in the order of the illustration and sewed fast to a square of black cloth, the darkest leaf at the top, the lightest at the bottom. Four other black squares are attached to the back, and the whole is finished with a bow of crimson ribbon and a small brass ring at the top, by which the pen-wiper is to be suspended.

### DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

On the Supplement, we give a design of a sideboard-scarf, side-table cloth, etc., and will look well done in green or brown washing-silks or in embroidery-cotton.

## WALL-FAN PHOTOGRAPH-HOLDER.

A large palm-leaf screen or fan forms the foundation for this novel pocket for loose photos of noted people or prized views. There are three pockets, each of which is felled on a firm holland with a hidden welt near the top, to support the upper photos. The pockets should be lined with holland. The fronts of the three pockets are of satin and embroidered or painted in colors suited to the design and to the surroundings of the room in which it is to be hung. The lower pocket is cut in two broad scallops, and the other two are straight at the top; all are bound over the edge, which keeps in shape better by having a fine wire sewed on under a binding of plush. The palm-leaf itself is seen at the top. It should be gilded or painted. The back is to be lined with a thin card-board, covered with satin; this is to be sewed round the edge and then covered by the thick chenille cord. A broad satin or velvet ribbon bow is attached to the handle, which is gilded or painted, as may be preferred.



## CORN DESIGN.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

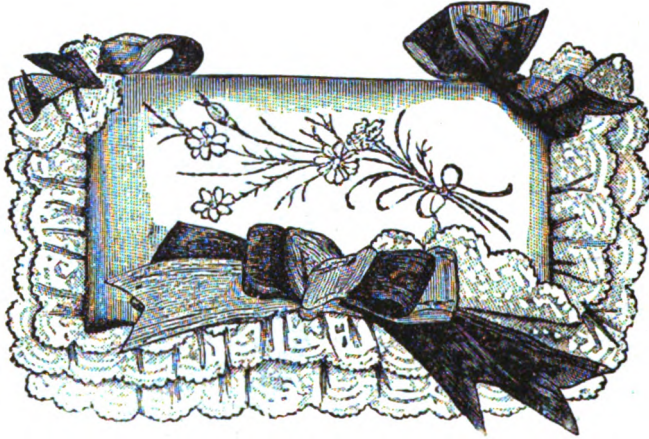
In front of this number will be found the design of an ear of corn, for embroidering on the napkin that is so necessary in keeping the hot boiled ears from getting cold. It should be outlined in only one corner of the cloth, which, when in use, should be so folded as to bring that corner on the top.

Any thick heavy linen will answer for the napkin, which should be hemmed all around and finished with a fancy stitch just inside the hem.

## DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY FOR CUSHION FOR A BAMBOO OR WICKER CHAIR.

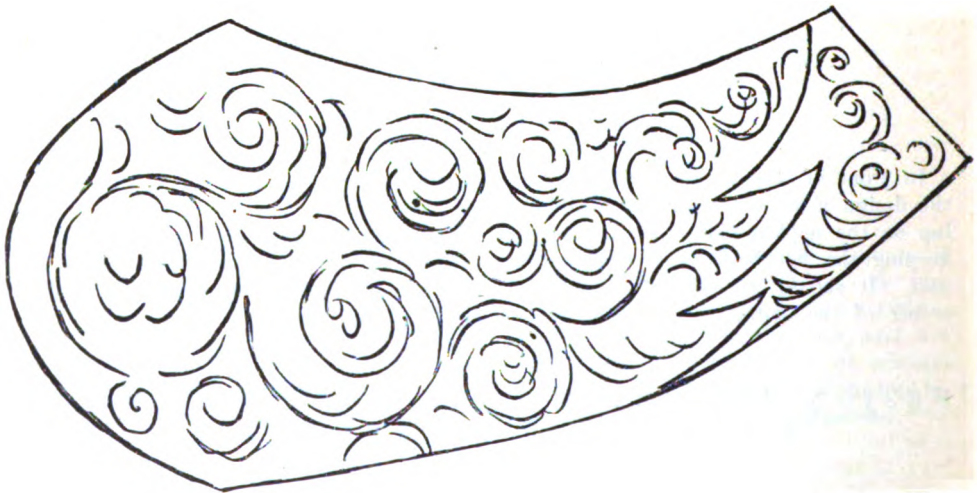
Our colored pattern this month is a handsome design of convolvulus, with buds and leaves; it is to be embroidered in Kensington-stitch, with wash-crewels, silk, or linen flosses, the natural colors of flowers and leaves. For those who can paint, tint the flowers, leaves, stems, and tressel-work with the brush and water-colors, then outline the pattern with rope silk or linen. This method is very effective and requires much less work. Linen or Bolton sheeting makes the best foundation for the work.

## NIGHT-DRESS SACHET.



Fine white muslin or linen, embroidered in a spray of variegated flowers, and lined with pink satin showing through the thin material. This lining is quilted and outside with blue satin, edging of lace or embroidered muslin. Fluttering bows of pink moiré ribbon, intermingled with pale-blue, finish the ornamentation. Some fine sachet-powder should be sprinkled between the linings. Violet or Heliotrope sachet-powder is the best.

## BRAIDING-DESIGN FOR SLEEVE, IN REDUCED SIZE.



Braided sleeves are now much in vogue for coats, and even for cloth dresses, adding vest to match, also collar. This handsome design can be easily enlarged to fill in the upper half of a sleeve, by cutting the shape in paper and tracing the pattern large enough to fill in the space. Anyone knowing how to draw can easily enlarge the design, enlarging it sufficiently to fill in the entire upper half of the sleeve.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THIS HOLIDAY NUMBER is sent out with hearty good wishes and thanks to our hosts of old friends. They are rapidly rallying about us for the coming year, and bringing with them a long list of new acquaintances who will in turn become old friends too, for, as the New Orleans Picayune well says: "Once taken, 'Peterson' is always taken." Marked improvements will render the Magazine's appearance more worthy of its merits, and still further strengthen its position as the household favorite.

Our January number, with its elegant paper, wider pages, and profuse illustrations, will show what a beautiful holiday-gift a subscription to "Peterson" would make. Among the illustrated articles, we shall give "Scenes in Norway," with a variety of charming illustrations. Miss M. G. McClelland's new novelet, "In the Woods," will be found a wonderfully powerful production. Clarence M. Boutelle contributes "A Man's Wish," a tale that will stand unsurpassed among New Year's stories. A paper on "Oddities in Foot-Gear," by Harriet Latham, will be illustrated by designs ranging from Egyptian sandals to models of shoes worn by famous men and women of mediæval days. Minna Irving's "Jean of Sevres" will rank among the finest lyrics of the day. "By Strange Paths," a splendidly illustrated story from the pen of Georgia Grant, will come next. One of the gems of the number will be a rhymed tale by Miss E. S. Thomas, entitled "The Hens' Revolt," which, with its series of delicious pictures, will enchant the children.

These are only a few of the January attractions, which will be merely a fair sample of those for each successive month. In short, our Jubilee Year will fully bear out the correctness of the general popular verdict, which the New York World not long since thus summed up: "From a literary point of view, 'Peterson' ranks with periodicals of double its price; and, where fashions are concerned, no magazine can equal it."

**TO BE REMEMBERED.**—Good manners should begin at home, or they become mere acting and affection abroad. And, to possess good manners, we must cultivate a generous and kindly disposition and a tenderness toward the faults and failings of others. For, after all is said and done, good manners spring from sincerity, and sincerity springs from an unselfish and considerate heart.

**FOR A CHRISTMAS-EVE PARTY.**—Less trouble than decking the tree, and possessing the advantage of novelty, is the method of distributing the gifts known as "The Magic Cave." It is extemporized in the corner of a room the children are not going to play or dance in. A couple of large screens, or even clothes-horses, are put up and hung over with sheets, which are then covered with silver-paper, stuck about with cotton-wool or swan's-down fluff for snow. A gipsy must inhabit the tent, which should be scented by burning pastilles, and lighted in a dim mysterious fashion. The presents must be appropriated to each child, and the gipsy calls one after one to enter. Tiny children of a timid nature stand some chance of being really frightened, but ordinarily the sport only gives opportunity for that "make-believe" of something wonderful in which children delight. Another plan is to have old Santa Claus arrive, toward the end of the evening, with a sack of toys on his back. He must have a white head and a long white beard, which can be improvised from tow. He should wear a great-coat down to his heels, liberally sprinkled with flour, as though he had just come in from that land of ice where he is supposed to reside.

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS.**—A gift that is the handiwork of the giver is far more valuable in the eyes of a friend than something bought. A scarf for a picture or an easel will be very welcome to one who appreciates dainty knick-knacks. China and pongee silks in delicate shades, plain or with flowers and figures, can be used. Two yards are necessary; hemstitch the ends about two and a half inches in width, and trim with tassels on one end, and balls or lace on the other. A handsome scarf can be made of pale-blue silk. A border of tulips is drawn or stamped on the silk, and the flowers and large leaves and stems cut out. Under this border is put a strip of white or pale-lemon satin, and the edges of the blue stitched on it. Tint the tulips and stems their natural color, hemstitch the ends, and finish with lace about four or five inches in width.

**"HOLDING ITS OWN."**—"In 1857," writes a subscriber, "I began getting up magazine-clubs, and have continued ever since. No other work has held its own like yours, I can say, and I have acted as agent for all the popular periodicals of the day." A well-known Louisiana clergyman says: "I consider your magazine the very best published."

**OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1891.**—We have retained the cream of last year's, and have added many choice works by the most popular American and English authors. The list includes so wide a range of fiction, biography, travels, poetry, and volumes for the young people, that there will be food for every taste. The new books are very handsomely bound, and we can confidently assert that they are the best any periodical has ever offered.

The engraving "Driving a Pair" has been pronounced a gem by the most competent judges.

An entirely new premium will be a Rochester extension piano-lamp, which, besides being useful, will make a charming parlor-ornament.

A set of a half-dozen d'oylies, stamped for embroidery, is another premium, which will appeal to every lover of dainty table-napery.

Our stone porcelain tea-set was in such demand last season that we are induced to give it place again. It is handsome enough to render its possessor the envy of all her neighbors.

We shall renew the Common-Sense Binder, as scores of subscribers have written us that they find it invaluable.

There will be also a year's subscription to "Peterson"—always the most coveted and the choicest of our prizes.

See pages 594 and 595 for a complete list and description, together with the number of subscribers requisite in a club in order to gain the various premiums.

"Peterson" for 1891 will be so much handsomer and better than ever, that every lady who fails to secure it will heartily regret her mistake. Begin at once to get up a club.

**With this Number, all subscriptions for the year 1890 expire. If yours is of this number, may we not hope for its renewal, together with your influence in obtaining new subscribers?**

#### NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

*An Old Love-Letter. Designed and Illustrated by Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee and Shepard.*—This latest of Miss Jerome's exquisite art-works is truly a gem of the first water. She has chosen a new field for her efforts, and produced effects as novel as they are beautiful. Each page contains an apt quotation from the New Testament, in decorative lettering surrounded by an original design, illuminated like the leaves of an antique missal in colors and gold. No more appropriate Christmas gift could be devised, and the title is admirably suited to this collection of the inspiring words of love, faith, and hope which for eighteen hundred years have made the joy of Christendom.

*Summerland. By Margaret MacDonald Pullman. Boston: Lee and Shepard.*—Only an artist of a high order could have produced this charming volume. Each page is a fresh surprise, and each of the larger illustrations a poem in itself. The variety could only be equaled by the ever changing pictures offered in a long ramble from "winding hill-paths, along flower-fringed brooks," through green meadows and odorous pine-woods down to the sea. The list of books for the holiday season prepared by this publishing-house is so varied that it offers a choice for every possible taste. We have only space now to mention a few of the most striking, among which are:

"The Marvelous Country," by Samuel Woodworth Cozzens. It is the true story of Arizona from ancient days, and as interesting as a novel.

"A Summer Holiday in Europe," by Mary E. Blake, will prove a delightful reminder to those who have visited the countries described, and a valuable aid to travelers.

"A Pocket-Book of Devotion," by Rev. Hugh Hutton, contains a suitable prayer for each day in the week.

"Little Giant Boab and His Talking Raven," by Ingersoll Lockwood, will enchant the juveniles by its marvelous adventures and countless illustrations.

"Pards; a Story of Two Homeless Boys," by Effie W. Merriman, will please quite as many readers in a different way.

"The Kelp-Gatherers," by J. T. Trowbridge, will be gladly welcomed by his hosts of youthful admirers, and give him a still warmer place in their hearts. These and all the other holiday books issued by this house are models of elegance in the way of paper, printing, and binding.

*Children of the World. By Paul Heise. New York: Worthington Co.*—The renowned German poet-novelist is seen at his best in this powerful work, and, while the interest of the story will enchain all novel-lovers, the deeper purpose of the book will enlist the admiration of a more thoughtful class of readers.

*Fables, Anecdotes, and Stories for Teaching Composition. Boston: School Supply Co.*—A most useful little work, that will be welcomed by both teachers and pupils. Children are so gradually led by it up to original composition that each step proves an actual pleasure.

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**To Cook an Old Fowl.**—Truss it carefully and set it on, with sufficient stock or water to cover it, and let it stew—not boil—for several hours. Take it off, lay it in an earthenware pan, and let it stand in the gravy till next day. Then take it out, cut it into joints, and either fricassee it or put it in a pie with bacon, mushroom, hard-boiled eggs, etc., and bake it, or let it stew gently with rice, tomatoes, or any vegetables; tomatoes and green peppers are the nicest. The second day's cooking is only the ordinary time for cooking a young fowl. If carefully done and not allowed to boil hard the first day, the fowl will be perfectly tender.

**Chestnut Sauce for Roast Turkey.**—Remove the shells from one pint of large chestnuts. Scald or boil them three minutes, to loosen the inner skin. Remove the skin; break them in halves, and look them over carefully. Cook in salted boiling water or stock till very soft. Mash fine in the water in which they were boiled. Cook one tablespoonful of flour in two tablespoonfuls of brown butter, stir into the chestnuts, and cook five minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

## DESSERTS.

**Christmas Plum-Pudding.**—Three pounds of



stoned raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of suet skinned and chopped very fine, three pounds of breadcrumb, and half a pound of flour, brown sugar to taste (about half a pound), a very little mixed spice, and half a pound of candied citron; beat well about a dozen eggs, and add to them a pint of brandy, two or three tablespoonfuls of common dark-brown treacle, and, if this mixture is not sufficient liquid to stir into the puddings and make them the consistency of paste, add some strong beer. Put into molds or basins, well buttered; tie pudding-cloths over, and boil for eight hours. These puddings will keep for months, just as you take them out of the pot, and are easily heated when required.

*Dainty Puddings.*—Six ounces of sifted breadcrumb, two ounces of flour, six ounces of beef-suet chopped very fine, four ounces of powdered sugar, two eggs, half a pint of milk, four ounces of well-washed Sultana raisins dried, and a little grated nutmeg. Mix the spice, sugar, and breadcrumb together, then the raisins, then mix the eggs, well beaten. Divide into six small puddings, tie each in a cloth, put them into fast-boiling water, and boil them an hour. Turn out carefully; let them dry a few minutes before dusting caster-sugar over, and serve hot.

#### CAKES.

*Angel-Cake.*—Beat well the whites of eleven eggs with one and a half tumblerfuls of pounded sugar, sifted three times; add two teaspoonfuls of extract of vanilla, and one tumblerful (half a pint) of flour, which has been five times sifted, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. The flour must be measured both before and after sifting, as a level tumblerful is required. Stir lightly together, and pour it into a new ungreased tin. Bake in a moderate steady oven for forty minutes; cover it the first twenty minutes with a sheet of paper. Let it cool in the pan, turning the latter upside-down and resting its edges on two plates, to allow the air to pass freely below the cake. Do not shake the pan while in the oven or while cooling, or the cake will be heavy. It should be eaten the day the cake is baked. These directions must be exactly observed.

*Bread Griddle-Cakes.*—Soak a small bowl of bread over-night in milk. In the morning, mix half a cupful of flour, into which put one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, with one quart of milk, three well-beaten eggs, and a little salt. Beat up the bread with this batter until it is very light, and fry a delicate brown. The batter should be thick.

*French Pancakes.*—Two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, two ounces of powdered sugar, two eggs, and one gill of milk. Cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs, beaten light, and then the milk, beating in the flour last. Bake in buttered saucers, half full, for twenty minutes, and serve them hot.

*Tea-Cakes.*—Rub together four teaspoonfuls of butter and one cupful of sugar, add one well-beaten egg, one tablespoonful of cream, and two cupfuls of flour having two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted therein. Bake in small pans, and eat while fresh.

#### FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DULL-RED CASHMERE, with a braided pattern woven in. This braiding finishes the bottom of the skirt. The full crossed bodice has the woven pattern on one side, and opens over a dull-red velvet vest. Full sleeves.

FIG. II.—VISITING-COAT, OF GRAY WOOLEN, brocaded in brown and trimmed with Hudson Bay sable and large buttons. The fur forms the trimming for the front and neck, the pockets, and pagoda sleeves. Toque of dull-red velvet.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE. The long straight skirt is cut in one piece at the back, from the neck to the bottom, and falls in full plaits. The jacket-front opens over a rather full gathered front of wine-colored velvet, and the front of the skirt is of the wine-colored velvet. The gray part of the costume is finished by a jet trimming.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-COAT, OF FAWN-COLORED TWEED. It is double-breasted and is trimmed with two rows of large wooden buttons. The turn-over collar opens over a woolen brocaded vest. Three capes, removable at pleasure. Felt toque, of the color of the coat, trimmed with ribbon.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH, trimmed with beaver fur at the bottom, above which is a narrow braided pattern in black. The jacket, lower part of the sleeves, and lower part of the bodice are also braided in black. Front laid in jabot folds. Beaver collar, cuffs, and muff. Toque of dark-blue velvet.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE. The skirt is ornamented with five rows of braid, of the color of the dress. The bodice is plain on the shoulders, but full across the chest and gathered in about the waist. A band of silk, cut to fit the figure, forms a belt. High full sleeves. Gray felt hat, trimmed with black lace.

FIG. VII.—FICHU, OF BLACK SPOTTED NET. The collar is edged with a pointed lace.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-COSTUME, OF PHEASANT-BROWN CHEVIOT. The full front is of surah silk. The collar, sleeves, and buttons are of serpent-green velvet. The jacket is cut square at the bottom. Muff of black Astrakhan, and bonnet of green velvet.

FIG. IX.—MUFF, OF BEAVER, trimmed with bows or ribbon, and finished with balls of the fur.

FIG. X.—JACKET, OF WOOLEN BROCADE, close-

fitting and long. The trimming is of plain woolen material, of one of the colors of the brocade, richly braided; or it may be of velvet, and plain. The vest is of a perfectly plain woolen, and finished with a jet ornament.

FIG. XI.—WRAP, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, to be worn with a dress of the same material. The wrap is short at the back, and has long mantle-ends in front, trimmed with braid or black passementerie. The raglan sleeves are high and full. Green felt hat, trimmed with green velvet.

FIG. XII.—TAILOR-MADE COSTUME, OF PLAID TWEED. The skirt is cut bias, very slightly draped in front, and quite full at the back. The bias bodice opens over a plastron of plain velvet, and the collar and sleeves are of the same material. Small gilt buttons define the plastron and fasten the sleeves at the wrist.

FIG. XIII.—WRAP, OF BROWN CLOTH, coming well down over the waist, and trimmed with a broad collar of black Astrakhan.

FIG. XIV.—SLEEVE FOR WINTER WRAP. The material may be of any plain color, the upper sleeve made rather short and embroidered.

FIG. XV.—SLEEVE FOR AN ULSTER OR COAT, OF PLAID TWEED. The lining of the loose upper sleeve should correspond with some of the colors in the plaid.

FIG. XVI.—TOQUE, IN SEAL-SKIN, made rather high in the crown and with a rolled brim.

FIG. XVII.—HIGH-SHOULDERED SLEEVE, OF WOOLEN MATERIAL, finished with a corded revers, from under which peeps out a plaiting of silk. One corner of the cuff is turned down under a covered button.

FIG. XVIII.—SLEEVE FOR HOUSE-DRESS, three-quarters length, and trimmed with a row of velvet or braid. The under-sleeve is of spotted net or muslin, and has a cuff of the material, trimmed with velvet ribbon and vandyked lace.

FIG. XIX.—COAT, OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH, trimmed with wolverine fur at the bottom, to correspond with muff, cuffs, and bordering of the cape. The shoulder-cape fastens invisibly on the left side. The sleeves are plaited from the elbow to the fur cuff. Bonnet of the same cloth as the coat, with brown feathers and a braiding in gilt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Serges, tweeds, and other rough fabrics are much worn, but plain smooth-faced cloths and woolen goods are more used than they have been for several years.

*Brown* is again very popular; it is a serviceable color, but, if not of a choice shade or prettily combined with another color or tint, it is not always becoming, and gives an old appearance to a young face. All the shades of blue, gray, green, heliotrope, and dull-reds are still fashionable.

*Plaids* are very popular, but should be worn only by tall slender women.

*Skirts* still fall closely to the figure at the back, in full straight folds in front, often with slight

drapery on the hips, and, even when the scant new panier is worn, it does not give the appearance of increased size; it seems, rather, to reduce the size of the waist and hips.

*Bodices* continue to be much trimmed with vests, revers, folds, etc., and the inconvenient fancy for the concealed fastening of the bodice is still popular. All dresses that fasten irregularly or have many folds should be made with a plain tight-fitting lining, to fasten straight down the front, as this holds the bodice in its proper position, one or two hooks suffice to catch the loose and irregular folds over to the place where they ought to be fixed. The folds and gathers on bodices are very complicated, and the bodice is cut usually slightly pointed, back and front, and curving up short on the hips.

*Sleeves* are full at the top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist; they are not placed quite so far up on the shoulder-line, thus giving the figure a much more natural and graceful appearance. The variety of sleeves is bewildering, and the dressmaker's art is exercised to find some new combination for one.

*Evening-dresses* are made with trains, and flounces and drapings of lace are fashionable; the flounces are seldom set on plain, but in waves or festoons.

*Ruchings* are very full when used as trimmings for the bottom of skirts.

For *walking-dresses*, velvet, furs, and heavy embroideries are popular, the latter put on here and there to suit the fancy of the wearer. Velvet is largely used for sleeves, and sometimes the sleeves are made of fur.

The *trimmings for evening-dresses* are most varied: gold and silver galloons, embroideries studded with imitations of precious stones, ribbons, flowers, and laces are all employed.

*Long cloaks* for the cold weather are made of camel's-hair, plush, or brocade, and are often heavily trimmed with fur. Many have large sleeves.

*Jackets* are more numerous than ever, and are made less jaunty-looking than they have been; the skirt is much longer, close-fitting, reaching nearly to the knees, and have large pockets on the sides.

*Capes and mantles* are so convenient that they continue as popular as ever.

*Furs* were never more worn. They are made up into long cloaks and coats, short jackets and capes, and are also made of all sorts of fur, from the priceless Russia sable down to skunk, which is called Alaska sable. Two kinds of fur are often combined in one garment.

The *Medici collars* are seen on many fur wraps.

*Muffs* are larger than they have been.

*Seal-skin and Astrakhan caps* are most popular, especially for young people.

*Bonnets* seem to be growing smaller, and are trimmed in all kinds of odd ways, some with the

trimming massed at the back of the head, sometimes with it arranged quite high in front. All faces may thus be suited with the present fashion.

*Hats* are worn in all styles; some are only small toques, some are turned up at the back and are enormously deep in front, with great clusters of ostrich-feathers at the tip of the brim. This is a most unbecoming fashion for even the prettiest face. Others have the brims smaller, but pinched into the most fantastic shapes, according to fancy.

## OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

Fashion has definitely adopted cloth as the reigning fabric for walking-dresses during the present winter. There are numerous varieties of this favorite material shown, beginning with the soft-finished lady's-cloth in shades of beige and pale-gray and stone-color, and also in the new dark-blue, which has been christened "lobelia," but which is merely a rich variety of the ever popular sapphire-blue. Some of the new cloths are so fine and supple that they fit the figure as closely as a kid glove. Then there are various novelties shown, some with a rough surface like a blanket, others striped with a rough band and a smooth one alternately in the same shade, or with a black stripe in imitation Astrakhan on a dark-blue or dark-green ground. There are also the cameo patterns, with devices shaded in different colors on a plain background.

The cut and make of walking-costumes, as well as of evening-toilettes, continue to display a severe simplicity. Skirts are always plain and made with very little fullness, and corsages are made rounded in front and bordered with girdles in flat passementerie or in folds of silk or velvet. In this state of affairs, the dressmakers have fallen back on extreme richness of trimming. The new passementeries of the season, some in gold or in oxydized silver thickly studded with imitation precious stones, are exceedingly beautiful and proportionately costly. The jet passementeries are also very rich and handsome, and so too are those in black silk, which last are used on short wraps, either in velvet or in light cloth. Then there is a perfect rage for ostrich-feathers. They are employed not only on hats and bonnets, but they border the corsages and the fronts of the skirts of evening-dresses, and are used to trim cloaks, and are formed into capes or pelecines and muffs to match. For the latter uses—that is to say, outside of millinery—black is the color universally chosen. Long boas are shown, and half-long ones and collars, all in feathers.

Sleeves are worn less full and high than they were last season, and the effect of height on low-necked corsages is usually produced by having

a cluster of flowers or of plumes, or a large bow of velvet, placed upon either shoulder. Ruffles in lace or in *crêpe-lisse* are a good deal used for trimming evening-dresses, being set down the side-seams of the skirt and bordering the top of the corsage. On the shoulders, they are usually plaited and fulled so as to stand up very high. Another style of trimming for evening-dress is bands of velvet simulating a wavy ribbon, with bow-knots occurring at intervals, and the whole worked down the dress itself with lines in silver or in steel threads and beads.

Toilettes in delicate-colored *crêpe de Chine* are used for reception-wear or for small dinners, and are made with collar, cuffs, and girdle in the new jeweled passementerie, gold being employed on Havana-brown or blue, and silver on gray or pale-pink. Some of these crape dresses have the skirt edged with fine hand-embroidery of the same shade as the material, and bands of the same ornament the corsage. A pale-blue crape, embroidered in that style with forget-me-nots, has just been made up for a young American belle.

Velvet is extensively worn, both for evening-dress and for full-dress visiting-toilettes. For the latter use, the trimmings are in jet fringes and passementerie. In the former instance, curled plumes or jet is employed. The skirts are made with a long train, and the front is edged with a band of jet or with one in plumes extending to the side-breadths.

There is but little variation in the styles of jackets and cloaks. The latter are now often made with detachable capes. Jackets are frequently seen with the sleeves in fur, the natural gray shaded Astrakhan and seal-skin being the most elegant. The former looks extremely well, made up with black or with dark-blue cloth. Black Astrakhan is employed in the same way, but is less dressy.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COAT, OF BROWN CLOTH, FOR A GIRL. It is made double-breasted, has broad collar, with revers, pockets, and cuffs of plaid woolen. Large buttons ornament the coat. Brown felt hat, with puffed velvet crown.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COAT, OF HEATHER-COLORED TWEED. It is made double-breasted and has a double cape.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS, FOR A GIRL. The frock is of plaid woolen, the skirt made full and plain. Bodice has a yoke, revers, and cuffs of velveteen. The low back and front are gathered to the velvet yoke. Full sleeves and ribbon sash corresponding in color with the frock.

FIG. IV.—SEAL TOQUE, trimmed with stiff feathers curled at the edge.

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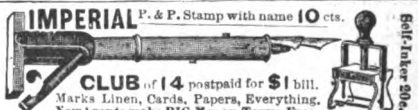
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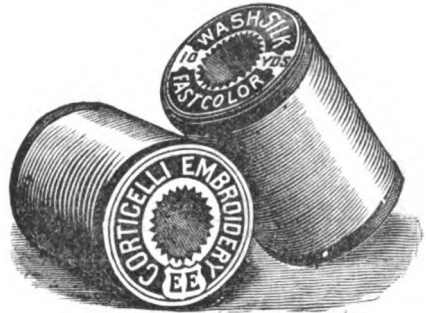
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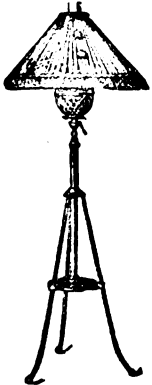
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